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Motion Picture

magazine

February

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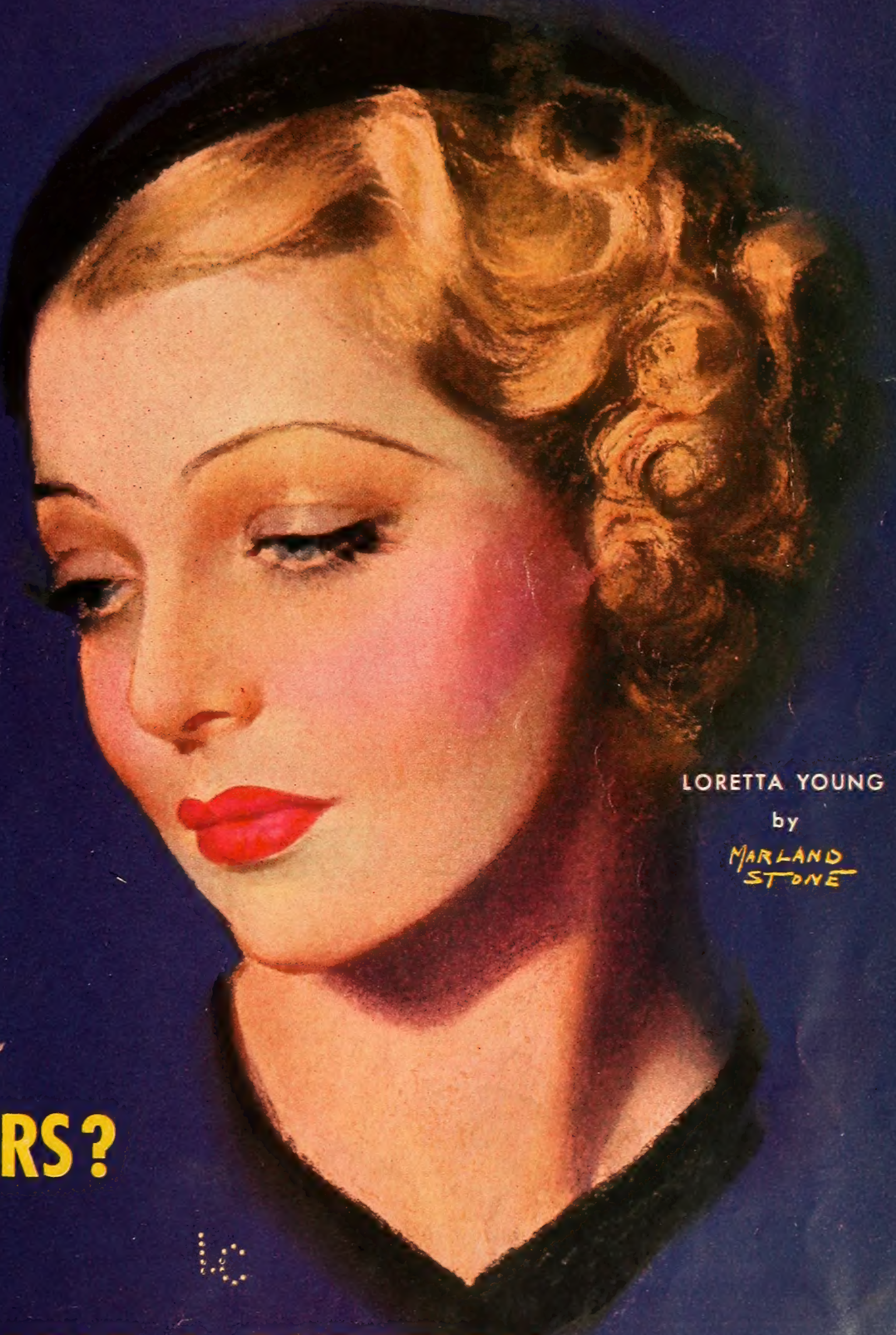

LORETTA YOUNG
by
MARLAND STONE

HAVE YOU
LIPS LIKE
MOVIE STARS?

ASK CLARK GABLE A QUESTION * * * SEE PAGE 30

PN1993
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Women Who Never COUNT COSTS

They choose this 25¢ tooth paste only because it gives new beauty and lustre

● Among the three million users of Listerine Tooth Paste are thousands upon thousands of women of this type—well educated, well informed, critical of values, and with ample means to fulfill their wants. Such women would never compromise with quality for the mere sake of economy. Clearly, their rejection of older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste was based, not upon the latter's price, but upon the brilliant and satisfying results it gave them.

If you have not tried this remarkable new dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Buy a tube. Try it for a week or more and then note the improvement in your teeth.

See how clean they are—how clean they feel, both in front and in back.

Note the absence of repellent tartar and the unsightly stains of food and tobacco.

Observe the flash and brilliance that this tooth paste gives to teeth.

They are due to those swift-acting, fine-textured, cleansing and polishing agents that make Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding.

Look for the delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this paste—the taste you associate with Listerine itself. And, of course, you know it makes your breath sweeter.

In case you're interested, the price of 25¢ saves you about $3.00 a year over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class. Not a staggering sum, but a welcome one in these times. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢ . . *it makes the breath sweeter*

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

Motion Picture

FEBRUARY
1 9 3 3

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLV, No. 1

LORETTA YOUNG Grows into a *Star*

While we are celebrating our twenty-second birthday, Loretta is observing her twentieth. In one more year, she'll be all "grown up"—and before another year, she will be a star!

Her life began, really, with "Life Begins." That proved that this youngster, who had never had any acting experience except in the movies, could emote with all the poignancy of a Helen Hayes.

A poised, beautiful, "sweet young thing" before, she suddenly flashed emotional power. Overnight, she has become an actress to reckon with—a candidate for stardom. Now she is headed straight for the rôle of *The Nun* in "The Miracle!"

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Cover Design of Loretta Young Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*
DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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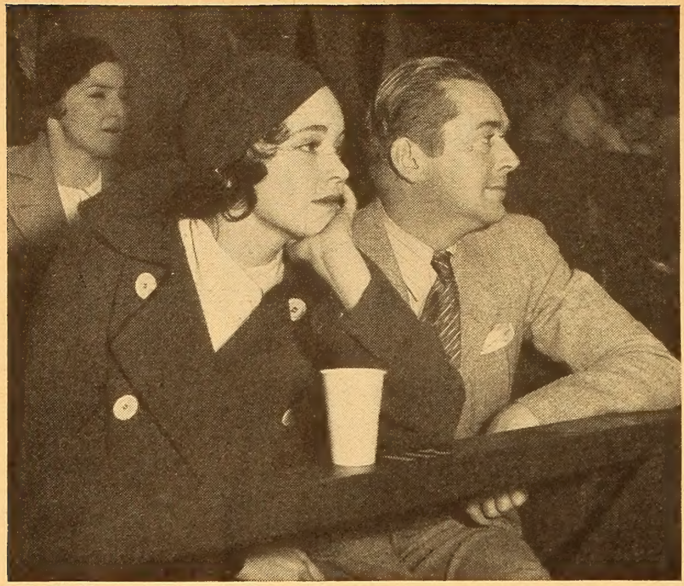
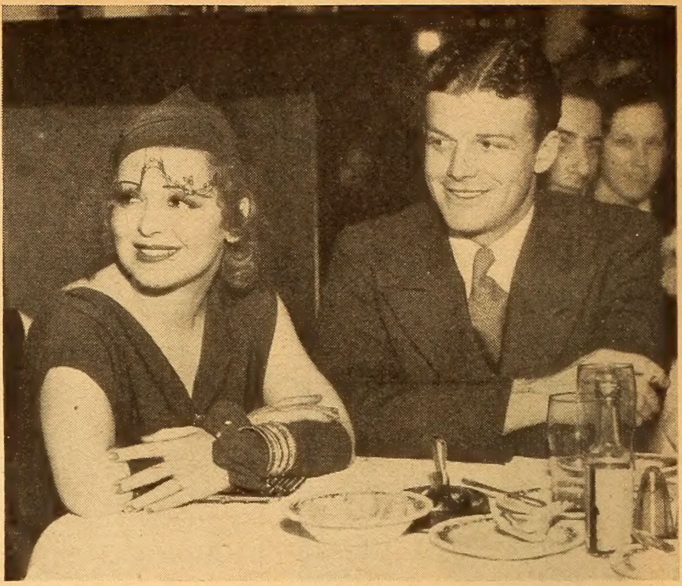


Wide World



International

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

1. Can you give the names of the two pictured above at the left, watching the Six-Day Bicycle Races in Hollywood?

2. And who is the smiling girl shown at a night-club with the handsome escort?

3. Who, do you suppose, is Gilbert Roland's "big moment" now? This is a hard one, because Roland has been changing sweeties regularly of late.

4. Do you know the blonde screen actress who made up with her husband and withdrew her divorce suit?

5. Who is the movie actor who filed a bankruptcy petition a few weeks after it became known that he had married a baroness?

6. Whom did Eleanor Boardman name as co-respondent when she filed suit for divorce against her director-husband, King Vidor?

7. The wife of what movie hero has gone to Palm Springs to await the stork?

8. Why did the divorce rumors circulated about Irene Dunne during her recent visit to New York make her angry?

9. How come the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team has been split up?

10. Can you name the screen beauty who is rumored secretly married to a young director?

11. Do you know the blonde film actress who is still a victim of some ailment she contracted while filming a jungle picture about two years ago?

12. Who received the Motion Picture Academy's award for the best female performance for 1932? And who received the male award?

13. What does Stanley Smith do when he is not working on the screen?

14. Another Hollywood couple have kissed and made up. Do you know their names?

15. With whom did Hollywood romance rumors connect Tallulah Bankhead before she left the film city?

16. What motion picture player was elevated to stardom on the strength of her very first picture?

17. The popular Wynne Gibson is being courted by two boy-friends. Do you know who they are?

18. Who is the screen comédienne who expects to become a mother shortly?

(*Answers to these Questions on page 90*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

WHEN THE LION ROARS, THE WHOLE WORLD LISTENS!

Imagine! You're going to have a peek at the "inside production plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. It's fun to look ahead to see what's coming from the producers of "Grand Hotel", "Smilin' Through", "Red Dust","Strange Interlude","Prosperity","Flesh" and all those other fine screen entertainments. Here is just a rough idea of M-G-M pictures of interest now being shown, soon to come and others planned for production. Listen to the Lion ROAR! What a treat for the months to come!

NORMA SHEARER comes "Smilin' Through" with a new hit "La Tendresse" from the thrilling French play.

JOAN CRAWFORD in an exciting romance written especially for her by William Faulkner, noted author.

MARIE DRESSLER (beloved star!) with **WALLACE BEERY** in "Tugboat Annie."

MARION DAVIES has the role of her career in "Peg o' My Heart."

"CLEAR ALL WIRES" the Broadway stage hit has been captured by M-G-M!

HELEN HAYES, winner of the year's highest film award, will soon appear in "The White Sister." Right after her new success "Son-Daughter" in which she co-stars with **RAMON NOVARRO**.

RAMON NOVARRO will also be seen in the romance "Man on the Nile."

IRENE DUNN and **PHILLIPS HOLMES** are thrilling audiences with "The Lady."

"RASPUTIN" has brought new fame to the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel.

JOHN BARRYMORE wins further film triumphs with the stage success "Reunion in Vienna."

LIONEL BARRYMORE has had a special story written for him, title soon to be announced.

"MEN MUST FIGHT" is another Broadway stage hit on the M-G-M list.

JEAN HARLOW'S next film after "Red Dust" is an original drama "Night Club Lady."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER comes in his long awaited sequel "Tarzan and his Mate."

"HAPPILY UNMARRIED" is a delightful M-G-M original story soon to come to the screen.

JIMMY DURANTE and **BUSTER KEATON** and **JACKIE COOPER**. What a trio for "Buddies!"

"PIGBOATS" is a picture not to be missed! Robert Montgomery . . . Jimmy Durante...Walter Huston...Madge Evans! Swell cast in a grand picture!

Isn't it the truth? When the Lion ROARS you're sure of a happy hit!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Andre, Gwili—recently completed *Secrets of the French Police*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—playing in *The King's Vacation*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *King Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—latest release *Red Dust*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Atwill, Lionel—playing in *The Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *Out On Parole*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bankhead, Tallulah—latest release *Faithless*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Ethel—latest release *Rasputin and the Empress*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—latest release *Rasputin and the Empress*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—latest release *Rasputin and the Empress*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Grand Central Airport*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Dangerously Yours*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—recently completed *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bellamy, Ralph—playing in *Destination Unknown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Our Betters*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—recently completed *Me and My Gal*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—recently completed *Vanity Street*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Birell, Tala—recently completed *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—playing in *Broadway Bad*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Child of Manhattan*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—latest release *Savage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brendel, El—playing in *Hot Pepper*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, George—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Hard to Handle*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—latest release *You Said a Mouthful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brown, Tom—playing in *Destination Unknown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Cabot, Bruce—recently completed *King Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, James—recently completed *Hard to Handle*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Under-Cover Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chandler, Janet—playing in *Born to Fight*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *Frisco Jenny*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Clarke, Mae—recently completed *Acquitted*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—latest release *The Sign of the Cross*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—recently completed *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—latest release *Rain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

You won't find Helen Twelvetrees listed in these columns because she has been absent from the screen for several months. The picture above tells what she has been doing. Her baby was born October 26. Helen is Mrs. Frank Woody off the screen

Damita, Lili—latest release *The Match King*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Davies, Marion—latest release *Blondie of the Follies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Deep Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dinehart, Allan—recently completed *Acquitted*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—latest release *The Conquerors*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dodd, Claire—recently completed *Hard to Handle*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *The Sucker*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Douglas, Melvyn—recently completed *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—playing in *Tugboat Annie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Handle With Care*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *The Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Durante, Jimmy—playing in *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Grand Central Airport*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *The Face In the Sky*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *Fast Life*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *The Sucker*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—latest release *Tess of the Storm Country*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Glenda—playing in *The Blue Moon Murder Case*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *Pleasure Cruise*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *The Keyhole*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—recently completed *No Man of Her Own*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—latest release *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gordon, Gavin—recently completed *Hard to Handle*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Grant, Cary—playing in *Madame Butterfly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—playing in *Fast Life*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Acquitted*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—recently completed *The Animal Kingdom*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—latest release *Red Dust*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hatton, Raymond—playing in *Uptown New York*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—playing in *Son Daughter*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—playing in *Christopher Strong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—recently completed *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—latest release *Trouble in Paradise*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—playing in *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—recently completed *Island of Lost Souls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Jolson, Al—recently completed *The New Yorker*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jones, Buck—playing in *The California Trail*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Judge, Arline—playing in *Lucky Devils*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

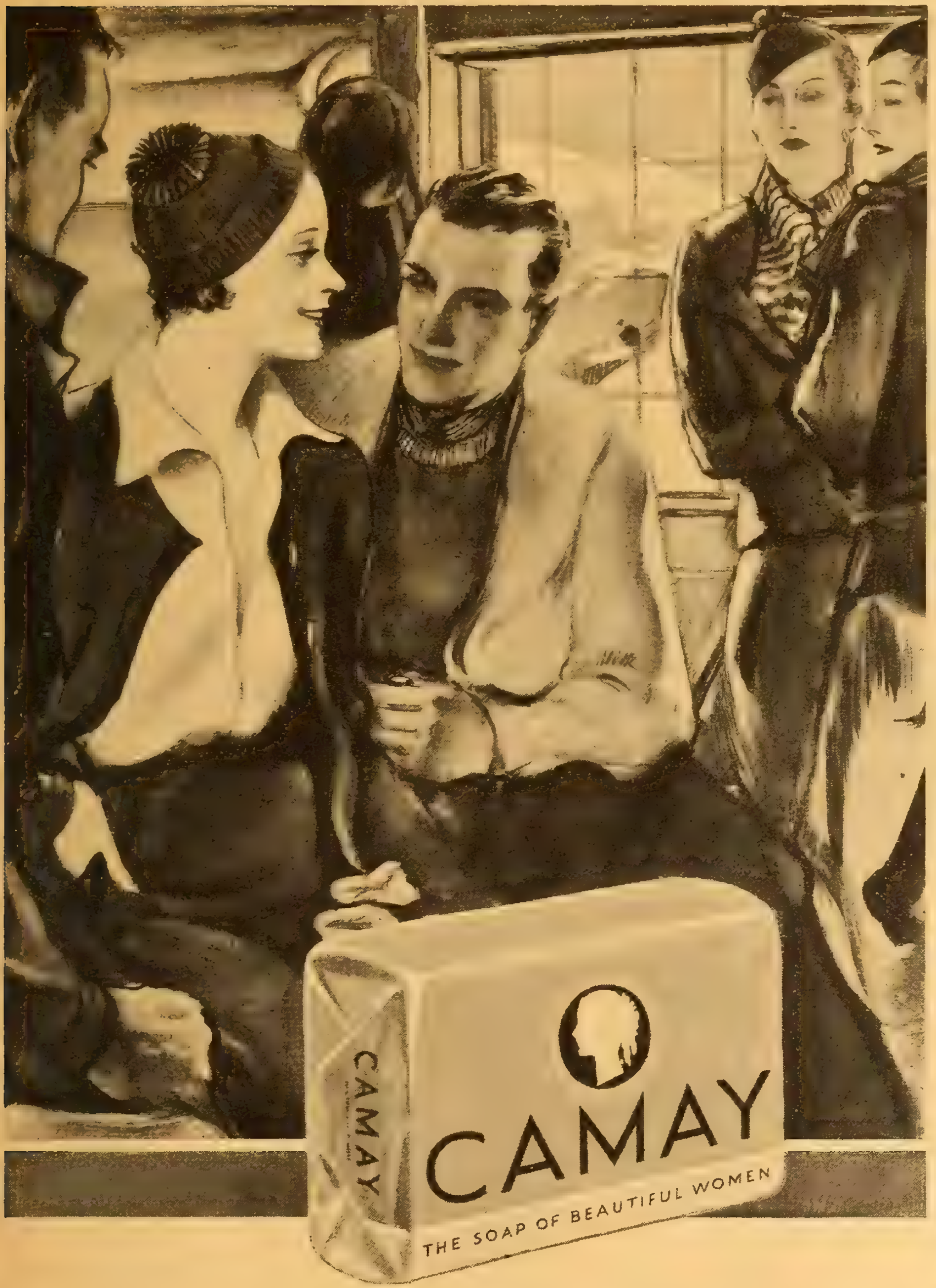
Karloff, Boris—recently completed *The Mummy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kennedy, Merna—recently completed *Laughter In Hell*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 95*)

◆ **Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here** ◆

The Eyes of Men . . . The Eyes of Women Judge your Loveliness every day


CAMAY
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

You can hardly glance out of the window, much less walk in town but that some inquiring eye searches you and your skin. This is the Beauty Contest of life in which all women must compete. Not even a queen escapes it. And a modest country girl can win it · · · if her skin is lovely.

- *Make a rich lather with Camay, a soft cloth and warm water, massaging it into your skin. Rinse with cold water. Then note how soft and fresh your skin feels.*

- *This is creamy-white Camay, the famous beauty soap that thousands of lovely women use for their complexions, for their hands and in their bath.*

You may be sprightly and sixteen; fair and forty; or serious and sixty. Yet you cannot deny that every pair of eyes that looks at you commends your beauty or regrets its lack. For life is a Beauty Contest for every woman. And she whose skin is soft and fresh has a wonderful advantage.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To possess a lovely, clear complexion take infinite care in choosing your beauty soap!

Use gentle, creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women! Its lather is rich as cream · · · luxuriant in any kind of water. It is made of pure, delicate oils, safe for the most delicate feminine skin.

NEW LOW PRICES

Never in all your lifetime have you known a soap of such exquisite quality to cost so little! The price of Camay is now so low you will want to buy a dozen cakes today!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

If you can make him say:
"Your eyes have told me so"...

... then you will have achieved that glorious state in which each heart throb is a prediction of greater happiness to come.

It's easy to make your eyes say those wonderful things that only eyes can say.

Frame your eyes with dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes and this new kind of enchantment will instantly become yours.

Millions of women know that the New Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the one thoroughly satisfactory and safe preparation to use. Not a dye. Perfectly harmless. Tearproof, non-smarting, easy to apply, and actually stimulating to lash growth.

Insist upon genuine New Maybelline, to makes sure of obtaining a mascara that combines all these advantages. Black or Brown, 75c at toilet goods counters everywhere.

Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER

Maybelline

The PERFECT Mascara

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

$20.00 Letter

Muni Does Himself Proud

DOUGLASTON, N. Y.—"I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"—a great story by Robert E. Burns. Regardless of the merits or demerits of his own crime, Burns' account of his personal experiences in a supposedly modern prison system should put to shame the overlords of that system.

The film version of Burns' great story which is the story of his own life and of the days he spent in a chain gang, brings to us again the great dramatic actor, Paul Muni, in another screen masterpiece. Whether you did or did not see his excellent portrayal of "Scarface," take the advice of a dyed-in-the-wool movie fan and don't miss "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." It is the picture of a lifetime.

In this picture's greatest scene, when *James Allen* (Muni) learns that his pardon has been denied, the agony and despair in his face was so real it was amazing. The horror of the whole thing was written in every line on his face. I doubt whether there is another actor on stage or screen who could have made that scene as realistic as Muni did.

However, there is only one very small fault that I have to find with the picture as a whole, but even that shouldn't keep anyone from going to see it. I refer to the scenes in which the prisoners were swinging their picks in time with their tunes—yes, the prisoners actually sang in chorus fashion when they were working—and it smacked too much of a musical revue.

Clem. Varick.

$10.00 Letter

"Smilin' Through" Uplifting

ST. LOUIS, MO.—If it is the demand for realism which has brought forth so many pictures starring the striped shirted gangster and his shady lady, for heaven's sake let's get away from that demand. To young people these pictures have been exciting and thrilling, yet they have certainly left nothing of value in their minds and hearts. I know, for I am one of them.

I went to see "Smilin' Through," knowing nothing of the type of production that it was. I came out saddened for the moment, but tremendously uplifted in spirit. The beauty, the simplicity, and the feeling expressed in that film so held me that I have now seen it three times and intend to go again. Would that the many stars of the screen could be as lovely and as wonderful as were Miss Shearer and her "companions in triumph," instead of leering evilly from a speeding car over a chattering machine gun! May Norma Shearer's ensuing pictures be ever as beautiful, as wonderful, and as uplifting as "Smilin' Through," for in them Life and the greatest heights of screen attainments will be reached. In return, the stars (who are now ever so much more human since I have seen this film) must inevitably find a more eager, sympathetic and responsive audience.

Dick Horner.

$5.00 Letter

Aline Stole the Picture

DENVER, COLO.—Every now and then someone cast in a supporting rôle steps forward and "steals the show." This was certainly exemplified in "Once in a Lifetime," the person doing the purloining being Aline MacMahon. No discredit to any of the other actors is intended in making this statement as each one was well cast.

The show is a most unusual and entertaining travesty on motion picture production and Aline MacMahon, with her striking personality and poise, evidenced talent peculiarly effective in that type of comedy. Her piquant wit, leavened with touches of loyalty and tenderness, raised her performance to great heights—something unusual in a comedy.

L. N. Rudd.

Hepburn Is a "Natural"

SAN JOSE, CAL.—Recently I saw one of those performances that are stamped with that rare dramatic genius which snatches you out of your usual theatre lethargy and not only flings you to heights of rabid emotional excitement, but keeps you there for weeks, and remains in your consciousness as one of the most glorious pieces of acting you have ever witnessed!

She is gloriously young, vital, and lovely with the sort of loveliness that only character can create. But few times have I seen emotion so brilliantly restrained as to be the refined human emotion one finds in women of real character. Need I say it is the magnificent Katharine Hepburn?

F. S.

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Movie Star Calendar

Dating Them Up Through Past Events

FEBRUARY, 1933

By JOSÉ SCHORR

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
 John Barrymore born February 15	 Joan Bennett's birthday is February 27	 Ronald Colman born February 9	1 Kenneth MacKenna's bride, Kay Francis, does not kick him in sleep. They have twin beds. (1931)	2 Norma Shearer likes this country. Files application for U. S. citizenship. (1931)	3 Mrs. Vilma Banky La Rocque sails on honeymoon alone. Rod's boss won't let him leave his job. (1928)	4 Natalie Talmadge, says "yes" to Buster Keaton, to make him stop waking her with telegrams. (1921)
5 Bill Powell's friends complain he loves Carole Lombard so much, he has sworn off poker. (1932)	6 Constance Bennett eats club sandwich. Says: "I have no fear of fat. My back is much too bony." (1930)	7 Heartbreak! Burglars steal $1,000 worth of liquor from Lionel Barrymore, and Prohibition so new! (1920)	8 Shanghai police arrest Ronald Colman for being out too late (11) at night. (1932)	9 Adolphe Menjou is working overtime to get away for a honeymoon with Kathryn Carver, (1928)	10 John and Dolores Barrymore are original. Go to Ecuador on their honeymoon to hunt lizards. (1929)	11 Beverly Hills stars are fed up. Demand that Mayor Will Rogers give up either his travels or his job. (1927)
12 The John (Ina Claire) Gilberts say their "perfect experiment" of separate apartments is working. (1931)	13 The John (Ina Claire) Gilberts' "perfect" separate apartment plan flops. Divorce ahead. (1931)	14 Lupe Velez promises to be Gary Cooper's bride. Within a year he will be in Africa to forget. (1929)	15 Mary Pickford says: "Douglas and I have never been apart. Separation is dangerous." (1924)	16 Ginger Rogers loses her key. Sits on doorstep with Ozzie Nelson till 5 A.M. waiting to get in. (1931)	17 Extra! Clara Bow leaves for the coast without kissing fiancé, Harry Richman, goodby. (1930)	18 Swedish royal family orders Prince Sigurd not to become too friendly with Greta Garbo, screen siren. (1929)
19 Court orders Ray Goetz not to beat up his former wife, Irene Bordoni. (1930)	20 Wallace Beery gets job as comedian. Takes his bride, Gloria Swanson, to Hollywood. (1916)	21 Prince Louis Ferdinand begs Lili Damita to marry him but she "does not care for him."	22 Helen Twelvetrees discovers that her bridegroom drinks but she thinks she can reform him. (1927)	23 Faithful John Farrow is visiting his stricken fiancée, Lila Lee, at the Prescott, Ariz. sanitarium. (1931)	24 Raquel (Torres) von Osterman is an usherette in Chinese Theatre, but she has hopes. (1927)	25 Chevalier leads earned incomes of France. Makes $533 an hour to Pres. Doumergue's $14. (1931)
26 Three promising blondes in new Follies—Lilyan Tashman, Marion Davies and Peggy Joyce. (1918)	27 The U. S. Army turns down Fatty Arbuckle. Says he's too fat. (1918)	28 Jack Dempsey, who is marrying Estelle Taylor, wants a little girl with big eyes. (1925)	 Stuart Erwin's birthday is February 14	 Mary Brian's birthday is February 17	 Joe E. Brown's birthday is February 11	 Helen Jerome Eddy born February 25

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

The Movie Circus

By
FRANK MORLEY

Wide World

You shore ketch a lot o' alkali ridin' herd an' most of it kinda settles on the Stetson. Which explains Tom Mix's hanging fourteen out to dry. The cowboy star has just cleaned his hats up a bit in readiness for a busy season in the saddle

HOLLYWOOD, though given a bit (shall we put it mildly?) to *balminess*, has a definite regard for the upholders of Logic and Reason. This has much to do with the high regard enjoyed locally by one Matthew Beard, better known as "Stymie," the young gentleman of color in the Our Gang comedies, and no lover of seals.

In order to get an effective shot of one of the slippery animals, the director had an assistant dangle a fish made of glue just outside the camera lines. The string suddenly broke. The seal made a quick snap for the glue-fish and swallowed it. The gurgling sounds, coupled with the wild contortions of the seal, panicked the kids.

Stymie led the mad dash off the sound stage. When the director tried to coax him back to work, he argued soundly: "If you all ain't afraid ob de seal, what fo' you all run away, too?"

BUT people of Stymie's sane judgment are pretty few hereabouts. More typical actions are such as took place at the party which John P. Medbury, the funny feller, gave for Burns and Allen. Though some distance from the holidays, a large Christmas tree adorned the living room, presided over by a Santa Claus, who sulked and refused to talk to anyone. Then, there was a butler who sat down with the guests, one of the Marx Brothers with his 70-year-old son, and a secret microphone in one of the bedrooms that gossiped mightily through a loud speaker. All in all, a nice homey evening!

THE secretary of a new golf club no doubt intended to instill the same feeling of comfort in new member Edgar Kennedy, the comedian. "Now Ed," he advised heartily, "just mix with the members, introduce yourself, shake hands, tell 'em what your business is—and all that. We patronize each other, you know."

So Ed started on his round of introductions. "My name's Kennedy. I'm an actor," he told the first fellow.

The man looked at him. "My name's Smith. I'm a mortician."

BUT our favorite foolish fellow remains Snoz Durante. Hearing that Tallulah Bankhead plays a portable phonograph at the dentist's to drown out the grinding noise, Jimmy remarked: "Too bad if the dentist happens to be a former snare drummer and starts keeping time!"

JIMMY is sunburned these days—and sore. He went happily to Honolulu with the "Pig Boats" troupe, with visions of comely limbs peeping from grass skirts. And was he chagrined when he found the Hula girls dressed in the same kind of slacks as are sported on Malibu Beach!

ANOTHER recently returned traveler is Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., who turned right around and traveled out again. Between trips, however, he paused long enough on the United Artists lot to watch Lewis Milestone passing by, followed by a line of stooges. "There goes Milly with a string of empties," flipped Junior's pa.

GOOD-NATURED Milestone is the prey of job-hunters. A rather meek one corned an acquaintance on his lot with this strange plea: "Like a pal, go in and tell Milly I'm the best character actor on Broadway. If he says anything, I'll back you up."

MILESTONE likes his jokes—and like all jokesters occasionally gets caught by a kick-back. Last year he and several others stuck William Gargan for a $120 speakeasy lunch check in New York. Gargan vowed revenge, but his chance did not come until a short retake required his presence at Catalina after "Rain" was finished. He told Milestone, who directed, that he would go, but under the condition that all his expenses would be paid. Milly agreed—and when he got the bill for Gargan's stay, he found that the gleeful Irishman had thrown a big dinner party—at the director's expense—for the cast of another company on location at the Island!

HE'S a broth of a lad, that Gargan. Usually amiable, he has a great dislike for the records of a certain crooner. This aversion grew out of Miss Crawford's practice, during the making of "Rain," of using the dulcet tones of the famous crooner to help her emote. She had a man on the set who did nothing but play one record after another.

"One scene we had to remake seventeen times," Bill says, "and all the time that guy kept playing one piece over and over. At last Miss Crawford had to go and freshen her make-up—and he kept right on playing

(*Continued on page 93*)

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Her Hats are the Last Word

But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums . . .

and she has "**pink tooth brush**"!

People glance at her hat and think, "How smart!" Then—they glance at her face—and see her dingy-looking teeth. Are *your* teeth bright? Are *your* gums firm?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile are *all* in danger!

For "pink tooth brush" not only may lead to serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but may be a threat to the polish of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink Tooth Brush" will depart.

IPANA

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
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NEW YORK

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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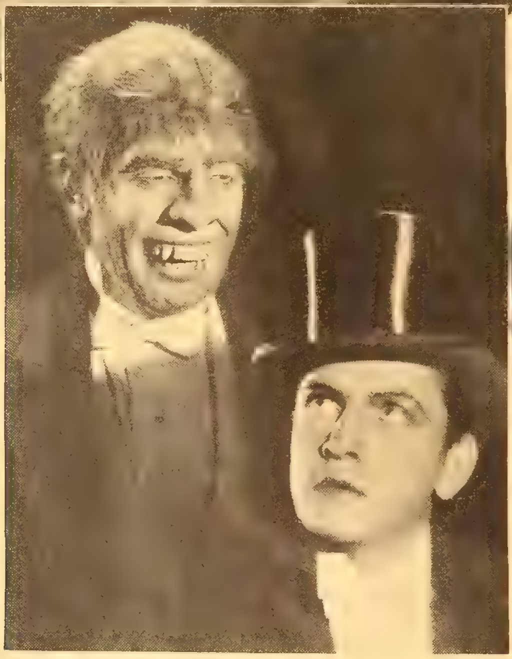
A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

Hollywood Elects HELEN HAYES and FREDRIC MARCH to the Hall of Fame



In "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," Helen Hayes (upper right) changed from a lovely young Brittany peasant into a haggard, sick, old woman of Paris. In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Fredric March (right) was first the handsome, idealistic *Dr. Jekyll* and then the hideous, animal-like *Mr. Hyde*. The miracles of make-up helped both Helen and Fredric win the awards

WHEN the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences acclaimed Helen Hayes the best actress of the 1931–1932 season, Hollywood was just adding its praise to Broadway's. On the stage ever since she was six, she has risen to such heights that no play in which she stars ever fails.

The fact that she won the award for her performance in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" is a bit unusual, for before playing that rôle, Helen had always played young girls—some tragic, some amusing, all romantic. But she made her screen début in a mother rôle and, in the course of the action, grew old and haggard—and was real. The scenario was written by her playwright-husband, Charles MacArthur. They have one daughter, Mary, aged four. Now making "The Son-Daughter" (playing a Chinese girl), Helen will not return to the stage "for at least a year."

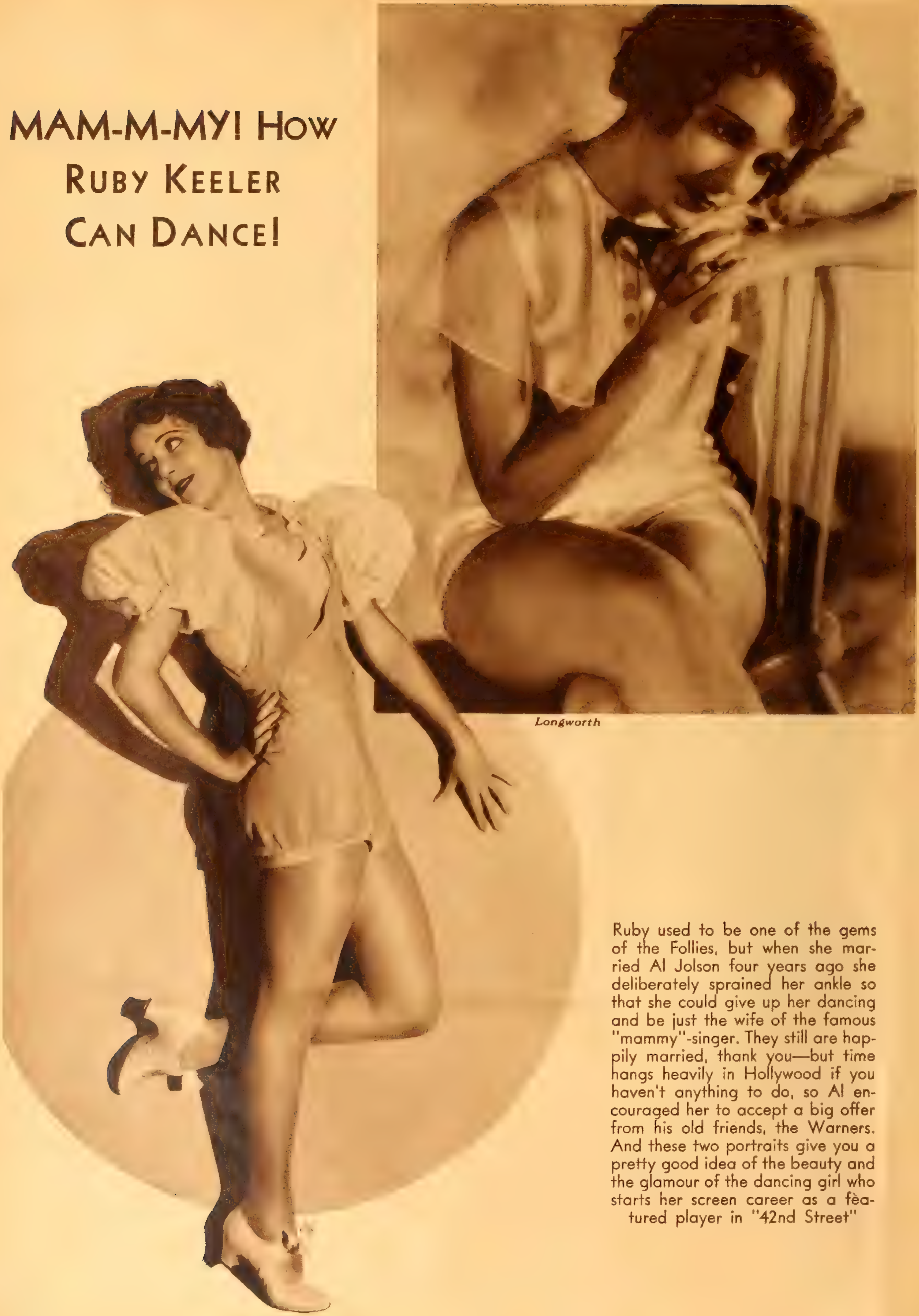
Fredric March was hailed as the best actor of the past season for his dual rôle in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—in which he originated a brand-new conception of *Mr. Hyde*—suggesting primitive, bestial man. His make-up so contorted his face that he suffered almost intolerable pain.

Unlike Helen, he did not grow up on the stage, but turned actor after first trying banking. Eventually, he landed in Los Angeles in a road show of "The Royal Family" and was "discovered" by the movies. That was in 1928, when the movies were just learning to talk, so he got in on the ground floor. He has risen fast since his first big chances came along in "Laughter" and "The Royal Family of Broadway." His most recent notable rôles have been in "Smilin' Through" and "The Sign of the Cross." He is married to Florence Eldridge, well-known stage actress, and they have just adopted a baby girl, Penelope. He is now making "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

JOAN CRAWFORD

No, that isn't a big jar of Christmas candy that Joan has her hand on. Joan hasn't had any sweets since she abandoned her famous diet during "Rain" to give Sadie Thompson a bit more bulk. She is herself again now—with a new gown just her size, boasting a "necklace" of cocq feathers—and getting ready for her new picture. Wonder why she hasn't made more pictures while Garbo has been away?

MAM-M-MY! HOW RUBY KEELER CAN DANCE!



Longworth

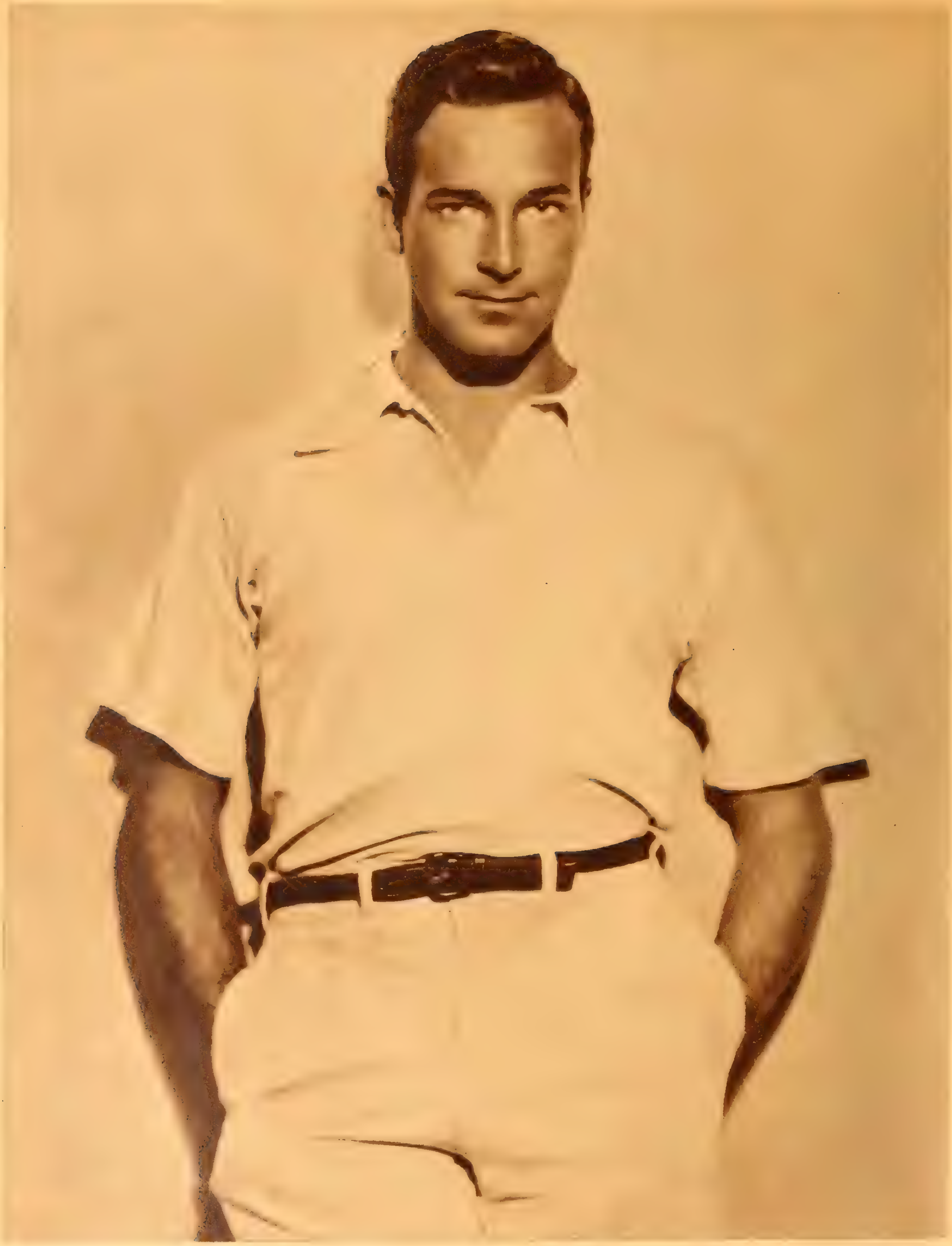
Ruby used to be one of the gems of the Follies, but when she married Al Jolson four years ago she deliberately sprained her ankle so that she could give up her dancing and be just the wife of the famous "mammy"-singer. They still are happily married, thank you—but time hangs heavily in Hollywood if you haven't anything to do, so Al encouraged her to accept a big offer from his old friends, the Warners. And these two portraits give you a pretty good idea of the beauty and the glamour of the dancing girl who starts her screen career as a featured player in "42nd Street"

C. S. Bull

Bruno

KUTE, KITTENISH AND KUDDLESOME

Here are two reasons why Tired Business Men—not to mention the college boys—now go to the movies. And it's too bad the producers don't realize it and give the little girls bigger chances. Mary Carlisle (above), for example, can act just that poutishly peeved when a photographer pops in before she finishes putting on her pretty furs—and Joan Marsh (left) can flirt even when her hair gets in her way. They're both blonde, both young, both clever and both playful. What more could any connoisseur ask? Not much, certainly, if he saw Mary in "Her Mad Night" or Joan in "Speed Demon"!



Preston Duncan

After a glance at the deep mahogany of Dave's face and arms, there's no doubt about it—he certainly has found his place in the sun. One of the few young heroes with the courage to be his own boss and have no studio ties, he is in demand at all the studios. And after facing a man who rose from the tomb in "The Mummy," he is prepared for anything—even "The Death Kiss"

DAVID MANNERS

Bachrach

CONSTANCE BENNETT

Pardon the puzzled look—but you'd be puzzled, too, if you were in Connie's place. Think of the size of the income tax she has to figure out! And another problem that bothers her is how to stop those blessed event rumors, which started when she was so real in "Rockabye" and then planned a long holiday abroad. Before she goes, she's making "Our Betters"

WARNER BAXTER DOFFS HIS TOPPER FOR CHORUS GIRLS

Longworth

Hurrell

Warner seems to be the one and only male star who can wear a high hat and still have the girls raving about him. But the famous Fox man-about-town has folded up the topper for a visit to Warners to play the lead in "42nd Street"—in which, believe it or not, he plays a hard-hearted dance director. (Does he look it above, or doesn't he?) It's about the heartbreaks behind the scenes of a big Broadway revue—a sort of "Grand Hotel" of the Theatre

Ray Jones

GLORIA STUART

Another "glorious Gloria" has appeared on the screen—and she's still so young that she has plenty of time to catch up with La Swanson. Besides being a born actress, she is one of the few natural blondes in the movies. She is having a quiet little duel with another newcomer, Tala Birell, to see which will be queen of Universal City. Her newest bid for the crown is "Laughter in Hell"

George E. Cannons

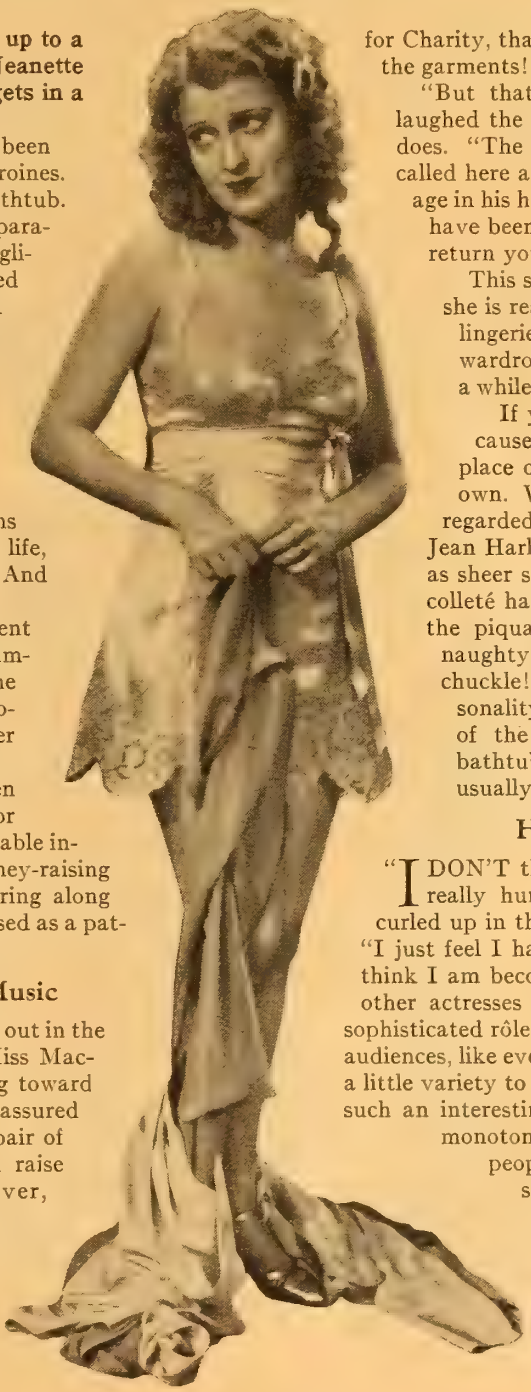
With a coy little jerk on her hat, as much as to say, "Now, what do you think of that?", Jeanette is setting off on a holiday abroad, just when her old friend, Chevalier, is returning. And that mischievous twinkle in her eye can't mean a thing except that gay Paree will be the first stop. She may act there. Across the page you'll discover that she unburdened her mind before she left

JEANETTE MACDONALD

No More "Nighties" for JEANETTE

The golden-voiced Miss MacDonald gaily says she's tired of being the screen's leading lingerie model. She's going off to Europe for six months to play on the stage and screen abroad—and Chevalier will have to find a new leading lady. But there's method in her seeming madness: a chance to be what she wants to be—dramatic!

By NANCY PRYOR



IT'S nice to be naughty on the screen up to a certain point, and then, according to Jeanette MacDonald (who ought to know) it gets in a girl's reddish hair!

For a considerable time now, Jeanette has been playing the screen's snappiest lingerie heroines. In "The Love Parade" she started in a bathtub. In "One Hour With You," she was comparatively clothed in a series of transparent negligées. In "Love Me Tonight" she had worked up to a flimsy nightgown. Even away from the roguish co-starring influence of Maurice Chevalier (in the one songless comedy which she made at Fox, "Don't Bet on Women"), Jeanette maintained the step-in touch by pursuing Edmund Lowe in a very wispy bit of black lace. It's daring . . . it's subtle . . . it's all in good fun . . . but it's too much. When lingerie begins to have a definite bearing on a girl's social life, then it is time to do something about it. And Jeanette intends to do that something.

She says she can't walk into a department store that an ever-helpful floor man doesn't immediately head her in the direction of the Third Floor "undies." Instead of the proverbial request for autographs, fans write her for a photo "in your nightgown, please."

But the climax came the other day when Jeanette was asked to be the guest of honor in the lingerie department of a certain charitable institution for one of their extra-special money-raising affairs. What's more, she was asked to bring along samples of her own, personal lingerie to be used as a pattern and an "exhibit."

They Wanted Lingerie, Not Music

A LITTLE upset, but determined to help out in the name of Charity, the golden-voiced Miss MacDonald suggested that she sing a little song toward raising the shekels. No, the charity ladies assured her, they would prefer her to bring along a pair of "panties." They figured the pants would raise more money than the song! Darn clever, these charity workers . . . !

So along went Jeanette and took her laciest thingumajigs, which were promptly put on exhibition. It was during the middle of the afternoon, while the lovely MacDonald was busy selling nightgowns for Charity, that somebody suggested she "model" the garments!

"But that wasn't all of that little affair," laughed the girl who wears 'em as nobody else does. "The next day, a very polite gentleman called here at the house with a neat little package in his hand. 'Miss MacDonald,' said he, 'I have been requested by the charity ladies to return your . . . er . . . bloomers!'"

This sort of thing, added to the fact that she is really growing weary of her career in lingerie, has decided Jeanette on more wardrobe—or no more movie workee for a while. Really, she's quite firm about it.

If you ask me, I say it's too bad, because she has created a gay, frivolous place on the screen that is distinctly her own. Where certain elements have always regarded the undraped figure of the Misses Jean Harlow, Clara Bow, Alice White, et al, as sheer sex display, Jeanette's brand of décolleté has always passed in the category of the piquant. It's daring, and a little bit naughty, of course, but it's sex with a chuckle! Jeanette's innately "nice" personality has always removed any vestige of the objectionably risqué from even bathtub scenes. Maybe it's because she usually sings in the tub!

Has Gone "Far Enough"

"I DON'T think my career of risqué rôles has really hurt," explained Jeanette, who was curled up in the sun-parlor of her Beverly home. "I just feel I have gone far enough in lingerie. I think I am becoming typed in underwear, just as other actresses complain that they are typed in sophisticated rôles, or sob stories or comedy. Movie audiences, like every other kind of audience, demand a little variety to keep their interest whetted. Even such an interesting subject as lingerie can become monotonous when overdone. I'm sure that people must say about me, on the screen, 'Good gracious, is Jeanette MacDonald going to take off her clothes—*again?*'"

It isn't difficult to discern that Jeanette's professional soul has begun to yearn for

(*Continued on page 97*)

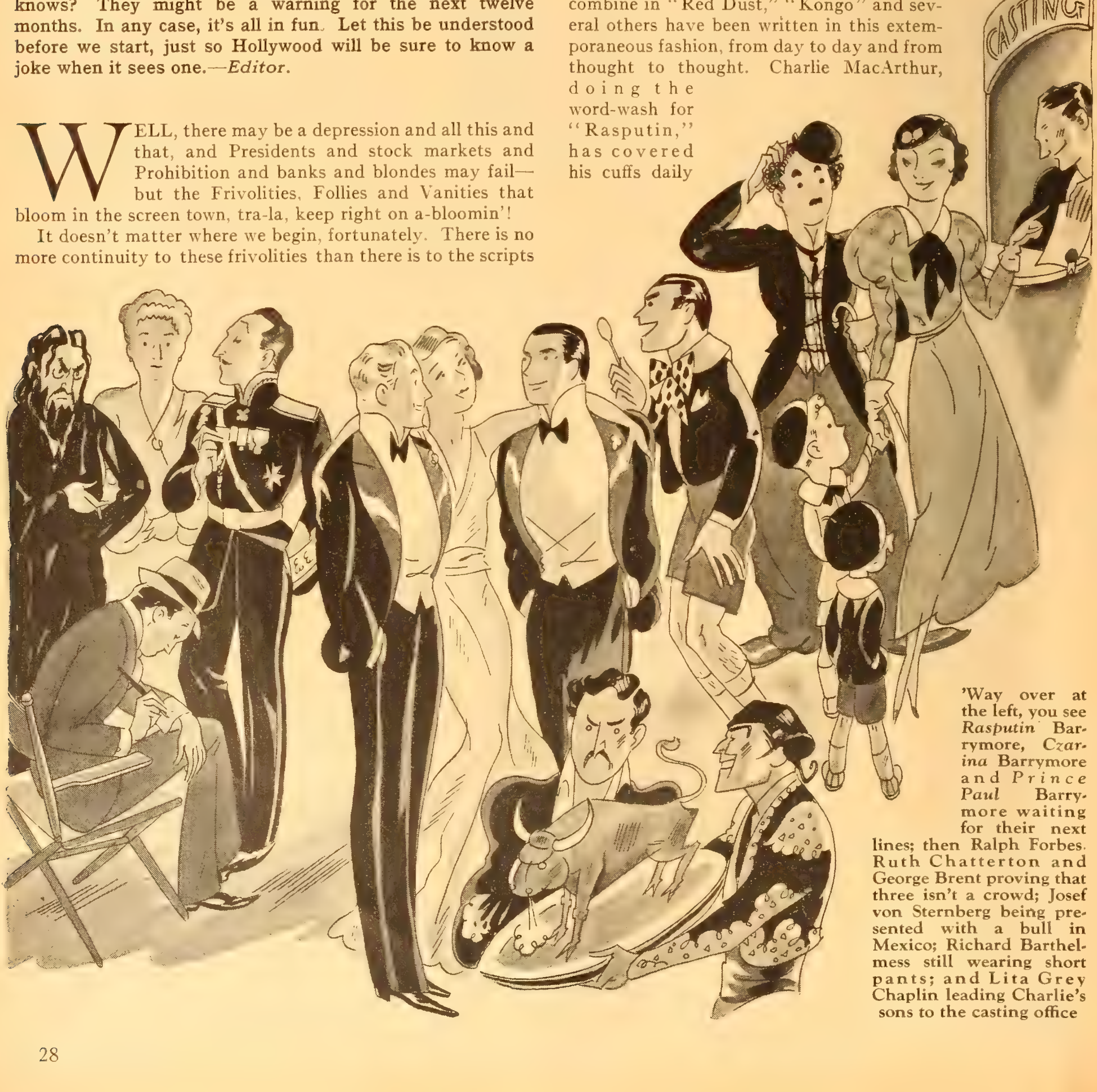
The Hollywood FRIVOLITIES of 1932

Laugh Out the Old Year, and Ring in the New— While Hollywood's Foibles Pass in Review

Years may come, and years may go, but Hollywood amuses forever. And lest you forget the laugh parade that has taken place in the big movie town in this past Election and Leap Year, we review the events that even the natives, for the most part, will remember with amusement. Who knows? They might be a warning for the next twelve months. In any case, it's all in fun. Let this be understood before we start, just so Hollywood will be sure to know a joke when it sees one.—*Editor.*

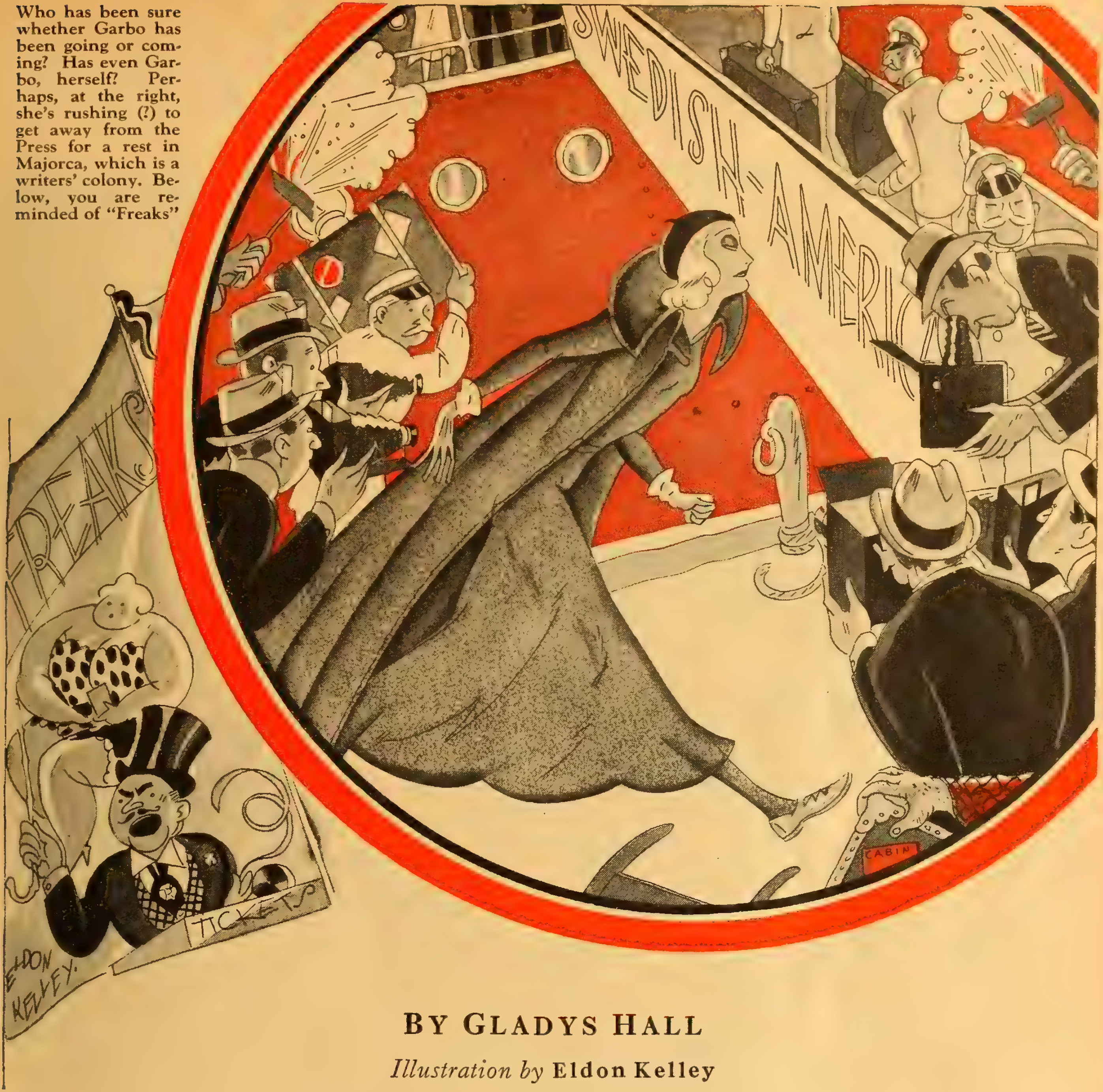
WELL, there may be a depression and all this and that, and Presidents and stock markets and Prohibition and banks and blondes may fail—but the Frivolities, Follies and Vanities that bloom in the screen town, tra-la, keep right on a-bloomin'!

It doesn't matter where we begin, fortunately. There is no more continuity to these frivolities than there is to the scripts that they did not do for some of the more recent ambitious productions. Over at Metro's place, for instance, they have been writing their scenarios "on the cuff," as the saying goes. The words for the Barrymore trio in "Rasputin," the Harlow-Gable combine in "Red Dust," "Kongo" and several others have been written in this extemporaneous fashion, from day to day and from thought to thought. Charlie MacArthur, doing the word-wash for "Rasputin," has covered his cuffs daily



'Way over at the left, you see *Rasputin* Barrymore, *Czarina* Barrymore and *Prince Paul* Barrymore waiting for their next lines; then Ralph Forbes, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent proving that three isn't a crowd; Josef von Sternberg being presented with a bull in Mexico; Richard Barthelmess still wearing short pants; and Lita Grey Chaplin leading Charlie's sons to the casting office

Who has been sure whether Garbo has been going or coming? Has even Garbo, herself? Perhaps, at the right, she's rushing (?) to get away from the Press for a rest in Majorca, which is a writers' colony. Below, you are reminded of "Freaks"



BY GLADYS HALL

Illustration by **Eldon Kelley**

for months. Some say as how he is subsidized by the laundries.

Then there are the folks trying to do a Garbo on us. Though it's a mystery why anyone should *want* to—good business though it was for her. Janet Gaynor, so they tell, is sphinxing it and has gone into a Retirement, with "Nothing to Say—Please Go Away" written on the doormat.

Doing a Garbo, Also?

NORMA SHEARER, we are told, is doing likewise. But that we do not believe. Norma has never been guilty of a frivolity or folly yet, and why should she begin in the year 1932?

Ann Harding is likewise presumed to be Garboing. She Makes No Statements. She answers no 'phones. She goes about in a black wig, incognito, et cetera. And her new business manager is Garbo's old one.

You may not find it in your hearts to blame Ann. For she has proved to the know-it-alls that 'twas folly to be too "wise" and refuse to believe the Harding-Bannister letters explaining their divorce. But there was an earlier folly—the folly of the way Ann and Harry broadcasted their marital bliss to the world, only to have it go the way of all filmflesh. When one builds a lovely legend, one should preserve it for posterity.

Then there is the frivolity of all these just-*too*-chummy divorces. Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, par example, in the midst of manipulating a divorce and recently seen at the Club New Yorker holding hands and acting That Way, the one about the other.

Ruth Chatterton, Ralph Forbes and George Brent, just the best o' pals, two boys and a gal together with not a molecule of malice in the three of 'em. Miriam Hopkins divorcing Austin Parker, then adopting a little boy, with Austin a constant caller to play "Daddy."

The Adolphe Menjous returning from a "second honeymoon" to announce immediately that they were going to divorce. And Mrs. (Kathryn Carver) Menjou betaking herself to the hospital to have a nervous breakdown as a preliminary, while Adolphe demonstrated that a husband also may Go Home to Mother.

(*Continued on page 76*)

ASK CLARK GABLE

a Question

Here, at last is your chance to find out from your screen favorites, themselves, the things that you have been wanting to know. Here is your chance to ask some of those interesting questions that interviewers have neglected to ask. As a beginning for this unusual series, MOTION PICTURE provides you with the opportunity to get in touch with the man of the hour, Clark Gable. Read about it—and then rush in your query!

SUPPOSE you were introduced to the great stars of the screen—what would you, personally, like to ask them?

You have heard that Clark Gable, the most popular male star on the screen to-day, was once a telephone lineman and a worker in the oil fields; that he tried for six years to get into the movies; that he lives quietly in a seven-room Beverly Hills house with his second wife and her sons, preferring his pipe and work around his car to social activities.

But, perhaps, you have wondered other things about him—what his step-sons call him, for example, or what he would like to be doing if he were not playing in pictures, or where he learned how to take a car apart, or what his favorite screen rôle has been, or who his friends are off the screen, or how he spends his week-ends. Little, inconsequential, human things that the interviewers have not thought to tell you about.

The chances are that you will never meet Clark Gable or the other stars personally. But MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will ask your questions for you, if you will write them on the coupon across the bottom of the page and send them to our Hollywood office. Be sure to write—or print—plainly.

Clark Gable is too busy being dramatic and romantic for the screen to write you a letter, but our Inquiring Reporter will take your questions over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and ask him to answer them. In the next issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, *you will find his replies.*

Of course, these questions must fall within the bounds of good taste and be such as you, yourself, would be willing to ask a stranger upon first meeting him. Then there are, also, certain questions which, because of studio or business policy, cannot be answered—questions relating, for instance, to his opinions of fellow-players, his salary, and kindred professional "secrets."

You will read Clark's own replies to your own queries in the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. All questions must be mailed to reach the Inquiring Reporter on or before January tenth. Remember this deadline.

Next month, besides reading Clark Gable's answers to your inquiries, you will have an opportunity to ask a famous woman star those questions that you have always wanted to ask her.

In providing you with this *free* service, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the first to introduce its readers personally to the stars!

INQUIRING REPORTER,
c/o MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California

Dear Sir:

THE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK CLARK GABLE PERSONALLY IS THIS:

This question is sent in by:

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City and State ____________________

Have You *Lips* Like Movie Stars?

The lips above are Norma Shearer's, which Willy Pogany, the artist, says "have been deliberately falsified by their owner to hide a crisp and penetrating intelligence, to give them a soft and clinging femininity that is not completely natural. A mouth with charm and poise." He also says these lips denote "a woman who knows her mind"

Whether you realize it or not, their lips are what you remember them by—for lips, more than any other feature, reveal character. Willy Pogany, the famous artist, can tell you the character secrets of the stars just by studying their lips. (He doesn't have to see the rest of their faces, or know who they are.) Read what he discovers in the lips of Garbo, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Clark Gable, Janet Gaynor, Ramon Novarro, Jean Harlow and John Barrymore, among others. Then get a mirror and see whose lips match YOURS!

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WHAT does your closed mouth say? What do your lips betray about your inner self, about your character, about the sort of person you *really* are? The newest fad in Hollywood is lip-reading. It's a game—the most absorbing pastime at nearly every smart Hollywood party these days. The rest of the country is bound to take it up.

The movie colony has run the gamut lately of palmists, phrenologists, crystal gazers, numerologists, astrologers and so on—all the mystic and pseudo-scientific people who will, for a sizable fee, discuss with an actor that always-interesting subject, himself. But for all of those, you must have the services of an expert. The fun of this newest game is that, after a little study and instruction, you can do the thing yourself. It's a little bit like palmistry, only more—er—intimate.

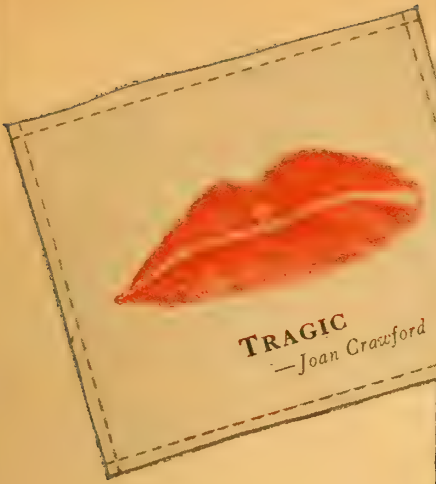
Entering almost any gathering of picture people these days, you are likely to be given a piece of soft cleansing tissue and a large, extra-gooey lipstick. You are instructed to outline your mouth with the rouge (your *own* mouth—not the one which, if you are a woman, you habitually fashion for yourself!), and then you take the tissue and blot your lips with it very, very carefully, to make as accurate an impression as possible. Cleansing tissue is the best thing to use because it is absorbent and takes up the lipstick easily—and it is soft enough to allow you to press it gently with your fingers into the little impressions and indentations of your lips, to give a true rouge-portrait of them. You must be especially careful, you are told, to get a faithful impression of the corners of your mouth. Corners are most important!

The bits of tissue are numbered and then the lip-reader (who does not know which impressions are whose) steps up and does his reading, amid a good deal of mirth and sometimes amid considerable astonishment.

The thing even has its practical uses, according to interviews with the noted Viennese psychologist, Dr. M. Vort, now touring this country, who avers that the study of mouths is being used in European laboratories where selective mating is being tested. The doctor avers that no one should marry without first making an analysis of the tell-tale mouth of the beloved!

Artist Says Lips Reveal Most

BUT it is Willy Pogany, the artist, who is in constant demand at Hollywood lip-reading parties. Mr. Pogany is in Hollywood chiefly for the purpose of designing sets, but he is also well-known as a portrait painter, and famous people all over the world have sat for him. Mr. Pogany says that the



TRAGIC
—*Joan Crawford*

Willy Pogany says that all artists, in making portraits, concentrate on the mouth as the surest character index. At top, he is sketching David Manners, whose mouth reveals him to be almost super-sensitive

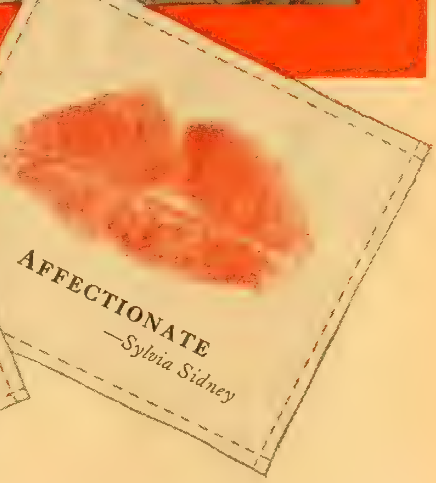
mouth is the most important feature of any face—much more characteristic than the eyes, which statement surprises most people.

"When you talk with a person, you watch his mouth," he insists. "If anyone asks you the color of another person's eyes, how often do you know? And yet, you nearly always remember his teeth and the shape of his lips. Highwaymen cover the *lower* parts of their faces and with good reason! Only a very exceptional pair of eyes could be identified anywhere without the rest of the face. It is the mouth of the *Mona Lisa* which gives her mystery; that little half-smile has stirred the imaginations of men for centuries. And consider the mouth of the Sphinx!

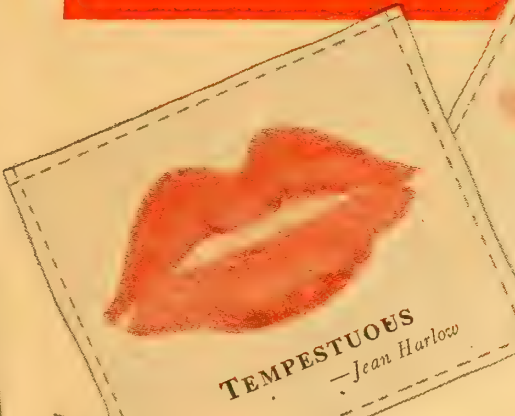
"In painting a portrait, the artist must concentrate upon the mouth—always. All the disposition shows there, many things the eyes have learned to hide!"

Mr. Pogany has proved his point so many times by acute observations, drawn merely from a study of one of these lip-stick impressions or, perchance, from the lower halves of photographs, or even from the lower halves of actual faces which were swathed from the noses up, that Hollywood is developing a fanatical belief in him and is studying his methods with Hollywood's characteristic earnestness.

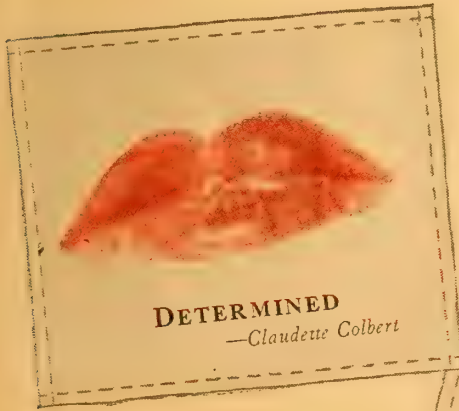
Here are some of the things he has deduced from the mouths of famous stars. You may study these, learn their characteristics, compare them to your own lips—and perhaps do a bit of lip-reading at your own next party!



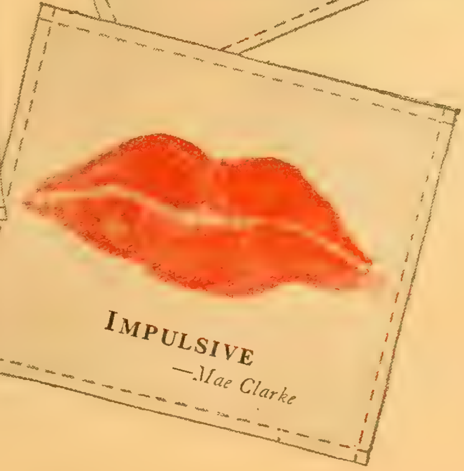
AFFECTIONATE
—*Sylvia Sidney*



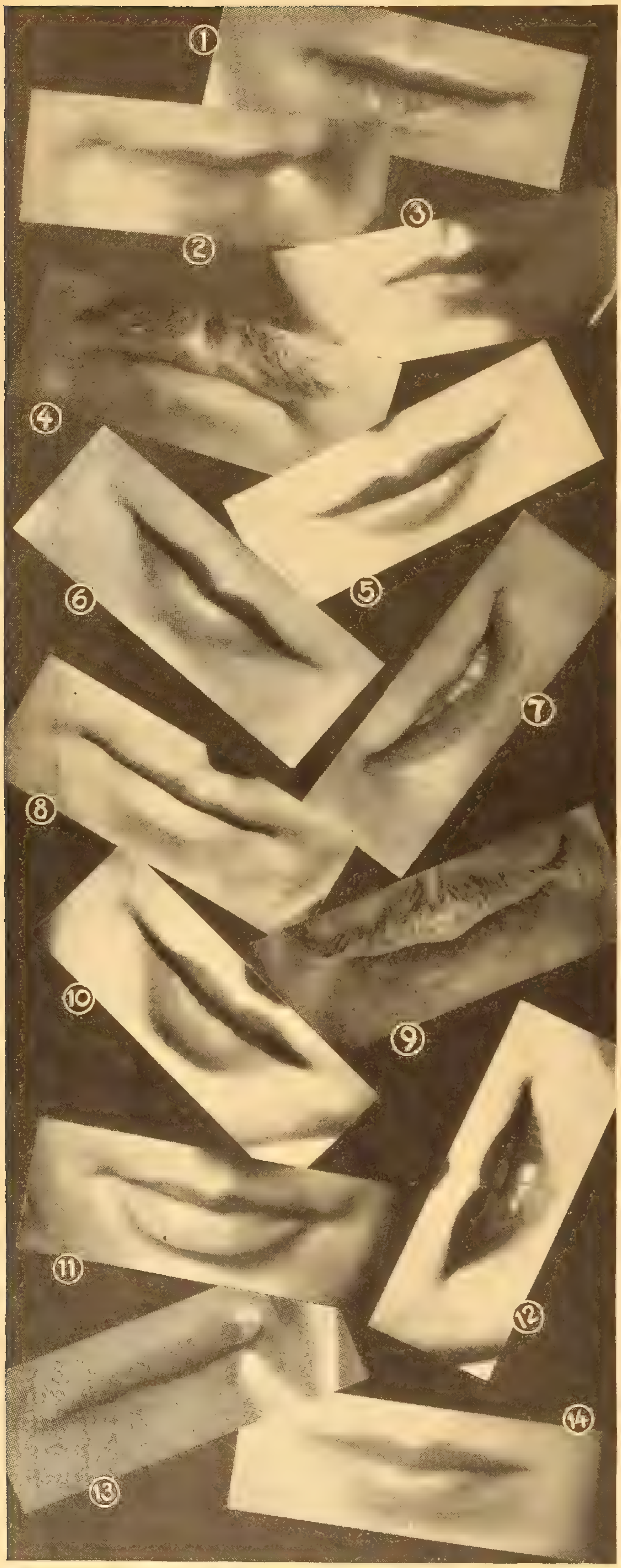
TEMPESTUOUS
—*Jean Harlow*



DETERMINED
—*Claudette Colbert*



IMPULSIVE
—*Mae Clarke*



These are the lips of (1) Ramon Novarro, (2) Maurice Chevalier, (3) Marlene Dietrich, (4) John Barrymore, (5) Miriam Hopkins, (6) Greta Garbo, (7) Lionel Barrymore, (8) Fredric March, (9) Lewis Stone, (10) Sylvia Sidney, (11) Richard Arlen, (12) Wynne Gibson, (13) Marie Dressler and (14) Gary Cooper. Somewhere among them may be lips like your own. And in this story you will learn what character secrets each set of lips reveals. Would you suspect, for instance, that Chevalier and Marlene Dietrich are both hiding sentimentality—from all but lip-readers? And that Ramon Novarro is "afraid of ugliness"?

Joan's Lips Show Inner Turmoil

MR. POGANY says that Joan Crawford possesses one of the most interesting mouths in the entire industry. When he looked at it first, without knowing whose it was, he declared that it was similar to the mouth of Mussolini! (Look up portraits of both of them and see for yourself wherein the similarity lies.)

Joan's mouth, he says, is first of all generous. The owner of those lips is intelligent, loves a joke, loves people, but becomes so passionately attached to them and so intensely interested in whatever she is doing that she will always be unhappy. She is utterly unable to take a detached view of anything—especially of herself. She cannot analyze. She can only feel. There is frustration and tragedy in the droop of those lips at the corners. She will never be satisfied with anything—particularly with herself. Moody, sensitive, an artist to the depths of her soul, she judges herself so relentlessly that her life is one long inward turmoil.

Isn't that an accurate portrait of Joan? Look at her picture mouth and judge for yourself how like it your own mouth is. Or—the mouth of someone you know.

There is no mystery, he declares, in Garbo's mouth. That quality exists only in the upper part of her face—and in people's imaginations. It is an inscrutable and secretive mouth, yes. But these are different matters. The Swedish siren's mouth betrays frustration and tragedy—and a terrific desire for escape. There is disappointment there and a determination not to let the world know how she has been hurt by life. Her lips show that she is intellectual, rather than analytically intelligent; that she is strong-willed; that she is sensitive to beauty in all forms—especially to music—and that she is succeeding, slowly and painfully, in persuading herself that she is sufficient unto herself.

Her half-smile, he adds, is nearly as provocative, though not nearly so mystic, as that of the *Mona Lisa*. It is her mouth which accounts for her hold upon the imaginations of millions of people.

Marlene Hides Sentimentality

MARLENE DIETRICH'S mouth he found to be intelligent, maybe a leetle mite selfish, and with a tendency to melancholy. "Inwardly, she is a sentimentalist—but she tries valiantly to hide it." She is extraordinarily determined about small things; but inclined to be perhaps too yielding about important ones. She is a trifle inclined to pose, too, as something she is not. She might assume a pose of decadence, but it would be a pure and deliberate pose of an intellectual nature, it would have nothing to do with the real woman.

"I think," he added, judicially, dissecting the imprint of the mouth, "that this woman—whoever she is—has what I should call a 'queen complex'!"

Marie Dressler's mouth, he found, showed just what you would expect. Humor, courage, a great heart—and the record of much suffering. "It must have been the suffering which made her develop the humor and the courage!"

(I'll have to confess to you just here that he guessed, at once, whose mouth it was. "There is no other like it!")

Of Claudette Colbert he said, "But this isn't her real mouth that I see. It is the sort of mouth that this girl would like to have—and you may judge a great deal about the person from what she wants to be! This woman has a good, strong, intelligent mouth. But she makes it up to be pretty in a doll-like fashion. She corrects nature. She tries to hide native intelligence and judgment under a merely pretty outline. Such a feminine mouth! And such a desire to please! This mouth is sensual—a little—it is determined and brooks no interference. It uses the most feminine wiles in the world

(*Continued on page 80*)

"I'm Leaving, But I'll Be Back"

By LEONARD O. MOSLEY

Impulsive Tallulah Bankhead has packed her bags and has headed for New York and London—but, just to get the record clear, she wants you to know that she isn't leaving because of discouragement or gossip and that she won't stay away very long. In fact, she may return to pictures next Spring to make a fresh start. She's determined that Hollywood won't beat her!

THE jinx that hovers over the heads of some of Hollywood's players seemed very close to the silken hair of Tallulah Bankhead only a few weeks ago. It seemed as if the thing had come to pass which those theatregoers who had toasted her in England vowed never could happen. Tallulah was reported to be leaving the film colony, temporarily, and taking with her none of the fame with which movieland had tempted her. But a few days later, just when it was reported that her trunks and bags were all packed, along came further rumors that she was dickering with a studio to continue her film career.

"I'm leaving, but I'll be back," said Tallulah—and in the tone of her vibrant voice is the conviction that Hollywood hasn't done right by her, but that the movies offer limitless possibilities, and the determination to prove that a Bankhead never raises the white flag of surrender, even with jinxes in hot pursuit.

Few actresses of Tallulah's fame on the stage would feel the way she does about the opportunities the screen offers—not after starring parts in six pictures had increased that fame by hardly the fraction of an inch. But Tallulah feels that few actresses, on the other hand, have ever had to face such a discouraging succession of unsuitable rôles, or have run up against such bewilderment on the part of producers. She did not pick her rôles; they were picked for her. They were not like the rôles in which she dazzled London, but, like a good trouper, she tried to make the most of them.

Another stage star, experiencing such a succession of setbacks, might believe that the camera and microphone could never produce the same effects that can be produced on the stage; she might believe that they could never catch the little subtleties that put across personality on the stage. Tallulah might readily be pardoned for believing such a thing—Tallulah of the brilliant wit, the unique, zestful personality, the sophisticated, devastating honesty, the un-self-conscious independence, the emotional fire. But Tallulah, who became languorous and repressed and semi-tragic in her screen rôles and to whose beauty the camera has not even yet done justice, does not harbor the thought.

"If at First You Don't Succeed--"

TALLULAH has heard of the words of Cecil B. De Mille: "A player who doesn't register in his or her first featured rôle will never be a star." Harlow, Dietrich, Gable and Weissmuller registered. Tallulah Bankhead didn't. But Tallulah doesn't believe that sealed her screen fate. For one thing, she was a famous dramatic star long before she saw Hollywood. She wants to make a fresh start.

"If only the choosing of my stories had been different before now," she says, "the result of my stay in Hollywood to date might make a happier tale. And it's difficult to fix the blame for those stories. I didn't know, myself, what rôles would best fit me on the screen. Searching for the right rôle was a sort of 'trial-and-error' business by everyone concerned—we'd try a rôle, and then discover our error. But you

(*Continued on page 79*)

COAST
FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

RICHARD ARLEN gleefully announces that he and Jobyna Ralston expect a new arrival in March; Richard Dix confesses he is an expectant father; and Joe E. Brown hopes his *fourth* child won't be twins.

Vivian Duncan was very blue at the Brown Derby the other day. Not, however, because she had lost Nils Asther for a husband, but because the newspaper pictures of her on the witness stand were so poor. It got on her nerves, she intimated to the judge, when Nils and his mother would talk about her in Swedish. Then she whispered what Nils called her in English—and the judge gave her a decree.

JEANETTE MACDONALD is going to France to make a picture or two or three. She just can't settle down, that girl. And with her travels her enormous sheep dog, which weighs all of a hundred and forty pounds. This was the dog presented to Jeanette on the wharf by the English Sheep Dog Society on her last trip. With her, also, will go her mother and her manager-"fiancé," Robert Ritchie. When will they admit to being married? Jeanette still defies any reporter to produce a marriage certificate.

ALICE JOYCE and director Clarence Brown are the latest center of romance reports. It looks now as though it may be wedding bells, when Alice returns from Reno with her divorce from James Regan. "I always marry burly Irishmen," Alice said once, resignedly. The first copy of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published twenty-two years ago, carried a picture of lovely Alice, the Kalem Girl. And she looks very little older now, except for her graying hair.

The big news of the month probably is the report from Sweden that, when Garbo returns to America, she plans to mingle with the mob once more. She is tired of being pursued. She stole away from Sweden for a brief holiday in London and Paris, but her "disguise" of smoked glasses, tweed clothes, heavy shoes and heavy stockings had the detectives hot on her trail. What an act—and isn't it getting tiresome?

RAMON NOVARRO has had enough of lonely independence. For five or six months he has kept bachelor's hall in the new modernistic house that he designed, himself. But now he is moving back with his huge family of brothers, sisters, parents, uncles and aunts.

LAURENCE UNDERSTANDS GLORIA PERFECTLY

It's a question whether Gloria Swanson is dressed for a costume ball or is just wearing one of the "new" styles—but it's certain that she's getting on famously with Laurence Olivier in England in "Perfect Understanding."Michael Farmer also is in the cast

THE Mary Brian-Buddy Rogers romance is still in status quo. And Russell Gleason is back from Europe now to add the third angle of the triangle. Buddy and Mary have grown up together, and that's bad for romance, but a friend of his said recently, "He has always been in love with Mary and he still is, and I rather think he always will be." Buddy is waiting to see if he is offered a good movie part. If not, he has a sure five or six thousand a week waiting for him in New York, where he truly lives up to his loathed nickname of The Darling of the Debs.

MAKING BIG COMEBACK

Fryer

Give Alice White a hand! Out of movies a year, she returns in big rôles in "Employees' Entrance" and "Luxury Liner"

MILDRED DAVIS LLOYD writes from Europe, "Harold wouldn't take me to the really lively places in Paris, so I made Joe Reddy (his press-agent) go with me!"

Europe has taken the Lloyds to its heart—when it has recognized them. A burly attendant at Buckingham Palace took them for ordinary American sightseers and decided to swagger a bit. "Heverybody from Hamerica knows me," he averred. "I 'ave shown all your celebrities abaht. I suppose I might say I've one of the best-known fyces in the world." He was pleased with the effect he made on the meek-looking tourists until someone asked, "Do you know who that was? Harold Lloyd!" And then was his face red! It was like a scene in a Lloyd comedy.

# of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

Bachrach

EYEFUL Mary Mason's legs made others famous. In seventy-two pictures, no less, you have gazed upon them when you thought you were seeing some less shapely star's. Now Mary gets a chance on her own

KATHRYN CARVER MENJOU was planning to move to New York City, and friends said she might go on the stage. Though she was still occupying Adolphe's house on top of a Hollywood mountain (Adolphe was living with his mother), she said, "I don't want the house. It's his. I want to get away."

The first Mayfair party of the season had its usual drama, when those attending noticed that Kathryn Carver, with several women friends, was occupying the table beside that at which Adolphe sat with a party. Neither spoke the entire evening.

Milton Cohen, famous divorce lawyer, was representing the second Mrs. Menjou, after performing the same legal service for the first Mrs. Menjou (Katherine Tinsley) seven years ago.

When the impending divorce first was admitted by Adolphe, Kathryn claimed that she didn't know what it was all about. However, neither criticized the other, and reconciliation followed!

Ruth Chatterton and her new husband, George Brent, have many tastes in common. One is a taste for the conversation of Ralph Forbes, her first husband! Every so often, George will suggest in the evening, "Let's have Rafe over, shall we?" Whereupon Ruth 'phones, and the three of them sit up till daylight, arguing over some weighty and abstruse question, just as Ruth and Rafe used to do last year.

JEAN HARLOW is rigidly observing the proper period of mourning for Paul Bern, not planning to go out anywhere in public until next March. While it is a delicate tribute to her dead husband, it must be a little hard on a vital, socially inclined girl in her early twenties. She hasn't been up later than eleven in the evening since Paul died, she says. Sometimes she caddies for her stepfather, Marino Bello, on the golf links—but that is hardly an appearance in public. A friend tried to persuade her to put on a black wig and go to a big football game a few weeks ago, but Jean refused. Waiting for the start of her next picture, she is writing a novel.

Charles Farrell has reported for work again after a vacation spent in recuperating from a long-needed sinus operation. Cast in "The Face in the Sky," he went to the studio heads and begged to be given a leave of absence. "I've worked in dreadful pain for the last two pictures," he told them. Spencer Tracy was moved into his part while he was away. Charlie will have to undergo yet another operation, close friends report.

DID you note anything different about Alice White on the page opposite? The famous little blonde has a "new" nose. She did a disappearing act a few days after signing her new contract—and when she came back, she was even more glamourous than before.

HELEN MACKELLAR, another Broadway actress, walks away with one of the season's plums—the title rôle of "The Goose Woman." Louise Dresser played it in the silent version—why not now? Also Anna Q. Nilsson had hoped to play it for her comeback.

Why does Hollywood have such a blind spot for its old friends? There are Sue Carol, prettier than ever and still in her early twenties—and Rod La Rocque, dabbling in his laboratory, instead of delighting the ladies on the screen, and in the audience, too. But his wife, Vilma Banky, is returning in "The Rebel."

DID you know that Zasu Pitts—who, by the way, is "Hollywood's greatest actress," according to Erich Von Stroheim—has six children, five of them adopted? And that Wallace Beery, who has adopted three, now wants to adopt two more?

LOOKING FOR THRILLS

And Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot find them in "King Kong"—in which a giant mad ape tries to wreck their romance

THE latest Hollywood rebel is Miriam Hopkins, who was all slated for stardom. But when she read the script of "No Man of Her Own," in which she and Clark Gable were to play together, she refused to play. Some said it was because Gable was to be billed above her; others that Dorothy Mackaill had a scene-stealing rôle. But Miriam said *her* rôle was just so-so.

HAROLD LLOYD won't be meeting Douglas Fairbanks in Russia, after all. The approach of the holidays changed Doug's mind about the lure of globe-trotting and he headed for Pickfair. It's an old habit of Doug's. He makes big, enthusiastic plans to roam the wide world; then he begins to cable Mary Pickford that she must rush her picture through and meet him somewhere; then he decides that holidays are lonesome times in foreign lands and, the first you know, he's back.

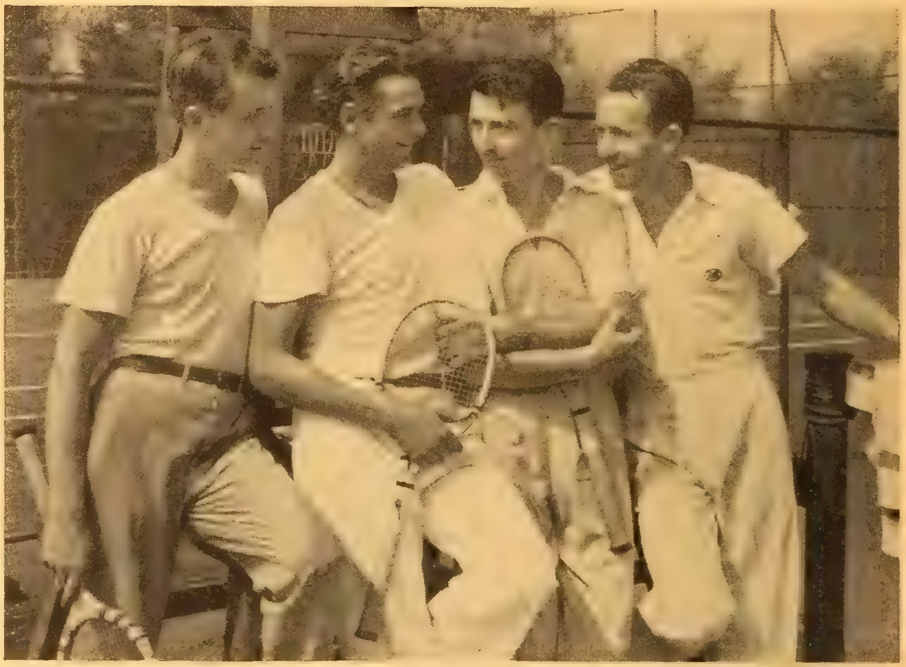
Mary has almost finished her new picture with Leslie Howard in the long contested male rôle. Once called "Happy Ending," "Shantytown" and "Yes, John," it is now "Secrets."

KEEPS COOL AT TENNIS

All the girls—including Sally Eilers—now wear shorts for tennis. She is practising, no doubt, for "The Giant Swing"

THE parting of the Stanley Laurels was a surprise. Any divorce in the English colony is always a surprise. But having come to the step, Stan has been more than a good sport, according to his friends. If they have the facts straight, he has turned over his bank account, a $300,000 trust fund and his Beverly Hills home to his wife. They have a little four-year-old girl, who seems destined to be another "divided" child. It was she who answered, when asked whose little girl she was, "Laurel and Hardy's." Laurel is the third comedian of late to be divorced—Cliff Edwards and Buster Keaton having preceded him.

THE BOYS TAKE ON SOME HEAVY COMPETITION



Elliott Nugent and Charles Farrell, left, swing a couple of mean tennis racquets—in fact, they're good enough to stand up against John Van Ryn and Wilmer Allison, the Davis Cup players, right. The net stars had a good workout

MAE CLARKE is playing the field now. She has twelve beaux, she admits. "I'm never going to tell a man 'I love you' again," says Mae. She has "come back" with a bang after her recent severe illness, which once threatened to end her acting career, and is in demand at all the studios. At present she and Neil Hamilton are keeping a diary on the "Acquitted" set at Columbia, confessing thoughts about each other.

DANGEROUSLY DREAMY

Freulich

When a fiery adventuress goes dreamy, it's time for the hero to beware. Tala Birell proves it to you in "Nagana"

THAT was Warren Hymer beauing Loretta Young the other evening. Loretta protests that even if she was "crazy about" a certain leading man before his marriage, it doesn't mean anything. "Men fall in and out of love often —why not women?" Loretta asks gaily.

Helen Twelvetrees didn't get the baby daughter she was planning on. She had her heart set on the baby's being a girl, and had planned the youngster's clothes as far ahead as her marriage—but it was an eight-pound boy the stork brought. Bet Frank Woody didn't mind, though! Helen went East to her old home-town, Brooklyn, to have the baby, who has been named Jack Bryan Woody. Off the screen for nearly a half-year, Helen will resume her career in January.

JEANETTE MACDONALD told us all about the rooster the other day. It seems that there is a law in Beverly Hills against roosters' living after a certain age—the age when their crows begin to be annoying to the neighbors. The rooster next to Jeanette's house was 'way over the prescribed age, with a healthy crow at about three in the dawning. Jeanette tried cotton in her ears, but it was no use. So, finally, she complained to the authorities. The rooster doesn't bother Jeanette any longer—but it isn't dead, either. It is a children's pet, and now it sleeps in the same room with the small boy of the family, who hastens to stifle any early morning crowing at the first symptoms! Did you know that Jeanette has struck up a friendship with Janet Gaynor?

WHEN Harpo Marx was given an invitation by the Soviets to visit Moscow in March and show some of his famous pantomime, it was the signal for a barrage of wisecracks from three of the Four Marxes. Harpo, pulling a Groucho, said that of course he would take along his harp; "it will help to string along the Russians." Groucho, himself, wisecracked that Harpo received the bid because he bought his harp on the five-year plan, and added that Harpo couldn't go to Germany because the Marx aren't worth much. Chico said Harpo had heard about free love and wanted to take steppes—and prophesied the wolves would be at Harpo's door.

Word from a small island in the Adriatic reports Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak Fenton still rapturously happy and believing implicitly that the world (Hollywood) is well lost for love. Leslie is working in a German picture on location there, and Ann has learned to speak German so well that she, too, was offered a part in the picture, but refused it because her argument with Warners is still unsettled.

THE latest news about George Raft, the Broadway feller, is that he has bought a chicken ranch! California gets 'em that way. George is making his ninth picture in rapid succession without a vacation, and probably the idea of hanging around the coops, with nothing to do but collect eggs when the chickens lay them, listens pretty well.

ON EVERY SIDE ARE DANCERS

You usually have only one frame for a picture, but here are four—all belonging to chorus girls. Between them you see Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers dancing for director Lloyd Bacon in "42nd Street"

SYLVIA GOES JAPANESE

Sylvia Sidney plays the biggest rôle of her career as sad "Madame Butterfly," who breaks a tabu and loves a white man

NO one was surprised when Helen Hayes won the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best feminine acting of the year. In "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," a story that was none too new, she made one of the most impressive screen débuts of all time—changing from a young girl to an old woman and being real all the way. Fredric March won the male award for his triumph in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—in which he gave a brand-new interpretation of the infamous Mr. Hyde. But Wallace Beery, for his work in "The Champ," gave him a close race—receiving only one less vote and getting a special award in consequence. The award for the best photography of the year went to Lee Garmes, who made "Shanghai Express" something to remember. The best original screen story of the year, in Hollywood's opinion (and you probably won't disagree) was "The Champ," by Frances Marion. Frank Borzage, director of "Seventh Heaven," was hailed as the best director of the year for what he did with "Bad Girl"—and may win again this year with "A Farewell to Arms." And Walt Disney, the creator of *Mickey Mouse*, received a special award for his amusing and original cartoons.

IRENE DUNNE'S husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, suffered a sudden attack of appendicitis and had to undergo an emergency operation. Irene rushed across the country to be with him—and her unexpected appearance in New York started rumors she was consulting divorce lawyers. And was Irene mad!

HELEN PLAYS A CHINESE

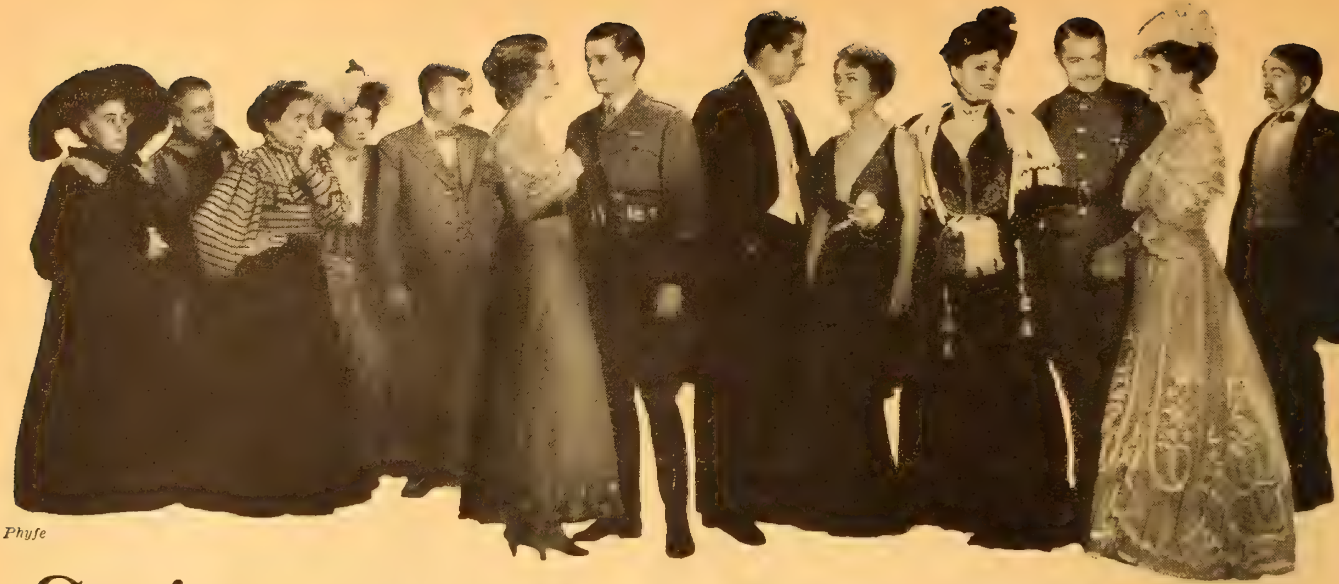
Helen Hayes' eyes are slanting, too, for her rôle in "The Son-Daughter." But Helen loves a Chinese (Ramon Novarro)

KAREN MORLEY is tired out. She may leave Hollywood for a rest cure soon—and make a honeymoon out of it, for she has announced her engagement to Charles Vidor, her director in "The Mask of Fu Manchu." Underweight at the best of times, Karen has worked continually this last year and while making a scene the other day fainted and fell down a flight of stairs. That convinced her it was about time.

Katharine Hepburn has Hollywood guessing. She lives very quietly with a girl companion, and plays tennis in her spare time. She rides in a Hispano-Suiza (which she claims was a second-hand bargain), wears faded blue overalls (with a new patch on the seat) to work, and sits on the curb to read her mail. "I've spent the morning thinking up nice lies for my studio biography," she says with engaging frankness.

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., and Eleanor Holm, the little Olympic swimming champ, are going places together. Mrs. Daisy Moreno is chaperoning Eleanor, who is very young, while she is getting started in the movies. Miss Holm surveys the studio scene with amusement and admits that if she doesn't make good, it won't hurt her young life. Meanwhile, Warners are having her coached in dramatic technique.

(*Continued on page 87*)



Phyfe

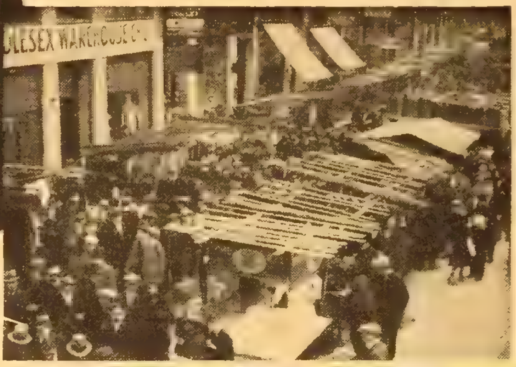
Seeing "Cavalcade" *thru* Hollywood's *Eyes*

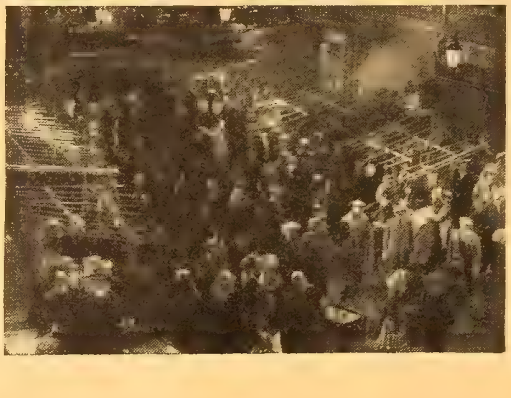
Top, principals in the all-English cast: left to right, Beryl Mercer, Tempe Piggott, Una O'Connor, Merle Tottenham, Billy Bevan, Ursula Jeans, Frank Lawton, John Warburton, Margaret Lindsay, Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and Herbert Mundin

Here is your chance to get a ringside view of the making of a million-dollar picture—to learn why Fox spent a fortune to keep the spirit of Noel Coward's great play to the last small detail, and how they did it—and to get a close-up of the drama-behind-the-drama. It's a chance that outsiders seldom have. Don't miss this "inside" story!

TITANIC
SOUTHAMPTON

Margaret Lindsay and John Warburton honeymoon on the ill-fated *Titanic*





At top center is an actual market place in London's East End. Left, the same market place as reconstructed in Hollywood for "Cavalcade"—a sample of the faithful reproduction of English scenes

Hollywood sees motion pictures through different eyes. It sees the drama within a drama. It recognizes all the heartbreaks attendant to film production—the vast amount of painstaking attention devoted to tiny details. None of the romance, the clash of many temperaments, the behind-the-scenes humor or pathos escapes a Hollywood audience of motion picture peers.

You, who form the greater public in theatres throughout the world, should learn to view pictures as Hollywood views them. Your enjoyment will be keener, your appreciation of true values more acute. That this pleasure shall no longer be denied you, we offer the first of a new series revealing the inside stories only Hollywood knows. Come with us to see "Cavalcade," the great play about England that America is giving to the screen.—*Editor's Note*

BITTER resentment was expressed in England when "Cavalcade" was purchased by an American motion picture company. Noel Coward, the author, could not have been more

By
GRANT
JACKSON

roundly criticized by his countrymen, had he sold the British crown jewels instead of a play. But, as the London press described it, "Cavalcade" is to Englishmen more than a play; "it is a reliving, a reunion, a bond; it is such sweet sorrow." And Coward for a consideration — the consideration being a mere hundred thousand dollars—had sold into alien hands a cherished sentiment embodying all the national pride of a proud race. Thus, a patriotic issue was at stake.

Fox studio executives met the issue squarely. They sent director Frank Borzage to England with a camera crew. Historical backgrounds were explored and photographed for later reference. All of the available data was gathered that might lend accuracy to the transcription. Finally, a performance of the play, itself, then entering its second year at the huge Drury Lane Theatre, was filmed in its entirety.

All Players Had to Be British

WHAT Fox was wisely attempting to accomplish was the transporting of a section of London to Hollywood. While the theme of "Cavalcade," decrying the utter futility of war, is international, the exact manner of its

(*Continued on page 94*)

Top center, the English Herbert Mundin, Merle Tottenham, Una O'Connor and Tempe Piggott lunch aboard the "roast beef cart," brought from London. Center, Merle Tottenham, Una O'Connor and Director Frank Lloyd get homesick after a ride in an old London cab. Left, Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor run a "pub," with every bottle English

LIPTONS TEA

You guessed it. This is supposed to be London on one of those murky nights. A real Pacific fog helped out the picture makers. Top left, the C. I. V. sail off to the Boer War in South Africa. Note the historical accuracy of the uniforms. Top right, a few of the 2,500 people in the great Armistice Day scene in Trafalgar Square. Many English stars watched this scene

We Nominate *for* STARDOM

GLENDA FARRELL

WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL

SHE is part-Irish, part-German, and wholly Thespian. Which means, in case you don't know, that she has been acting almost ever since she started breathing. She has played all over the United States, beginning with *Little Eva* in her native Oklahoma, playing in stock in Los Angeles and road shows in Kansas and Oregon, and making a hit on Broadway, where her performance in "Life Begins" was so outstanding that Warners lured her to Hollywood to play the same rôle in the screen version.

Twenty-nine, blonde, vivacious, Glenda says that she doesn't need to diet so long as she can work. She seldom goes above one hundred and sixteen pounds.

She has an eight-year-old son, Tommy, in military school and, for Tommy's sake, hopes that she has given up her lifelong habit of "living in a trunk" and can settle down.

Her clothes come from Paris, and there is more material to them than to the clothes of other actresses with Glenda's sex-appeal. She doesn't find it necessary to be daring to register her personality.

We Believe in Her

Because her face is the most important part of her and she doesn't need to show anything more. *Because* with one picture rôle, in "Life Begins," and that not a very big one, she registered her personality with the public so that they wrote in, begging for more of her. *Because* she can play any sort of part from cuddly young sweethearts to hardened ladies of the evening. *Because* Paul Muni, with whom she played in "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," praised her work—and Paul knows acting. *Because* she loses her appetite completely while working on a new part. *Because* of Tommy.

BUSTER CRABBE

PARAMOUNT

TWENTY-ONE years ago, an Oakland family moved to Honolulu. The son of the family, aged two, found the beach at Waikiki the best playground possible and the warm Pacific a friend. Dressed only in scanty trunks, the boy grew up on the beach, in the water, and under the sun. Swimming was as natural to him as walking. No wonder that in the years to come, Buster Crabbe (pronounced "Crab") was to win two Olympic championships, and hold five world swimming records.

His real name (which he loathes) is Clarence Linden Crabbe, but the friendly "Buster" suits him better. He is six feet, one inch tall, weighs one hundred and eighty-eight pounds, and is all muscle. He has just finished working his way through the University of Southern California.

After Paramount had vainly searched the ranks of professional actors for a Lion Man for "King of the Jungle" who would be physically attractive and have acting ability as well, they opened the competition to the public. Buster, a pal of Weissmuller, won the rôle.

We Believe in Him

Because, in thirty-five screen tests, his naturalness and poise equalled those of professional actors. *Because* Paramount has signed him to a seven-year contract. *Because* after he was selected as the Lion Man, the studio decided to spend much more on the production than had been planned. *Because* he has strongly marked and handsome features and a marvelous physique. *Because* Johnny Weissmuller made a success. *Because* he isn't married or in love, and hence is qualified to be the hero of a million imaginary romances. *Because* he is determined not to "go Hollywood."

SERIES NUMBER 10

Twenty-two years ago this month, MOTION PICTURE discovered the first screen star. And we are still in the star-discovering business. Glenda Farrell and Buster Crabbe are the tenth set of newcomers for whom we have predicted stardom in the last ten months.

Our previous Nominees for Stardom have been:

Gwili Andre
Tala Birell
Ann Dvorak
Katharine Hepburn
Aline MacMahon
Lyda Roberti
Gloria Stuart
Dorothy Wilson
Diana Wynyard
George Brent
Bruce Cabot
Preston Foster
William Gargan
Dick Powell
George Raft
Randolph Scott
Lyle Talbot
Robert Young

All eighteen of these newcomers have shown, from the very first, the kind of talent that brings fame and fortune to unknowns. Since we nominated them for stardom, all of them have garnered big rôles in big pictures.

Watch for them in coming pictures—for their names spell good acting. And check up on our prophecy of stardom for Glenda Farrell by seeing "The Match King," "The Wax Museum" and "Grand Slam," and for Buster Crabbe by seeing "King of the Jungle." More Nominees are on their way!—Editor.

MOTION PICTURE Presents the Coming

BUSTER CRABBE

His pal, Johnny Weissmuller, set America on fire as a jungle hero. And it looks as if Buster—who's an Olympic swimming champion, too, and a handsome six-footer besides—will do likewise. He gets his big start in "King of the Jungle"

GLENDA FARRELL

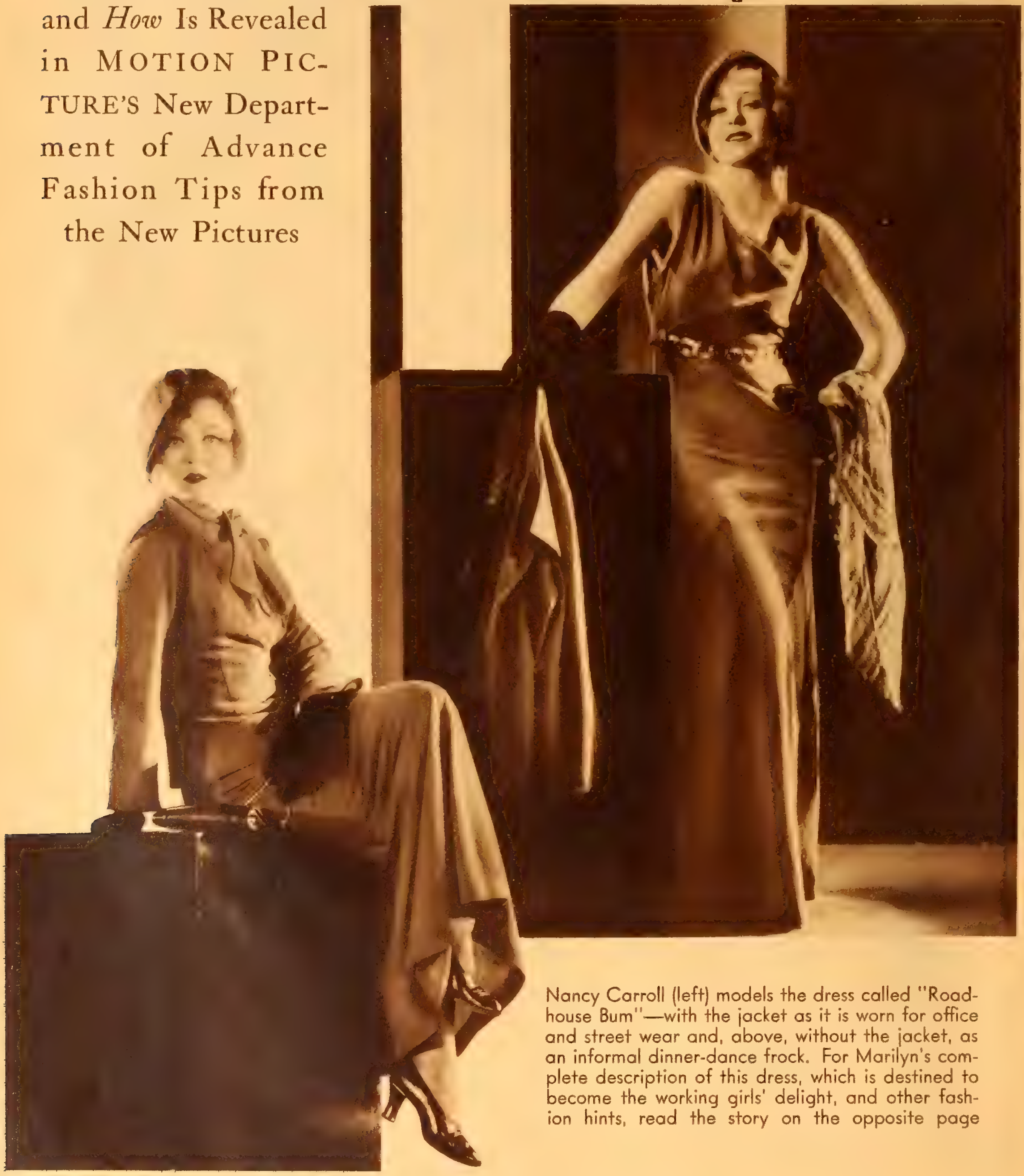
This Oklahoma girl made such a hit in "Life Begins"—as the actress who used a hot-water bottle for a flask and was fated to have twins—that she can stay in Hollywood as long as she wishes. Her dramatic face is worth a movie fortune

Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites

CLOTHES GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

BY Marilyn

Who's Wearing *What* and *How* Is Revealed in MOTION PICTURE'S New Department of Advance Fashion Tips from the New Pictures



Nancy Carroll (left) models the dress called "Roadhouse Bum"—with the jacket as it is worn for office and street wear and, above, without the jacket, as an informal dinner-dance frock. For Marilyn's complete description of this dress, which is destined to become the working girls' delight, and other fashion hints, read the story on the opposite page

With this issue, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is starting a brand-new idea in fashion "tips" for our readers: an entire column of gossip and chatter about this subject so dear to the hearts of Miss and Mrs. America . . . clothes . . . and the movie stars who wear them. When Chanel was in Hollywood several months ago, she said, "There is a story behind every dress." We're telling you about the dresses here—but if you want to get the real effect, go to see them worn on the screen by your favorite movie star. Remember that these fashion tips are Hollywood's own, from Hollywood's leading studio designers. Hollywood, not Paris, started the huge puffed sleeve and the ultra-small hat, and it is the mission of this new department to try to spot such fashion "leaders" from the new pictures direct to you.—Editor.

DID you ever hear of the "Roadhouse Bum?" No, she's not a gangster's sweetheart. It isn't even a *she;* it's a dress—and what a dress! Nancy Carroll wears it for the first time on the screen in the Columbia picture, "Child of Manhattan" . . . but already younger Hollywood has the "flare" of it and you will see this pet model in the smartest shops along Hollywood Boulevard.

If there is a "story behind every dress," then "Roadhouse Bum" is the little outfit that starts from the house in the early morning, goes smartly to lunch, and then steps out to a night-club without ever going home to change! What a dress for Miss Working Girl, who meets the boy-friend downtown! Nancy Carroll models it for you here, both with and without the jacket.

For "daytime wear" Nancy wears the "Roadhouse Bum" in red crêpe with a perky little red felt hat, black patent-leather shoes, black patent-leather bag, and the little box-jacket tightly looped at the neck to carry out the "tailored" idea so necessary in the business world.

Presto! And It's a Gown

BUT eight hours later, when Nancy's rich admirer, John Boles (in the picture, of course), invites her out to a night-club for dinner, she takes off the jacket and reveals the red crêpe dress "pepped up" with a silver metal belt, a décolleté neck and no sleeves. Leave on the longer-than-wrist-length black *velvet* gloves and what a cute "informal" dance frock this is! The many-colored scarf over Nancy's arm isn't necessary, but merely an effect. The ensemble is just as cute without it. "Roadhouse Bum" is this month's leading fashion news from Hollywood . . . and if you want to see just how cute it can be, don't miss Nancy in "Child of Manhattan."

Did you know that *Stetson,* long famed

And so the sweet young things won't feel neglected, we have Stetsons for the girls, too. Watch for these two Stetson hats worn by Mae Clarke in "Acquitted." The one at the left is a dark green shallow sailor and the other is a saucy black tricorn. Miss Clarke's doeskin gauntlet gloves, with the staccato stitching, are imports

For informal sports wear, Eleanor Holm likes the jumper dress shown below with the checkered taffeta guimpe. You also see her wearing the jacket that converts the cute dress into a smart traveling suit

Eleanor Holm's lounging pajama ensemble (above) has a three-quarter length cape with a collar of the gay checked material of red, yellow, blue and black—the same as that used for the dickey-front for making sombreros and cowboy hats for such virile gents as Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, *et al*, has been making hats for Hollywood's most feminine lady stars, as well? In the Columbia picture, "Acquitted," Mae Clarke wears a dark green Stetson sailor with "whip" bands of the same material and color as the only ornament . . . and is it cute? In the same production Mae has an excellent opportunity to call attention to her imported gloves, with their snappy, staccato stitching and their *longish* length, as she flirts coyly with Neil Hamilton in a "close-up." Neil apparently appreciates well-dressed girls.

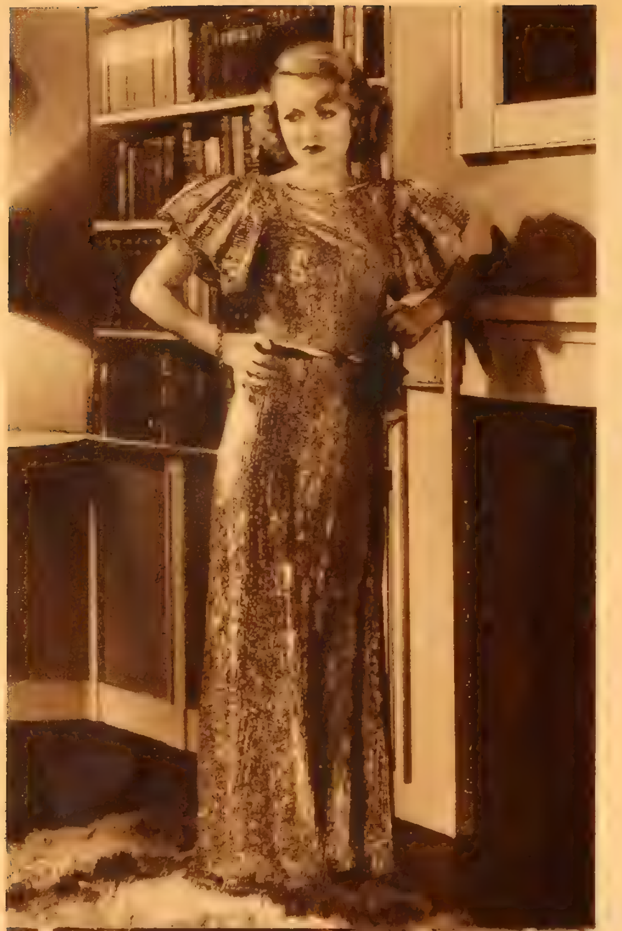
Out on the First National lot the other afternoon, we ran into Eleanor Holm, the Olympic swimming champion, who has not yet started her first picture, but was hurrying toward a sound stage to make a "test." The wardrobe department had just fitted out Eleanor in the newest and trickiest little model they could find from *Magnin's* Hollywood shop. The pert little model of heavy gray crêpe, cross-barred in darker gray, is a "going places" traveling suit one minute and just a cute "dress" the next. The skirt has a single kick-pleat in the front, and the jacket, colorless, fastens toward the side and has short cape sleeves. Accessories include a polka-dot scarf of navy and white, black kid gauntlets, felt hat and black pumps. Remove the jacket, and the highlights of the jumper-dress are the red-and-white guimpe of checkered taffeta, and the cute pockets on the vest—as well as the skirt.

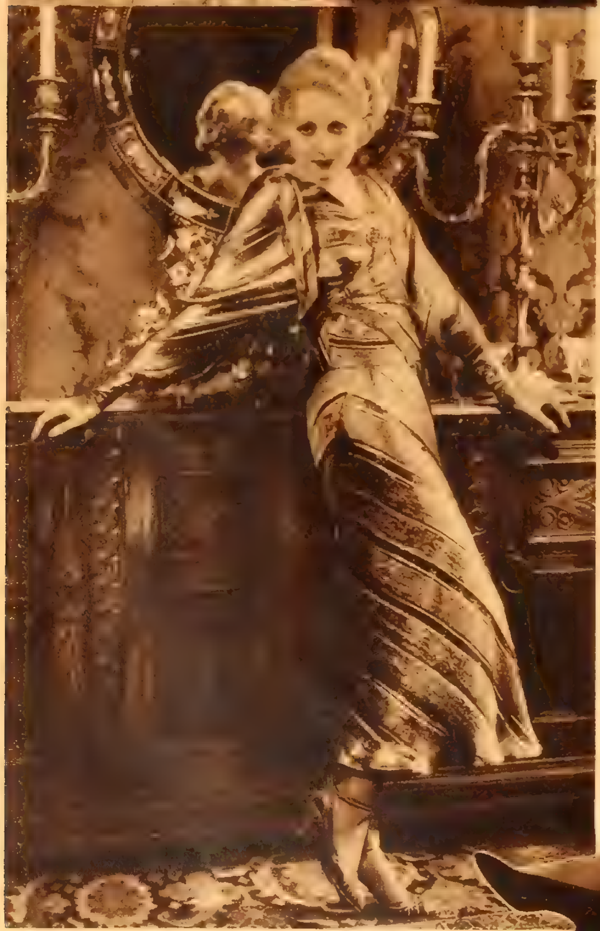
You Can't Go Wrong on Checks

CHECKS and plaids are just as popular for more formal things as they are for street wear. Notice the dressy lounging pajamas Eleanor is wearing, of rough gray crêpe with the hand-painted dickey-front in checks of red, blue, yellow and black. You can't go wrong on checks, girls. *Adrian*, fashion wizard of M-G-M, has made Joan Crawford some of the most adorable handkerchiefs of checked linens in all the combinations . . . blue and white . . . red and white . . . yellow and white. . . .

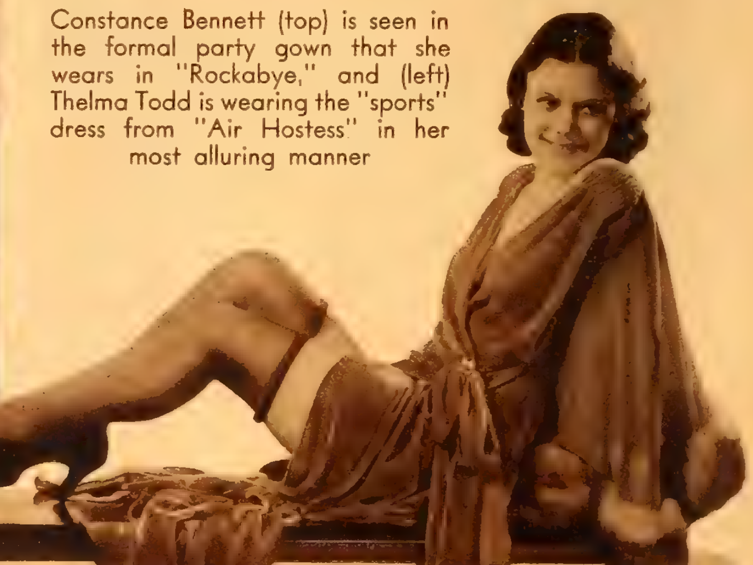
Have you ever felt like throwing a lemon meringue pie in the face of the gentleman friend? Well, Constance Bennett did in "Rockabye," in spite of the fact that Joel McCrea has a pretty nice face to be treated that way.

Anyway, Connie gets all dressed up for her pie-tossing mood in one of the cutest informal (pie-throwing is so informal, you know) black taffeta dinner dresses we've ever seen in anybody's kitchen. It flares in the skirt, but not too much—skirts aren't quite so full this season, you know—and while the sleeves are modern and puffed, they aren't as exaggerated as those Joan Crawford wore in "Letty Lynton," which really started the big sleeve fad, thanks to *Adrian*—(no matter what Paris says). The bouffant sleeve is

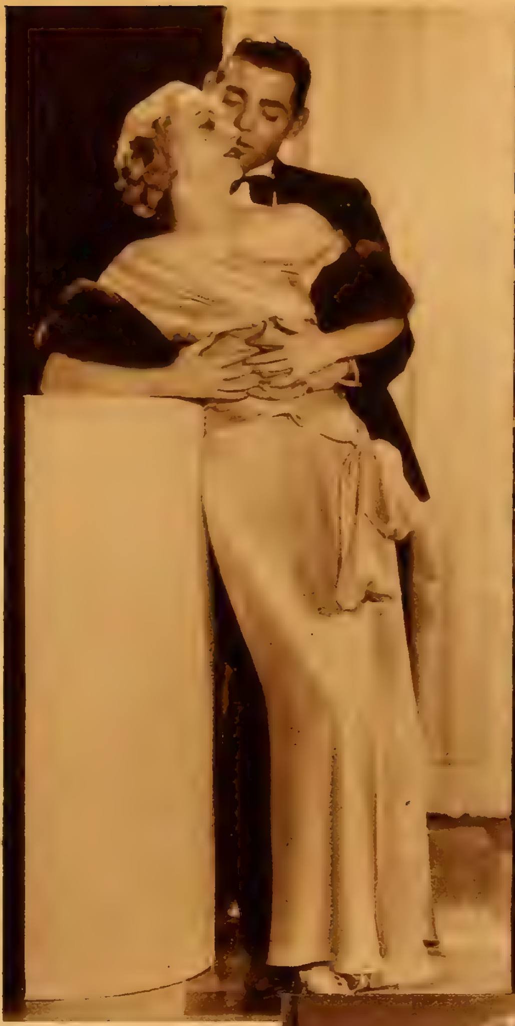


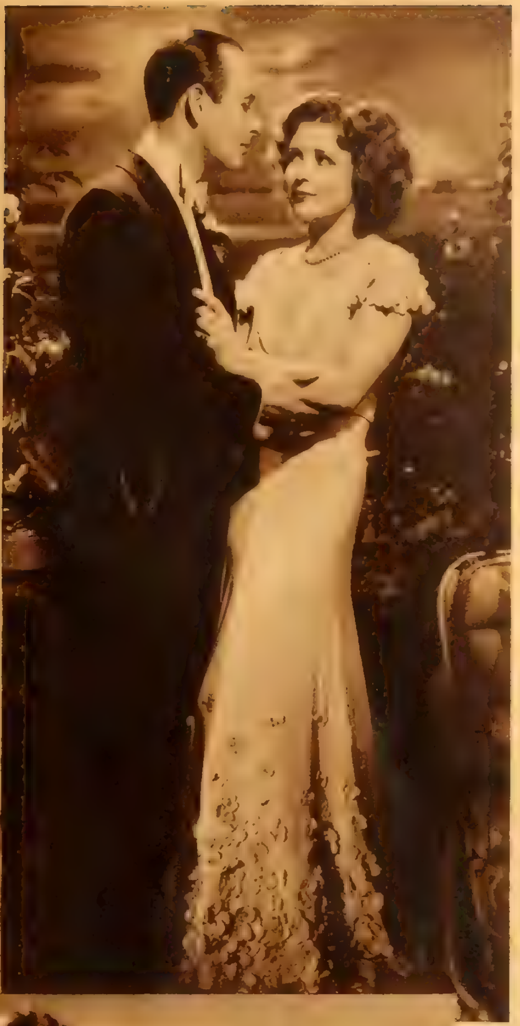


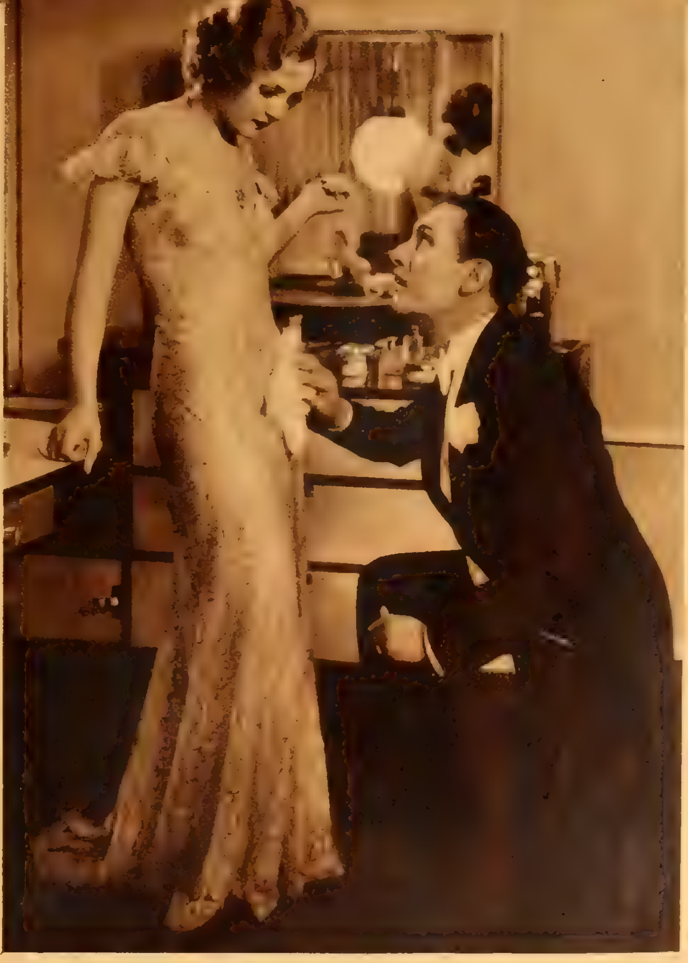
Constance Bennett (top) is seen in the formal party gown that she wears in "Rockabye," and (left) Thelma Todd is wearing the "sports" dress from "Air Hostess" in her most alluring manner



Little Helen Mack looks charming in fur-trimmed negligée (right), but she calls your special attention to the correct way to roll your hose







Clara Bow is shown (extreme right) in the evening gown you will see her wearing in "Call Her Savage," with Monroe Owsley In this love scene (right) with Clark Gable, in "No Man of Her Own," Carole Lombard has on a pearl satin evening gown with sable-trimmed, short-sleeved jacket. Below, Lew Cody lends Nancy Carroll a helping hand in "Under-Cover Man" when her white lace gown is "ruined"

still good, but not quite so bouffant . . . if you know what we mean. Any style that starts as a fad eventually reaches moderation. The puffed sleeve meets it in the kitchen scene of "Rockabye" when Connie Bennett lifts her arm for the purpose of throwing a pie just high enough to prove that *her* sleeves aren't too full!

If you want to be fashionable after the Hollywood fashion, you'll glitter just a little bit this season. Perhaps not so much as does Constance Bennett in her formal party gown in another sequence from "Rockabye" . . . and maybe not so much as does Thelma Todd in the seduction of Jimmy Murray in "Air Hostess" . . . but you'll *glitter* at least a little.

A Dress No Man Can Resist

KALLOCH, designer-in-chief of the Columbia wardrobe, really put his mind to it when he conceived this highly seductive and colorful "sports" dress (believe it or not) to be worn by Thelma Todd. Though Mr. Kalloch insists upon calling it an exaggerated sports dress, the material is of black and gold tissue cloth. The huge sleeves start at a high waistline, going into a very tight cuff. The soft, draped neckline is most effective. The shoes of black and silver match the frock. Now, we wouldn't advise you to attend any hockey matches in this particular "sports" dress, but what a grand idea it presents for an informal hostess gown, or the ever-popular tea gown! Such a dress as this should be worn with "seduction" . . . if you get the drift. If not, don't miss seeing how Thelma Todd does it with Jimmy Murray.

Paris is still strong in advocating the straight, "girdled figure." The studio designers are not nearly so keen about the idea. The loose, ungirdled figure is much more to the liking of the men who create models for Joan Crawford, Connie Bennett, Tala Birell, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Lilyan Tashman and other fashionable pace-setters.

(*Continued on page 86*)

Joel McCrea would rather wear a set of swimming trunks and a coat of tan than be The Well-Dressed Man, and Katharine Hepburn also wears just what she likes. In other words, they don't much care what they wear, so long as they're comfortable. But they're mighty particular about their reading matter. They have to be, for they are too busy as two new stars—together, as it happens, in "Three Came Unarmed"—to have any time to waste. So when they want to get up-to-date about Hollywood, Joel and Katharine both make sure that they pick up the magazine that tells the news, the whole news, and nothing but the news—about the new stars and the old, their pictures and their colorful lives. Like other stars, they just naturally turn to MOTION PICTURE, the magazine that has been glorifying the movies for twenty-two years—longer than Hollywood has been the movie capital, and almost as long as Joel and Katharine have been alive!

What Has MARRIAGE Done to GEORGE BRENT?

When he became Ruth Chatterton's second husband, did he start to go under an eclipse—and head for a career as "Mr. Chatterton"? Not so you could notice! This young Irishman may appeal to the ladies, but he's a man's man and always will be. And here's an up-to-date sketch of him to prove it!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

MRS. GEORGE BRENT (as though you didn't know who) has a Warner Brothers' contract that calls for about $400,000 yearly. Mr. George Brent hasn't earned that much in ten years. Mrs. Brent has the choice of stories and directors for her pictures. Mr. Brent can only take what is handed him. Mrs. Brent's bungalow dressing-room could easily pass for one of the nicer little places in Beverly Hills. Mr. Brent has a key to a room where he "makes-up." We are calling these little things to your attention because, in spite of a perfect set-up for it, Mr. George Brent is most decidedly *not* "his wife's husband"—and never will be.

He's Irish—and as independent as the Fourth of July. Without being stubborn or disagreeable or moody, he is the kind of male who would always be the head of his own home, even if he were married to real, and not mere movie, royalty.

Someone once said that sex-appeal was the ultimate of the feminine in Woman, and the predominance of all masculine qualities, including leadership and authority, in a Man. Working on this definition, George Brent has plenty of "It." Without tending to be sleek or suave after the sheik-fashion, he exudes masculinity. Not particularly athletic, he likes polo, tennis and swimming. But you couldn't get him in a game of bridge even if he knew he was going to win.

His Idea of Sex-Appeal

HE likes women feminine—but brainy. The more opinionated, the better. He thinks women are never so interesting, or so pretty, as when they are championing a cause. He claims intense enthusiasm is like turning on a light—it illuminates a woman's face.

He cordially dislikes women who sprout the made-over opinions of their bread-winners. Coy women nearly kill him. Of all phrases, he most hates: "I'm sure I don't know . . . what do *you* think?" George's ideas of women with sex-appeal are Ruth Chatterton, Elsie Janis, Helen Hayes, and others of their mental ilk. Blondes or brunettes are immaterial. He is particularly attracted to dark clothes for women, even for evening gowns.

He can be cheerful in the morning without "singing in the bathtub." His first gesture upon awakening is to reach for a cigarette. If he had to eliminate any *one* early morning pacifier, he could get along without even coffee—if he could have his cigarette. He knows he smokes too much, without attempting to kid himself into "cutting down." He knows he won't. On certain "nervous days" he has been known to smoke as many as four or five packages. On just ordinary days, he consumes about three.

Food is not particularly important in his life—just plain cooking without any fussing is right up his street. However, he has one table eccentricity. He doesn't use cream or sugar or salt or pepper on anything. His greatest aversion is milk. He cannot bear it even served at the same table where he is eating.

(*Continued on page 84*)

Richee

Probably every schoolgirl in the civilized world has wondered what Patricia Detering-Nathan did: How to get in the movies? She was in Europe at the time, far from Hollywood. Somebody told her that she ought to get a promoter to ballyhoo her. So she did—only she did an unusual thing: she entrusted another pretty girl, only two years older, with the man-sized job. And before you could say "Patricia Detering-Nathan," the schoolgirl was Sari Maritza, a famous little screen star. How was it done—and are the two girls still friends? You'll find the answers across the page!

How SARI MARITZA Was Made a Star

This is the story of the most unusual friendship in Hollywood. It's a rare movie actress who wants a pretty and clever girl-friend, but Vivyan Gaye, besides being that, is also Sari's business manager—one of the cleverest in captivity. She was the one who thought up the exotic Viennese name—and got Sari her movie chance!

THE most remarkable thing about Sari Maritza is her manager. Vivyan Gaye—who really created the actress Sari Maritza out of a completely inexperienced bit of English raw material named Patricia Detering-Nathan—is a personable young blonde of twenty-four, only two years older than her charge. She used to be a picture actress, herself, and probably could be again if she weren't too busy making up helpful stories about Sari and seeing that the producers give her all sorts of concessions in her contract which they bitterly regret the next day. Vivyan is attractive enough to do very well for herself with Hollywood's high-powered sheiks, ranging all the way from Ernst Lubitsch to Randolph Scott. Her personality is more vivid and colorful than Maritza's own.

This is remarkable for two reasons. First, because it sets Sari apart among actresses, as one of the few who have the courage to be constantly in the company of an attractive girl. Most actresses choose to go around with the worst models nature has been able to put out, the better to set off their own charms. It's almost an infallible rule that, whatever her spiritual graces may be, the girl-friend of a movie star is as homely as a mud fence. Throughout the annals of the theatre, actresses have always picked out the plain and the mouse-like for their companions. Imagine what a shock it was to Hollywood when the Misses Gaye and Maritza arrived to shatter tradition!

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

Secondly, it's remarkable because Sari has never before had a girl-friend. She dislikes women, and distrusts them.

Disillusioned About Girl-Friends

"I THINK that feeling began when I went to boarding school in England," said Sari in her gentle accents. "The schools there are very strict—horrible, like prisons. I hated it. My sister and I had always been more or less together and apart from other little girls. But at this school I had one very close friend. For a whole year we were inseparable and I had a very great affection for her, and she pretended to be devoted to me. But suddenly she turned against me, for no reason at all that I knew. It was a bitter experience for me, and I have never trusted a girl since then, or allowed one to be my friend."

So even Sari is amazed to find herself living in perfect harmony with a girl of approximately her own age. They have been together for three years now, and have only had three quarrels, about such trifling things that they couldn't remember them the next day.

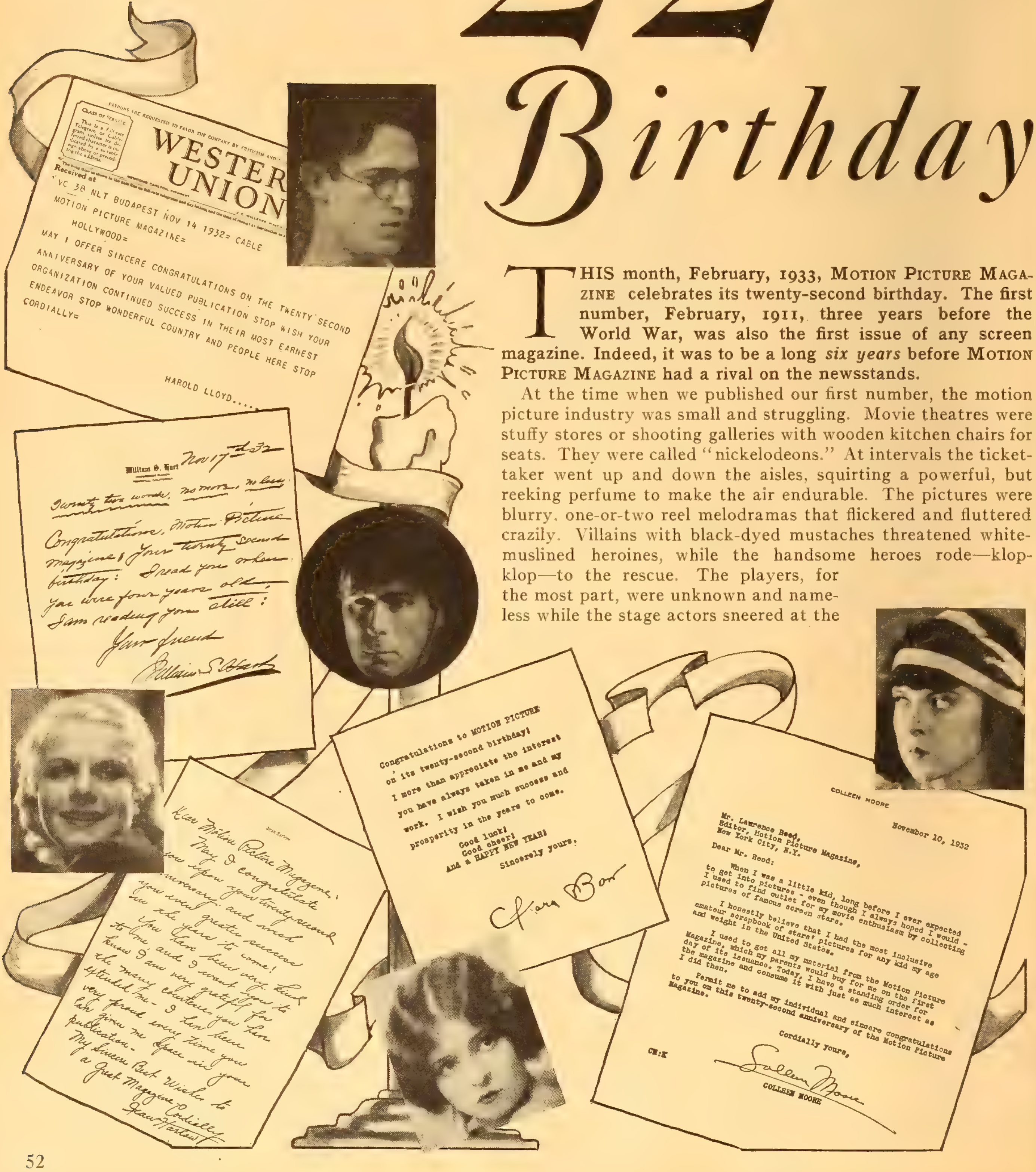
"She's the only girl I could possibly get along with," Sari said, "and I would have gone crazy in Hollywood without her. We lead our own lives and don't interfere with each other. Vivyan is a good balance for me. She's a stronger character than I am, more reliable and firm. I'm here, there, and everywhere, and not to be depended upon. I've not much

(*Continued on page 78*)

Motion Picture Celebrates its 22nd Birthday

THIS month, February, 1933, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE celebrates its twenty-second birthday. The first number, February, 1911, three years before the World War, was also the first issue of any screen magazine. Indeed, it was to be a long *six years* before MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE had a rival on the newsstands.

At the time when we published our first number, the motion picture industry was small and struggling. Movie theatres were stuffy stores or shooting galleries with wooden kitchen chairs for seats. They were called "nickelodeons." At intervals the ticket-taker went up and down the aisles, squirting a powerful, but reeking perfume to make the air endurable. The pictures were blurry, one-or-two reel melodramas that flickered and fluttered crazily. Villains with black-dyed mustaches threatened white-muslined heroines, while the handsome heroes rode—klop-klop—to the rescue. The players, for the most part, were unknown and nameless while the stage actors sneered at the



WESTERN UNION

VC 38 NLT BUDAPEST NOV 14 1932= CABLE

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE=

HOLLYWOOD=

MAY I OFFER SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS ON THE TWENTY SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF YOUR VALUED PUBLICATION STOP WISH YOUR ORGANIZATION CONTINUED SUCCESS IN THEIR MOST EARNEST ENDEAVOR STOP WONDERFUL COUNTRY AND PEOPLE HERE STOP

CORDIALLY=

HAROLD LLOYD....

William S. Hart

Nov 17th 32

Twenty two words, no more, no less.

Congratulations, Motion Picture Magazine! Your twenty second birthday: I read you when you were four years old: I am reading you still!

Your friend

William S. Hart

Jean Harlow

Dear Motion Picture Magazine,

May I congratulate you upon your twenty-second niversary, and wish you even greater success in the years to come!

You have been very kind to me, and I want you to know I am very grateful for the many courtesies you have extended me - I have been very proud every time you have given me space in your publication -

My Sincere Best Wishes to a Great Magazine.

Cordially

Jean Harlow

Congratulations to MOTION PICTURE on its twenty-second birthday!

I more than appreciate the interest you have always taken in me and my work. I wish you much success and prosperity in the years to come.

Good luck!
Good cheer!
And a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Sincerely yours,

Clara Bow

COLLEEN MOORE

November 10, 1932

Mr. Lawrence Reed,
Editor, Motion Picture Magazine,
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Reed:

When I was a little kid, long before I ever expected to get into pictures - even though I always hoped I would - I used to find outlet for my movie enthusiasm by collecting pictures of famous screen stars.

I honestly believe that I had the most inclusive amateur scrapbook of stars' pictures for any kid my age and weight in the United States.

I used to get all my material from the Motion Picture Magazine, which my parents would buy for me on the first day of its issuance. Today, I have a standing order for the magazine and consume it with just as much interest as I did then.

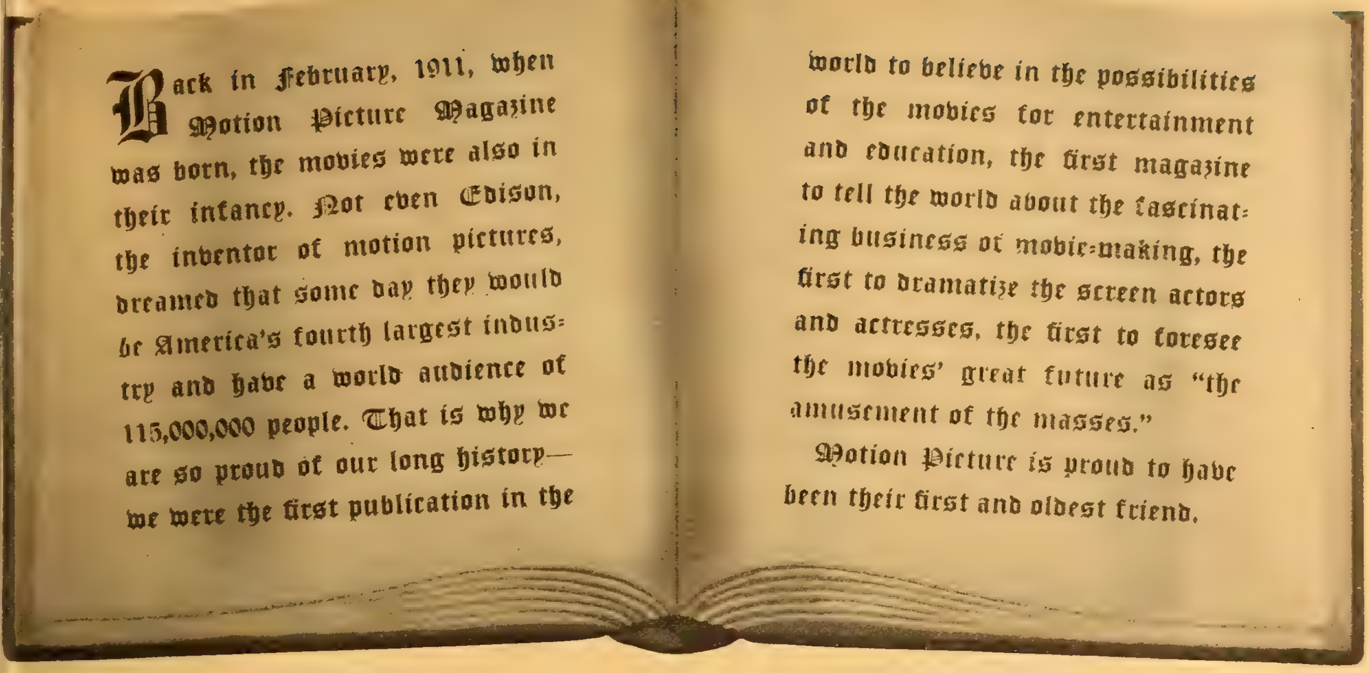
Permit me to add my individual and sincere congratulations to you on this twenty-second anniversary of the Motion Picture Magazine.

Cordially yours,

Colleen Moore

COLLEEN MOORE

CM:K



Back in February, 1911, when Motion Picture Magazine was born, the movies were also in their infancy. Not even Edison, the inventor of motion pictures, dreamed that some day they would be America's fourth largest industry and have a world audience of 115,000,000 people. That is why we are so proud of our long history—we were the first publication in the world to believe in the possibilities of the movies for entertainment and education, the first magazine to tell the world about the fascinating business of movie-making, the first to dramatize the screen actors and actresses, the first to foresee the movies' great future as "the amusement of the masses."

Motion Picture is proud to have been their first and oldest friend.

whirling pictures as a "cheap-john" amusement device.

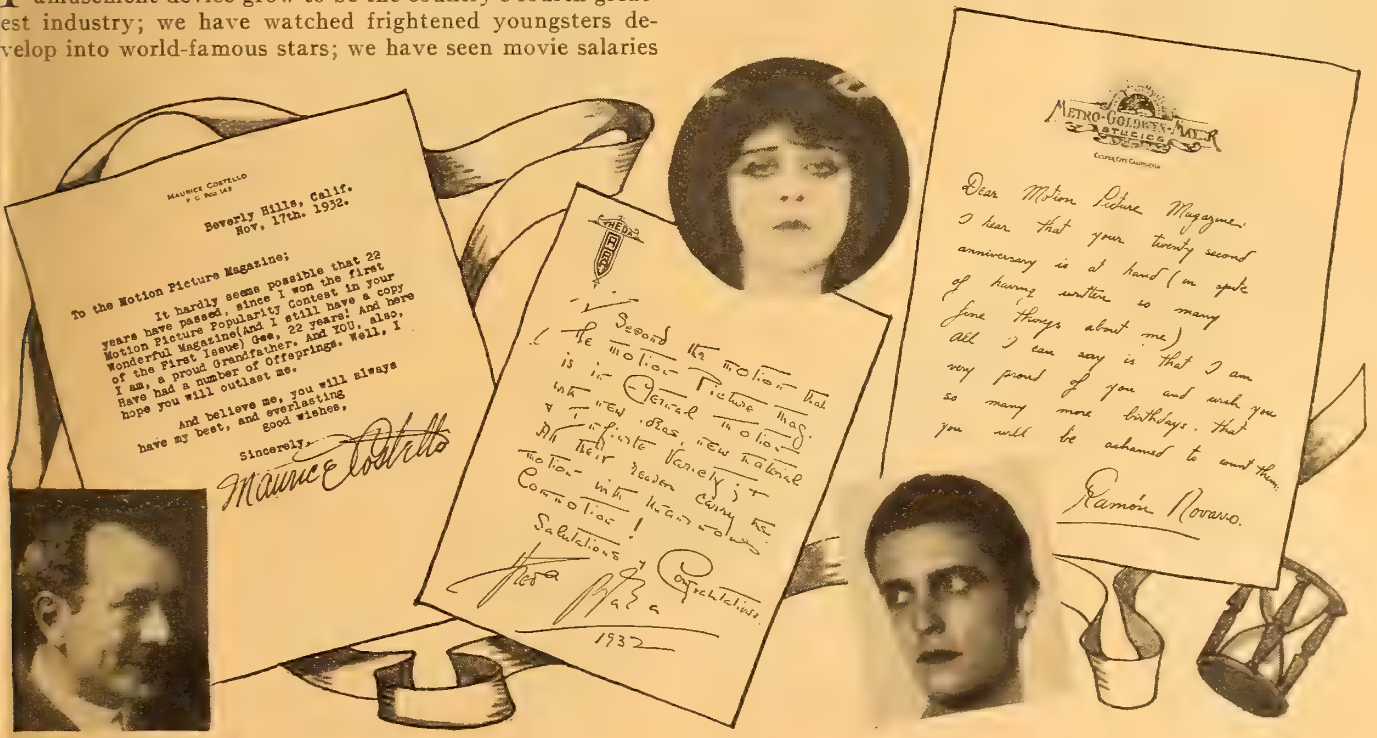
The creators of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE believed in the new art, believed in it more than the people who were making the pictures, themselves. "Some day," we dared to affirm, "motion pictures will be charging a dollar admission—and getting it." People laughed at such an absurd prophecy.

Birthdays are a time for looking back, for estimating the worth of existence. If, in looking back on the twenty-two years in which we have grown up with the industry, we seem to boast a trifle, that is the privilege of such a ripe old age as ours!

How the Movies Have Changed

IN our publishing career we have seen the claptrap nickel amusement device grow to be the country's fourth greatest industry; we have watched frightened youngsters develop into world-famous stars; we have seen movie salaries change from seventy-five dollars a week to ten thousand; we have seen the studios move from the East Coast to the West. And we are just a bit pepped up to feel that we have played our part in this growth and this glamour and this fame.

But we remember very well our bursting pride when MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE became prosperous and important enough to move from the four cramped rooms it occupied in an old wooden office building in Brooklyn into a home of its own on Duffield Street in the same borough. To be sure, that home was a brownstone house converted into offices, with the art department occupying the laundry, and the editor's desk in an alcove that had once been a bathroom. Across the street was a Negro church. On days when there was a wedding or a funeral, no one in the front rooms could



MAURICE COSTELLO
P O BOX [illegible]

Beverly Hills, Calif.
Nov, 17th. 1932.

To the Motion Picture Magazine;

It hardly seems possible that 22 years have passed, since I won the first Motion Picture Popularity Contest in your Wonderful Magazine(And I still have a copy of the First Issue) Gee, 22 years! And here I am, a proud Grandfather. And YOU, also, Have had a number of Offsprings. Well, I hope you will outlast me.

And believe me, you will always have my best, and everlasting good wishes,

Sincerely,

Maurice Costello

THEDA BARA

I Second the motion that
the Motion Picture Mag.
is in General motion
with new ideas, new material
& infinite Variety; &
All their readers carry the
motion with unanimous
Commotion!
Salutations & Congratulations.

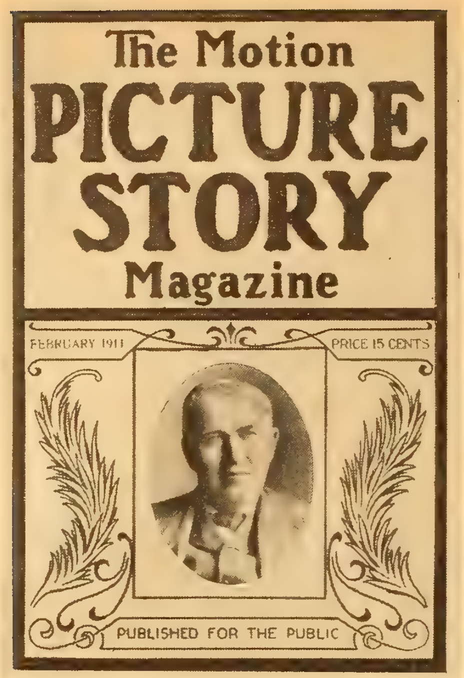
Theda Bara
1932

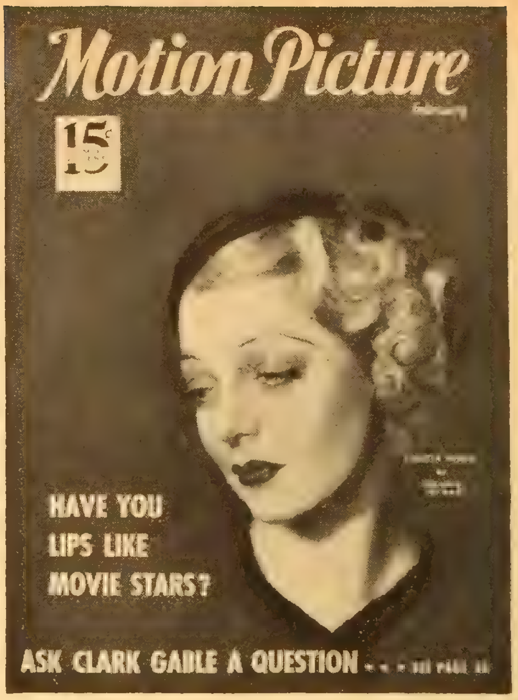
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
STUDIOS
CULVER CITY CALIFORNIA

Dear Motion Picture Magazine:
I hear that your twenty second anniversary is at hand (in spite of having written so many fine things about me)
All I can say is that I am very proud of you and wish you so many more birthdays. that you will be ashamed to count them.

Ramón Novarro.

This is the cover of the first issue of MOTION PICTURE—which was called "Motion Picture Story Magazine" until 1914. A photograph of Thomas A. Edison adorned the cover





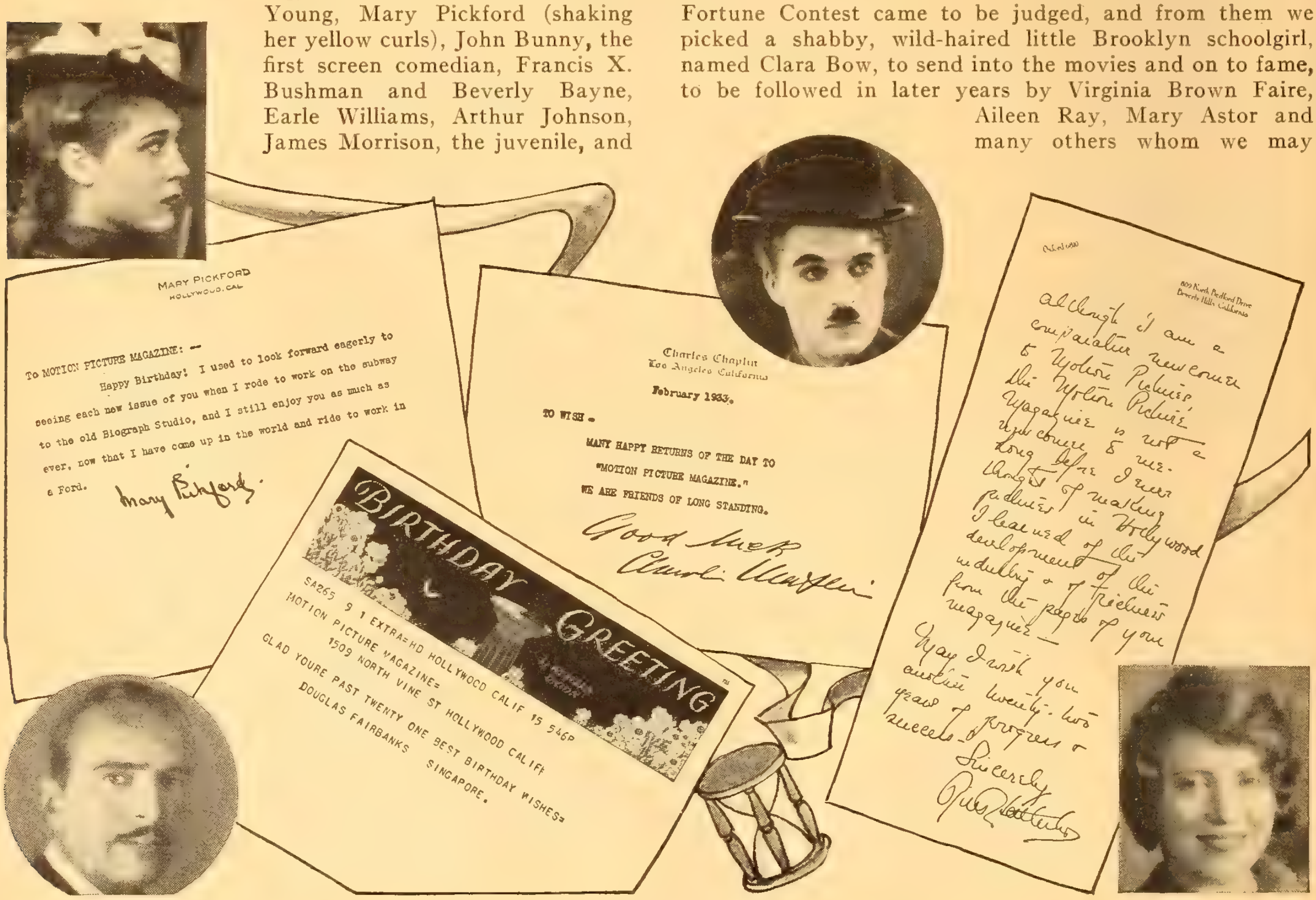
To-day, twenty-two years later, this is what the cover of MOTION PICTURE looks like—with Loretta Young the cover personality, and with "cover-lines" inviting you inside

work for the shouts and wails that drifted into the windows.

To this new home of the Magazine came the greatest stars of that day, such as Olga Petrova, in her famous leopard coat, Lillian ("Dimples") Walker, Master Kenneth Casey, the first child movie player, Mary Fuller, and Ruth Roland, all in white with plumes on her hat and a colored maid to carry her dog. Also Mabel Julienne Scott, confessing at lunch in the editor's dining-room (once the kitchen) that she "loved to suffer," Alice Joyce, Pearl White, Romaine Fielding, Anita Stewart, Clara Kimball Young, Mary Pickford (shaking her yellow curls), John Bunny, the first screen comedian, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, Earle Williams, Arthur Johnson, James Morrison, the juvenile, and Maurice Costello, the first movie idol, whose dimples brought sighs to our stenographers. Later years brought the newcomers of the day, such as Richard Barthelmess, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Marguerite Clark, Rudolph Valentino, Jackie Coogan, and William S. Hart.

Discovered Clara Bow

IN the sanctum sanctorum of the editor-in-chief—formerly the best bedroom—the contestants in the first Fame and Fortune Contest came to be judged, and from them we picked a shabby, wild-haired little Brooklyn schoolgirl, named Clara Bow, to send into the movies and on to fame, to be followed in later years by Virginia Brown Faire, Aileen Ray, Mary Astor and many others whom we may



MARY PICKFORD
HOLLYWOOD, CAL

To MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE: —

Happy Birthday! I used to look forward eagerly to seeing each new issue of you when I rode to work on the subway to the old Biograph Studio, and I still enjoy you as much as ever, now that I have come up in the world and ride to work in a Ford.

Mary Pickford.

Charles Chaplin
Los Angeles California

February 1933.

TO WISH -

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY TO "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE."

WE ARE FRIENDS OF LONG STANDING.

Good luck
Charlie Chaplin

BIRTHDAY GREETING

SA265 9 1 EXTRA=HD HOLLYWOOD CALIF 15 546P
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE=
1509 NORTH VINE ST HOLLYWOOD CALIF
GLAD YOURE PAST TWENTY ONE BEST BIRTHDAY WISHES=
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS SINGAPORE.

809 North Bedford Drive
Beverly Hills California

Although I am a
comparative newcomer
to Motion Pictures,
the Motion Picture
Magazine is not a
newcomer to me.
Long before I ever
thought of making
pictures in Hollywood
I learned of the
development of the
industry and of pictures
from the pages of your
magazine—
May I wish you
another twenty-two
years of progress and
success—
Sincerely

truly boast we "discovered." Autographed pictures lined our walls.

Because of our parental feelings for the stars whom we have figuratively dandled on our knee, we have chided them gently from time to time, praised them, and stood up for them when they were in trouble. When that first quaint, small-sized MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE (the "Story" part of the name being dropped after three years) appeared, the players of the screen had no names. They were called simply "The Biograph Girl," "The Mutual Girl," "The Kalem Serial Queen," "Dimples." The trademark was all that the companies of those days considered important for the public to know, and that appeared in every scene, hung on the walls of hovel or palace, tacked to trees and buildings.

The creators of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE realized, even in those days, that the public was curious about the people of the screen. To satisfy that curiosity, we began to build up personalities. We printed the pictures of the players with their names; we interviewed them primarily as to their preferences in books, sports, flowers and cookery (questions about their love affairs were a later development!). We invented the Answer Man, later to be copied by every following screen magazine, to answer the public's questions about the men and women they saw on the screen.

What Was in the First Issue

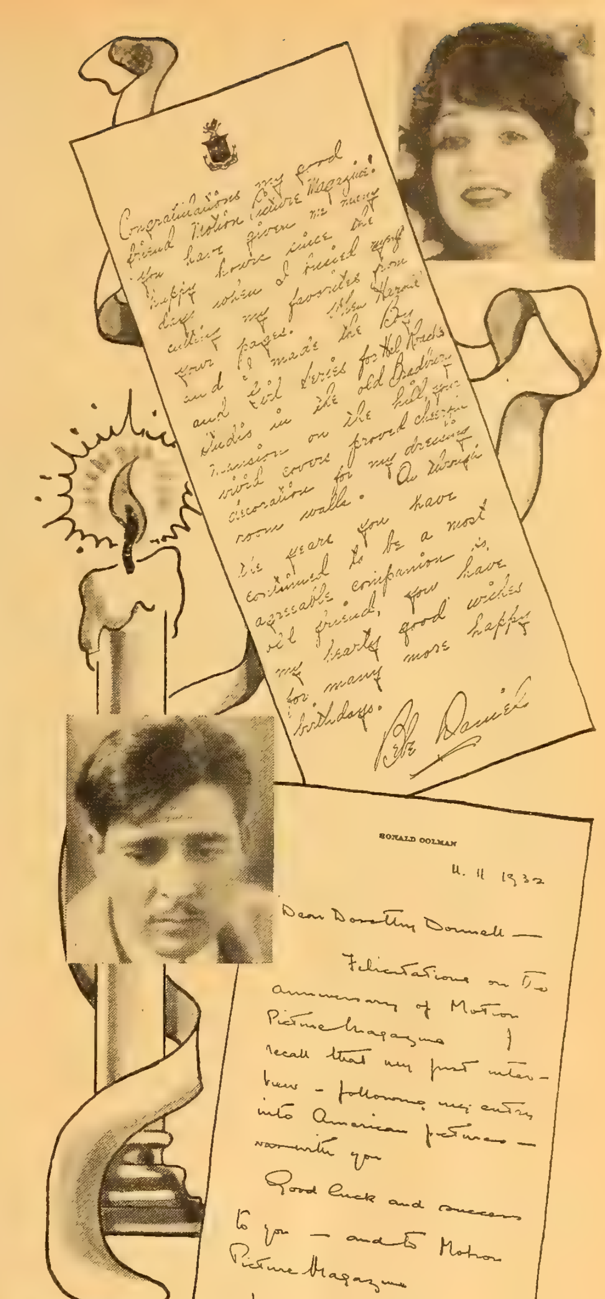
THAT first MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE lies on our desk before us now. It carries full-page pictures of Alice Joyce, "Broncho" Billy Anderson, Clara Williams, Charles Kent (long since gone to the reward of a courtly old-school gentleman), Florence Turner and Lottie Briscoe. It carries fictionizations of such screen masterpieces as "The Love of Chrysanthemum," featuring Maurice Costello, "A Dixie Mother" and "The Perversity of Fate." There is also a page entitled "The Wizard of Sound and Sight" which is devoted to Thomas A. Edison. In Musings of a Photoplay Philosopher is found the remark, "Prurient prudes, feline fossils and sanctimonious sociologists are all opposed to the moving picture shows." In Letters From Our Readers in our second issue, a gentleman from Columbus, Mississippi writes, "I am glad to see that the one-time prejudice against the much-reviled photoplay is dying out." "We believe," says our editorial, "that a magazine like this is needed to serve as a memorial to the artists, as well as to the art."

The highlight of that early issue is a poem by Hunter MacCullough, dilating on "this new invention":

"Device so simple, yet with wonder rife,
Into a picture breathe the breath of life—
The living present seize and fix for aye
The unconsidered doings of the day."

With its small-sized, blurred pictures, and quaint

(Continued on page 70)



Congratulations my good
friend Motion Picture Magazine!
You have given me many
happy hours since the
days when I used my
cutting my favorites from
your pages. When Harold
and I made the Boy
and Girl Series for Hal Roach's
studio in the old Bradbury
mansion on the hill, your
vivid covers proved charming
decorations for my dressing
room walls. All through
the years you have
continued to be a most
agreeable companion. As
old friend, you have
my hearty good wishes
for many more happy
birthdays.
Bebe Daniels

RONALD COLMAN

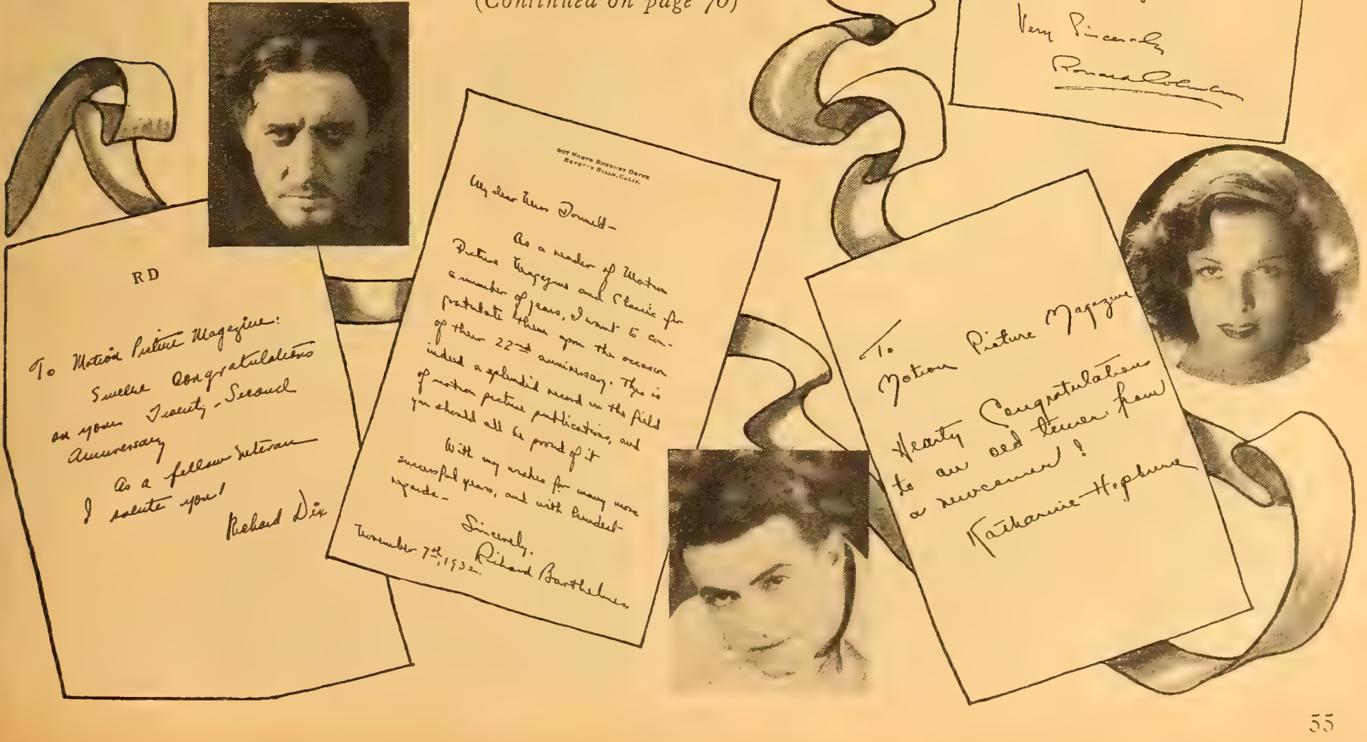
11. 11 1932

Dear Dorothy Donnell —

Felicitations on the anniversary of Motion Picture Magazine. I recall that my first interview – following my entry into American pictures – was with you.

Good luck and success to you — and to Motion Picture Magazine

Very Sincerely
Ronald Colman



RD

To Motion Picture Magazine:
Sincere Congratulations
on your Twenty-Second
Anniversary
As a fellow veteran
I salute you!
Richard Dix

607 North Roxbury Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif.

My dear Miss Donnell—

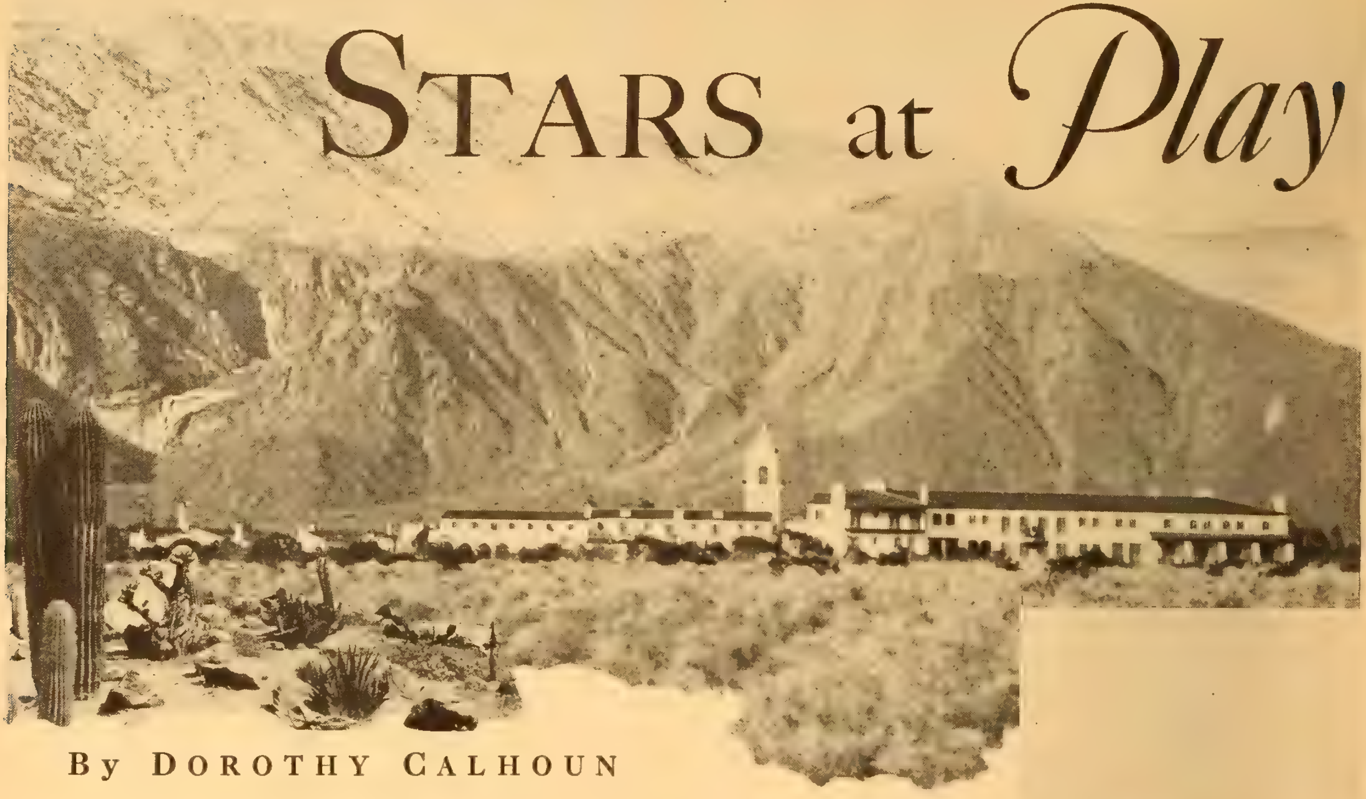
As a reader of Motion Picture Magazine and Classic for a number of years, I want to congratulate them thru you on the occasion of their 22nd anniversary. This is indeed a splendid record in the field of motion picture publications, and you should all be proud of it.

With my wishes for many more successful years, and with kindest regards—

Sincerely,
Richard Barthelmess
November 7th, 1932.

To
Motion Picture Magazine
Hearty Congratulations
to an old timer from
a newcomer!
Katharine Hepburn

Where You'll Find the STARS at *Play*



By DOROTHY CALHOUN

SERIES NUMBER 7

Palm Springs: the desert resort only three hours from Hollywood, where they like to swim in winter, add to their sun-tans, continue their favorite outdoor sports, or just rest

In the winter, when the stars have those oh-to-get-away-from-it-all moods, off they go to Palm Springs—from which they can return in a hurry, if their studios insist. This story about this unique desert resort is the seventh in a series about the places next-door to Hollywood where the stars go to be just themselves, not movie stars.—Editor.

At top, El Mirador Hotel, the oasis of Palm Springs, where most of the romance rumors about the stars start during the winter months. Note the vivid contrast of the scenery — towering mountains rising from the sagebrush and cactus of the desert

Acme

Mickey Riley, Johnny Weissmuller, Georgia Coleman and Eleanor Holm—all Olympic swimming champions—play a big dice game between events of a swimming meet before the stars at Palm Springs

Across the center of the pages, El Mirador's pool. In the foreground is Hoot Gibson, astride "Broomtail," the rubber horse that ducks all riders. Left Joan Blondell and George Barnes, rumored to be her husband

Acme

"YOU'RE going to the desert for the week-end?" Charles Laughton asked the Richard Arlens in British bewilderment. "But where is there a *desert?* Do you mean a desert with sand and all that sort of thing? How jolly uncomfortable!"

But Mrs. Laughton (Elsa Lanchester) was in London, getting ready to open in a stage play; and her rotund husband was two hundred pounds of loneliness, so he went with Dick and Jobyna, expecting to renew his dismal recollections of the Sahara, sand fleas, beggars and moth-eaten camels.

Until 4 p. m., Nancy Carroll may be in Hollywood—but sundown often finds her in Palm Springs, as above

He found fountains gushing from blue vases that Maxfield Parrish might have painted, green lawns, mosque towers, and purple mountains. "He simply didn't believe it!" Jobyna laughs. "He swore it was a painted stage set that somebody would take down tomorrow. He insisted on feeling of the cactus to make sure it was real and not a prop!"

The Arlens have a proprietary interest in Palm Springs. For several days they made their home there in a tiny rented cottage, waiting for El Mirador Hotel to open for the winter season. Now, Jobyna is installed in a suite in the hotel, planning to sit in the sun all winter to await the stork, while Dick flies down from the studio for week-ends. There is a possibility that Paramount will utilize the grounds of El Mirador for some of the scenes of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," his new picture. Certainly no human stage designer could create a more colorful setting.

Behind the main hacienda of El Mirador, Mt. San Jacinto rises as steeply as a mountain

(*Continued on page 82*)

Acme

Above, Gene Raymond (dressed a la cowboy) and Claudette Colbert are all set to gallop over the sand dunes. Left, Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, on an El Mirador springboard. Jobyna is living at Palm Springs, and Dick is commuting every week-end, while they await their blessed event. Below, Jimmy Durante gives his schnozzle a desert sun-bath

The MAYOR of RADIO CITY—

"Roxy"

BY CRUIKSHANK

New York is learning about three new R's — Rockefeller Center, Radio City and "Roxy," who was born Samuel L. Rothafel, of a poor family, and has become the world's master showman in the world's most beautiful theatre. It is, in fact, a theatre for the ages—a monument to the movies!

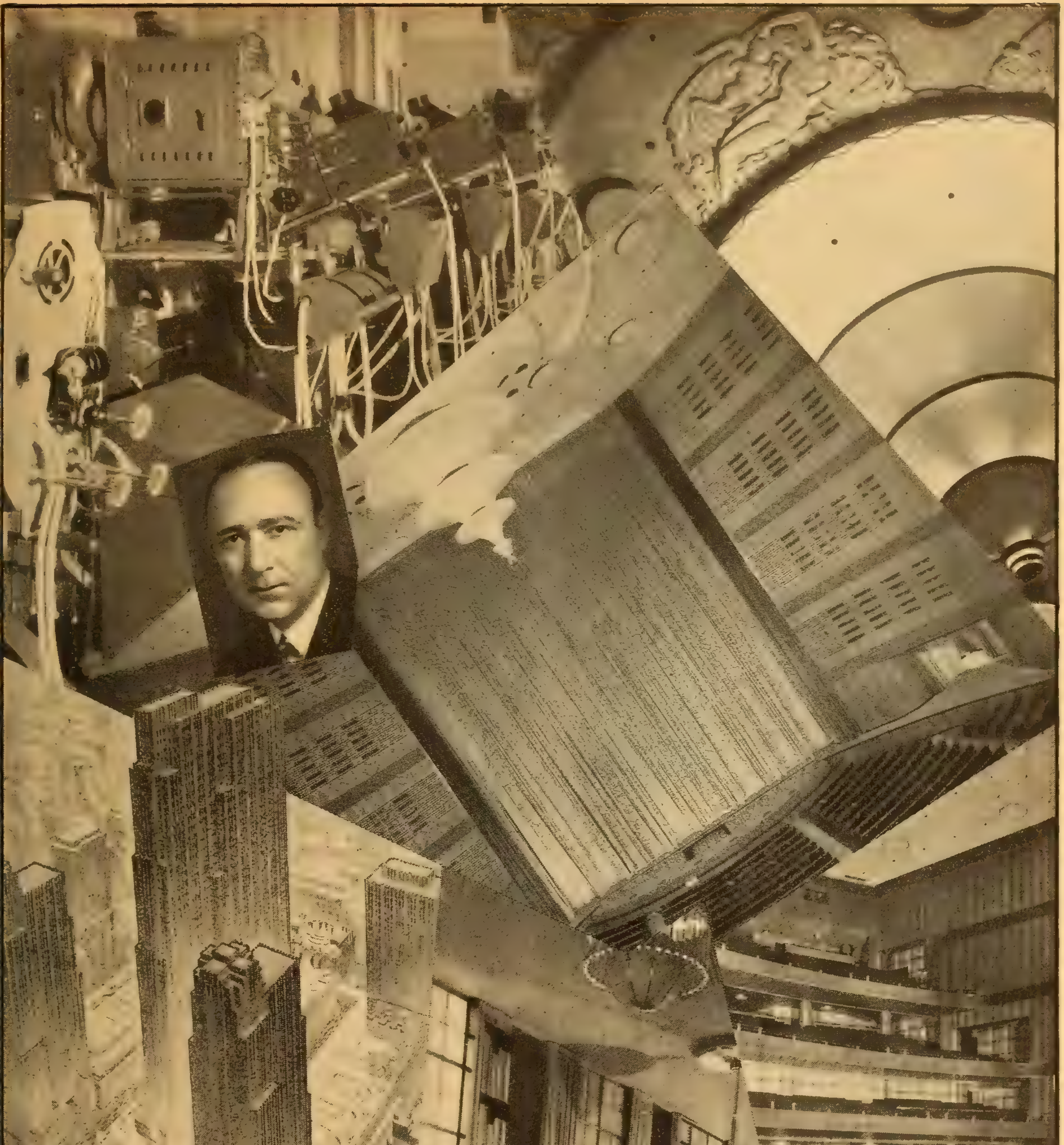
WHEN you come down to New York town, you'll find something new under the sun. The same sun that gilds the city's skyscrapers to smoky-golden iridescence, as once it illumined the Roman Coliseum and made the Grecian Parthenon more splendid. For vying with the glory that was Rome and with Egypt's ever-lasting Pyramids, New York, the mightiest of modern Babylons, has reared a structure that will be a Mecca for multitudes yet unborn.

Rockefeller Center, first of the Seven Wonders of the New World, the architectural triumph of America, will tower for countless ages as a monument to our civilization. And the heart of the Center is Radio City. And the soul of Radio City is man's tribute to the motion picture, and to that super-showman of the cinema, Samuel Lionel Rothafel, just "Roxy" to you—and to millions more. And just "Roxy" is the name of the frieze-walled Numidian marble, gold and bronze and bakelite edifice in which Samuel Rothafel will give of his genius in the presentation of motion pictures.

You won't be able to miss this masterpiece of modernism, for the theatre flames with five vertical signs each towering fifty feet, while on the marquee are others measuring five hundred feet in length. The Man from Mars will witness the illumination from another world, for the Neon creations of Mortimer Norden, who made Broadway the "Great White Way," will blaze to heaven's Milky Way as well. The lights blend to cover the theatre's surface with a variety of color, and on this luminous background superimposed by indirect lighting, is emblazoned the beloved nickname of that Stillwater, Minnesota, lad who began life in the Big City as a Fourteenth Street errand boy. Samuel L. Rothafel—"Roxy"!

When you face the six miles of light-tubes making legible the bronze and aluminum signs, when you pass under the satin-finished, enameled steel marquee, when you first envision the bronze and golden dignity of the lobbies, pause to remember that Samuel Rothafel, whose career has made possible this monument, began his motion picture activity in a vacant store fitted with chairs begged, borrowed, or stolen from the local undertaker of Forest City, Pennsylvania. Here's a success story in bakelite and marble! Here's America! And what has been done once, they say, can be done again.

(Continued on page 72)



In the lower left corner, you see an architect's drawing of Rockefeller Center and Radio City—a skyscraper temple to the "vocal arts." Lower center, the foyer of the new Roxy Theatre (described in the story opposite). Lower right, the auditorium of this "monument to the movies"—seating 3,700 with unusual comfort; also, it is the first theatre ever panelled in wood. Upper left, the Roxy's projection machines. Upper right, the Roxy's chandelier—largest in the world. Center, Merlin H. Aylesworth, head of NBC (photo ©Harris & Ewing), who will sponsor "Roxy's" broadcasts; and a view of the Roxy stage, 70 feet high

MARY PICKFORD Starts "*Secrets*" All Over Again

Two years ago, Mary started a picture called "Secrets"—and stopped all work on it when it was only half-finished. Now she is reviving this story she "killed"—making it over from the beginning. You have to know Mary to know why she is doing it!

By **FAITH SERVICE**

Mary Tells a Secret

"All of us should listen to that still, small voice within us more than we do. It tells us the truth. I listened to it when I put 'Secrets' away. I did NOT listen to it when I made 'Kiki.' I shall never close my ears to it again.

"If this new production of 'Secrets' should be half-finished and if, again, I should find that something was lacking, I would do the same thing over again.

"You see, I knew, that other time, almost from the beginning, that something was wrong. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Then I came to know what was wrong—the mood and the spirit were missing.

"And so, though it broke my heart and, I am afraid, the hearts of some of the others, I told them we were finished. I felt, that night, that I would never make another picture.

"When I am just beginning a picture, I am enthusiastic. About midway through the picture, I begin to remark that the screen is very hard work—I wonder if it is worth it. And at the end of the picture I firmly announce my intention of immediate and permanent retirement."

PEOPLE have often wondered why Mary Pickford stopped production on "Secrets" two years ago. Why she called a halt when they were more than midway through the story, when there seemed to be every element necessary to the making of a superb production. Barney Glazer did the script. Marshall Neilan was directing. Kenneth MacKenna was leading man. The entire cast was more than adequate. Mary was photographing exquisitely. What was the matter? Why?

People are wondering again, now, why Mary is making "Secrets" over again; why, with all the books and plays and stories she owned and has to choose from, she goes back again to the story she "scrapped" two short years ago.

The real secret of "Secrets" is the secret of Mary, herself. It is the secret of why she is and has always been the World's Sweetheart, the undisputed, uncrowned Queen. The secret is her idealistic, as well as practical, love of her profession. The secret is her innate desire to give nothing, rather than to compromise with that still, small voice within her.

"We all have that inner voice," Mary told me, "every one of us. It is more than woman's instinct. Men have it, too. We should, all of us, listen to that still, small voice within us more than we do. *It tells us the truth.* I listened to it when I put 'Secrets' away. I did NOT listen to it when I made 'Kiki.' I never liked that story. I saw nothing in it. I never liked the character. I even went so far as to tear the script in pieces one night. But I allowed myself to be advised and overruled. I allowed

(*Continued on page 88*)

AS YOU
DESIRE
ME

Take a lesson in confidence
from "those dear...but younger friends"

A LITTLE hard to admit, isn't it—that you find yourself more and more inclined to avoid those younger friends—that your skin is fading—that you are slipping ...just a little?

Just imagine the great beauty expert, Vincent, of Paris—studying your own case. Nine chances in ten he would exclaim..."But you do not *clean* your skin properly. Even if you come to me for treatment—you must first wash your skin thoroughly at home...I cannot perform miracles..."

Beauty experts—the whole world over—will tell you that a skin thoroughly cleansed, twice daily, is the first rule of beauty care. But—beware—all too many soaps wash away the natural oils—leaving your skin dry, parched, a prey to wrinkles and lines . . . while a skin cleansed with Palmolive is not only cleaned but protected against the ravages of time and age. Its olive and palm oil lather has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

Make a simple two weeks' test of Palmolive, the soap containing olive oil. Follow our directions and see natural beauty return to your skin...and almost forgotten admiration return to the eyes that appraise you...

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

This much Olive Oil goes into every cake of Palmolive Soap.

Whichever star

WARNER BROTHERS
present
KAY FRANCIS
in

—notice her marvelously

SCREEN STARS have such exquisite skin! They know their complexions *must* be lovely if they are to win—and *hold*—hearts by the thousand! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty," they declare. "We use Lux Toilet Soap!"

Whichever star you see tonight, notice how alluring her smooth skin is. Is *your* skin as lovely—as *tempting?* Why don't *you* try Hollywood's favorite beauty care—use the gentle, inexpensive soap that keeps the stars' priceless complexions always youthful!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

For their convenience all the great film studios have made it their official soap for dressing rooms. Begin today to let this fragrant white soap work wonders for *your* complexion!

Lux Toilet Soap

you see tonight —

Youthful Complexion

LUX
TOILET SOAP

They Know the Secret of Keeping Youthful Charm

SIDNEY FOX

BETTE DAVIS
Warner Brothers

LORETTA YOUNG
Warner Brothers

ARLINE JUDGE
R. K. O.

Kay Francis, lovely Warner Brothers' star, has a complexion so velvety smooth it actually takes your breath away! "Lovely skin is the most endearing charm a girl can have," she says. "It's a charm she *must* have, if she wants to keep her fresh youthfulness. I'm certainly enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin always soft and smooth."

Whenever Buck Jones and "Silver" make a personal appearance, here's how the youngsters surround them

HERO to Two Million Kids!

Buck Jones is the one and only star in movie history who has seen two and a half million youngsters line up behind him as their idol—and put their sentiments in writing. How does the strong-and-silent cowboy explain it? By saying that boys are still boys—and Westerns are still the movies that give them the adventure and romance they want!

BY JANET BURDEN

Fraker

Buck Jones brings back the good old days

YOU hear a lot of talk these days about "the Younger Generation." Spectacled professors shake their heads as they talk about its complexes and suppressions. Lank-haired young authors write despairing books to prove that Youth has no illusions left. The general impression seems to be that boys and girls today are hell-bent for destruction, with a cynical laugh on their lips and a bottle of bootleg in their hands. To which Buck Jones says, succinctly, "Phooey!" and has his reasons.

Buck Jones is forty-ish, grim-jawed, tight-lipped. Of all cowboy heroes of the screen, he looks the part most completely. He is *Diamond Dick*, the Hero of the Western Plains, in the bronzed flesh. Yet he has none of the hearty Western ways of the regulation film cowboy. He doesn't call you "Ma'am," or say that he is "rarin' to go"; he doesn't wear a handkerchief tied about his neck, or wave his hat. He dresses conservatively in well-fitting tailor-made clothes, and his collar is Bond Street. He speaks—when you can get him to speak at all—in a soft voice, uses perfect grammar and pronounces his "g's." And yet he is the cowboy of your dreams, the shy knight of the saddle whom Owen Wister immortalized.

Boys of my generation (which is, emphatically, not the Younger) used to hide out in haymows to read of cowboys' exploits and plan to run away and shoot Indians and cattle-rustlers. Now, we are told, the gangster is the hero of the modern schoolboy, and he dreams of becoming a smooth underworld chieftain and riding in a bullet-proof car . . .

(*Continued on page 91*)

HOLD THAT SMILE —I'D LIKE TO SELL THIS ONE TO A TOOTHPASTE MAKER

"Since Colgate's made my smile worth while this picture goes to Colgate's!

Besides—they've saved me quarters on toothpaste since I was a youngster"

No tooth preparation—of any kind—at any price—with any claims—can clean your teeth better or more safely than Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Any dentist will verify this statement.

25¢
COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

CALL HER SAVAGE

Clara Bow Makes a Dazzling Comeback: Clara Bow's return to the screen after eighteen months is something to see—not for the picture's sake, but for Clara's sake. Her famous personality is still undimmed and, in addition, she has acquired great poise and has matured as an actress. Whatever you may think, Clara obviously thought she was playing in a colorful drama—and she gave it her all.

The story has to do with a fiery, impulsive half-breed girl who discovers that blood is thicker than water, after she weathers some heartbreaks, along with the depression—learning to appreciate Gilbert Roland after Monroe Owsley shows questionable judgment in leaving her for Thelma Todd. The whole cast does well—even Estelle Taylor, who is woefully miscast as Clara's mother.

But it is Clara who makes it worth seeing—the new Clara who is not a hey-hey girl, but magnetic, svelte and sweet.

THE KID FROM SPAIN

Cantor Scores in Zippy Musical: Without introducing much that is original or startlingly novel this fast-moving, gorgeously-decorative musical comedy has so many claims to your attention they are hard to enumerate. Eddie Cantor, as the kid who is mistaken for a famous bullfighter, and has to live up to the honor, is funnier than ever. In several scenes such as the one where he gets across the border, and the one in which he chloroforms the bull the laughter becomes slightly hysterical.

Lyda Roberti is an eccentric with a smashing way of putting a song across. The Goldwyn girls live up to all the adjectives of the hard-working press-agent—seldom have so many really beautiful girls been seen together on the screen. But it is the bull-fighting scenes which you will go away talking about. We predict a flood of bull fights on the screen after these really blood-curdling scenes in the ring. Genuinely amusing.

THE MATCH KING

Interesting All the Way—Well Acted: This story of the fantastic fortune-building of a Swedish adventurer parallels the recent revelations of the life of Ivar Kreuger, the late Match King. It is a perfect fit for the personality and talents of Warren William, who makes the character believable, and, withal, somehow sympathetic despite his ruthless way with friends, loves and finances.

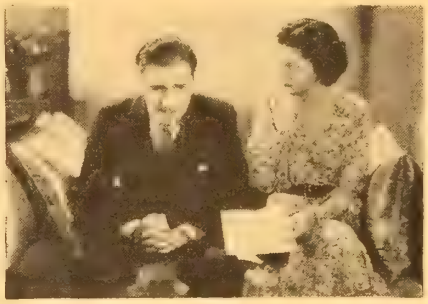
Lili Damita, as the one sincere love of his life, has a Garboish rôle of an actress who "likes to take walks in the rain." In clothes, hair dressing and accent she compares to the Swedish star, but comes out ahead in vivacity, youth and gaiety. The foreign atmosphere is cleverly created, and the whole story smoothly and logically told. It is the best thing William has done. And you should enjoy him and it.

Besides being helped by Lili Damita, who has never been better, he is ably aided by Glenda Farrell and Juliette Compton.

LAWYER MAN

Put This Down as Worth Seeing: The routine plot of an honest lawyer, who suffers defeat from an unscrupulous rival, and sets out to beat him at his own shyster game, is subordinated to a delightful series of character sketches of the various people who come to him with their troubles. There are the chorus girl with her soiled love letters, the beggar and the street walker. The dialogue between the lawyer (smoothly played by William Powell) and these waifs of life, is delightful. Powell seems favored by script writers with good dialogue.

The resourceful, urbane Powell is given the support of a well-written story, and the piquant personality of Joan Blondell. She plays the secretary who accompanies him, up-and-down, in his fortunes. The director has handled a new technique cleverly, and "Lawyer Man" should be on the list of everyone who likes a finished picture.



CYNARA

Fine Picture—Colman Gives Great Performance: Ronald Colman gives a badly-lighted, but amazingly powerful performance as the devoted husband who finds himself, through almost inevitable events, faced with public dishonor for causing the suicide of a young girl and with the wreckage of his private happiness. Indeed, it is seldom that an actor is brave enough to display as much emotion on the screen.

Kay Francis, as the wife, is beautiful, but not quite believable in some of her later scenes while Phyllis Barry, as the shop girl, seemed to us to get across what the faithless husband means when he tells his wife, "If you'd seen her, I think you would have understood."

Colman's delicately differentiated attitude toward the two women he loves makes the meaning of the old title—"I Have Been Faithful"—quite plain. A fine picture—one quite apt to bring a tear.

(*More Reviews on page 68*)

THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH

Snappy Fun Here—Lee Tracy Fine: As the fast-talking, nimble-witted carnival barker who turns high-pressure press-agent, Lee Tracy rings the bell again. There is no one just like this nervous and vital chap on the screen. For a man, he is extraordinarily graceful with his hands and movements. Every scene in which he appears is pitched at fast tempo. He can make the not-so-funny lines screamingly funny by his delivery.

The plot whirls the press-agent, a carnival dancer (Lupe Velez) and a strong man from a cheap road show to the stage of "Merle Farrell's" big time revue by sheer personality power. The dancer gets the big head, but the press-agent gets his revenge on her by making a star of "the first woman he sees"—a chambermaid. The ending holds a tear for the sentimental. It's funny, and Lee Tracy is great. Frank Morgan does a smooth parody of the revue producer.

In Berlin,

UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, on the famous Unter den Linden, where Dr. Wilhelm Richter holds the chair of dermatology.

both *Dry and Oily Skin* quickly improved with Woodbury's

reports Dr. Wilhelm Richter

Renowned German Dermatologist who conducted

HALF·FACE·BEAUTY TEST

The Half-face Test has recently been carried to the capitals of Europe—with the same astounding results as were shown last year in the United States.

In Berlin a group of women were treated under the supervision of Dr. Wilhelm Richter, Professor of Dermatology at the University of Berlin. His subjects were of every social rank—using cosmetics of every grade. Dr. Richter said:

"The *left* side of your face you may continue to care for as you wish. The *right* side you will wash every day with this soap (Woodbury's). Then we shall have proof, on your very cheeks, of which treatment is most healthful for your skin."

For thirty days, Dr. Richter and his assistants recorded every change in appearance of the skin on the right and left sides of the test faces. Many had the typical sensitive Nordic skin, subject to dryness, wrinkles, enlarged pores. But a number also had oily, sallow skin.

Decided Improvement Soon

The improvement on the Woodbury side of the faces amazed the doctor. Especially that such widely differing conditions as dry and oily skin responded to the treatment. Moreover, enlarged pores were reduced; blackheads removed; pimples disappeared; scaliness vanished; lines and wrinkles grew fainter; acne improved; even *freckles* faded! "Ich bin erstaunt," declared Dr. Richter, "Es freut mich" (I am surprised, delighted). And cries of "Herrlich," "Wunderbar," "Schön," could be heard on the lips of the subjects as they gazed at their improved Woodbury cheeks! But the other cheeks, cleansed in the ordinary way, remained the same as before.

Left, COUNTESS LENORE STENBOCK, Berlin society woman and well-known portrait painter. *Right*, GERBY GORT, leading German actress of the Berlin Lustspielhaus. Both were amazed that, in the thirty-day Half-face Test, Woodbury's Facial Soap so quickly overcame such opposite defects as dry and oily skin.

Dr. Richter's report says: "Even after a short treatment, a decided improvement in the condition of the skin took place. The highly favorable results of the tests have indisputably proved that special advantageous properties must be accorded to Woodbury's Facial Soap."

YOUR skin, too, will respond to Woodbury's Facial Soap. It does more than just cleanse; it is a tonic and corrective beauty treatment in cake form. It will correct blemishes, and do something even *more* fundamental. If your skin is oily it will check the flow of the oil. If dry, it will stimulate it. You will be overjoyed how quickly Woodbury's will make your skin *normal*, healthy, radiant, fine.

AN INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM
Woodbury's
FACIAL SOAP

FREE SAMPLE Send this coupon now for liberal cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap FREE—enough for a week's treatments. Or send 10 cents to partly cover cost of mailing and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc.
926 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

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The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 66*)

ME AND MY GAL

Lively Action Will Keep You Excited: Take a dumb, but honest cop, a wise-cracking quick-lunch waitress, a paralyzed deaf-mute and several gangsters; mix them up with a few funny drunks, some shooting, and a whole lot of laughs, and you have this refreshing, but not very important opus. Spencer Tracy, as the waterfront cop, promoted to be a detective, handles his rough-and-ready part with gusto, and Joan Bennett is better than she has been for a long time while in her rôle as the lunch-room girl who engages her wits in a battle with a trio of gangsters who have her sister in their power.

Henry Walthall is memorable as the paralyzed mute father of the two girls who signals the hiding place of the escaped thief by winking his eyes. The action and dialogue are both lively and you won't fall asleep during the picture. The sister is newcomer Marion Burns.

PROSPERITY

Dressler Deserves the Very Best: When Marie Dressler is nominated—and justly—two times for the highest honors the motion picture world can give an actress, it seems the height of absurdity, or the depth of depravity to force her to mug and mouth such silliness. The great economic principle involved in the title seems to be that prosperity will come back if people exchange services, the shoemaker patching the tailor's shoes in return for a new seat to his pants.

The humorous highlight of the plot is when Marie, intending to commit suicide so that her life insurance may save a bank, takes castor oil by mistake. If you think the consequences of such a mistake are funny, then you will laugh heartily at the ending of the picture where the heroine, appearing on a balcony to answer the cheers of her fellow citizens, disappears precipitately. Polly Moran, co-starring with Marie, adds to the gayety.

CENTRAL PARK

Cross Section of Life in Park—Entertaining: Here we have more Americana, utilizing every phase of the most famous metropolitan park in the world, from the Zoo to the Casino, from the bypaths to the sheep meadows. Its characters, except for a few exceptions, are merely the patrons of the park, nursemaids, policemen, riders on the bridle paths, tramps on the benches. Within the peaceful confines of the park's iron fences a brutal, thrilling and intensely metropolitan little drama is enacted, à la "Grand Hotel."

A girl and a boy out of work, meet and share a stolen hot dog early one morning. Before night they have been drawn into a gangster's plot to rob a charity ball at the Casino, have been arrested, and have fallen in love. A madman has attacked a keeper at the zoo, a lion has escaped and a policeman has been killed. But by another dawn the Park goes its way as though nothing had occurred. Excellent.

UNDERCOVER MAN

Plenty of Excitement for Your Money: Here is one of the best gangster pictures in a year filled with them. It is a distinct triumph for the scenario writer to have found a new angle from which to approach the underworld, that of the stool pigeon, the undercover man who risks his life to get evidence to convict the most slippery of all criminals, the gangster.

As that unsung hero, George Raft, with his poker face and suave manner, is excellent. This boy can act. He is getting better with each picture. Nancy Carroll, as the girl who joins wits with him to get the murderers of her brother, lifts a routine part into a characterization. She's on her way to stardom again.

The situations with the continual menace of the gangster's suspicion hanging over the two is tense from beginning to end, with continual crises and hairbreadth escapes. You couldn't buy more excitement for your money.

ROCKABYE

Connie's Latest Just Misses the Mark: All the good theatrical devices, warranted to tear the heartstrings, have been utilized by the scenario writer and the director toward making this picture click. Connie Bennett looks resplendent and sophisticated, and Jobyna Howland is delightful as the inebriated mother, yet somehow the picture doesn't quite jell.

Taken apart, it contains exquisite scenes, especially those involving the baby, a beautiful and quaint little creature named Joan Filmer. There are nice bits between Paul Lukas, as the manager, and the heroine. There are plenty of laughs and several involuntary tears (the rest are openly asked for).

Yet, taken as a whole, the grief of the heroine at losing the child she was going to adopt and her nobility in renouncing the innocent young playwright (Joel McCrea) leaves one a bit cold and a trifle exasperated.

IF I HAD A MILLION

Novel and Different and Worth Seeing: This novelty in the line of cinema entertainment is chiefly praiseworthy for being just that. Someone had a good idea, but too many directors, stars and writers spoiled the broth. Yet we look to see this followed by other episodic pictures in which the lives of many different groups are depicted with a single fact to join them. In this case the joining fact is the whim of an eccentric millionaire to dispose of his fortune before he dies.

He picks at random eight strange names from the city directory and gives each a million dollars—a prostitute (played by Wynne Gibson), a forger (George Raft), an old burlesque actress, a condemned murderer (Gene Raymond), a bookkeeper (Charles Laughton), whose bit is the shortest and by far the most striking, a henpecked clerk (Charles Ruggles), an old lady in a Home (Mae Robson), and a trio of gobs (Gary Cooper among them).

Red chapped hands

made smooth and white in 3 days!

•

Soreness relieved instantly

EVERY TIME you wash dishes, clothes, peel vegetables, clean with harsh alkali cleansers or put your hands in hot water, you dry out the precious protecting oils in your skin.

The skin then roughens and if exposed to winter weather, chaps and cracks open. Hands then become so unsightly they seem fairly to shout "housework!" to all who see them. And often they're so painful you almost want to cry.

But now, with a dainty *chiffon-weight* cream you can instantly put back the natural lubricating oils in your skin—and secure immediate relief from all pain. The moment you apply it, your hands actually feel soft and soothed. It's almost like magic!

And in 3 days the skin is completely healed—without a sign of those rough, ugly cracks, those swollen knuckles, that dry chapped scaliness.

Does not dry the skin

This dainty liquid is called Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. It is not a thick, gummy jelly. Such preparations often contain excessive drying substances that coarsen and parch the skin. Hinds is entirely different—a delicate, *chiffon-weight* cream that is gratefully absorbed by the dry, thirsty pores. Hinds actually leaves an invisible *"second skin"* that acts as a constant protection to your hands.

Thousands of housewives, business girls, sportsmen and outdoor playing youngsters, from coast to coast, depend on this simple method to keep their hands smooth and comfortable.

A STUNNING GOWN
. . . but her hands cried "housework!"

***A 7-day trial bottle for you*—FREE**

Try Hinds at our expense. Mail coupon at right for a 7-day trial bottle. Smooth it on after any hand-roughening task, after exposure and *always* before going to bed at night. The very first day should see hands much softer and whiter—hardly a hint of chapping. Next day, still lovelier. The third day, a complete transformation! And to *keep* this new loveliness always, just *continue* using Hinds. Regular use is the secret! An aid in manicuring, too. Fill out and mail coupon *now*.

· TODAY : TOMORROW : NEXT DAY

HINDS
honey and almond **CREAM**

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. HK-2, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

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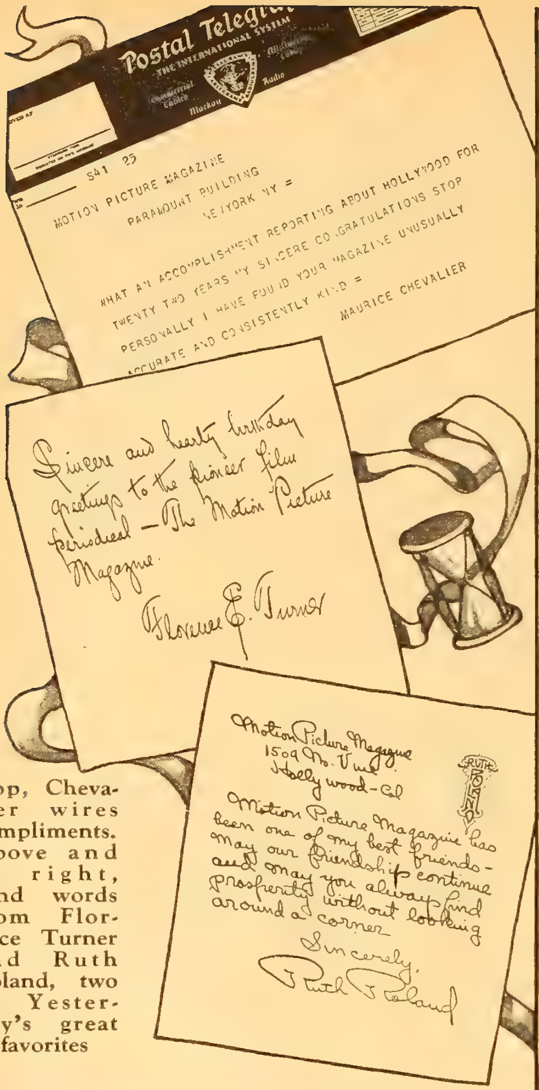


Postal Telegraph

S41 25
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
PARAMOUNT BUILDING
NEWYORK NY =

WHAT AN ACCOMPLISHMENT REPORTING ABOUT HOLLYWOOD FOR
TWENTY TWO YEARS MY SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS STOP
PERSONALLY I HAVE FOUND YOUR MAGAZINE UNUSUALLY
ACCURATE AND CONSISTENTLY KIND =
MAURICE CHEVALIER

Sincere and hearty birthday
greetings to the pioneer film
periodical — The Motion Picture
Magazine.
Florence E. Turner

Motion Picture Magazine
1509 No. Vine
Hollywood - Cal

Motion Picture Magazine has
been one of my best friends -
May our friendship continue
and may you always find
prosperity without looking
around a corner
Sincerely,
Ruth Roland

Top, Chevalier wires compliments. Above and at right, kind words from Florence Turner and Ruth Roland, two of Yesterday's great favorites

Motion Picture Celebrates Its 22nd Birthday

(*Continued from page 55*)

comments on the "Pictureshow," this twenty-two-year-ago number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is a far cry from the modern artistic magazine you are reading!

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE feels that it has played a vital part in helping to create the personalities of the screen and making their names, faces, lives, known on all six continents of the globe.

We originated the formula which all other screen magazines have followed since, dividing our space into a portrait gallery, gossip departments, interviews, previews and answers to correspondents. We have always tried to think just a little ahead of developments, and to anticipate them in the pages of the Magazine. When, after years of orthodox publicity, the public taste showed that it was ready for stronger fare, we instigated the new era of Truth and Honesty in writing of screen personalities—with the help of John Gilbert, who eight years ago gave us his real life-story, saying bitterly, "I'm sick of reading sentimental lies. If you use my life story, you'll use it as it *was*."

Consternation followed this rank innovation in screen magazine material. His studio tried to buy up the entire edition before it was distributed publicly. His friends warned John that he was through. *He received five thousand letters from fans about this story, all sympathetic.*

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE rushed to demand that "Scarface," the victim of politics, should be released on every screen. We urged the reinstatement of Roscoe Arbuckle, who is now making his first comedy after ten years' exile from the screen. We playfully promoted Will Rogers for President, and are proud of our nominee.

We are still in the business of building stars. For the last year we have been Nominating Newcomers for Stardom.

We have always found the time to think of the larger aspects of the industry, calling attention to the fact that Valentino, our old friend and the Greatest Lover of them all, was lying in a borrowed grave; bringing to light the plight of early favorites fallen on hard times; fighting against unjust censorship; telling what has become of the stars who have vanished; and always jealously protecting the screen's most precious gifts to a workaday world—Glamour, Illusion, Romance.

It is a long life that we look back upon. In these twenty-two years, the face of the globe has changed. Thrones have been overturned. Great favorites of the screen have risen—and disappeared. A clap-trap amusement device to catch nickels has become an immense industry. The outward appearance of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has changed with the fashions, but its spirit is the same as when it started, and before it moved from a brownstone house in Brooklyn to a suite of offices on Broadway.

Our eyes are just a bit misty as we read our birthday mail. Some of the letters are from old friends we have known for many years, some from recent friends. We are proud of them all. And their messages of love and affection make us a bit proud of ourselves, too!

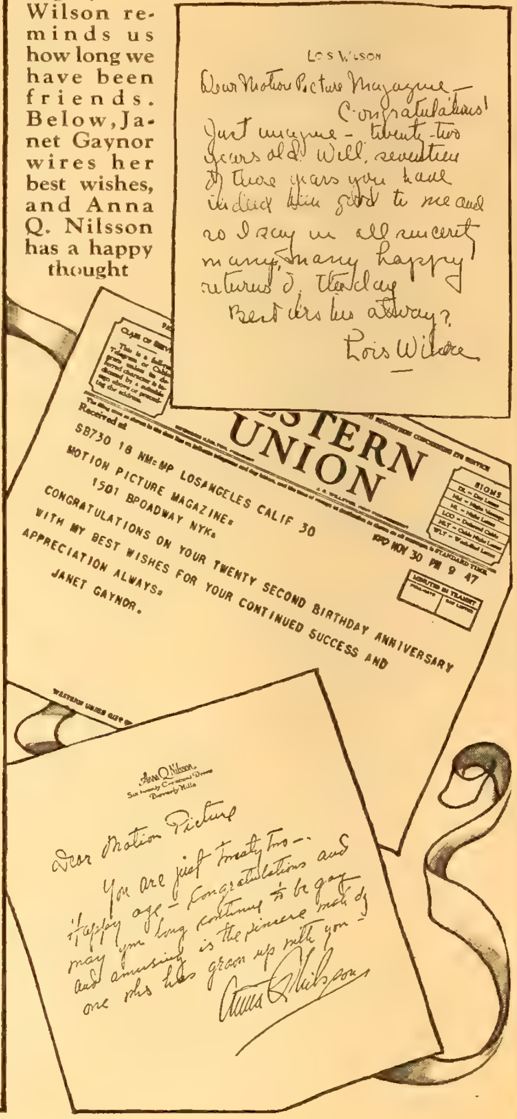
Rudolph Valentino often used to drop in at our office. Later we fought for a memorial for him

Florence Turner was one of our first star "discoveries"—being presented in our very first issue

When the late John Bunny left the stage to become the first screen comic, we, alone, praised his step

Not everyone can remember when Gloria Swanson looked like this—but we've known her from the start

Right, Lois Wilson reminds us how long we have been friends. Below, Janet Gaynor wires her best wishes, and Anna Q. Nilsson has a happy thought



LOIS WILSON

Dear Motion Picture Magazine—
Congratulations!
Just imagine - twenty-two
years old! Well, seventeen
of those years you have
indeed been good to me and
so I say in all sincerity
many, many happy
returns of the day
Best wishes always,
Lois Wilson

WESTERN UNION

Received at

SB730 18 NM=MP LOSANGELES CALIF 30
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE=
1501 BROADWAY NYK=
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR TWENTY SECOND BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY
WITH MY BEST WISHES FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUCCESS AND
APPRECIATION ALWAYS=
JANET GAYNOR.

NOV 30 PM 9 47

Anna Q. Nilsson
Beverly Hills

Dear Motion Picture
You are just twenty two—
Happy age – Congratulations and
may you long continue to be gay
and amusing is the sincere wish of
one who has grown up with you –
Anna Q. Nilsson

College Girls *in one-leg test* cut down Stocking Runs *75%*

CAKE SOAP
LUX

"I washed one stocking every day the Lux way—the other I rubbed with cake soap . . . See the run in the cake-soap stocking! The Lux stocking is like new. Nothing but Lux for our stockings from now on, we girls all say."

Marjorie Sheerin

A GROUP OF COLLEGE GIRLS got together recently on a test of stocking wear.

The "One-Leg Test" they call it, because *one* stocking was washed every night the Lux way—the *other* rubbed with cake soap.

They reported amazing results! 75% *fewer* runs in the Lux-washed stockings than in the stockings labeled "Cake Soap."

Cake-soap rubbing destroys the *elasticity* of the silk. This is the live, stretchable quality of silk which makes it wear. Lux is made to *preserve* this vital elasticity. That's why clever girls *save* their stockings by washing them the 2-minute Lux way each night.

"WE GIRLS were awfully keen about this test," says Miss Sheerin, "because it showed us how many stocking runs you can avoid by washing your stockings the right way. In the test, we each took a pair, labeled one stocking *Lux*, the other, *cake soap*.

"EVERY NIGHT we Luxed one stocking—rubbed the other with cake soap. There were 75% fewer runs in the Lux stockings!

"THAT'S WHY we all use Lux now—it's such an easy way to cut down stocking bills. It takes only 2 minutes, and when you save elasticity with Lux, stockings not only *wear* better but *fit* better. Keep their color and look smoother, too."

Mrs. H. N. Aikens washed 468 pieces with only one box of LUX

48 pairs silk stockings
51 pieces silk lingerie
18 silk pajamas
36 children's undies
126 pairs socks
66 pieces table linen
120 handkerchiefs
3 sweaters (baby's)

LUX *saves stocking elasticity*

QUICK, PURE SUDS in lukewarm water

keep baby's "undies" soft as down

Could anything be a surer test of soap than baby's little silk-and-wool shirts! Washed every day, yet they *must not* shrink and stiffen . . . they *must not* hold any harsh irritant to harm baby's skin! Try Ivory Snow for baby's washing. See what beautiful pure suds you get instantly in LUKEWARM WATER. See how soft and sweet and comfortable they keep baby's clothes.

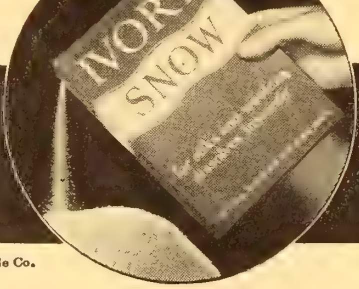
Ivory Snow is a new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics—made to dissolve without hot water. You can start with the lukewarm water that is SAFE for silks and wools and colors. For Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes, but BLOWN fine as drift-snow. It melts like snow, yet each tiny particle is packed full of rich, smooth, pure Ivory suds. You'll have no trouble rinsing Ivory Snow—no trouble with soap spots—because it dissolves *thoroughly.* It has no flat pieces that can stick to fabrics.

You will like Ivory Snow for speedy dishwashing, too. It keeps your hands young and fair, without extravagance, for a whopping big package costs only 15¢! At your grocer's.

Makers of fine fabrics praise IVORY SNOW

After thorough washing tests, Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu call Ivory Snow **"a perfect soap for silks." "Ideal for woolens,"** say the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills.

99 44/100 % PURE



Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

The Mayor of Radio City—"Roxy"

(*Continued from page 58*)

Thus "Roxy," and his theatre, and Radio City, and Rockefeller Center, should be super-inspirational to every one of the millions who will pass through those four double doors on Sixth Avenue into the world's finest motion picture theatre.

A Monument to Achievement

IN those days Sam Rothafel never dreamed of the solid bronze box-offices that now ornament his theatre. Nor of mirrored, frescoed walls. Nor of the series of terraced levels of yellow marble over which a fountain, masked in foliage, cascades in shimmering loveliness. And one wonders now what thoughts were his when, for the first time, he stood on the East side of his theatre's lobby and peered through the vast window, ceiling high, to envision the first mezzanine foyer on the first rise of the winding staircase. And from that mezzanine looked down on the lobby with its multiplied and reflected panels of light, the playing fountain illumined by changing colors, the rich walls of marble charming the eye upward to foliated patterns of gold, and even the floors, harmonizing with the walls in geometric patterns of black, brown and gold.

Perhaps in that flash he saw the New York errand boy, the house-to-house book agent, the sturdy Marine, who for seven years wore the uniform of Uncle Sam, the struggling showman in his vacant store filled with undertaker's chairs. Perhaps he remembered the bitter days of privation and hardship, of hope and heartache. If so, that moment must have been very sweet, indeed.

But it doesn't require the seven-ton chandelier in the "Roxy," with its 104,000 watts of electricity, its four hundred floodlights, its four miles of wiring, to focus attention on Samuel Rothafel. He is no New York mushroom growth, springing from Nowhere to Broadway and back to Oblivion again in a single night. His story is that of a slow and steady rise, each step of which was preparation for the next.

From the lowly ladder-rung in Forest City, he advanced to slightly loftier positions in Minneapolis, in Milwaukee, and finally, in 1913, in New York. It was then that he gave very definite demonstration of his theatrical genius, for he evolved the thought of introducing the motion picture with an appropriate stage prologue, and surrounding it with grouped divertissements. When the Strand Theatre, then the largest film playhouse in the world, threw open its doors, no wonder Sam Rothafel was drafted to bring his new idea to Broadway. Subsequently, he moved along to the Rialto, the Rivoli and the Capitol Theatres.

Was a Radio Pioneer

TEN years ago this month, he inaugurated radio broadcasting from a motion picture theatre, and thereafter "Roxy's Gang" of aerial artists brought happiness to millions via the air-waves. From far places blessings were showered upon him for carrying song and music and laughter where they were sorely needed. His nickname became a byword throughout the land, and when, finally, in 1927, William Fox called him to manage his new theatre and gave it the name of "Roxy," he brought the theatre a million friends. Friends that remain loyal to the name of "Roxy." This theatre, seating more than six thousand, was of luxurious Moorish architecture. Its name, incidentally, will now have to be changed, it is said—since, when he left it, he took along the right to the name "Roxy."

So from those Forest City days, and even earlier ones, he trod the path of progress, until now he reaches what seems to be the zenith of his career—an epic of American accomplishment. As "Mayor of Radio City," the erstwhile errand boy has under his personal direction, not only a sound cinema that is the last, the final, the ultimate word in motion picture theatres, but also the International Music Hall, the largest and most perfectly appointed playhouse in the world.

Although the motion picture theatre seats an audience of 3,700 persons, "Roxy" has managed to maintain that homey, intimate feeling that has always distinguished him in his contacts with the public. And to do so, he has again attained the unusual. For his theatre's interior is entirely of wood—the first time such construction has been accomplished. Somehow the soft, warm mahogany creates the feeling that for all its three mezzanines, the guest is in "Roxy's" own drawing-room. It is interesting to see how this wooden construction has been accomplished, for it seems an impossible task. The secret is that the mahogany is cemented to a special metal and applied directly to the brick wall. The paneling rises sixty feet.

His Tribute to Womanhood

OF the various murals, panels, friezes and similar decorative features, one of the most interesting is that which may be taken as "Roxy's" gracious gesture to American womanhood. The showman's tribute to feminine accomplishment is an illuminated glass mural, six feet high, eighteen feet wide, representing Amelia Earhart's solo flight over the Atlantic. Appropriately, it dominates the Women's Lounge. The mural was created by a new method in which vari-colored glazes are air-brushed upon clear glass, and then fused at a temperature of 1200 degrees Fahrenheit. On the left is shown New York's skyline, on the right is a lighthouse on the Irish coast. Curved and straight lines indicate the sky, and there, high above conventionalized waves, flies "Lady Lindy."

Almost like a cathedral, the theatre boasts other "bays." In the Grand Lounge there is a panel entitled "Sports," in which scenes of fishing, golfing, hunting, bathing, boating, tennis, racing, and half-dozen other American activities are skillfully blended in splendid pictorial composition. This panel, like almost everything in the theatre, was made by a new process in mural decoration.

The most impressive of the decorative metal plaques, forming a part of the extensive ornamentation of the theatre, is the brilliantly colored metal and enamel piece eighteen feet wide and thirty-five feet long, showing radio and television encompassing the earth. Television, you'll note! One speculates on just how long it will be before those "motion pictures of the future" become entertainment facts within the grasp of the multitude, as our own movies and radio are to-day.

Meantime, it is no more possible to describe the playhouse in cold type than it would be to conjure up the loveliness of the rare gems piled in glamourous array among the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London by reading a catalog. It was Samuel Rothafel's purpose to create a theatre for the motion picture that would mark a radical departure from the ornate "palace" that has become all too usual. He has been able to create from a chaos of steel, gold, silver, mahogany, chromium, bakelite, bronze, brick and glass, a thing of rich, warm, restful beauty. Restrained, yet modern. Colorful, yet simple.

Yes, surely, when you come down to New York town, you'll find something new under the sun. New, yet built for the ages. Rockefeller Center, wonder of the world, with Radio City for its heart, and "Roxy" for its soul. A monument to Americanism. A success story in marble. The gift to the multitudes from Samuel Lionel Rothafel, the Stillwater, Minnesota, boy who made good in the Big City!

no revealing outlines . . . but the same thickness, the same protective area

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

YOU WANT to eliminate those telltale outlines. Yet you must have safe, certain, sanitary protection. And that . . . exactly that . . . is what the new Phantom Kotex gives you.

For this new design flattens and tapers the ends of your protection so that it fits without the tiniest revealing wrinkle, yet the protective thickness is *identically* the same.

Kotex features retained

This new Phantom Kotex is in every way as effective as the Kotex you know. Soft, even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; disposable.

In hospitals alone more than 24 million Kotex pads were used last year.

This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never in its history has Kotex cost you so little!

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854.

For your protection, each end of this new Phantom Kotex is now plainly stamped "Kotex." It is on sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER? Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, care of Kotex Company, Room 2155A, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Note! *Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.*

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"CHARMING — EXCEPT FOR HER RED DISHPAN HANDS"
"WHAT A PITY SHE DOESN'T KNOW OUR INEXPENSIVE BEAUTY TREATMENT"

"I was furious at first *and then*

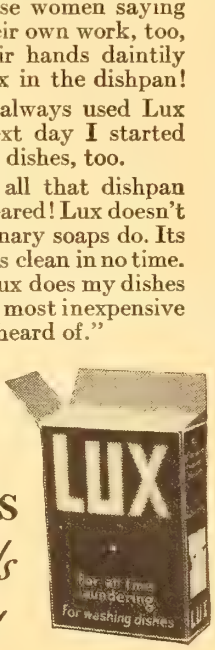
. . . well, my curiosity got the better of me. I heard these women saying that *they* did all their own work, too, but they kept their hands daintily white by using Lux in the dishpan!

"Of course I've always used Lux for fine things. Next day I started right in using it for dishes, too.

"In a few days all that dishpan redness had disappeared! Lux doesn't dry my skin as ordinary soaps do. Its quick suds get dishes clean in no time. Since a big box of Lux does my dishes for a month, it's the most inexpensive beauty care I ever heard of."

LUX for dishes

lovely hands for 1¢ a day



TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By J. E. R.

Afraid to Talk—Another high-tension exposé picture—with the third degree and gangsters in politics the subjects, and Eric Linden and Sidney Fox the dramatic young victims of both (Univ.).

Air Mail—An aviation thriller that is a thriller, featuring Ralph Bellamy and Pat O'Brien as a couple of daredevil rivals, who forget their battles when "the mail has to go through" (Univ.).

Amazon Head Hunters—Startlingly unusual travelogue, jammed with action—and with a theme that competes nobly with the best of the horror pictures. Filmed by the Marquis de Wavrin's expedition up the Amazon (Principal).

The Big Broadcast—A comedy romance revolving around Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin and a radio station, where many of the radio stars of the day do their well-known stuff. Amusing, but it drags a bit (Par.).

The Big Stampede—Warner Brothers, going in for Westerns and developing John Wayne as a star, present him in a good routine ranch drama, with a spectacular stampede for its highlight (W.B.).

Blame the Woman—An English-made comedy, featuring Adolphe Menjou and Claude Allister as a couple of smooth crooks who are outwitted at their own game by pretty Benita Hume. Clicks at intervals (Principal).

Breach of Promise—Mae Clarke sues Chester Morris, candidate for Senator, for breach of promise—and the developments are both unusual and dramatic, with an ending out of the ordinary (World Wide).

Cabin in the Cotton—Richard Barthelmess, still playing a po' white boy, doesn't know whether he wants to become rich or not—or whether he wants poor Dorothy Jordan or wealthy Bette Davis. It never attains suspense, somehow (F.N.).

The Conquerors—An ambitious panorama of American life, on the order of "Cimarron," detailing the courage of two typical Americans—Richard Dix and Ann Harding—in a series of national crises. Dramatic and colorful (RKO).

Evenings for Sale—A fluffy romantic comedy about a gigolo (Herbert Marshall) who wins cute Sari Maritza after he gets a new job. If it weren't for the clever Marshall and Maritza, it wouldn't be much (Par.).

Faithless—Tallulah Bankhead, still "The Misunderstood Wife," proves to the satisfaction of Robert Montgomery and everyone else that she loves him—even if there is a depression. Well-acted, but a bit sordid (M-G-M).

False Faces—Don't have your face lifted until you see Lowell Sherman in this deft exposé of a plastic surgeon who is working a racket on feminine vanity. It packs a punch (World Wide).

The Girl from Calgary—Fifi Dorsay, playing a peppy French-Canadian (which she really is), finds fame as a showgirl and then learns that fame isn't everything. Skims the surface of emotions (Monogram).

The Golden West—George O'Brien, first believing he is an Indian, fights on their side; then, learning differently, he fights against them. An elaborate, fast-moving Zane Grey Western (Fox).

He Learned about Women—Good, clean fun, in which Stuart Erwin, as a millionaire bookworm, hires Alison Skipworth and Susan Fleming to teach him the ways of the world. Marie Dressler had better watch out for Alison Skipworth (Par.).

Her Mad Night—An implausible melodrama on the mother-love theme, with Irene Rich willingly heading for the electric chair for a shooting her daughter (Mary Carlisle) committed (Mayfair).

Hot Saturday—Nancy Carroll has to battle a scandal after spending an innocent afternoon with that man-about-town, Cary Grant. An old story is given a new lease on life (Par.).

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang—One of the most powerful pictures ever produced, with Paul Muni a victim not only of a miscarriage of justice, but of a brutal prison system. It will put you on the edge of your seat and wring your heart out, besides (W.B.).

Kameradschaft ("Comradeship")—A powerful German picture with English subtitles—about a disaster in a French mine near the German border, and the rescue efforts by the formerly hostile Germans. The suspense is terrific, the photography spectacular (Ass. Cinemas).

Kongo—Walter Huston, as a crippled, bitter madman, frightens Virginia Bruce and some cannibals, with only Lupe Velez to cheer him. A would-be horror picture, in which there's more hokum than horror (M-G-M).

Little Orphan Annie—The famous comic-strip youngster comes to life on the screen in the person of a platinum-haired Mitzi Green, who has cute little Buster Phelps and crotchety May Robson to help her. The youngsters should go for it in a big way (RKO).

Maedchen in Uniform ("Girls in Uniform")—A German talkie with English subtitles—and one of the year's best in any language. A tense, very real and memorable study of young girls—particularly one motherless girl—in a strict Prussian academy (Krimsky-Cochran).

Magic Night—Jack Buchanan, who was Jeanette MacDonald's leading man in "Monte Carlo," more or less wastes his talents on an English-made musical romance laid in the Vienna of 1914 (U.A.).

Man Against Woman—Jack Holt, as a private detective whose specialty is shadowing indiscriminate women, meets his match in newcomer Lillian Miles. Good melodrama (Col.).

Manhattan Tower—A tangle of melodramatic life in a skyscraper, featuring Mary Brian, Irene Rich, James Hall and Hale Hamilton. A faint echo of "American Madness" and "Skyscraper Souls" (Remington).

The Mask of Fu Manchu—A horror picture par excellence, Oriental variety—with slant-eyed Myrna Loy luring young men like Charles Starrett into torture chambers presided over by Boris Karloff, who wears a mask of Oriental make-up (M-G-M).

Men of America—When racketeers go a bit too far, Bill Boyd and Chic Sale take the law in their own hands, as the pioneers used to do. Melodrama with a capital "M," and a healthy dash of comedy (RKO).

The Monkey's Paw—Whoever owns this sinister paw will be granted three wishes, but each will be accompanied by disaster. A horror tale with an ending that lets you down, featuring Bramwell Fletcher and C. Aubrey Smith (RKO).

Night After Night—George Raft attains stardom in a peppy, but otherwise commonplace gangster picture, in which George runs a speakeasy and falls in love with a society girl (Constance Cummings). Newcomer Mae West almost steals the picture (Par.).

No More Orchids—The orchidaceous Carole Lombard plays a rich girl who wants to marry a poor boy (Lyle Talbot) instead of a prince (Jameson Thomas)—and the happenings are gayer and more suspenseful than you'd expect (Col.).

The Old Dark House—A night in a house of horror, presided over by a mysterious old lady and her hideous deaf-mute butler, who happens to be Boris Karloff. Guaranteed to raise gooseflesh (Univ.).

One-Way Passage—A fugitive murderer (William Powell) and a society girl with heart trouble (Kay Francis) keep death waiting while they find love. A poignant love story, beautifully acted, and marred only by a little too much side comedy (W.B.).

Payment Deferred—Something new in horror tales, being a graphic insight into the horror of conscience, with sensational Charles Laughton as the undetected murderer. A picture you'll remember (M-G-M).

Penguin Pool Murder—Murder mystery in an aquarium, which is solved by eccentric Edna May Oliver and hard-boiled James Gleason. Their comedy makes up for the lack of suspense in this uncanny film (RKO).

Rackety Rax—Gangster Victor McLaglen buys a bankrupt college so that his gang can have a place to sleep and play football. Deliriously rough satire of college football, but not so delirious as the book (Fox).

Rain—*Sadie Thompson* again meets the missionary whose passion for religion is something else in disguise. The story, now familiar, lacks suspense, and Joan Crawford, though vivid, just isn't *Sadie*, somehow. Walter Huston steals the picture (U.A.).

Red Dust—Clark Gable has "menace" again as an engineer in Indo-China who goes after another man's wife (Mary Astor), and Jean Harlow steps into a boisterous rôle as the girl who gets in his way. Rapid-fire comedy drama, with Jean galloping away with the picture (M-G-M).

Scarlet Dawn—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a young nobleman, marries a peasant (Nancy Carroll) and escapes from the Soviets in a melodrama that has suspense and a memorable ending (W.B.).

Sherlock Holmes—They've modernized good, old *Sherlock* and made the crimes he solves both modern and high-powered, with a result that is highly satisfactory. Clive Brook is an excellent *Sherlock*, Ernest Torrence an exciting villain (Fox).

The Sign of the Cross—Cecil De Mille's version of the downfall of Rome under Nero and the rise of Christianity. Melodrama on a spectacular scale, boasting such stellar lights as Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Elissa Landi and Charles Laughton, who steals another picture (Par.).

Silver Dollar—Edward G. Robinson's best picture —a colorful, vivid drama of a pioneer who found power in the magic metal, silver, and then lost it. He has two leading women—Aline MacMahon and Bebe Daniels (F.N.).

Six Hours to Live—Fantastic and unusual melodrama, in which Warner Baxter, like the Biblical Lazarus, is briefly brought back from the dead—and straightens out some interesting tangles. Baxter is so convincing it almost seems possible (Fox).

Speed Demon—William Collier, Jr., takes up speedboat racing in an action thriller that is built along the lines of a serial. The youngsters will probably eat it up (Col.).

Sport Parade—After graduating, Joel McCrea decides to cash in on his college football fame and touches the fringes of racketeering, even trying to steal Marian Marsh away from his pal, William Gargan. Mild melodrama (RKO).

Strange Interlude—Eugene O'Neill's powerful study of a woman whose ideals get in the way of her happiness loses some of its ironic force on the screen —but it still is unusual. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable are the frustrated lovers (M-G-M).

Tess of the Storm Country—The talkie version of Mary Pickford's great hit, with Janet Gaynor as the fiery, but sweet girl who risks losing the love of the rich man's son (Charles Farrell). Good, old-fashioned romance (Fox).

They Call It Sin—Loretta Young travels from a small town to a big city and almost lets the city's whirl cheat her of real romance. A letdown for Loretta after "Life Begins" (F.N.).

Three on a Match—Three school chums—Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Bette Davis—meet again after ten years, with Warren William the magnet. Good melodrama, with Dvorak arousing your emotions (F.N.).

Too Busy to Work—As *Jubilo*, a tramp, Will Rogers is too busy looking for the man who stole his wife to think of work. A homely, human comedy drama—with Will not talking politics at all (Fox).

Trailing the Killer—The newest animal thriller—with an amazing wolf-dog tracking down the panther-murderer of a rancher's sheep. You won't forget the fight between the two, or the dog's battle with a big snake (World Wide).

Trouble in Paradise—A brilliant, scintillating Lubitsch comedy about a romantic triangle that consists of a suave crook (Herbert Marshall), his pickpocket sweetheart (Miriam Hopkins), and the wealthy widow who hires him as a secretary (Kay Francis). Just the thing for that frivolous mood (Par.).

The Unwritten Law—A hodge-podge of murder-mystery melodrama, with Hollywood as its setting. Hard to take seriously, even with Lew Cody, Skeets Gallagher and Mary Brian in the cast (Majestic).

Uptown New York—A colorful little dramatic comedy laid in New York (for no special reason), revolving around Jack Oakie as a brightly ambitious lad who is dumb about love. Some good situations, and some good comedy (World Wide).

Washington Merry-Go-Round—It lifts the lid off the slightly soiled game of politics—showing the almost futile efforts of a somewhat dumb, but honest Congressman (Lee Tracy) to remain honest. Bitingly amusing melodrama, with Tracy plus perfect (Col.).

With Williamson under the Sea—A pictorial novelty in which a famous explorer takes you down to the bottom of the sea, where strange creatures live and battle. More educational than dramatic (Principal).

You Said a Mouthful—One of Joe E. Brown's funniest—in which he is mistaken for a famous swimmer, and is forced into a big meet, though deathly afraid of the water. Go prepared to get hysterical. Farina, of "Our Gang" fame, is also a big help (F.N.).

Now $1 equals $3 in fighting colds

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

YOU may be trying to save money. But instead of saving it you're losing it if you don't know the difference between the two kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. One kind *must* be used *full strength* to be effective—that means "if you add water, it won't kill germs."

Pepsodent CAN be diluted

But the other kind—Pepsodent Antiseptic —is powerful enough to be diluted with 2 parts of water and *still kill germs in less than* 10 *seconds*—yet Pepsodent is absolutely safe when used full strength. Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you extra protection against stubborn sore throat colds, unpleasant breath, and all kinds of germ infections. When choosing your mouth antiseptic, be sure you choose the one that, even when diluted with water, still kills germs! The other kind costs more . . . either in money or in health. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be safe!

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Head Colds
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Mouth Irritations
Irritations of the Gums
After Extractions
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Cuts and Abrasions
Chapped Hands
Dandruff
Skin Irritations
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
"Athlete's Foot"
Tired, Aching Feet

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The Hollywood Frivolities of 1932

(*Continued from page 29*)

The "engagement" rumors about James Dunn, and the girls who shyly admitted them.

George M. Cohan's broadside at Hollywood upon his return to New York.

The romance rumors about Prince von und zu Lichtenstein and several screen sirens.

The glorious folly of Arline Judge, Helen Twelvetrees and others in interrupting their careers to have children.

Oh, for a Good Old Divorce!

THE folly of all these friendly Renovations. This is carrying civilization too far. We are all for a good old-fashioned "row" with opprobrious epithets and red recriminations and a fight that rings 'round the world. George Bernard Shaw once said that to strike a child in good temper and cold blood should be neither forgiven nor forgotten by the offended child. We feel that way about divorces.

The folly of Buster Keaton's giving Natalie Talmadge a yacht. They had a quarrel aboard it, and she sold it and got a divorce.

Buster Keaton buying a "land yacht" (a luxurious $50,000 bus) and dressing as an admiral.

Lita Grey Chaplin's folly in attempting to place her very small sons on the very large screen. WHY? They have their bread buttered and their kiddie-kars bought and paid for. Let them play, not work, says Chaplin—and the papas and mamas of Hollywood who can afford to do so, agree.

Yes, the folly of *all* movie mothers with little, precocious Edgars and Edwinas bringing home the bacon.

The folly of the censors in trying to suppress "Scarface."

The Goldwyn-Colman legal fisticuffs, if any. Hard to determine as to where the frivolity lies—on Sam's doorstep or Ronnie's. Probably belongs in the patio of the publicity gentleman who let his fountain pen elope with his good judgment.

"Freaks"—that picture that was sadder than a funeral oration and more morbid than a murder-mob or a ghoul's livelihood. Worse than folly, I calls it, to exploit the too-real abnormalities of the Potter's shaking hand.

Those Funny Economy Waves

THE Great Economy Wave which operated, in one instance, by the reduction of stenographers' salaries by seven cents a week. This in one of the major studios.

The Great Economy Wave which passes right over the follies of such producers as the one who ordered a well-known writer to do a script, paid him $68,000 for the job, and then forgot to file the script or to pay any further attention to it.

Lilyan Tashman's straw evening coat. I mean, will they be wearing fish-scale thingumbobs next?

Lilyan Tashman's all-white house, even the window drapes of damask tablecloth. Rugs, walls, chairs and plumbing fixtures—all white.

Garbo.

Garbo's comings and goings, stayings or returnings. Garbo's sensational "evasions" of the Press. Evasions? No hunter, stalking big game, ever trapped a black panther so successfully as Garbo traps the Press and GETS HER COPY!

Mae West's folly in wearing $16,000 in diamonds—and not hiring a bodyguard. What if the robber had hit her over the head?

The rumor that Marion Davies may play the rôle of *Elizabeth Barrett* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Marion is a swell trouper and has her place in the sun where the sun spots are brightest. But oh, her place is not on Wimpole Street nor her rôle that of the invalid and subtle *Elizabeth Barrett!*

While on the subject—the folly of the producers who did not shanghai Katharine Cornell when she was playing "The Barretts" on the stage out here and place her forcibly upon a set.

The boobery of presenting Wally Beery as the Great Garbo at the première of "Grand Hotel." That little frivolity did a flim-flam in the coldest icebox of a house I ever parked in.

Where Garbo Sought Peace!

GARBO, who is supposed to detest writers, thinking of going to the Island of Majorca, a writers' colony, for a rest.

The ex-wife who sued Helen Hayes for alienation of Charlie MacArthur's affections, after Helen and Charlie had been man and wife and mother and father for four years.

Connie Bennett's rumored Blessed Event.

The von Sternberg attendance at a bullfight in Mexico City, where the bull of the moment was dedicated to Josef. Now, isn't that a bully frivolity?

The stars who wail about the stories written about them and never raise even private hosannas of thanks for the protection accorded them, for the picket fences of fountain pens and the moats of friendly ink.

The folly of the quarrel between James Cagney and his bosses, which kept him off the screen for several months.

The folly that some producer does not team Zasu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield—two simple, wistful souls to provoke kind laughter.

Colleen Moore's contract at M-G-M at a reported salary of $2,500 weekly—and nary a camera turned on her and nary a story in sight, so far as we know at this writing. Did you say Depression? Or Economy? Don't be silly—you've been reading again.

Barthelmess playing nineteen-year-olds—still. I mean, a feller must temper the story to the waistline, and the Barthelmess charm and dignity of to-day must not be perpetually sacrificed to his vanished Yesterdays. We're all in the same blighty boat. We can't go on romping about and crying "Aw, Maw!" forever. Richard, this for you.

Ann's Career Can Wait

THE splendid folly of Ann Dvorak's marriage to Leslie Fenton. She knew that he was, and is, an adventurer; that he would rather sail the China Seas in a junk than make heaps of money in Hollywood. And now she has gone adventuring with him, and is that a folly or is it not? *You* tell—

The Panther Woman Contest. When you think of some 60,000 little housewives all over the land (there were that many photographs received at Paramount) going pantherish in their looks and probably in their actions, you will certainly accord this folly an orchestra seat—

And then came the Lion Man Contest. A search for a jungle gentleman à la Weissmuller to play in Paramount's "King of the Jungle," soon to be filmed. Imagine all the little Babbitts and shoe clerks and husbands and other downtrodden males rearing their manes and going leonine on us—frightening the baby out of his wits and, possibly, the creditors off the doorsteps. Not such a folly at that, with consequences weighed.

The folly of John Gilbert's refusal to see the Press, to give utterance to syllables. Which is said to have contributed largely to the public's sort of losing contact with John. But John's changing to fascinating villain in "Downstairs" was no folly—'twas the cleverest transformation of the year.

The von Sternberg-Paramount fisticuffs and walk-outs over the "Blonde Venus" story—and von's statement to the effect that he would return to Paramount in the interests of Miss Dietrich's career and that the principle of the case could be dealt with at some later time.

The folly of even temporarily hiding the famous Dietrich legs. . . .

Virginia (bride of John Gilbert) Bruce's voluntary retirement from the screen. A professional folly but, we feel, a personal triumph. For, though her career, so splendidly started, may be gone, her marriage has a fifty per cent better chance of going *on*.

The rumor that all is not well with the Swanson-Farmer marriage. This sort of thing cannot continue for indefinite husbands—

A Thought for *Tarzan*

THE Bobbe Arnst-Johnny Weissmuller divorce. *Your* folly, it seems to us, Mr. Weissmuller, beggin' your pardon, sir, for speakin' of our minds. We mean, you know, that genuine love does not grow on the date palms of Hollywood any too often. Think that over. It has a kernel of wisdom.

The intelligent frivolity of the Laemmles in proving that Hollywood CAN laugh at itself, by producing "Once in a Lifetime."

The folly of not making more pictures such as "Smilin' Through"—the loveliest weave of silver tears and golden laughter ever shuttled and spun in a talkie studio.

The pity of it that the world doesn't have more Norma Shearers and Leslie Howards and Fredric Marchs and O. P. Heggies—as they were in "Smilin' Through." They made the human race seem a beautiful, worth while thing—

The continued absence of William S. Hart from the screen. (See Hollywood Follies of 1930 and 1931.)

The Rudy Vallee-Fay Webb near-divorce. The rumor that it was all for publicity—the folks are getting just too skittish about divorce.

Lina Basquette's hiding her marriage to Teddy Hayes until she got a divorce. The rumors of Lina's "engagement" to Jack Dempsey.

Those stars (may they bless me, I'll keep 'em nameless) who have had the corners of their eyes slit so that their lamps may so shine.

The producers who will not give Betty (*Queen of Sheba*) Blythe a chance to spangle again. She even offered to play the Cross in De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross." And we can guarantee that it would not have been a wooden performance.

The magnanimous folly of Cecil De Mille in making a million-dollar spectacle in a year of depression, and giving thousands of people work in it.

Claudette Colbert's milk bath in "Sign of the Cross." Claudette and Norman Foster taking separate houses to remain happily married.

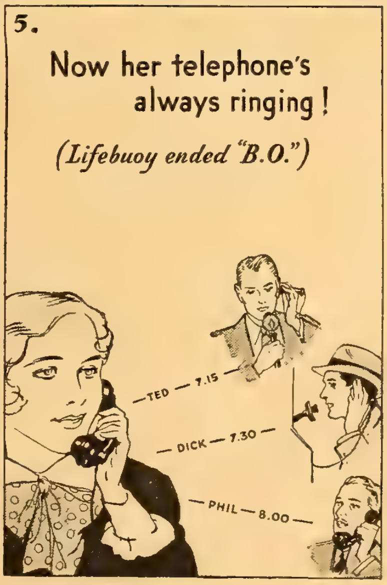
Some of the parts assigned to Clark Gable—the rôles of ministers and white-haired, philosophical gentlemen. The mighty would not fall if they were not knocked down by the barbs and arrows of outrageous casting—

Gary Cooper's wardrobe for his monkey, "Toluca."

The tree is bare. We've picked the last folly from the branches and the very twigs are bare. But if we've missed a few, let 'em hang and ripen for another year.

And remember, this is all in good, clean, soaped and rinsed FUN.

A HINT FROM THE "HEART" EDITOR
1.
I WON'T PUT IN ANOTHER MISERABLE EVENING LIKE LAST NIGHT. ALL THE OTHER GIRLS DANCING — ENJOYING THEMSELVES — AND I HAD TO SIT AND WATCH . . . I'LL WRITE TO CORA CARTER. MAYBE SHE CAN HELP ME
2.
CORA CARTER'S REPLY
THE VERY IDEA! IT CAN'T BE TRUE
Let me ask you a frank question. Are you always careful enough about "B.O."? Nothing kills popularity quicker than this unforgivable fault.
3.
IMAGINE HER SUGGESTING THAT I COULD BE GUILTY OF "B.O."
WELL, THERE'S NO HARM IN PLAYING SAFE. WHY DON'T YOU USE LIFEBUOY? I DO, AND NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT "B.O."
4.
THESE LIFEBUOY BATHS ARE SO MUCH MORE REFRESHING. MY COMPLEXION HAS IMPROVED, TOO. I'LL NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE


5.
Now her telephone's always ringing!
(Lifebuoy ended "B.O.")
TED — 7.15
DICK — 7.30
PHIL — 8.00

You CAN'T attract if "B.O." offends
(body odor)

GOOD looks, radiant smile, pleasing personality—they're all forgotten the minute people notice you're careless about "B.O." (*body odor*)! Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You can tell by its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, *extra-clean* scent that Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, hygienic lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—effectively stops "B.O."

Great for the complexion

Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather is kind to the skin. Cleanses away pore-deep impurities—makes complexions bloom with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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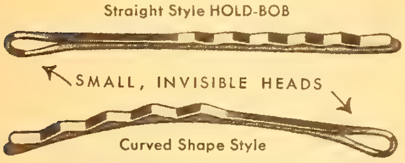
10¢
ALL ROUND SMOOTH POINTS
THE SPRING THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE



How Sari Maritza Was Made a Star

(*Continued from page 51*)

character, I'm afraid. But she tries to make up for that. She sees that I do my exercises and stick to my diet. She diets with me, and when I eat things I shouldn't, she makes me feel such a weak character that I don't do it very often."

But Sari Stays Serene

WITH a little crooked smile that didn't indicate any great distress, Sari contemplated her own frailties. Sari is gentle and soft and patient and somewhat wistful. Her quiet, delicate manner suggests someone to whom the theatrical profession is very new and foreign. Vivyan is forceful, with a sharply defined face and personality, and a worldly wisdom that Sari couldn't hope to match. Vivyan goes around at present with no less a lady-killer than Randolph Scott, that blue-eyed and slow-moving Virginian. Once in awhile the two girls have double dates, but usually they leave each other's social lives alone. Their friendship is chiefly in the home and in business.

Vivyan attends to all Sari's business affairs, and is not merely a go-between, but complete mistress of the situation. She makes all the decisions, and Sari accepts her judgment without question.

"I know nothing about business myself," Sari protested, "and Vivyan is a smart girl. She has done very well for me so far and I trust her completely. For instance, she got me a very good contract with Paramount—including a lot of things the studio afterwards wished they hadn't agreed upon.

"I can't bear to talk about money. Vivyan is harder than I, and much cleverer. And she's a very good story-teller, which I am not."

Story-telling is one of Miss Gaye's most important characteristics, for if she hadn't been a good story-teller Sari wouldn't be in pictures at all. Everyone knows by now that Sari Maritza isn't Sari's real name, that she is English and not Hungarian, and that far from being the experienced European actress she was painted, she was a completely green schoolgirl who hadn't even done much in the way of high-school dramatics. All tales from the fertile and probably expensive imagination of Miss Gaye.

Bluffed Her Way to Fame

MAYBE you don't know the story of how Sari and her younger sister were languishing in the South of France one winter when Sari—or Pat, as she then was—began to have a yearning to be a movie star. Since leaving her birthplace in China at the age of twelve, she had never done anything but go to school and travel around, and hadn't the remotest idea what to do about becoming a star. But in her vague little way she began telling people about her ambitions, and somebody suggested a girl in London who could help her out.

That was Vivyan Gaye. She had been in pictures a little, and knew the studios, the producers and the press-agents—in short, the ropes. She was intrigued with the idea of making Sari an actress, so she cooked up the amazing hoax that put Maritza across as a star, in spite of the fact that she couldn't act, knew nobody, and was unheard of.

First they chose a nice Hungarian name. (They put together two of the titles of Viennese operettas, "Sari" and "The Countess Maritza.") Sari practised an accent to go with it. Vivyan selected a past for her, including a good deal of starring experience on the Continent, in pictures that couldn't possibly be checked up.

Then she was led around to various influential persons who advised her in a fatherly manner that if she wanted to get anywhere in pictures she would have to overcome that accent.

"So in a week I learned to speak perfect English, and was considered a very clever girl."

Proving the power of a good story, Sari—whose name is pronounced "Shar-ee"—became a star almost at once, in such British and German productions as "Bed and Breakfast," "No Lady" and "Monte Carlo Madness." And that led to Hollywood, where she is just beginning to feel her inexperience.

Finds Acting Isn't Easy

"I'M studying, and trying to learn to act. But speaking lines is so hard. You practise them with the coach, but it's so different when you get in front of the microphone."

Maritza hasn't found Hollywood a very happy place, anyway. First they put her in a picture called "Forgotten Commandments," which was enough to depress any ambitious girl.

Then people complained that her ankles were too thick and her figure too dumpy, an accusation which Maritza answered by going to Jim, Paramount's wizard masseur, for six months and being completely remodeled to meet all requirements. If you don't think this can be done, compare the Maritza of "Forgotten Commandments" with the new Maritza of "Evenings for Sale."

Next a former landlady sued her and Vivyan, "most unjustly," for $1,700 damages to the furniture of an apartment they had occupied, charging that they had burned holes in the rugs and broken off the legs of chairs and generally behaved like Laurel and Hardy. That was almost more than Sari, who had never even given a party, could bear.

"Of course, I realize it's not fair to judge America by Hollywood," she says charitably. "Here people are not aware that anything exists outside of pictures, and the worst of it is you can't get away. I've never stayed in any one place more than four months since I left China, and always in hotels. This is my first house."

Patient and resigned in her mild way is Sari. She has her limp little Pomeranian, which remains any way you put him with the most accommodating affection. And her wire-haired terrier, and her house, and her manager, and her masseur. But though she should be cooing with domesticity and thrilling over every piece of furniture in her first home, she is secretly longing to be in some uncomfortable hotel with that temporary feeling that is the breath of life to veteran travelers. Maybe the traveling urge is what won her the feminine lead in "Luxury Liner," in which George Brent will be her leading man and the recently returned Alice White will be her rival.

Sari Maritza is one of those exotic movie girls whose clothes are likely to be dazzling. Sooner or later, she is bound to be mentioned in MOTION PICTURE'S new and original feature—*Marilyn's* Clothes Gossip from Hollywood (the place that sets the styles these days). Keep up with *Marilyn*, and you will keep up with all the newest and cleverest fashions!

"I'm Leaving, But I'll Be Back"

(*Continued from page 35*)

have to realize the circumstances under which I came back to America to make films.

"I am an American, but my fame was in England. London toasted me; England hailed me as one of its greatest stars. You know that. You saw me there. I was a popular actress in London because I always found plays that suited my temperament, parts in which I believed.

"Really, my journey to New York over a year ago with a starring contract in my bag was almost like the entry of an innocent immigrant. I had not the slightest idea just what I was going to do. I knew nothing about films. I knew nothing of angles and lights and retakes.

"Most tragic of all, I knew nothing of film stories. I, who could appreciate a play at first reading, could not fathom the possibilities of a complicated scenario after hours of study. So when I read the script of 'Tarnished Lady,' I was powerless to criticize. They believed it was a good story, and I had to accept their word for it. Perhaps it *was* a good story, but it wasn't the right story for me. That, I think, has been the difficulty with all my stories.

"There were many unhappy hours during the making of 'Tarnished Lady.' We were working on Long Island, so, naturally, I was living in New York. And you know what happens when an actress with a certain amount of glamour lives in New York, where every other newspaperman is a columnist.

Hampered by Nervousness

"I WAS soon food for the gossip writers. They told all manner of tales about me—tales ranging from a romance I was supposed to be having with Gary Cooper, who was working on the lot at that time, to cabled courtships with peers and princes in Europe.

"I would not have minded the gossip so much, had I not been worried by my work. I was horribly nervous. This new medium, in which emotions were broken up into so many feet of film, was proving more trying to me than the most complicated of my plays. I, who had played before thousands without the tiniest tremble, was finding that a few minutes' work before a camera, a microphone and a few people was a nerve-wracking ordeal. After the first day I had all spectators banned from the set.

"Then they showed my film. I remember, I went into the theatre with some friends one night when 'Tarnished Lady' was being shown on Broadway. I cried after the first reel had appeared on the screen, and long before it was over, I crept out of the theatre, leaving my friends.

"I saw then what I thought was wrong with me. I was not used to the lights and the angles. I had been photographed wrongly. I resolved that in my next film I should put that right. I should have resolved to put another thing right, too. I should have resolved to have a better story for my next film.

"Then I came out to Hollywood. Immediately, the gossips' stories broke out afresh. A reporter rang me up to ask for an interview, and ended the conversation by saying he hoped I was as charming as I sounded over the wire.

"'Oh,' I joked, 'I'm every bit as charming. I'm divine!'

"Later his paper, without mentioning the fact that I had said the words chaffingly over the telephone, printed this statement: "'I'm every bit as charming as people think me. I'm divine,'" Tallulah Bankhead says.'

(*Continued on page 81*)

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WHAT is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

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These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

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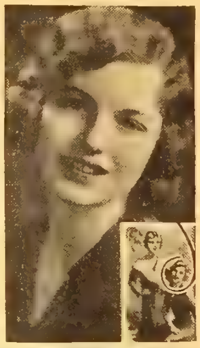

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Phantom Red

LIPSTICK

Have You Lips Like Movie Stars?

(*Continued from page 34*)

to get its own way. It belongs to a naturally sincere and admirable person—a nice person to know. But it has a temper!"

He found Jean Harlow's mouth a little "spoiled," a little superficial, but oh, so charming! He found it full of temperament and not too controlled, but he found in it, too, a shrewd sort of determination—a character that gets its own way sooner or later. A pretty tempestuous person, on the whole, but fascinating enough to make up for the storms.

Confronted with Ramon Novarro's mouth, Mr. Pogany exclaimed, "Why, it should belong to a choir boy! It belongs to a pure æsthete, talented, artistic and sensitive. Its owner feels intensely, but does not think or judge very clearly. There is something remote and withdrawn about him; he is afraid of ugliness—afraid, I think, of life!"

Miriam Hopkins he found to be sad and quiet—despite her ability to make other people laugh. A friendly mouth, with the feminine characteristics not too marked. She would not make demands upon a man, but she would be a grand friend to him.

Gary Cooper's mouth was "almost feminine." Sensitive, artistic, somewhat superficial.

Mae Clarke's mouth is humorous, intelligent, impulsive, a little sad, strong-willed. "This girl will go far in whatever she chooses to do! It is a charming mouth."

Maurice Chevalier's mouth shows much humor, artifice and an underlying sentimentality, which he hides from the world. It is a vain and ambitious mouth and the tenseness of the upper lip shows a tendency to be "close"—almost selfish. "But," Mr. Pogany concluded, "this man can make people like him!"

Can he!

Sylvia Afraid Love Is Blind

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S mouth was "almost Oriental in its mystic timidity." She is generous, a good friend, maternal and affectionate. She is, however, afraid to give of herself too much for fear of being hurt.

Norma Shearer's mouth betrayed "a woman who knows her mind—who goes strongly after what she wants and who usually attains it. These lips have been deliberately falsified by their owner to hide a crisp and penetrating intelligence, to give them a soft and clinging femininity that is not completely natural. A mouth with charm and poise."

Lionel Barrymore's mouth he called "intelligent, sarcastic—but not as cruel as its owner could be. He has restrained a natural tendency to be caustic. A little vain, a little self-centered. Witty, secretive and not given to violent emotions."

John Barrymore's mouth "shows a Napoleonic complex. This mouth belongs to an æsthete, an artist, a man who has accomplished much in his chosen line. It shows conceit and wit—and I think he is something of a Narcissist."

Lewis Stone's lips reveal "an innate vanity, saved by an excellent sense of humor. There is sadness in the droop of the corners, experience in living, a lack of deep emotions. He is a stern critic of himself—and a very determined gentleman."

Janet Gaynor he found to be "a born mother!" A bright person, a gay and lovely companion. "There is sweetness here and consideration for other people. This is not an intellectual or even a deeply intuitive person."

Clark Gable turned out to be "intelligent, impulsive, emotional, but self-controlled. He has a sense of humor and enjoys a joke, even at his own expense. But he is not witty."

Constance Bennett is "strong-willed, a little sensual. She has more humor in her make-up than the petulance of her mouth would indicate. There is a little disappointment here, and there is great charm and ability—a native sort of shrewdness that will always help her to get her own way in life."

David Manners' mouth shows "a sensitiveness that amounts almost to an inferiority complex. He must fight this all his life. He has an excellent intelligence and a deep appreciation of what is fine—in the arts and in people and in life in general. People with mouths like this make the *beau gestes* in this world!"

Wynne Gibson's mouth, he thought, belonged to "a very nice girl. A lovable person. She has no depth, but she tries very successfully to please because she likes so much to be liked."

Roland Young's mouth shows "a sly humor—repressed, restrained amazingly. He never laughs at life—he smiles at it gently. He is terribly afraid of making a fool of himself; he is an artist, and he is extremely intelligent. The droop of one corner betrays a little sadness, which he wants to hide . . . "

So there you are. If you want to play this Hollywood game, here are the mouths and some of the lipstick impressions of the stars you know and follow. See how nearly like your favorite's your own mouth is. Try this game at your next party. It's a lot of fun!

"It's the old army game—this being in the movies," says Minna Gombell. "You have to keep fit, or you can't fight"

"I'm Leaving, But I'll Be Back"

(*Continued from page 79*)

So Hollywood immediately branded me as conceited.

Hounded by Rumors

"THEN, because I am young and unmarried and not without beauty, my name was linked up with most of the eligible young men in the film colony, from William Haines on down the line.

"Everybody was gossiping about me, it seemed, telling funny tales, because I did what few of the other stars ever do—I stayed at home. My friends saw me there. I did not go out at night. I appeared in none of the public places. So they said I was having secret meetings with people in dusky speakeasies.

"Then they attributed my 'exclusiveness' to a grudge I was supposed to have toward the other stars. Later, when I was seen about with these stars and that theory ceased to hold water, they said I was a snob, that I wouldn't mix with the common movie crowd, who had mostly begun in lowly circumstances, because I was a member of an old American family and had had such a success in London.

"Meanwhile, I had made two more films before coming to Hollywood. First 'My Sin,' a hackneyed story about a Panama entertainer who redeemed herself. Then came 'The Cheat,' in which I played the part of a misunderstood wife. Before, I had been merely a misunderstood woman.

"Apparently, this formula was supposed to work like an advertising slogan—find favor by repetition. For next in 'Thunder Below,' I played the restless and somewhat wearily heroic wife of a blind man. Then I was cast as the wife of a jealous madman in 'Devil and the Deep.' My chief pleasure in making that film—which did achieve some suspense toward the end—was playing with that madman. I am pleased that I appeared in the film that gave Charles Laughton his first real opportunity to play before the American public."

Didn't Take Laughton's Advice

IN this connection, I might mention a story about "Devil and the Deep" that Laughton told me soon after the picture had been presented in Hollywood, with consequent acclaim for himself. As soon as he read the script, the English actor said, he knew that he would steal the picture.

"Every actor knows," he told me, "that a drunkard or a madman in a play or film will always steal the applause away from those playing straight parts. And when the mad character is one fashioned by a playwright like Benn W. Levy, the thing is a certainty.

"As soon as I read through the story, I knew the film was going to be mine, and I didn't bother in the slightest about how my name was going to be billed. I knew the public would find out who I was without anybody's telling them.

"I advised Miss Bankhead—who had been a star on the London stage when I was still an unknown—not to take the part of the wife in the film. She was supposed to be the star, and I knew I would overshadow her. But, apparently, she was not convinced by my arguments, and 'Devil and the Deep' was made with Tallulah in the leading rôle."

Paramount, seemingly convinced that Tallulah Bankhead was the type of actress for whom it was impossible to find "the right story," decided to make no more films with her after "Devil and the Deep"—

(*Continued on page 85*)

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Where You'll Find the Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 57*)

painted on a back drop—two sheer miles from the flat desert floor. The hotel gardens are a green oasis in the waste where the horses of the movie stars leave deep hoofprints in the sand. Here are no theatres, no shops, no night-clubs, no staring eyes, no bright lights—and yet Hollywood flocks to the desert from late in the autumn until Easter.

The stars' limousines and sport roadsters unreel the miles from Hollywood in less than three hours, while their 'planes carry Wallace Beery and Paul Lukas over the valley orange groves and mountain tops in half the time. Nancy Carroll finished work on "Under-Cover Man" at three o'clock and, at seven, in evening dress, dined in a window alcove, overlooking a cactus garden as exotic as that beyond the dining-room windows of Shepherd's Hotel in Egypt. At ten in the morning, Gary Cooper leaves the studio and at one in the afternoon is lunching in bathing suit and beret in the open-air grill beyond the swimming pool at El Mirador.

Here is one playground where theatrical people are in their element. For Charles Laughton is right. There *is* something theatrical and unbelievable in the setting of Palm Springs, something of the dramatic in the blue of the sky, the purples of the mountains, and the bronzes and ambers of the desert itself that appeals to actors. Many motion picture people have bought land there.

Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and George Bancroft—to name just three—have plans already blueprinted for soft-outlined adobe houses that will melt into the general glow and color. Many others make this their permanent address for the winter months, commuting back and forth to Hollywood in the big passenger 'planes that land just beyond El Mirador's golf links.

They Gather 'Round the Pool

THE heart of this great desert resort—which, translated, means "the mirror"—is the swimming pool; and the most important garment in a visiting star's wardrobe is the bathing suit. Here Eleanor Holm, Olympic champion and budding picture star, does her famous backstroke under the admiring eyes of Carl Laemmle, Jr.; Johnny Weissmuller pretends to teach a buddy how to dive from the upper board, with burlesque awkwardness that convulses the crowd; and Hoot Gibson manages to ride Broomtail, the rubber horse suspended hazardously in mid-air over the deepest part of the tank, for two whole minutes while his friends cheer his struggles.

Last year, Jimmy Durante spent two months in and on the edges of the pool, between pictures—telling reporters he was waiting for Garbo to send for him. Hair wet and tousled, the famous schnozzle glistening with olive oil, the entire Durante physique, except for abbreviated trunks, exposed to the admiration of the multitude, Jimmy sat at the small piano that the beneficent Warren Pinney, manager of the hotel, installed for his benefit on the edge of the pool and shed his sweetness on the desert air.

Jimmy is one of those actors who simply can't take a holiday from acting. He is the hotel managers' delight, always ready to brighten up a dull evening or provide a laugh. Last New Year's Eve, however, Jimmy shook his head when El Mirador's master of ceremonies for the evening approached his table.

"No, sir," said Mr. Durante vigorously. "Every New Year's Eve I can remember, little Jimmy has been The Life Of The Party. I've made up my mind that tonight I'm going to enjoy myself just looking on."

That was at ten o'clock. By ten-forty-five Jimmy was casting restless glances toward the orchestra. By eleven-fifteen he was fidgeting in his onlooker's chair. And by midnight he was at the piano, tearing off songs as happily as the others in the room were listening to them.

Arthur and Florence Lake also tell an amusing story of Jimmy diving in the pool one day, (*a la* Hawaii), after coins. Finally, getting a bit fagged, he yelled, "T'row dollars! T'row dollars!"

Marxes Stage a Free Show

WHEN the Marx Brothers register en masse, or even singly, at a hotel, there is no need for the management to provide other entertainment during their stay. Though Groucho's puns and Chico's antics may cause some dowager to lose a couple of pounds or drop her lorgnette, the Brothers scatter several thousand dollars' worth of high-priced clowning during a week-end stay. Harpo, coming in from the golf links once as some mannikins paraded through the huge loggia of the hotel in a teatime style show, fell into the procession, swaying his hips, turning and posturing precisely like the model in front of him.

"The Marxes are wonderful to handle," the hotel clerks say of them—which is the highest compliment for actors in the vocabulary of hotel clerks. "All the regular troupers, the experienced actors, are easy to handle," they add, "but sometimes, some of the newer ones—the players who have achieved sudden success—are, well, difficult."

The movie players go to Palm Springs for three reasons. The new Hollywood celebrities go because it is The Thing To Do. The established players go because they find there all the sports they really enjoy. Bessie Love and Loretta Young bicycle in linen shorts, George Bancroft tans his muscular torso at the pool, Gary Cooper shoots ducks (in lieu of lions and wildebeests), Claudette Colbert gallops over the sand and sagebrush, Regis Toomey and Jack Oakie golf, Joan Crawford plays tennis. The third reason for going there is to rest and recuperate.

Lucien Littlefield, the character actor, has just been recovering from a bad siege of flu in the dry Palm Springs air. Richard Bennett recently convalesced there after a bout with pneumonia. James J. Walker, then Mayor of New York, took a rest cure at the Palm Springs estate of Samuel Untermyer, the lawyer, last winter. Last year, Pola Negri spent many weeks, stretched in the desert sunshine, which is as clear and sharp as wine, getting back her strength from her almost fatal illness.

Knows About All the Romances

PRINCESS NAGLEE NONABA, the pretty little Indian woman who sells Navajo blankets and turquoise-studded jewelry in the hotel gift shop, persuaded Pola to try some of the herb remedies of her father, a famous Indian medicine man, and the two of them became good friends. Princess NaGlee, by the way, is the first to know of romances among the movie guests at the hotel—by the gifts the men stars buy. Every year some of her customers drop in at her little shop to purchase desert souvenirs. The presents are the same—hand-hammered bracelets and silver chains. But each year they buy them for different ladies!

"They get blankets, too," she says in careful English. "Last week Ken Maynard bought a red one with the Sun emblem, to have a coat made for himself. Eddie Cantor buys blankets for his wife, and dolls and bracelets for his little daughters. Mae Clarke chose a whole set of silver and turquoise the other day—a chain like mine here, bracelets, rings and pins. Ben Lyon bought a doll for his baby. Gary Cooper came in with the Countess Frasso when her party was here, and he bought bracelets, too."

The Countess Frasso, by the way, had El Mirador in an uproar when she appeared in the long riding skirt of Continental ladies and demanded a side-saddle. Frantic search disclosed that the only side-saddle in Palm Springs was on exhibit in the museum, falling apart with age. The cowboy in charge of the stables vetoed the suggestion to send to town for one. "No, sir," said he decisively. "My ponies' backs shan't be spoiled by such a contraption. The lady rides right or she don't ride."

The Countess didn't ride.

Every part of El Mirador has been immortalized in celluloid. All the newsreel companies gather at the pool for the swimming meets held there twice a season. The tall tower and the cool arcades served as settings for "Follow Through," filmed entirely on the hotel grounds, and almost every big picture personality, always excepting Garbo, has posed for art studies in one romantic spot or the next one, which is likely to be still more romantic.

In Hollywood, friendships are hurried because of the strain of work—but down at Palm Springs, where rest and quiet are to be had in abundance, friendships have a chance to grow. Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert, two old friends, have just taken advantage of the fact that they're both "between pictures" and have had several day's talk at the desert resort.

Become Amateur Photographers

THE movie crowd are all camera fiends, themselves, the pool attendant reveals, and tirelessly snap each other or any visiting non-Hollywood celebrity who may happen to be present. Ben Lyon was particularly fascinated by Professor Albert Einstein, and followed him about continually, begging permission of the embarrassed scientist to take his picture and, like any demon movie fan, pleading for an autograph.

The tall tower of El Mirador was almost grazed by Joan Bennett's privately chartered fourteen-passenger airplane on her historic (and dramatic) flight to the desert resort, when Johnny Considine went down to week-end at the hotel, where Carmen Pantages (now Mrs. Considine) was recuperating from a nervous breakdown. It was eleven o'clock when Joan (now Mrs. Gene Markey) roared over the mountains and settled down on the desert beside the hotel.

El Mirador, slumbering peacefully, awoke with a start at the tumult of the three motors. An hour later, after a stormy meeting with Johnny, the youngest of the Bennetts took off for Hollywood, while night-gowned, negligéed and pajamaed guests cheered as the big 'plane just missed taking the top off the tower as it left the ground. It is a popular belief that the Bennett-Considine romance ended in that hour at Palm Springs—where so many romances begin.

The El Mirador, with the contrast between its comfort and the savagery of scenery all around, is a monument to man's eternal war with nature. Every brilliant blossom, every tree and spear of grass in its lawns are separate triumphs. The water that murmurs night and day in its pools and fountains is a tiny paean of victory. Fertility in the midst of sand wastes, Paris gowns and tea tables under the towering granite mountains, the latest music mingling with the howl of a jackal under the low-hanging stars—all this is Drama, itself.

No wonder that the motion picture people, to whom drama is the very breath of life, find Palm Springs congenial!

Light
THE MASTER DRAMATIST

A Scene from "The Mask of Fu Manchu"—a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production, featuring Boris Karloff, Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, Myrna Loy.

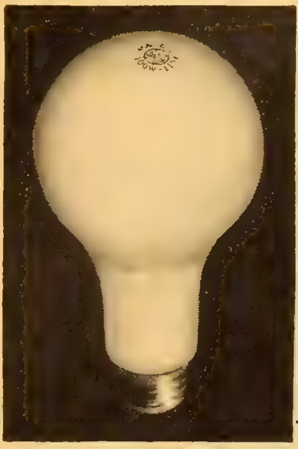
A STRIKING EXAMPLE of modern motion picture lighting is shown above. See how light, like a master dramatist, deftly emphasizes the feeling of tenseness and heightens the thrill of this gripping situation.

Light is the thing that makes pictures. Nowhere in the world is the art of lighting more important than in the motion picture studio.

With millions at stake . . . Hollywood cannot afford to take chances with its lamps. They must be efficient. They must be dependable. They must give full volume of light for the current they consume.

That is why so many of the fine pictures you see are made with the aid of General Electric MAZDA lamps. General Electric, through the research and inventions of its lighting laboratories, has led in the development of incandescent lamps for the "movies" just as it has led in the development of incandescent lamps for the home.

Follow the example of the motion picture lighting experts. Look for this mark GE when you buy lamps. Then you will be sure of good light at low cost. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Must I "Put Up" With Such Hands?
Rough . . . Ageing . . . Stained

No Longer . . Thanks to

NEW TYPE LOTION

IT'S a shame for *you* to endure unlovely, suffering hands, when this radically different lotion can make them soft, white and comfortable so quickly you'll be amazed. Called Chamberlain's Lotion, it is far more effective than *ordinary* preparations. It contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose. One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chap, soreness, windburn, skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores, revives dried-out skin, and so softens skin texture even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become velvety-smooth and years younger-looking. Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No bothersome massage of gummy lotions that must be *rubbed* in. Try it. Prove in 7 days you can gain soft, white hands and skin—or *money back.* Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa

Chamberlain's *Lotion*

Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY $100 FOR DIME

1894 S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
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New York and Hollywood women adopted FE-GENE *Foam* suppository tablets and now enjoy complete protection without fear. FE-GENE is harmless, stainless and clean. The antiseptic Foam does all the work. Destroys germs instantly without water.

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Be Wise—Be Safe—Use FE-GENE
12 tablets in 4 professional vials $1
The FE-GENE Co., 250 (E) West 40th St., New York City

What Has Marriage Done to George Brent?

(*Continued from page 49*)

The Brent sense of humor is not "social." He cannot laugh merely to be polite, or because he is expected to laugh. For this reason, a great many would-be Hollywood wits believe he is completely devoid of that saving grace of humor. Which isn't true. His humor is sincerely flattering to the humorist because he laughs only when he is genuinely amused.

Can't Abide Stale Sentiments

HE likes things done, if they are going to be done at all, intimately and personally. In George Brent's mind the man who leaves a "standing order" with a florist to send flowers to a chosen lady is totally lacking in true romance. Even in choosing Christmas and greeting cards, he prefers to select a sentiment appropriate to the person it is intended for. In turn, he resents being made the recipient of any old kind of greeting on his birthday or Easter that would do for Aunt Emma "just as well."

He does, however, do his own personal shopping for clothes, et cetera, in wholesale lots. He hates to shop and for this reason will purchase dozens of ties, shoes, socks and handkerchiefs at one "buying." He is the salesmen's delight and can be sold anything that can be worn by a tall, dark man. He is decidedly not a bargain-hunter. Like most men, he believes that price has a great deal to do with quality.

Even in his "pre-prosperity" days, when his salary as a stock company actor barely permitted indulgence in luxuries, he was determined to have the best—or nothing. It was usually nothing. He has never owned an inexpensive car, because he would not own any if he could not afford one of the best. He likes the *feel* of an expensive motor under his foot. When his bank account did not permit such a luxury, he rode the busses and the street-cars.

In spite of a colorful and exciting life, which began in Dublin, Ireland, and saw him a newspaper man, a soldier, an adventurer, a "stock" actor, and a Broadway success before twenty-five, he is looked upon as "bad copy" by Hollywood reporters. (He is now twenty-eight, by the way.) It is difficult for him to talk about himself, not through any feeling of modesty or an inferiority complex, but because he is staunch in his belief that his private life is his own business. It actually makes him physically ill to read what other stars have to say about their "happy marriages," their "darling babies," and their "careers." He has the idea that such details about himself might reasonably affect other people the same way.

From the few brief and unwilling comments that he has dropped about his first marriage, Hollywood gathers that it was an unhappy experience for him. This is in direct contrast to the first marriage of Ruth Chatterton. She and George are still much in the company of Ralph Forbes.

Says Gable Was Wronged

THERE is one recent turn in Hollywood publicity, however, that delights his soul. The press has temporarily, at least, stopped comparing him to Clark Gable! He grinningly assures you that this was a grave injustice to Clark—which should reassure some people who have been in doubt about his sense of humor. Without attempting to be obviously "good sport-ish" about it, he thinks Clark has had a deservedly interesting and successful career—not counting "Strange Interlude," of course.

Concerning his own pictures, he considers "The Rich Are Always with Us" as his most worthy screen appearance, and "The Purchase Price" as his worst. Nor did he like himself in "The Crash"—and even encouraging box-office reports cannot change his mind about it. It mildly amuses him that he expended his greatest effort for his rôle in "The Purchase Price," which was his "worst" picture. He worked like a Trojan on this picture and encountered many physical hardships, such as spraining his back and burning his foot. On the other hand, he exerted himself not at all in "The Rich Are Always with Us" and it turned out to be his most satisfactory appearance upon the screen. So what?

For such reasons as this, he figures that any actor who worries, even a little bit, about his career is slightly demented. Success, or failure, according to the Brent calculations, are too *accidental* to cause any sleepless nights. Either you are going to hit, or you aren't going to hit. . . .

Crowds, even friendly crowds, frighten him to the extent that he attends practically no social functions in Hollywood such as "first nights" and Mayfair parties. He is not "flattered" (as most stars pretend to be) by having fans attempt to pull buttons off his coat or clip a piece of his necktie for a souvenir. It thoroughly annoys him, and he won't "grin and bear it"—as movie stars are supposed to do in the midst of such physical adulation.

The Attention He Prefers

HE does, however, appreciate the admiration of people who calmly and sanely sit down and write him a letter. He insists that nothing ever touched him so much as the many letters he received from fans while on his recent personal appearance tour with Loretta Young. They were friendly and sincere and honest letters, many of them stating that they could not afford to spend the money to come to see him—but that they wished him every success and happiness. He answered *personally* as many of these letters as his crowded day would permit.

His idea of a good time in the evening is to have five or six close friends in for dinner and then seven or eight good hours of talk . . . and more talk. Occasionally, he enjoys the theatre, but not too often. Helen Gahagan is one of his foremost stage favorites. He never goes to the movies if he can help it!

He regrets deeply that a serious eye affliction has kept him from much reading in the past few years. Even now he has been advised that he should not put too much of a strain on his eyes. In spite of doctors' orders, he did read William Faulkner's "Sanctuary." He is looking forward to the same author's new book, "Light in August," hoping that it will be less gory in theme and still retain the original charm of the author's style. He enjoys Jim Tully's books because he enjoys Jim, himself, so much.

The other evening, before sitting down to his evening meal, he read in the newspapers where he was being loaned to Paramount for a picture with Sari Maritza to be called "Luxury Liner." It was the first he had known of it. Since reading the script, he has decided that the picture will probably do him more good than the last three he has made on his home lot. He has also read where he is going to be teamed with Kay Francis in three pictures. And that's all he knows about *that.* . . .

According to the people at the studio, his marriage to the Queen of the lot hasn't changed George Brent any—except in one respect. He never chewed gum . . . until he met Ruth Chatterton!

"I'm Leaving, But I'll Be Back"

(*Continued from page 81*)

her best picture until then. It is easy enough, however, to see the studio's viewpoint. After all, Tallulah was an expensive business investment, reputedly receiving more than $100,000 a picture, and the returns on the investment had not been sufficient to make them optimistic about the results of continued expenditure. The overhead was too evenly balanced with the dividends. They had spent a fortune in making her known to the movie public, but, much as they hated to admit it, Tallulah seemed to be etched only surface deep in the consciousness of moviegoers. The fact puzzled them—but the fact was still there.

Yet, while salary slashes were going on around all the studios, they faced the unpleasant prospect of paying her several thousand dollars a week until November 7, when her contract came up for option. What to do? They finally negotiated a deal with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer whereby Tallulah was loaned out to that company to make a film called "Faithless," co-starring with Robert Montgomery.

She "Wanted a Rest"

HOLLYWOOD seethed with a rumor, just before "Faithless" was released, that had this film as a final test for Tallulah. If she succeeded in it, the gossips said, M-G-M would give her a long-term contract. If she failed, she would return to New York to do a play. Critics were divided in their reception of the picture. A few days later, it was reported that she was packing her bags . . .

"Let me tell you the truth about my dealings with M-G-M," Tallulah said. "As soon as 'Faithless' was finished, I was immediately offered a contract. I refused to sign then. I wanted a rest. I wanted to get away from Hollywood, and think things over. I had half a notion that I'd like to return to the stage this winter and find a play that *is* a play. That same day, I was approached by several other companies. Hollywood was *not* forcing me out of the movies!—as the latest rumor had it.

"I was on the verge of leaving only because I wanted to leave. I had no grudge against the movies. I had had no quarrel with any studio. I was indifferent to Hollywood's gossip that I had 'failed.' I simply felt that, through nobody's fault in particular, I had been the victim of the weakest stories that any star of my standing has ever had. The fact that I have come through them, that I am still considered a good actress by a large majority of filmgoers, must at least say something for my personality and capability."

What will Tallulah Bankhead do next? See has gone to New York and may go on to London before she returns to the films. There are rumors that she may appear in a Broadway play before she takes up screen acting again. This much is certain—her initial adventure in Hollywood has been a failure. All six of her films have failed to please hordes of movie fans—and her return, now scheduled for the early Spring, will be more in the nature of a fresh start, rather than the resumption of an established favorite. She denies that she has yet signed up with any studio, but there must be some sort of understanding to allow even tentative plans.

Tallulah needs a change of scenery, as well as a change in stories. She is more anxious to have the change in stories than the change in scenery. And she wouldn't be a bit surprised if she gets it. She is one star who is convinced, "the play's the thing." Hollywood hasn't beaten Tallulah. She's leaving, but she'll be back!

New-type handkerchief wins nation!

KLEENEX
THE HANDKERCHIEF FOR HEALTH

Disposable Tissues in place of germ-carrying handkerchiefs! Price now 25c

KLEENEX changed the handkerchief habits of a nation! Today one sees these health tissues everywhere. A new idea, startling, revolutionary—yet thousands instantly recognized the value of a *disposable* handkerchief.

Kleenex actually costs less than laundering . . . costs so little that each tissue may be used just once, then destroyed.

Kleenex is soft—positively downy of texture! Absorbent—many times more absorbent than cotton or linen! Always gentle. Always dry—for it's used but once.

Who, having tried this clean, civilized way, could wish to return to the unsanitary handkerchief during colds?—a germ-trap that's used over and over—stored in laundry bags to spread infection—then must be washed.

Pocket Packet—2 for 5c

Kleenex is available in pocket packets; in rolls and packages; in extra-large tissues; and in the form of finished handkerchiefs known as 'Kerfs . . . at drug and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

A handkerchief used during colds should be destroyed! Kleenex made this possible. Disposable—yet amazingly inexpensive.

Two forms of Kleenex are particularly pleasing to men—the pocket package (containing regular size tissues) and the extra large size tissue.

Children's colds are likely to have serious complications—they need the protection Kleenex gives.

CORNS
INSTANT, SAFE RELIEF!

Quickly Removes Corns!

In one minute corns, callouses and bunions stop hurting. That's how quick Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads banish pain! The softly padded edge cushions and shields the sore spot, soothing and healing it; prevents blisters; makes new or tight shoes easy on the feet; keeps you rid of corns. Sore toes heal overnight. No other method does this!

Don't Cut Your Corns or Callouses and risk blood-poisoning. To remove them quickly and safely, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the specially Medicated Pink Disks, included at no extra cost. Doctors recommend them because they are so safe and sure. Get a box today. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores. Write for FREE SAMPLE and booklet on Care of the Feet, to Dr. Scholl's, Inc. Dept. 10, Chicago.

CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
CORNS BETWEEN TOES

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

DR. WALTER'S
latest REDUCING BRASSIERE gives you that trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand; 2 to 3 inch reduction almost immediately. Send bust measure. $2.25
HIP, WAIST and ABDOMINAL REDUCER for men and women, takes care of that ugly roll above corset. Send waist and abdominal measures. Laced at back. $3.50
RELIEVE swelling and varicose veins and reduce your limbs with Dr. WALTER'S famous rubber hose. Worn next to the skin. Send ankle and calf measure.
9-inch $5.00 pair
14-inch $6.75 "
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All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.
$3.50
Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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SONG REQUIREMENTS of TALKING PICTURES RADIO and RECORDS
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Clothes Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

However, there is one big difficulty in discarding the girdle—it does away with the stocking supporters and makes stocking "rolling" almost a necessity. Now, a lump of a badly rolled stocking can ruin the line of the loveliest frock. Kalloch uses pretty little Helen Mack, who is appearing in "The Yankee Bandit," as a model for correct stocking-rolling. His *Don'ts* are: Don't roll your stocking directly at the knee, for every time you sit down the bulge will show across the front of your skirt. Leaving about three or four inches above the knee, roll the stocking in the neatest, flattest way possible.

A great many people believe that *Adrian* of M-G-M does his nicest and most wearable clothes not for extreme Joan Crawford, nor ultra Norma Shearer, or "glamourous" Garbo, but for such girls on the lot as Karen Morley, and particularly Madge Evans. Certainly in "Fast Life" opposite William Haines and Conrad Nagel, Madge wears a series of the sort of evening gowns that every girl would like to have in her wardrobe "if only. . . ."

Madge Doesn't Need Necklaces

THERE is a scene in the picture in which Madge is trying to teach Conrad a "lesson" by flirting with William Haines, and for this exciting occasion Madge wears a grand white crêpe satin evening gown with long, full sleeves and an unusually high neckline. It sounds severe for a girl as young as Madge, but the youthful, fluffy note is supplied by a white fox "trim," which goes deep over each shoulder in front and back. The high neckline for evening is very, very good and don't wear beads or a necklace with it. If you just can't get along without your rhinestones, the tight-fitted sleeve at the wrist will permit a bracelet.

A little later on, when Bill Haines comes to Madge's cabin on the yacht to tell her just how much he thinks about her, she wears a pale blue organdie with a ruffled cape effect at the shoulder that would serve as the perfect bridesmaid's or girl graduate's frock for Miss America.

All you girls who love lovely clothes are going to break down and weep during that scene in "Under-Cover Man," starring George Raft and Nancy Carroll, in which Nancy's beautiful little evening gown is "ruined" (yes, they wrote it in the scenario) when a glass of wine is spilled on it. Lew Cody is right there to help Nancy save her dress, which is altogether too adorable to have to go through such a scene. It's made of the sheerest sort of white lace over a form-fitting satin slip, but it is far from being "just another white lace dress." Perhaps its most distinctive features are the "high-back neckline" and the very short, lacy sleeves, which do nothing toward detracting from its formal note.

Carole's Gown Dazzled Gable

IT was a severe blow to the Paramount wardrobe department when Miriam Hopkins decided that her rôle opposite Clark Gable in "No Man of Her Own" wasn't suitable for her particular talents. All of Miriam's clothes were "made up and ready to go" . . . when all of a sudden the designers got word to make up a complete new wardrobe to fit the type and personality of Carole Lombard.

In spite of the hurry, the designers did themselves proud. Wait until you see the very snappy love scene between Carole and Clark, where Carole wears this pearl-satin evening gown, with a short-sleeved jacket of the same material trimmed with sable. The jacket looks like part of the frock and can be worn when the wearer prefers a less formal décolleté line. The jacket ties with a large, flowing sash at just below the hipline. When Carole wore this on the set for the first time, even Clark Gable gasped. "Whew!" said Clark. "Whatta dress." Coming from Whatta Man, that's no mean compliment.

And speaking of love scenes, Monroe Owsley wasn't exactly immune when Clara Bow appeared on the "Call Her Savage" set wearing one of those "girlish" effect evening gowns that are so popular for the early Spring months. The material is peach Elizabeth crêpe. The superimposed peach blossoms on the skirt and sleeve caps are of peach chiffon velvet with pearl centers. The gown was designed especially for Clara by *David Cox* and created in the Fox Films wardrobe department. *Next month's fashion gossip will take you through clothes and clothes gossip from the most attractive new productions in every studio. Wait until you see what Joan Crawford is wearing in her new one!* . . .

A couple of well-dressed screen girls step out to the pet show in New York—and get hairs on their nice clothes. Left, Helen Twelvetrees holds a prize Angora, and right, Florence Lake cuddles a raccoon, of all things

This is Jean Hersholt's favorite portrait. Jean is the proprietor of a German beer garden in "Flesh," Wallace Beery's new picture and above you see him guzzling a glass of beer

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN may be rumored That Way about Jimmy Dunn, but we understand it's George O'Brien who has a lien on her affections for the moment. That location trip for "Robbers' Roost" in the wide open spaces of Arizona must have been becoming to George's outdoor type of good looks.

PALM SPRINGS officially "opened" for the season recently when the El Mirador Hotel threw open its doors. The town was crowded with Hollywood folk, the women all wearing shorts and riding bicycles around the streets. From now on, much of the romance news will emanate from the desert resort.

TONY, Tom Mix's old horse, which has carried the star through countless adventures for more than twenty years, has been pensioned to pasture. His last act was to fall on Tom and knock him out with a couple of broken ribs, thus chalking up two more to the long list of injuries that Mix has received in his varied and exciting career.

YOUNG John Cabot Lodge, the blue-blood Boston lawyer who gave up his career to become a movie actor when the studios spied his Gable-ish good looks during a visit to Hollywood, may not play opposite Mae West, after all. Still, the studio is reluctant to abandon "Honky Tonk" with the two of them in the cast. The contrast between their backgrounds would make such good publicity stuff, they feel.

LOOKING on the set of "Cavalcade" when the great Armistice Day celebration was filmed were Clive Brook and Boris Karloff, Englishmen, watching with sentiment-misted eyes. The last time Boris saw Trafalgar Square, he told us, was twenty-four years ago!

THE girls are all having their long hair cut short. Alice White's very blonde hair is shoulder-length. Katharine Hepburn's wild brown locks bush out about the same length. Constance Cummings has just cut a really spectacular head of golden hair.

(*Continued on page 89*)

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SKINNY. HERE'S HOW TO GAIN QUICKLY
I WISH I KNEW HOW TO PUT ON SOME WEIGHT. YOU HAVE THE FIGURE EVERYBODY ADMIRES
Posed by professional models

New pounds for skinny folks...quick!

Sensational discovery—richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated seven times. Gives thousands of skinny folks 5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!

THIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

2 greatest body builders in one

Everybody knows that for years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then yeast was found to be a marvelous health builder. Now, by a sensational new process, specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful*. Then to bring even quicker and more thorough results, this super-rich yeast is treated with 3 special kinds of iron, the great blood, strength and energy builder.

A new person—*quick!*

The result is a marvelous tonic unsurpassed in transforming thin, weak, nervous, rundown men and women into strong, healthy, well-developed people, with strong nerves, clear skins, tireless pep.

No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste—no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results *guaranteed*

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* IRONIZED YEAST, and not some imitation which cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 192 Atlanta, Ga.

LOST!

30 lbs. of Fat

You see people all about you who have lost their excess fat. In every circle nowadays nearly everyone is slender.

People have found a way to reduce which is easy and pleasant and prompt. It combats the cause of fat formation, which usually lies in a gland. You can see its results wherever you look today.

That way is Marmola prescription tablets, which for 25 years have been making fat people thin. The delighted users have told others about them, and the use has spread. Now people the world over use Marmola.

You should know Marmola if you overweigh. Style and beauty, health and fitness call for normal figures. Excess fat has no excuse when so many people know a way to end it.

A normal figure will mean much to you. Go start Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

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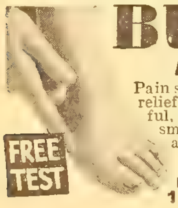
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Real Way to Reduce

THE
NICOLLET HOTEL
MINNEAPOLIS
The Leading Hotel
Of the Northwest
SIX HUNDRED ROOMS
THREE RESTAURANTS
MODERATE RATES

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill.
1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 2782

Mary Pickford Starts "Secrets" All Over Again

(*Continued from page 60*)

that still, small voice within me to be drowned out. I shall never close my ears to it again—"

Mary is a Queen who loves her realm with a love so profound that no sacrifice is too great for her to make for it. A Queen who is faithful to the people she loves—not only in letter, but in spirit; not only in word, but in deed.

Always Wants to Live There

MARY once said to me, "If the day comes when I no longer have anything to do with pictures, and if it were necessary, I would live in a little shack in the Hollywood hills—just so I could be near my own people, the people of the screen, feel their presences, *know* about them—"

And Mary did sacrifice indeed when, those two years ago, she cancelled the production of "Secrets." On the day the picture was called off, she checked out $87,000! All in all, that unfinished picture cost her $300,000. Film costs. Set costs. Costume costs. Salaries—all the underlying expenses of such a production. $300,000—an enormous sum at any time, for anything. An enormous price to pay that a still, small voice might not speak in vain.

And Mary said to me, the other day, "If this new production of 'Secrets' should be half-finished and if, again, I should find that something was lacking, *I would do the same thing over again.*

"You see, I knew, that other time, almost from the beginning, that *something was wrong.* Something, somewhere. At first, I couldn't quite put my finger on it. They told me, the others, that I must wait, that it would be all right, that the story simply needed editing, pointing up a bit here and there. I listened to them—too long—and was unconvinced. Then I came to know what was wrong—*the mood and the spirit were missing.* Those two intangible qualities without which any picture, however pretentious, is flat—and with which the simplest story is forever memorable. Perhaps the camera was not flexible enough. I felt, all along, that we were photographing a stage play. We were missing that greatest province of motion pictures—the compliant camera. Most of all, we simply did not have the mood, the spirit—somehow the deed was not infused with the dream.

"And so, though it broke my heart and, I am afraid, the hearts of some of the others, I called them all one night and told them we were finished.

Felt She Was "Through"

"I FELT, that night, that I would never make another picture. I was going through my 'retiring' phase . . ." Mary laughed. "Douglas says he can always tell where I am in production by my attitude toward my work. When I am just beginning a picture I am, literally, at the very beginning of my career. I am enthusiastic. I have no thought of anything other than going on with my work forever. About midway through the picture I begin to remark that the screen is, after all, very hard work—I wonder if it is worth it. And at the end of the picture I firmly announce my intention of immediate and permanent retirement. . . . This goes on, chronically, through every picture I make and has gone on ever since my first stories—"

That, then, is the secret of the first "Secrets"—$300,000 of money, and hopes and work and dreams tossed away because two fragile things called Mood and Spirit did not come to hand.

Then why is Mary going back to that failure, to make it all over again? That is just why she is going back—one reason why: *because it was a failure.* Because Mary, little and golden and serene, is of the fighting Irish, who cannot be defeated even by defeat, who must needs wrest victory out of surrender.

The other reason is that she loves this story. She believes in it. She believes in it now even more, if possible, than she did two years ago. She feels that the public pulse is set for such romantic and tender things as "Smilin' Through" and this "Secrets" of hers. Of the many stories she has owned, "Secrets"—which was once called "Forever Yours"—is the one no money could buy from her. She owned "The Sign of the Cross" and sold it to Cecil B. De Mille. She owned "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and sold that, a little reluctantly, to Fox. She owned "Tess of the Storm Country" and sold that, also, to Fox. She owned others, the titles of which I have forgotten, and was willing to part with them. But no offers, no entreaties could prevail upon her to part with "Secrets," though it seemed to lie buried under a lost fortune and broken dreams.

A Heroine She Likes

MARY believes in the character of *Mary Carlton*, that woman who gave an unswerving and life-long devotion to one man, despite the hardships and humiliations and infidelities to which he subjected her. Of this same stuff of loyalty, you see, is this, *Our* Mary, made.

And so, she has begun again. By the time you read this story, the new version of "Secrets" may be well on its way to completion, may even be completed. Mary hoped it would be finished before Christmas so that she could give her whole heart to the rousing, old-fashioned Christmas they celebrate at Pickfair. Mary gives Douglas dozens of presents. Last year she gave him sixty-eight. She shops the whole year through for her family, for her friends, for the studio staffs, for her servants. Whenever she sees anything she thinks might appeal to Douglas, to brother Jack, or sister Lottie, she buys it. She has a glittering, old-fashioned tree; the Yule log blazes; turkey and burning plum pudding and hung-up stockings are all a part of Pickfair Christmas . . .

But if, midway through this new version of "Secrets," Mary should find that mood and spirit had again eluded her, she would do again what she did before—

This time, everything but the essential story is changed. Frances Marion has done the script. Frank Borzage (who just directed "A Farewell to Arms") is directing. Adrian, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is designing the costumes and they are as lovely as the character of the woman who wears them. Not one member of the old cast, save Mary, will appear in this one. And every eligible leading man in Hollywood has been considered, tried, tested, all but signed and then reconsidered for Mary's lead. She feels the tremendous importance of this man's part.

Leslie Howard Fills the Bill

THE whole heart of the story depends upon whether or not other women will feel in this man that quality which, despite everything, makes *Mary Carlton* cleave to him, unfaltering and staunch. He must be a man who can look young and adventurous in the first part of the picture and fortyish and dignified in the latter part.

Mary rather wanted Gary Cooper. She

thought of Fredric March, of Richard Dix, of George Brent and Lyle Talbot and James Cagney and Cary Grant and Weldon Heyburn. Weldon Heyburn, in fact, had his fountain pen in hand to affix his signature to the contract. She thought of Leslie Howard—and it is Leslie Howard, finally, who will play opposite Mary. I'm glad, if I may intrude myself. I *wanted* Mary to have Leslie Howard all along. I know that she is glad, too.

She said, when we were talking the other day, "There are two men on the screen who are more than talented actors, two men who are geniuses—one is Paul Muni and the other is Leslie Howard."

Gilbert Wilson, Elsie Janis' husband, is to make his first appearance in this picture. Mary will introduce him to the screen and she believes that this introduction will be only a prologue to a long screen career for him.

And these are the secrets of "Secrets"—that Mary's still, small voice said "No" to the first version—but said "Yes" when the fighting Irish in her could not brook defeat; when her spirit clove to the spirit of *Mary Carlton*, rejecting all other characters in all other stories; when her belief rose above lost sums of money and lost time and lost hope, and her heart had faith in the spirit and the mood.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 87*)

That roll-on-the-neck style was too much work, they explain.

THE King Vidor-Eleanor Boardman marriage breaks up at last. And for the first time in recent Hollywood history another woman is mentioned in the complaint—King's script girl on recent pictures. In asking for separate maintenance and custody of their two little girls, Eleanor asked the court to restrain King from disposing of community property valued at $1,000,000, and called the famous director "sullen, insolent and arrogant."

CAN you picture the glamourous Lilyan Tashman and the suave Edmund Lowe as we saw them yesterday, perched on stools at the corner drugstore, sipping ice cream sodas through a straw? Eddie kept the telegraph wires hot during Lil's recent illness in New York. They seem the most devoted couple in Hollywood.

THE Edmund Gouldings did three dollars' worth of damage to a black onyx ash tray and $3.50 damage to an axe while they lived in her house, the landlady asserted in a damage suit. One can imagine how damage might have been done to an onyx ash tray, but we're still wondering what Eddie could have done to that axe.

BUSTER CRABBE, this month's Nominee for Stardom, and Johnny Weissmuller are not only rivals as to girth and jungle love-making, but close pals, as well. "Just what do you mean by going Hollywood?" Buster asked us seriously. Well, Buster, we mean that when you find yourself powdering your nose without being ashamed of it, and when you discover yourself looking into the mirror oftener than is necessary, and when you begin to believe what the girls write you—you've "gone Hollywood"!

OLD-TIMERS will receive with great rejoicing the news that that famous old comedy, "Tillie's Punctured Romance," is about to be re-issued with sound effects. In the cast were Charlie Chaplin, Marie

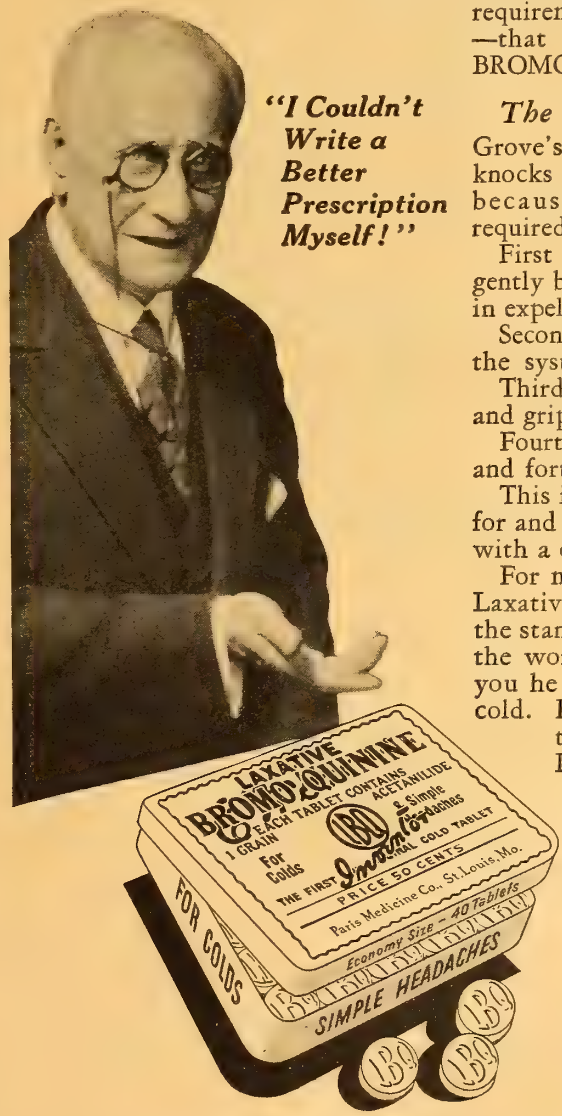
(*Continued on page 98*)

BEWARE HALF-CURED COLDS!

They Expose You to a Weakened System and to the Dangers of Serious Complications!

DON'T temporize with a cold. Don't take remedies that merely allay the cold instead of getting it thoroughly out of the system. A half-cured cold is a cold never cured and a constant source of danger.

A cold calls for specific treatment—for *internal treatment*. There is one remedy for a cold that meets all the requirements of efficacious treatment—that is, GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE!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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine knocks a cold and knocks it quickly because it does the four things required.

First of all, it opens the bowels gently but thoroughly, the first step in expelling a cold.

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Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is only playing with a cold.

For more than 40 years Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine has been the standard cold and grip tablet of the world. Don't let anybody tell you he has something better for a cold. Responsible druggists never try to substitute on Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

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In addition to the regular box of 20 tablets for 30c, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is now packed and sold in convenient pocket-size tins containing 40 tablets for 50c. 20 per cent more value for your money!

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So mild and yet so pure, countless grateful women have come to call these wonderful tablets the "internal cosmetic," because they remove the *inside* causes of blemishes, pimples, headaches and that general run-down feeling.

Beauty for every woman

A gratifying substitute for calomel, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act safely and gently on the liver, relieving constipation and clearing the system of poison so perilous to beauty.

Ask at any drug store, for these olive colored tablets, compounded of vegetable ingredients, if you want to look and feel years younger. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 6*)

1. James Dunn was Maureen O'Sullivan's escort at the Hollywood bike races. Their romance is one of those off-again-on-again affairs, and although Jimmie is often seen dining and dancing with various Hollywood beauties, Maureen always seems to be his favorite.

2. The smiling girl is Clara Bow and the gentleman with her is Rex Bell, her husband. They're both happy because they are bound for Europe and this is their first trip abroad, but they're mostly happy because Clara's return to the screen in "Call Her Savage" proves what a fine actress she is.

3. Jeanette Loff, who has been absent from Hollywood for some time, seems to have been able to make Gilbert Roland forget all the other girls he has been interested in since his break with Norma Talmadge, if you care to believe the idle tongues of the cinema city. Miss Loff is planning to go on tour with Buddy Rogers and his band on the West Coast and later hopes to return to the screen.

4. Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, motion picture actor and former football star, who were married in Tia Juana, Mexico, March 30, 1932, and separated after a few months of wedded life, have been reconciled and there will be no divorce.

5. Ian Keith, who was secretly married to Baroness Fern Andra, German motion picture actress, filed a bankruptcy plea listing his liabilities at about $6,700 and his assets only $1,950. Keith was divorced from Ethel Clayton not very long ago.

6. Betty Hill, a motion picture script girl, is the girl involved in Eleanor Boardman's action for divorce from her husband, King Vidor, the prominent screen director.

7. Richard Arlen's wife, Jobyna Ralston, who was Harold Lloyd's leading lady before her marriage, has temporarily moved to Palm Springs, where she will await the long-legged bird that is kept so busy in Hollywood these days. The Arlens were married in 1927 and this will be their first child.

8. Because she made the trip to New York to be with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, a dentist, during his convalescence from an appendicitis operation, Irene Dunne didn't relish what the gossips had to say about the trip's being made for the purpose of a divorce. Irene insists she is still very much in love with her husband, even though their professions separate them a good deal of the time.

9. Charles Farrell asked Fox to release him from his contract and his request was granted; therefore, unless something unforeseen happens and Charlie returns to Fox, you will never see your favorite Gaynor-Farrell team together again. Charlie has been wanting to free-lance for a long time so that he could pick his parts, and now he has his wish; but old Dame Rumor, who will always have her say, seems to think that Farrell was unhappy at Fox because Janet, his team-mate, received a larger salary than he did and because he felt that Janet's parts were always more important than his. However, there is no ill-feeling about the break and Charlie and Fox and Janet are still friends.

10. Karen Morley and Charles Vidor, the young motion picture director who has been her constant escort, are reported secretly wed. They are both connected with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

11. Edwina Booth's mother recently made it known that her daughter is still suffering from some strange jungle illness, which she developed shortly after her return from the African jungle, where she had gone to play the blonde heroine in "Trader Horn."

12. The award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best female performance of 1932 went to Helen Hayes for her work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Fredric March was honored with the male award for his performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

13. Stanley Smith leads the orchestra at the famous Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, which is a rendezvous of famous film folk, when he is not at the studio engaged in film work. He recently played a part in Nancy Carroll's picture, "Hot Saturday."

14. Adolphe Menjou and his attractive wife, Kathryn Carver, who were about to be divorced, have decided it was all a mistake and they are starting over again, with both promising they will try harder than ever to make a go of it this time. Here's hoping they succeed because they are really very fond of each other.

15. They say Tallulah Bankhead lost her heart to Anderson Lawlor, a newcomer to the movies, just before she departed from Hollywood, where they were seen dining and dancing together very often. Miss Bankhead is planning a return to the London stage.

16. Katharine Hepburn's excellent performance in "A Bill of Divorcement," starring John Barrymore, which was her first screen attempt, won immediate stardom for her. Miss Hepburn is under contract to RKO and will be starred in "Little Women."

17. According to Hollywood rumors, Wynne Gibson likes two Hollywood boys very much, but no one can find out which of the two is the favorite and Wynne is not volunteering any information. Lyle Talbot, the screen actor, is one of the boy-friends and the other is a young studio executive, Arthur Lubin.

18. Louise Fazenda, popular motion picture comèdienne, who is the wife of Hal Wallis, motion picture executive, announces that she expects the stork to pay her a visit soon. Mr. and Mrs. Hal Wallis have been married about five years and, like the Arlens, are awaiting their first child.

Did You Know That--

Garbo denies she ever wrote a "signed" story about her attitude toward romance, published a few weeks ago in a weekly magazine?

Theodore Dreiser, author of "An American Tragedy," who moaned so loudly over what the movies did to his story, has just sold "Jennie Gerhardt" to the selfsame movies?

The play that Tallulah Bankhead may do on Broadway is "Party"—for which M-G-M owns the film rights?

Clara Bow is all signed up for at least three more pictures?

Hero to Two Million Kids!

(*Continued from page 64*)

Boys Are Still Boys

"PHOOEY!" says Buck Jones again, a trifle louder. "Boys to-day like just exactly what boys have always liked—adventure and romance. Boys are the ones that have kept Westerns on the screen. They're the ones whose quarters and dimes make cowboy films pay better than the most gorgeous sex pictures or gangster films. Kids living in penthouses, listening to radios, driving high-powered cars, still dream that the West is a big plain filled with buffalos and Indians and cowboys. They haven't changed a bit. This Younger Generation talk is all rubbish!"

Buck should know about what kids *used* to want, because, some twenty-five years or so ago, he was one, himself, milking cows on a Hoosier farm and dreaming of herding cattle on the prairies. Later he attended grammar school in Indianapolis, with visions of bucking broncos and round-ups between him and the printed page. But where most boys only dream of becoming cowboys, Buck actually ran away and became a humble helper on a chuck-wagon on a real Western ranch at the age of fifteen. From chuck-wagon, he advanced to horse-wrangling; next he brought in the "drag" (rounded up stragglers from the herd); and finally he became a full-fledged top hand.

Buck Jones should know all about what modern boys want—and modern girls, too, for that matter. For he has two million and a half of them enrolled as fans in the Buck Jones Rangers Clubs. Write it in figures to get the breath-taking numbers of them—2,500,000 boys and girls, each wearing a Buck Jones emblem, or arm-stripe or button, each pledged to good deeds and clean living and high ideals, and to see all the Buck Jones pictures that come to town!

Youngsters on the crowded sidewalks of New York's East Side, dreaming of being cowboys someday. Youngsters in Boston's Back Bay section driven to the movies in limousines. Youngsters in Kalamazoo and Peoria and Walla Walla. Freckled kids, snub-nosed kids, tow-headed kids, farm boys and city boys—children of the Machine Age all of them, and all of them crowding to see pictures of cowboys riding horses down mountainsides to rescue ladies in distress, all of them clamoring to wear a celluloid button and join a Club! It has a reassuring sound after what the alarmists have told us. Maybe the world isn't going to the dogs, after all!

His Own Child Gave Him Idea

"IT makes a man feel sort of responsible," Buck admits, "having all those youngsters looking up to him, wearing badges with his name on them. I had no idea how my Rangers would take hold when we started the Clubs a year and a half ago. It was my own little girl, Maxine, who gave me the idea. She is crazy about riding, and it occurred to me that there were probably a good many like her. Now, new chapters are forming every week, and they all want me to come on and start things off! I go, too, whenever it's possible.

"Did you ever face a couple of thousand kids? It's an experience. But youngsters are easier to handle than a crowd of grown-ups. I just call a few out of the group, here and there, and tell them I'm making them lieutenants. They do the rest. Give a boy a little authority. Treat him like a responsible human being, and you've got the greatest potential power on earth right at hand. Talk about man-power—it's nothing to kid-power!"

Buck Jones, so people in his company tell

3 AGELESS SECRETS

of charm

MAE CLARKE, *Radio Pictures' player. For evening, she wears this lovely velvet gown, in brown with gold sequins. Her formal daytime suit is of cocoa-colored ostrich cloth, lavishly trimmed with fox.*

THE centuries have not changed the desire of every woman for a good figure, for sparkling eyes and a lovely complexion. With modern fashions as they are, a slender, round figure is almost imperative.

These three secrets of charm are usually the gifts of good health. So when reducing, diet and exercise should be watched with care. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination—the enemy of charm and good complexions.

Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk"—as well as vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that of leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily will overcome most types of faulty elimination. How much better than unpleasant patent medicines.

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. . . *writes Miss Healy*

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me, often goes four or five days on location without speaking a word. He answers in monosyllables when asked about his own likes and dislikes, personal habits or his experiences fighting the Moros in the Philippines, or patrolling the Mexican border in the Sixth Cavalry.

Buck was married to Ollie Osborne, a circus bareback rider, in Madison Square Garden in an afternoon performance of the 101 Ranch Show; both were on horseback. He once owned his own herds and ranches where his pictures were taken, and lost them and his entire fortune when he tried to defy the circus trust and take out his own show three years ago. He is the real-life hero of a hundred man-sized exploits of daring and danger. But you won't hear about these things from Buck.

One Man Quieter Than Buck

"THE only person who can beat Buck at being taciturn," says a friend of many years, "is D. V. Tantlinger, who was his first foreman when he was a kid with the Big V outfit in Oklahoma. One day the two of them were riding the ranges. They had traveled for three hours without a word, when Buck saw a cloud of dust on the horizon. He pointed it out to D. V. 'Cows?' he asked. The foreman looked at him with disgust. 'Son,' said he, 'you'll never amount to much if you chatter like that!'"

But on one subject—his Rangers—he is not only talkative, but positively garrulous. "Clubs like my Rangers, and Western pictures," says Buck, "are keeping a fast-disappearing phase of American life alive. The cowboy, as a hard-working, fast-riding, straight-shooting individual, is almost extinct to-day. The great cattle herds have been driven off the map by lack of grazing land, and by competition with the cheaper beef of the Argentine, where there are still plenty of cowhands that they call gauchos. It's only in Wyoming and Arizona that you still find real range life left in America.

"But the old West of romance and fiction and adventure is kept alive by the movies. Cowboy pictures will always be popular, as long as there are kids growing up who want to believe in a Wild West where things are different from the life they know. You talk about the Younger Generation being sophisticated and wise nowadays! Why, every one of my Rangers believes that if he could come West, he'd get off the train and see cowboys shooting pistols and bad men and stage-coach robbers! You ought to read the letters they write!"

Three years ago, Charles (Buck) Jones stood in full cowboy regalia on the streets of Hollywood, broke, as he had stood ten years before, wondering whether or not he could get a day's job as an extra. He had been a star. He had owned two score of blooded horses, two ranches and a gorgeous Spanish hacienda home. Now they were all gone, swept away by his disastrous venture in taking out a small circus on his own

Buck drew a deep breath, and grinned. "Well, anyhow," said he, "*I got that circus as far as Chicago in spite of 'em!*"

Not such a bad chap to be the hero of two and a half million kids!

Since his return to the screen, these are the pictures he has made—the pictures that have won him his huge and intimate following: "The Lone Rider," "Shadow Ranch," "Men Without Law," "The Dawn Trail," "Desert Vengeance," "The Avenger," "The Fighting Sheriff," "The Texas Ranger," "Branded," "Range Feud," "The Deadline," "Ridin' for Justice," "One-Man Law," "High Speed" (which was about automobile racing, not cowboys), "South of the Rio Grande," "Hello Trouble," "McKenna of the Mounted," "White Eagle," "The Forbidden Trail"—and now he is making "The Sundown Rider." Even the titles of his pictures give Young America a thrill!

TONIGHT
TOMORROW

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Freckles, Blackheads, Blotches, Vanish too!

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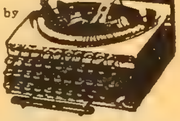

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The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

it! I rushed over to him and yelled that if he didn't quit, I'd murder him. And I would have, limb by limb. I guess I lost my temper. I know I've lost all taste for that guy's singing."

AND thoughts of bigness lead us to inform you that Paramount has found the big boy it has been seeking for the part of *The Lion Man* in "King of the Jungle." He is Buster Crabbe, the swimmer-champ, and Johnny Weissmuller's good friend. He is built along the same lines as Johnny, and is even better looking. Does thus begin the end of a beautiful friendship?

THAT waggish fellow, Pat O'Brien, had his laugh at the expense of one of those fashion artists the other day. Pat stopped the fellow on the lot and pointed to the stripes and ball and chain which are his clothes for the chain gang film he is working in. "Don't you want a picture of me?" he asked.

"A picture of you?" the fashion expert gasped.

"Sure—to show what the badly behaved man is wearing this season."

WILLIAM FARNUM is not averse to repeating an experience. Eighteen years ago Bill made screen history in his battle with the late Tom Santschi in "The Spoilers." The other day he staged a similar brawl with Tom Mix in a film. When it was over Bill gasped, "That fight in 'The Spoilers' started me—and this one just about finished me!"

REMINISCING, ten years ago Marie Dressler made a fur coat out of a rug and wore it with great pride in a Weber and Fields show in New York—while her "sidekick," Polly Moran, was doing a single on the Orpheum Circuit in one of those kidding-the-orchestra-leader bits.

THE height of something or other is this new game, Scavengers, which freckled Katharine Hepburn brought back from Paris. The hostess sends out invitations for cocktails at four. When the guests arrive, however, they are given a paper list instead of drinks. On the list are the names of a number of articles. The guests must go out and get those things. If they fail—no dinner.

The object is to make the quest as difficult as possible. The list may include a movie star's autograph, a paving brick, a jar of a certain brand of apple sauce, rare flowers, cheeses or anything out of the ordinary. I don't know, but it sounds kinda nertsy. These Hollywood people think up such amazing things!

To Tell You the Truth Dept.

WALLY BEERY once was a section hand . . . Zasu Pitts wears a shawl and crocheted slippers on the set, between scenes . . . One of the Japanese girls in "Madame Butterfly" changed her name to Valerie O'Hara . . . Charlie Laughton has an ambition to play the father of the Katzenjammer kids . . . Tala Birell's name really is spelled Bierl . . . Joan Crawford has 600 pairs of shoes . . . John Miljan, the heavy, raises canary birds . . . When kidded about not going through with his planned trip to Turkey, Groucho Marx answered "Is my fez red?" . . . Those who have the habit of carelessly flipping a coin up and down are said to be "doing a George Raft" . . . And so it goes in this place called Hollywood.

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HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons—and your clean blood will give you a new pep.

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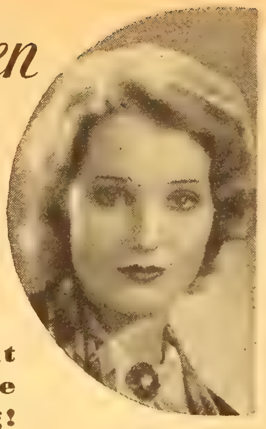

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Seeing "Cavalcade" thru Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 41*)

telling is definitely British. Any effort to Americanize it would destroy its fabric.

Desiring to hold to the original spirit of the work, Winfield Sheehan, production chief of Fox, ordered a hundred per cent English production—the cast, director, even the production crew, must be British-born and bred. As a result of this edict, Borzage was replaced by Frank Lloyd in the directorial assignment, and Captain Reginald Berkely, M. P., noted English dramatist, was brought to Hollywood to write the screen play.

The casting of the picture presented greater difficulties than anticipated. Fox discovered that, while there are many English accents on the screen, few are authentic. Clive Brook, borrowed from Paramount, was given the leading rôle of *Robert Marryot*, but over two hundred tests were made for the part of *Jane Marryot*, his wife in the script. Ann Harding or Irene Dunne would have been ideal, had they not been Americans. Elissa Landi, Edna Best and Fay Compton were strongly favored. The final decision gave the much-contested rôle to Diana Wynyard, a comparative newcomer from London, whose first screen work was with the Barrymores in "Rasputin."

The search for other members of the cast was conducted as slowly and carefully. A dialogue director was sent to England to test members of the original stage company, three of whom, Una O'Connor, Irene Browne and Merle Tottenham were signed, the latter because of her giggle. Ursula Jeans and Frank Lawton also came from London.

Brought London to Hollywood

MEANWHILE, all the other departments of the studio were equally busy. Six acres on the Fox lot were laid out in sets, including a dozen London streets, the mammoth Trafalgar Square, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Caledonian Market, Victoria Station and Kensington Gardens. A whole warehouse was filled with imported "props." Twenty-five thousand costumes, costing more than ten times that sum in dollars, were created. More than two hundred rare old books were purchased to be added to the research library.

Six months of preparation preceded the actual filming of "Cavalcade." It was in May that Borzage went to London, but not until October was the first scene filmed. A fifty-four-day shooting schedule was arranged and a million dollars budgeted. Director Lloyd finished the picture a day ahead of schedule and under cost. Such is the value of a carefully-laid foundation.

Oddly enough, the first sequence you will see on the screen was shot the first day. The date is December 31, 1899, and the hour near midnight. *Jane* and *Robert Marryot*, a young and well-to-do English couple, are preparing a toast to the New Year and the dawn of a new century. *Bridges* and *Ellen*, man and wife, butler and maid to the *Marryots*, are invited to join the toast. Why not? *Marryot* and *Bridges* will soon march away, side by side, soldiers of the C. I. V., sailing for South Africa and the Boer War.

You and Hollywood will both see the same drama in this scene. Hollywood, however, will look at details that may escape you. The quaint old costumes, for example, are more than quaint or old in Hollywood's eyes. They are the results of months of research, carefully copied by the wardrobe department from exact models of the day. And the room, a lovely old room furnished with real antiques. That picture on the wall? You can barely see it in outline. But it came from England with several carloads of other 1900 furnishings. That vase, too. And the knick-knacks on the library table. Why all this attention to detail? Simply because things like these are small parts of a perfect whole.

An All-Important Nightgown

STREET noises from the celebrating throngs—you only heard them on the stage; you see and hear them on the screen—awaken *Edward* and *Joey*, the *Marryots'* small sons. Their parents go to the nursery to reassure them that this is only the din of a new century.

The nursery is, likewise, 1900. And what sort of nightgowns did little English boys wear in that year? The research department was asked, but didn't know. It was discovered that nightgowns were then made of flannelette. This knowledge was obtained from newspapers of the period, which reported many children burned by standing too near open fireplaces in flannelette nightgowns. Fire-screens were invented to minimize the danger.

Though flannelette was definitely established as the material, Frances Richardson, head of research, was no nearer the solution of how nightgowns were made. At last, she chanced to recall that among her acquaintances was an Englishwoman whose grown son was a small boy in that year. A frantic 'phone call. Did the friend recall how her son dressed for bed in 1900? Just a general idea would do.

The friend had better than a general idea. She had a real nightshirt, which had been saved as a childhood memento. That shirt was obtained, copied and returned with many, many thanks. Remember this little incident when you see "Cavalcade."

The C. I. V. sails for the Boer War. *Jane*, the lady, and *Ellen*, the maid, go to the dockside to bid their men farewell and Godspeed. A thousand people swarm the wharf, civilians and soldiers, wives, mothers and sweethearts. A tremendous spectacle in which Hollywood will note the accuracy of costuming, the laboriously-reconstructed ship that exactly duplicates a transport of the time even down to its name, all discovered after many days of research. Hollywood will see a greater spectacle because it sees all. Will you look as closely?

Hard to Find Right Children

THE scene moves back to the *Marryot* home where the children play at war with the young daughter of a neighbor. The casting of these children was one of the most trying problems that confronted Fox executives. Originally, the plan was to import all of the youngsters needed in the play. Children lose their native accents more quickly than adults and it was deemed advisable to get English children from England. After much testing, the casting was accomplished in London, but when passports were applied for, an old English law was discovered that prohibited "children under fourteen being exhibited outside the country for profit."

The search had to begin all over again, this time in the United States. If you live in New York, Chicago, or one of the other large cities of this land, you may have seen a large classified advertisement in your local paper, inviting applications from parents of English-born children for unnamed motion picture work. Fox investigated thousands of answers so received, but the casting was finally completed in Hollywood.

Then, on the first day the children appeared before the cameras, Director Lloyd

(*Continued on page 96*)

What the Stars are Doing

(*Continued from page 8*)

Keeler, Ruby—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—playing in *The Blue Moon Murder Mystery*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Knapp, Evalyn—playing in *Air Hostess*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kohler, Fred—playing in *Wild Horse Mesa*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Laughton, Charles—recently completed *Island of Lost Souls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—recently completed *No More Orchids*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—recently completed *Grand Slam*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—latest release *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McHugh, Frank—recently completed *Grand Slam*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Merkel, Una—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Miljan, John—recently completed *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morley, Karen—recently completed *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Muni, Paul—latest release *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*—Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, James—playing in *Air Hostess*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Fast Life*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—latest release *Rackety Rax*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Nugent, Edward J.—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Uptown New York*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Malley, Pat—playing in *The Penal Code*—International Studios, 4376 Sunset Dr., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Pallette, Eugene—playing in *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pichel, Irving—recently completed *Island of Lost Souls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Under-Cover Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—latest release *Silver Dollar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Ginger—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruggles, Charles—playing in *Madame Butterfly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott, Randolph—playing in *Wild Horse Mesa*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shannon, Peggy—latest release *False Faces*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—latest release *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Madame Butterfly*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—recently completed *Ladies They Talk About*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stevens, Onslow—recently completed *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—recently completed *Laughter In Hell*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Talbot, Lyle—playing in *The Sucker*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *Infernal Machine*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Todd, Thelma—playing in *Air Hostess*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Hot Pepper*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Walthall, Henry B.—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wheeler, Bert—playing in *That's Africa*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Woolsey, Robert—playing in *That's Africa*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *The Wax Museum*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *The Sucker*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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Seeing "Cavalcade" thru Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 94*)

stumbled across a new difficulty. He had wanted well-bred English children and he had obtained them. Only one was too well-bred. Little Sheila MacGill, daughter of Patrick MacGill, the Irish poet and former librarian to King George V, acting her first rôle, would not follow the director's order. He had told her to throw a toy cannon at one of the boys. And it was impolite to throw things. Mama had taught her that.

Mama was found, after some delay, and she explained that it would be all right to throw the toy, just this once. Wonderingly, little Sheila obeyed. You will notice how well when you see the picture.

The young mother hears news of the ending of the Boer War while attending a theatre. Here, again, Hollywood will revel in the attention given details, as a comic opera of 1900 is presented—for Hollywood knows that Sammy Lee trained a cast and chorus of sixty people for four weeks in preparation for these few brief moments.

Some of the Famous Extras

THE story moves on. A Victorian ball celebrating the return of the C.I.V. is depicted with all the pomp and ceremony of the time. Among the extras and bit players who worked in the ballroom scenes were many women of wealth, playing for the fun of it and donating their salary checks for the day to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. You may recognize, if you look closely among the mob, Helene Chadwick, star of a former day, Mrs. Ernest Torrence and Mrs. Montagu Love. There were several bearers of real titles on the set, too, among them Lady North and Lady Irene Spencer Churchill, niece of Winston Churchill. Lady Irene appears again later as an English war nurse, a part she really played for four years.

The death of Queen Victoria, and the mourning of a nation, are briefly touched upon before the scene changes to a later date. The butler and his wife have left the service of the *Marryots* to open a public barroom of their own. To furnish the barroom, a real old English "pub" was purchased and stripped, and its fixtures—bar, posters, even bottles—shipped intact.

Joe Thompson, master of properties for "Cavalcade," tells an amusing tale of how the "pub" bottles came through customs. They were ordered sent empty to be filled with colored water in Hollywood. Imagine Thompson's surprise, then, when he went to check the shipment through customs, to find every bottle filled. He admits near heart failure when a customs inspector picked up a fine old brandy bottle, shook its gurgling contents and reached for a corkscrew. Fortunately for Joe, the "liquor" turned out to be only colored water which an over-zealous purchasing agent had prepared in London. Still, the inspector continued suspicious. He insisted upon opening every bottle in every case.

To get back to the children, they are growing up. *Fanny*, daughter of *Bridges* and *Ellen*, has become a night-club entertainer and young *Joe Marryot* is more than a little interested in her. *Edward*, the other *Marryot* son, has already married *Edith*, his childhood playmate. They sail on their honeymoon—on the ill-fated *Titanic*. (In this scene, even the lettering on the life preservers is duplicated exactly.)

With only *Joe Marryot* left, his mother dreads the approach of war. But all her prayers cannot stem its tide. War sweeps over England, carrying everything with it. Her husband enlists—and so does *Joe*.

The story of "Cavalcade" is more concerned with the after-effects of world strife than with the war, itself. Two full days were devoted to filming war scenes that, when cut, will consume only two minutes on the screen.

A Dramatic Day Is Relived

SO we come to the Armistice. This is the big day of the picture. A tensely dramatic scene will precede the demonstration when you see "Cavalcade" projected in your local theatre. This scene will show *Jane Marryot* receiving the news of *Joe's* death as the crowds outside her windows proclaim peace.

By chance, rather than by design, the filming of Armistice Day, 1918, fell on Armistice Day, 1932. Twenty-five hundred extras were ordered to fill every inch of the large set that had been constructed with mathematical accuracy to duplicate, exactly, London's historic Trafalgar Square.

For months William Tummel, Lloyd's able assistant, had been interviewing English men, women and children while casting the hundred and forty speaking parts and bits. He had wisely kept the address of every applicant and when time came to find twenty-five hundred people who really knew how England celebrated its Armistice, he had the list ready.

The day began with a three-minute silence, while the thousands stood side by side, heads bared and bowed, facing West. A moment later pandemonium broke loose. The celebration was on.

Hollywood knows all the inside story of this day, for nearly all of Hollywood turned out to watch the spectacle being taken. The list of visitors read like a roll-call of the studios. Ann Harding came in the evening to see Diana Wynyard play the big scene that Ann, herself, wanted to play. Beside her stood the English players, Ronald Colman and Leslie Howard. Boris Karloff and Ernest Torrence, both Londoners, wandered around a Trafalgar Square so nearly like the original that they said it made them homesick. An old gateman, employee of Fox, stood on the set, his hand caressing one of the three ancient taxicabs brought from London.

The quest for old taxis proved extremely difficult. The research department discovered the fact that the first London taxi appeared on the streets in 1903 and the following year saw only four, while 1905 brought a total of nineteen into use. England was scoured for cabs dating back as far as possible. And Props came proudly home with three—a 1906 Charron, a 1910 Argyle and 1914 Unic. They all ran. Watch for them in the picture. The total purchase price was £38. Now, that's what I call going some, though, knowing what I do of the thoroughness with which every phase of this production was attacked. I am surprised they did not succeed in buying the *original* taxi.

There were tears in many eyes, good English tears, caused by this real bit of old London that Fox had re-created in Hollywood. Don't talk to us about English sentiment. We have seen it displayed with no embarrassment. Comrades were reunited with comrades they hadn't seen in years. A man, blinded in the War, listened to friends describing the celebration of peace.

Much of this fine spirit must have been caught by the camera. You will doubtless recognize it even without knowing why. But isn't it more interesting to know why—to see "Cavalcade" through Hollywood's eyes?

No More "Nighties" for Jeanette

(*Continued from page 27*)

Here's Jeanette MacDonald lolling in the luxurious boa-trimmed negligee she wore in "Let's Go Native"

drama in place of Lubitsch-concocted naughtiness. But it's easy to see how the casting directors think of gaiety and lightness when it comes to casting Jeanette. There's something musical-comedy about her and her surroundings, even so far away from the studios as Linden Drive, Beverly Hills.

In the first place, it's a gay, big house, filled with sunlight, an enormous English sheep dog that labors under the illusion he is of the "lap" variety, the shrill song of a next-door rooster that performs all hours of the day and night, a constantly ringing telephone, and the explosive mutterings of a household of "international" servants, who appear to converse in all languages, including the Turkish. At odd moments an amiable lady, who is officially a secretary, appears on the scene to hurl rapid-fire and jovial French comments at her employer.

The Tumult She Lives In

TRANSLATED, these outbursts might mean that the handsome "cop" is at the door again to remind Miss MacDonald that her car must not remain parked in front of the house all night; or her gown shop wants to know if she wants that little "model"; or the neighborhood youngsters are at the door again . . . will she give them some chocolate cake? From the swinging kitchen door comes the highly colorful comments of a male cook, who prefers to talk to himself in Turkish, of all languages! With considerable excitement, he arrives to say that Mr. Bob Ritchie (Jeanette's perennial fiancé) is calling long-distance from New York. What to do? What to do? The doorbell rings . . . the telephone rings . . . a telegram arrives . . . from upstairs Jeanette's mother calls, "Jeanette!"

In the midst of this excitement, apparently unaware of the madhouse activity, sits the beautiful Jeanette, who has just had a stunning black frock ripped to pieces by "Captain," the behemoth hound, which took a notion he wanted to sit in her lap. Apparently, even dress-ripping is nothing unusual in the MacDonald household, for Jeanette merely tweaks his ear fondly and lets it go at that.

However, between the handsome policeman's calls, the telephone, the secretary and the activities of "Captain," I did manage to learn that Jeanette is planning to interrupt her Hollywood career temporarily for six months of the stage and screen in Europe. Her immediate plan is to do a musical show in Paris first. The pink-and-white-and-gold MacDonald is a tremendous personal favorite in the French capital and, if the musical comedy plans fall through, she will do several months of "personal appearances." But her real plot is far deeper than that.

She and Chevalier Part

THE plans are too formative to announce at this time, but there is a strong possibility that Jeanette will make a dramatic picture opposite one of Germany's greatest and most dramatic character actors. It is Jeanette's private hunch that, should this come to pass, American movie producers would quickly "follow the leader" and contract her for the more dramatic offerings of American film fare.

"I hope it isn't giving away any studio secret to let you know that it is practically definite that Maurice Chevalier and I shall not make any more pictures together. No, there hasn't been any quarrel, or professional misunderstanding, between us. I admire Maurice tremendously and I value his friendship. The real, honest-to-goodness reason back of our professional break is the fact that our combined salaries are too much for one production. As a team, we cost too much!"

It developed that Robert Ritchie was setting sail that very day for France, where he would attend to all the little details of contract and appearances, like the good business manager he is. Jeanette was planning to follow with her mother, the secretary, and the international cook—not to forget "Captain"—within the week. But say it in as many languages as you like, and protest though you may, Jeanette is telling you in good, old, understandable English that, so far as she is concerned, there will be "No more nighties!"

"MURINE'S JUST GREAT FOR TIRED, ACHING EYES!"

SAYS A NEW YORK STENOGRAPHER

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"Now, however, I simply apply a few drops of *Murine* and in no time at all my eyes feel fresh and rested again. What's more, it makes them clearer, brighter and more attractive. *Murine's* just great for tired, aching eyes!"

Thus does another add her praise to that of millions who know there's nothing like *Murine* for quickly and safely relieving eye weariness. Formula of a veteran eye specialist, it contains 10 ingredients which act to invigorate the eyes and to make them clear and sparkling. Sold by all drug stores.

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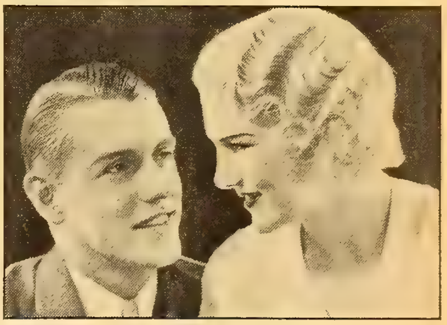

Personal: to Blondes

TESTS made at a great college prove it's more thrilling to men to kiss a blonde than a brunette or red-head. Science says this is because blondes' light hair makes them seem more feminine, flowerlike. But dull blondes might as well be brunettes. Don't let *your* hair get drab, dark. Blondex Shampoo actually makes blonde hair two shades lighter. Brings out all the shimmering, golden lights. Gives to dull, stringy light hair a satiny, rippling halo of blonde loveliness. Formerly sold only in the $1.00 size, you can now get Blondex in the new 25¢ size. Try this inexpensive size today. At all drug and dept. stores.

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Address________

News and Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 89)

SIDNEY FOX, Universal's five-foot star, was loaned to a foreign film company making an English version of Cervantes' "Don Quixote" at Nice, France. The length of the loan was for eighty days. Sidney practically broke a record in getting to Nice from Hollywood, making the trip in twelve days. And when she got there, the scenario writers were still in closed session on the script! Incidentally, Sidney is in high dramatic society. The star of the film is Feodor Chaliapin, the famous Russian singer. Even if she did have to rush a bit, Hollywood figures Sidney got a real break.

RALPH GRAVES, who writes as well as acts, has penned a tome called "Hollywood Bridge"—and it's supposed to be about contract bridge. Nervous Hollywood wonders if it's going to be kidded again . . . And another Hollywood author is Lina Basquette, who has just written her first novel, "Flame of the Pampas," and has had it accepted for publication . . . . Charlie Chaplin has just put the finishing touches on his story of his world trip . . . Elissa Landi is working on her fourth—or is it her fifth?—novel.

CLARA BOW, for all her external changes, is still the same big-hearted Clara. When recently a young boy was found prowling on her premises and arrested, he said that all he was seeking was something to eat. Clara believed him, said she would refuse to appear against him, and asked the police to let him come in her house and have whatever he wanted to eat. But the police, no doubt impressed by Clara's hospitality, took the boy off and fed him, themselves. He's a Clara Bow fan now.

VINCE BARNETT, Hollywood's professional "insulter" and jokester, is playing a rôle in Wally Beery's new picture. Hence:

"I see that Wally Beery likes roast beef!"

"Yeah? Why?"

"I see where they have given him the Prime Ribber!"

Ouch!

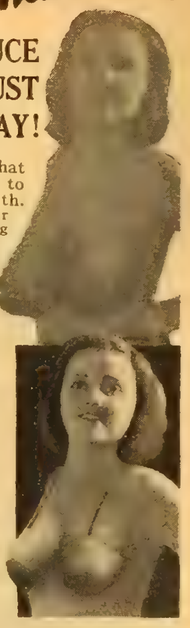
KATHARINE HEPBURN is a most disconcerting, and to many newspaper reporters, a most irritating young woman. She has a "cute" little habit of making up perfectly whopping fibs about herself and passing the information around as authentic facts of her life. She told one reporter that she had been married so many times she "couldn't remember" the exact number of husbands. To another she "confided" that she had never even been engaged. One moment Greta Garbo is her favorite screen star and the next, she is quoted as saying that Helen Hayes is her only screen idol. One harassed young scribe dared to ask la Hepburn if it was true that she is a very, very rich young woman.

"Really," she answered, "I can't remember. What do you think?"

THIS is almost good enough for a *Ripley* . . . but we hear that Marian Marsh (former leading lady to John Barrymore) seriously objected to playing love scenes with Joel McCrea . . . of all people!

Not that Marian had anything personal against the personable Mr. McCrea . . . it was just that she felt the particular love scene in question was unnecessary to the story.

But unnecessary or not, can you imagine it? Or are you a Clark Gable fan?



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UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
538 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood California

CHOOSE your ROUGE SHADES this new fascinating way

forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume

BY PATRICIA GORDON

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. It does what no other lip rouge has ever done; colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible, permanent. You'll love it!

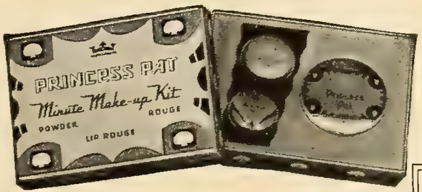
WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Tan.* For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



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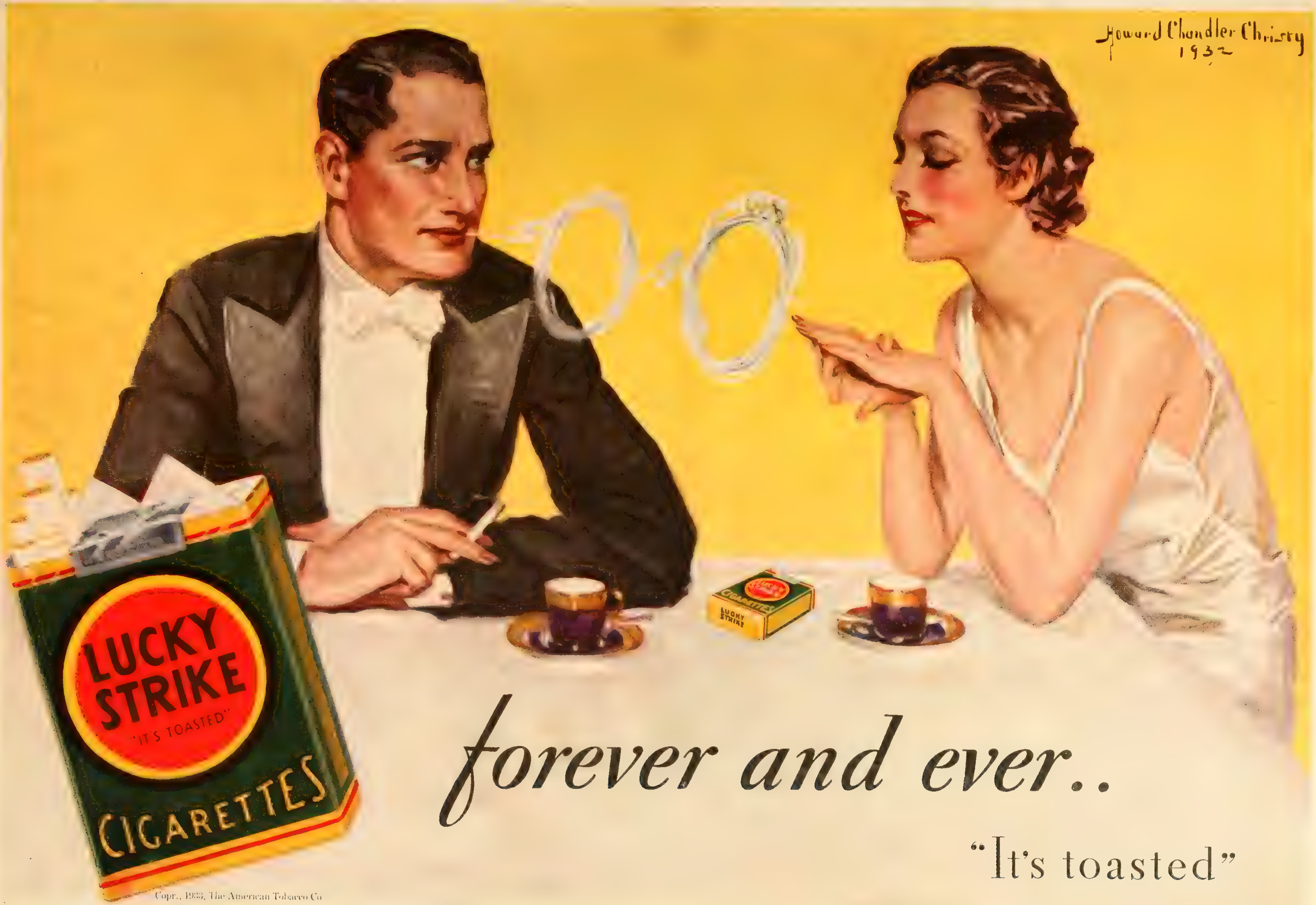
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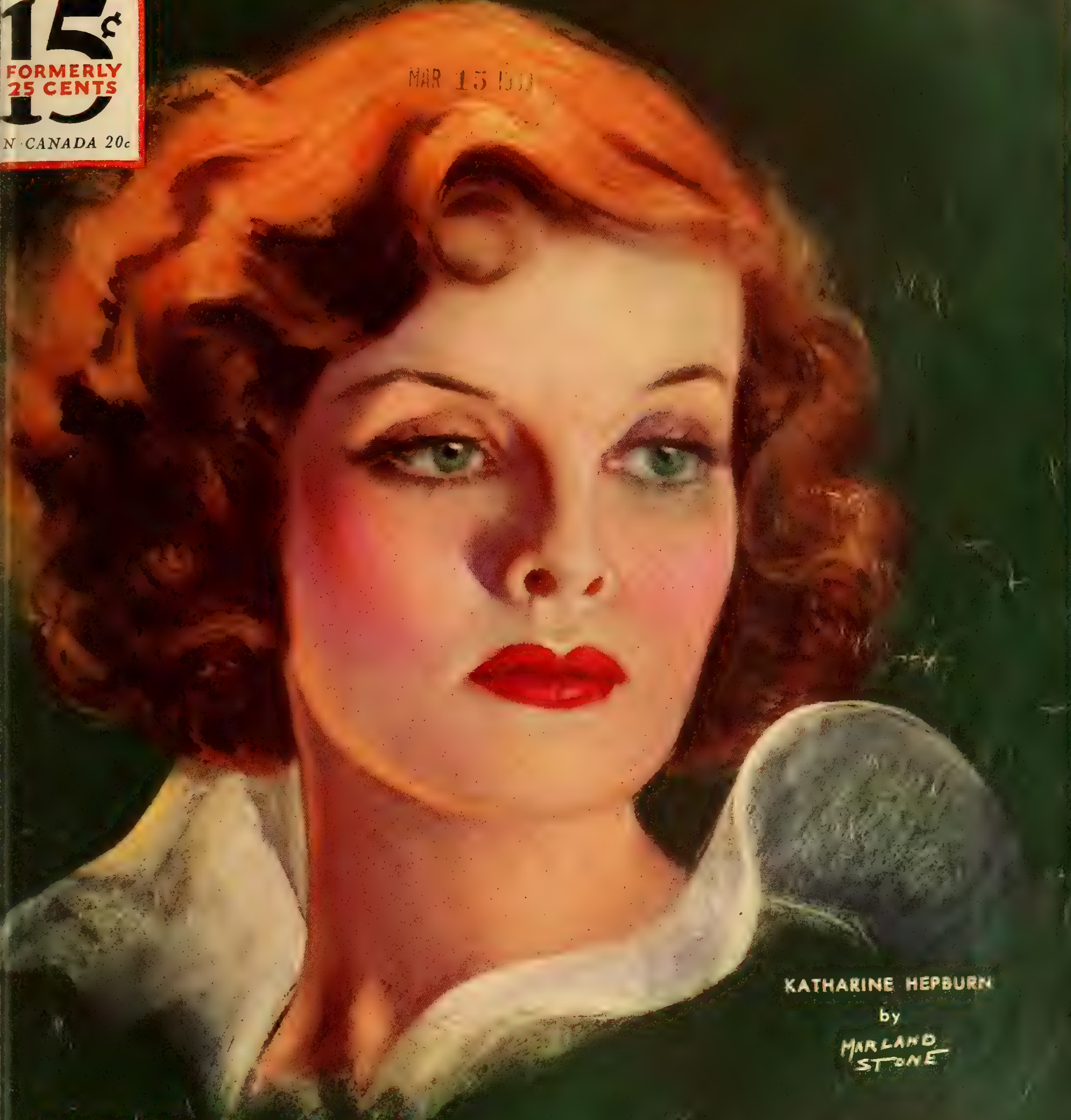

KATHARINE HEPBURN
by
MARLAND STONE

THIS MONTH IT'S
CONNIE BENNETT . . . ASK HER A QUESTION

SEE PAGE 30

It's hard for a Hungry citizen

to be a Good CITIZEN

THE boy whose stomach is empty cannot be expected to do good work at school. Babies undernourished through another winter may be handicapped by frail bodies through life. The hungry father of a hungry family is hardly the man to seek employment with persistence, or to do well on the job when he gets it.

Before you can save a man's soul it is often necessary to feed his body. You have no right to expect the civic virtues of patience, courage and honesty from starving, freezing men and women. If they preserve a just attitude towards the laws of the city in which they live, it is a miracle.

This winter, as never before, it is the duty of all who are well-clad, well-housed, and well-fed to help the less fortunate. The fact that you gave last year, and the year before, does not lessen your responsibility. The fact that you cannot afford a large contribution must not deter you. The upturn of business with a gradual improvement of economic conditions does not remove the crisis of this moment. Emergency appropriations by the federal government amount to $300,000,000, but they meet only half the increased national needs for human relief.

The rest is up to you!

How will your dollars be used? First of all, they will feed the hungry, and relieve the absolute want of the unemployed.

They will be used, also, to take care of the sick and aged. They will help to maintain hospitals, orphanages and schools. They will make possible clinics and visiting nurses.

The dollars you give are invested in the forces of civilization right in your community!

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION, 1932

The Welfare and relief Mobilization for 1932 is a cooperative national program to reinforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised; each community is making provisions for its own people; each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Give *through your established welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committee.*

Newton D. Baker, Chairman, National Citizens' Committee

This winter, as never before, support your local Community Campaign

Motion Picture

MARCH
1933

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLV, No. 2

KATHARINE HEPBURN —a New Kind of Star!

Ever since she arrived on the movie scene, she has frowned on publicity. Not having met any actress like this before, her studio didn't suspect it had a sensation on its hands until "A Bill of Divorcement" was released—and the public went mad about her!

She looks a bit like Garbo, but she is too individual to be compared to anyone. Fame hasn't made her self-consciously dignified—it has amused her. She talks with interviewers, but keeps them guessing. They've started wondering if she is hiding some Secret Sorrow!

But maybe the real secret is that here is a girl who's asking, "What has publicity to do with acting ability, anyway?" It would be just like Katharine!

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Cover Design of Katharine Hepburn Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Is Zasu Pitts—droll, wan Zasu—really planning to go dramatic? Read the letter below, Zasu, and reconsider!

$20.00 Letter

Please Don't Go Dramatic, Zasu

HUNTINGDON, TENN.—News that Zasu Pitts aspires to become a dramatic actress, coupled with the present depression, is almost too much to bear. Reports that her former comedy ventures have spoiled her chances for a "heavy" career have caused her legion of admirers to rejoice. We cannot allow Zasu to go "Barrymoric." We must have someone to cheer us up these days. Think of worrying all day about losing your present job, then dropping into a movie with your last fifty-cent piece, and seeing a "soggy" drama that adds to your woes. No, Zasu, we won't let you get serious; we need someone to make us laugh.

It takes more acting ability and knowledge of human nature to keep a theatre full of people laughing, than it does to throw them gobs of modernized "Hamlet." The reason Zasu is not starred just shows that the Barnum theory applies to movie magnates . . . but anyway, Zasu, please don't go "heavy." Somebody's got to help us forget our worries. *Richard Greene.*

$10.00 Letter

The Much-Abused Screen Collegian

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—Being a college student, I wish to discuss a side of the movies that I have not yet seen in the Letter Page; namely, the popular version of a college student as portrayed by the large number of college pictures recently appearing on the screen.

It is really amusing for a hard-working, serious-minded college student to go to the movies and see himself on the screen in the rôle of a gin-sotted, raccoon-covered, football-mad numbskull carrying a pennant in one hand and a flask in the other while a sweet, demure, painted little co-ed hangs on either arm and yells for dear old Blah-Blah.

Perhaps it is pathetic, too. For evidently the general public draws its censure of college students from the movies. And what pictures they draw!

Why do not some of the enterprising movie companies produce a picture showing college life as it really is and give the poor, censured college student a break? Do they think there isn't enough thrill to a real college scene?

Anyway, the college students are good sports. They enjoy the movies and they go full force. They know their pictures, too. That's *one* advantage of getting an education!

Clarence Edward Boggs.

$5.00 Letter

Nursing Profession Congratulates Aline

PERU, NEB.—Tonight I saw a great picture—"Life Begins." The whole thing was exceptionally well done, with Aline MacMahon distinguishing herself.

I was so well pleased with the splendid characterization of the nurse, as played by Aline MacMahon, that I had to write about her.

The nursing profession has long been disgruntled by its interpretation on the screen, the stage, and in fiction. The nurse is either a saint or sinner; either a soulless machine, or a chattering, stupid busybody. Miss MacMahon gives a human, true, interpretation of the modern 1933 nurse. Being a Registered Nurse, I ought to know.

I congratulate her.

Ruth Ahlberg.

More Praise for "Smilin' Through"

MODESTO, CAL.—From the moment the curtain rose on the first scene of "Smilin' Through," I knew I was to witness something unusual in the line of pictures. But little did I realize the depth of the story to be unfolded.

Yes, it is "poignant, inspiring, refreshing"—but that is putting it mildly, indeed! I've searched in vain for suitable words with which to describe the picture. It would take a more polished vocabulary than mine to explain how impressed I was.

Separated, Norma Shearer and Fredric March are grand! Together—! My poor vocabulary again fails to express my enthusiasm. And Leslie Howard—I never before realized what a great artist he is. (Move over, George Arliss, and share your throne with another great one.)

Though I sat through part of the picture with "tear-dimmed eyes," (and I'm not ashamed of it), I left the theatre strangely rested and contented, and none the less in a thoughtful mood.

A bouquet for Sidney Franklin! Under his direction Jane Cowl's immortal play takes on a power and beauty that is destined to make "Smilin' Through" one of the few never-to-be-forgotten pictures of the screen.

It gives one something to think about—I shall never forget it!

(*Miss*) *Maxine Kempe.*

(*Continued on page 87*)

And let's hope producers read what a registered nurse says about Aline MacMahon as the nurse in "Life Begins!"

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Hollywood's Roll of Honor

AND ALL OF THEM IN

STATE FAIR

JANET GAYNOR

as "Margy Frake" who falls in love with "Pat Gilbert" (Lew Ayres).

LEW AYRES

as "Pat Gilbert," reporter, and Margy's sweetheart.

NORMAN FOSTER

"Wayne Frake," son of Abel, who falls for "Emily Joyce" (Sally Eilers).

FRANK CRAVEN

the storekeeper, a dour country philosopher.

WILL ROGERS

as "Abel Frake" father of Margy and owner of "Blue Boy".

SALLY EILERS

as "Emily Joyce," a performer at the fair.

LOUISE DRESSER

as "Melissa Frake" mother of Margy and Wayne.

VICTOR JORY

Barker for the Hoopla Stand at the "State Fair."

● Another sensational screen treat from FOX. Phil Stong's best seller, "State Fair"—the novel that millions are talking about—with these eight popular screen stars in the leading roles, is already being hailed as one of the outstanding hits of 1933. Whether you read the book or not, here is ONE PICTURE EVERYONE WILL WANT TO SEE!

FOX PICTURE

●

A HENRY KING Production

NEWS! You Said it! Found—a Movie Couple Married THIRTY YEARS!

Just grasp the fact if you can—a Hollywood couple wed thirty years! It's almost an item for Ripley. It's certainly a cause for celebration. The Ernest Torrences celebrated with a costume party for their friends, the Who's Who of Hollywood. Left, you see the long-time bride and groom in their wedding finery, trying to look as serious as they were thirty years ago. Below, you see Ronald Colman, Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks, trying to look comfortable in good old 1902 style

Grasping Kathryn Carver and his iron hat, Adolphe Menjou is "all sot" for his tintype. Right, Joan Blondell, as an old time "burleycue" queen, is on the lookout, no doubt, for a "drummer"

Left, William Powell, as a sporty lad, kids a poor Floradora Girl,—Carole Lombard; next, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, as A Lady and No Gent. Right, Winslow Felix finds three's a crowd on a settee, when Lois Wilson and Joan Bennett, are all fluffed out in 1900 style. Wonder who'll next have a thirtieth anniversary party?

All photos by Wide World

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

THE DENTIST If you like nonsense and clever pantomime, and don't object to a bit of slapstick well done, you'll have a hilarious time when you see W. C. Fields in this Mack Sennett number. I wouldn't be a bit surprised, personally, if the "W. C." in his name stood for "Whatta Clown." For his wrestling bout with a cake of ice and his outrageous game of golf are still as funny as they ever were in the "Follies." And between his absent-mindedness and his pugnacious wisecracks, he makes a screamingly funny dentist—with two terrified girls, and a man with a forest of whiskers, as the victims of his misdirected genius. (Paramount)

PASSING THE BUCK There's a clever idea behind this musical novelty. At some time or other, everyone has wondered through what hands his money passed. And this tells a story of the characters who have handled a couple of old dollar bills that are about to be destroyed. Since it is a musical picture, you have to expect that the bills spend part of their lives among the revues of Broadway and Harlem, but they also go abroad on a sailing sloop and even turn up at Monte Carlo, in both of which settings Alexander Gray—late of Hollywood, and now of Broadway and radio—delivers some excellent baritone singing. (Vitaphone)

THE RINK It has been sixteen years since Charlie Chaplin first cavorted in "The Rink," but it's still good for a barrage of laughs—which may or may not prove the theory that Chaplin's comedy would appeal to all types in all ages. It's jerky and it's slapstick, but it's continuously funny. (Charlie didn't go in for the wistful, semi-tragic touch in those days.) First, he is a blundering waiter in a restaurant; then he shifts his blundering to a roller-skating rink—where you see him (right) with Edna Purviance. Sound effects, newly added, heighten the comic shocks of the slapstick. And several other old Chaplin two-reelers are promised us! (RKO)

OVER THE COUNTER With the horrors of the recent shopping season still fresh in mind, the department store addicts will probably hail this musical novelty with cheers and shouts—not to mention huzzas. For the idea behind it tickles the fancy. The son of a mercantile magnate, modernizing his father's store, puts in a department where husbands may be checked while their wives battle for bargains. It so happens that the department is in charge of a corps of dazzling chorus girls, who put on a revue that has real Broadway rhythm, dash and class. A cheerful little earful—and eyeful, featuring Franklyn Pangborn, Sidney Toler and Eleanor Thatcher. (M-G-M)

SWING HIGH Bearing the same title as the Helen Twelvetrees circus drama of a few seasons ago, this latest chapter in the Sport Champion series also deals with trapeze artists—and it's a thriller. If you thought Johnny Weissmuller did some clever aerial acrobatics in "Tarzan," you should catch a glimpse of the "Flying Codonas"—two brothers and Vera Bruce—as they demonstrate why they're the champions of the trapeze world. Up near the peak of the Big Top, they spin, they leap, turn somersaults, make dangerous catches of each other, all perfectly timed. It may remind you a bit of "Variety." See it and hold your breath! (M-G-M)

THE WONDER CITY As many times as you have seen New York on the screen, you are likely to get a thrill out of this unusual scenic—which shows a New York that even New Yorkers know little about. It's the New York of the late night hours, when the Great White Way has paled, and the enchantment of night bears down on the skyscrapers. Nicholas Cavaliere, who has an eye for beauty, takes his camera all around Manhattan Island—showing you the skyline from the harbor, with lights dotting the tall buildings, some of the famous streets and bridges, and the riverfront at dawn. It puts you in a mood. (Educational)

GLAD RAGS TO RICHES Educational's Baby Stars—who are real infants, and no relation to the screen debs who are Wampas Baby Stars—do a "baby burlesque" of movie melodramas about cabaret night-life that will probably amuse grown-ups more than youngsters. A beautiful country girl (all of two and a half years old) is forced by a cruel fate to sing and dance in a night-club, where the proprietor (who must be three or four) is a vil-lun. Their lines, uttered in childish trebles, are taken from old sin-and-repent thrillers—and the heroine even sings "Just a Bird in a Gilded Cage." (Educational)

THEN CAME THE YAWN The screen constantly drafts the best dramatic talent that the stage has to offer, but it seems wary of signing up the Broadway comedians for any length of time. Consider Ed Wynn, W. C. Fields, George M. Cohan—and Jack Haley. Why is it? That's what you're likely to wonder about Haley, for one, after you see him in this short comedy with the punny title. He's obviously in the same class with Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin. Here, troubled by a sleeping affliction that always overcomes him at the wrong moments, he gets in one scrape after another, for a constant stream of laughs. (Vitaphone)

That famous sex-appeal expert, Mae West, is working under wraps, apparently, in "She Done Him Wrong," which she also wrote—but she'll find a way to take your attention away from the showgirls!

The MOVIE CIRCUS

Motion Picture

presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By

FRANK MORLEY

WINTER has come to the village, with some of that "lousy weather" that Tallulah was asking for; but the three-ring circus, rather than having its spirits dampened, seems to be going giddier than ever. Perhaps the most important sane event of the month was the Academy dinner, what with its awards, the Disney animated Parade of the Contestants, and general sense of giving a pat on the back to all those who attempt something besides just to make money out of the picture business. We hope never to miss another of these elegant celebrations.

THIS year the speeches were short and snappy, a bit too snappy in the estimation of some radio stations. If they cut you off in the middle of Freddie March's speech, what he said was that he thought it a bit ironic that Wally Beery and he—both recent adopters of children—should be picked as gentlemen giving the best performances of the year.

HELEN HAYES, in replying to her award, admitted as how she hadn't been so thrilled since the time her answer was "Isn't she red?"—in other words when she got her first glimpse of her famous "Act of God baby."

THERE was a well-known director down at Caliente who thought he had an award coming, too. He lost his false teeth under the roulette table, had them picked up by a friend and placed on a number which promptly came up! But the house, like a lot of meanies, refused to pay off.

HIS irritation was little, however, compared to that of a writer in one of the larger studios when the first draft of one of his stories was sent around, by an associate producer, to the other writers and executives on the lot with this notation: "It will be noticed that the story is incomplete and written in a slovenly manner. This is because I have been unable to get the writer to cooperate with me on the story, or to devote his time to writing."

And was the scribe burned? My, my, my. And yes, yes, yes!

LEE TRACY also was a bit put out, the other day during the making of "Private Jones." Lee, in a K. P. scene of the doughboy drama, was peeling onions when his eyes began to water vigorously. "Don't cry," the director protested, "you aren't that mad about it."

"How can I help it?" Lee retorted, and wouldn't play any more until they had got him potatoes to play with.

BUT perhaps nothing in all Hollywood causes its people more irritation than the dialogue in some of the cheap, independent productions—which they have happened on, drawn by flashing preview beacons, in the belief they are to see a first showing of one of the regular companies. We submit this bit of wordage, recently heard in a hurried production of one offender, as an example of why a lot of pictures never get into theatres.

"Go to bed," one character advised another, "and ease your conscience."

The reply was "Naturally."

And they retired Tony, the horse!

MENTION of horse sense invariably makes one think of Allison Skipworth, she with the infalliable excuse for getting out of anything she doesn't relish. This is to answer the request with: "I'm sorry, but I'm leaving for New York on Monday."

"It's no fib," she claims. "I don't say which Monday, and when I go it will be just like that. I'll pack Saturday, rest Sunday and fly Monday. I hate trains."

MISS SKIPWORTH'S co-worker on the Paramount lot, Mae West, has solved the studio mystery: i.e., where Clark Gable ate his lunch. Finally La West discovered the visiting actor—borrowed for "No Man of Her Own"—in the middle of a gang of carpenters at the short-order counter. He preferred a stool with the boys to a table with the other stars, writers and directors. That's Gable.

WE have a mystery, too: why it happens that the half-dozen hard-looking guys making the very tough derelict rum-runner picture, "Destination Unknown," happen to be ex-chorus men? We refer to the Messrs. Pat O'Brien, Ralph Bellamy, Russell Hopton, Alan Hale, Noel Madison and Stanley Fields.

FOR former gentlemen of the ensemble, they certainly are a virile-looking lot. Particularly the last named, Fields. Thus it must have been a very, very bad lad who had the courage to enter his home when the heavy was taking a nap, look upon the stubble-bestrewn face upon the pillow, then take a watch and ring from the night table a few inches from it!

The topper came, however, when the thief was caught and brought to court. When Fields appeared to face the defendant, the Judge looked for a time at the two men. Then he asked: "Which one is being held for the robbery?"

THIS business of striking terror to the hearts of the public has curious angles, if we are to heed Boris "Monster Mans" Karloff. "To put it simply," says Karloff, "I first scare myself. Otherwise, I should not be able to get the feel of the part. In a rôle like that of *Dr. Fu Manchu* it is

(*Continued on page 85*)

A MAGIC NAME

BLAZES ANEW!

Warner Bros. bring you again THE STANWYCK THEY TALKED ABOUT in "Night Nurse" and "Illicit"

At last! Her radiant beauty, her throbbing artistry are given the sweep and sway deserved by the most entrancing personality on the screen. See her now in all her seductive glory as a girl who asked all men for love—and tricked them when they offered it! Is she really wicked—or just maddeningly, fatally alluring? Find out in the most startling Stanwyck hit in years!

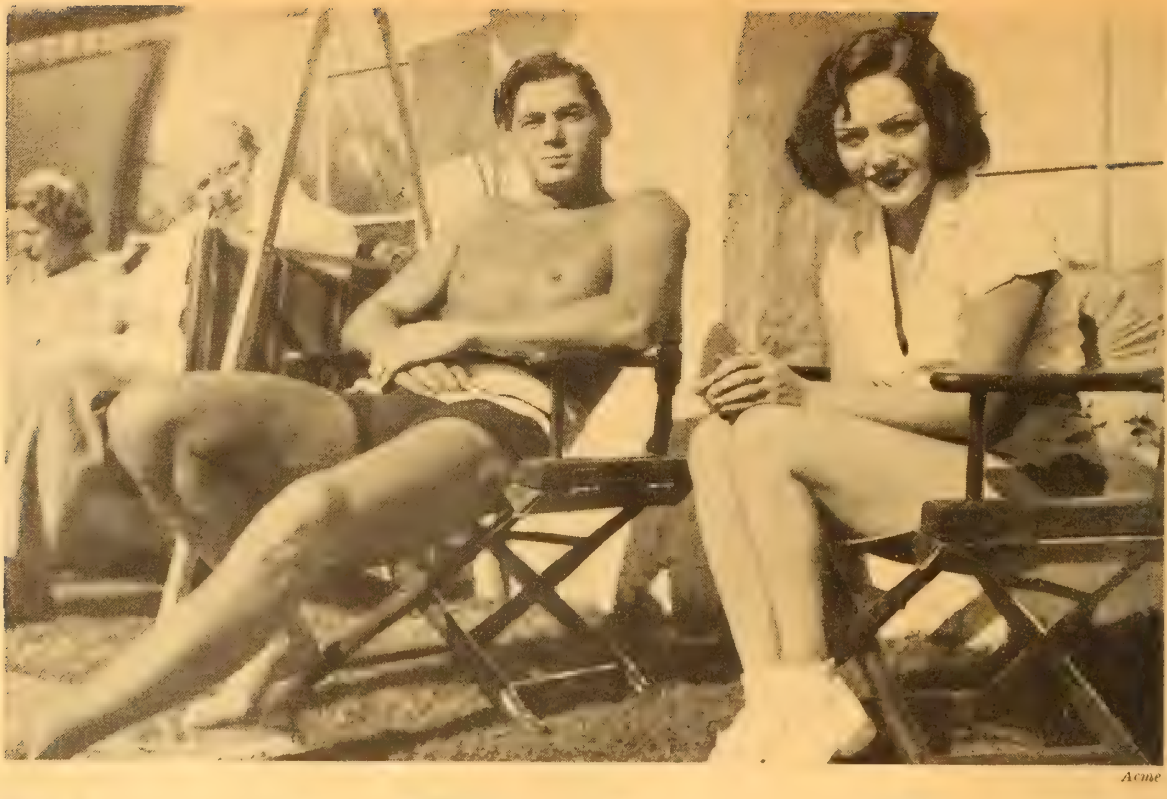
Barbara STANWYCK

in

"LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT"

With Preston S. Foster, Lyle Talbot. Directed by Howard Bretherton & William Keighley. Add it to "I Am A Fugitive", "Silver Dollar", "20,000 Years in Sing Sing", and others in the amazing list of hits from

WARNER BROS.



Acme

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

1. Can you name the dark-haired beauty pictured above, and also her companion?

2. Do you know the film cowboy who is retiring from the screen?

3. What are the names of the fifteen Hollywood beauties who were picked as 1932 Baby Stars by the Wampas?

4. Can you name the movie star who was married at Harrison, New York, at 5:00 A.M.?

5. Do you know the principals in a soon-to-be-staged reconciliation?

6. What motion picture director has placed a huge solitaire on Lila Lee's finger?

7. A movie player and her husband have jokingly threatened to be married in every state in the union. Who are they?

8. Who is the very popular screen star who has separated from her husband?

9. Do you know the two movie personalities who, Hollywood suspects, are secretly married?

10. What movie actress had to leave Hollywood because of the expiration of her United States passport?

11. Can you name the Hollywood screen star whose fiancé hinted they will be married during their stay in France?

12. To whom was Barbara Kent married during December and what are his movie connections?

13. Against what famous film actor did the United States recently file a tax lien?

14. With what picture will Bette Davis become a motion picture star?

15. Who is the blues singer who will shortly be wed to a judge?

16. The estranged wife of what screen actor had him held on charges of non-support and later was reconciled to him?

17. Do you know the blonde who is constantly seen with the handsome Cary Grant?

18. Name the noted stage and screen star who has just recovered from an attack of pneumonia.

19. Can you give the name of the film comedian who was secretly wed recently?

20. Who started annulment proceedings three hours after her marriage?

(*Answers to these questions on page 96*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By J. E. R.

Ruth Donnelly and Mary Brian (temporarily blonde) pick on James Cagney a bit in the comedy, "Hard to Handle"

The Bitter Tea of General Yen—Barbara Stanwyck, captured by revolutionaries, attempts some missionary work on a romantic Chinese general (Nils Asther) in a colorful melodrama that has an unexpected ending (Col.).

Breach of Promise—Mae Clarke sues Chester Morris, candidate for Senator, for breach of promise—and the developments are both unusual and dramatic, with an ending out of the ordinary (World Wide).

Call Her Savage—Clara Bow, with new poise, new figure and new haircut, makes a dramatic comeback and proves herself a real actress in a slight story about a fiery half-breed girl in search of romance (Fox).

Central Park—A melodramatic night in New York's big midtown pasture, with Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford in the center of things. It's doubtful if so much could happen in one night, even in Central Park (F. N.).

The Conquerors—An ambitious panorama of American life, on the order of "Cimarron," detailing the courage of two typical Americans—Richard Dix and Ann Harding—in a series of national crises. Dramatic and colorful (RKO).

Cynara—Ronald Colman becomes more emotional than he has ever been before, in a tense love story in which, tragically, he loves and is loved by two women (Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry). A picture that will stay with you (U. A.).

The Death Kiss—An entertainingly novel murder mystery, with a movie studio for its setting, the victim a screen lover, and the amateur detective (David Manners) a writer of detective stores. Bela Lugosi is also present (World Wide).

The Devil Is Driving—Now it's the stolen-car racket that is put on the movie spot, with Edmund Lowe and Wynne Gibson wisecracking and battling their way to a decision over the racketeers. Good light melodrama (Par.).

Fast Life—An uproarious satire of all the boat-racing thrillers ever made, which hasn't a serious moment and spoofs some good old hokum. William Haines takes a new lease on popularity (M-G-M).

Flesh—Wallace Beery turns in a powerful performance in a Jannings-like rôle, playing an honest, but bewildered wrestler who makes the tragic error of believing that he has found love (M-G-M).

The Half-Naked Truth—When is Lee Tracy going to relax the pace he's setting? Here he makes another rôle as real as life, and far more amusing—playing a ballyhoo artist who takes a carnival dancer (Lupe Velez) and puts Broadway at her shapely feet (RKO).

Hard to Handle—And James Cagney, who is Tracy's only competitor, also leads a harassed and amusing life as a press-agent who knows all the tricks of the trade. Fast-moving, like all Cagney pictures (W. B.).

He Learned about Women—Good, clean fun, in which Stuart Erwin, as a millionaire bookworm, hires Alison Skipworth and Susan Fleming to teach him the ways of the world. Marie Dressler had better watch out for Alison Skipworth (Par.).

Hypnotized—Moran and Mack, the Two Charcoal Crows, return to the screen in a Mack Sennett comedy about hypnotism that starts slowly, but warms up for a hilarious finish. Ernest Torrence, as the hypnotist, steals the picture (World Wide).

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang—One of those few pictures you will never forget. A powerful indictment of "man's inhumanity to man," with Paul Muni reaching great heights as a man whose life is wrecked by a prison sentence (W. B.).

If I Had a Million—A diverting picture, playing around with the idea of what an assorted collection of people would do if an eccentric millionaire suddenly gave them each a million. You'll enjoy the George Raft and Charles Laughton incidents, particularly (Par.).

Kameradschaft ("Comradeship")—A powerful German picture with English subtitles—about a disaster in a French mine near the German border, and the rescue efforts by the formerly hostile Germans. The suspense is terrific, the photography spectacular (Ass. Cinemas).

The Kid from Spain—Eddie Cantor goes irrepressibly insane in a musical comedy about bullfighting that ought to make even your Aunt Hattie laugh—through her blushes. And you should see the Goldwyn Girls! (U. A.).

King Kong—This one will turn your spine into an icicle. A giant ape of prehistoric proportions gets loose in New York, kidnaps Fay Wray, and carries her to the peak of a skyscraper. The pursuit packs a real thrill (RKO).

Ladies They Talk About—They are women convicts, as portrayed by Barbara Stanwyck, who goes blonde and defies the world to break her spirit. Good acting in a good melodrama (W. B.).

Laughter in Hell—Jim Tully's version of chain-gang life has some forceful moments, but goes sentimental. Pat O'Brien and Tom Brown are the chief victims of society (Univ.).

Lawyer Man—As an East Side lawyer who helps the downtrodden and takes up sharp practices in self-defense, William Powell turns in a colorful character study, with Joan Blondell his amusing secretary (F. N.).

Man Against Woman—Something new in detective stories—being a glimpse of the life of a private detective (Jack Holt), whose job is to shadow indiscreet women. An interesting yarn (Col.).

Manhattan Tower—A tangle of melodramatic life in a skyscraper, and a faint echo of "Skyscraper Souls," featuring Irene Rich, Mary Brian, James Hall and Hale Hamilton (Remington).

The Mask of Fu Manchu—Boris Karloff, as a sinister Oriental, who dreams of the yellow race's conquering the world, tries some diabolical tortures on a group of whites. Grade A horror melodrama (M-G-M).

The Match King—Based on the life of a late financier, this lays bare the cruel cleverness of a bluffer who talks in millions and hoodwinks whole nations. Another smooth portrayal by Warren William, aided by Lili Damita (F. N.).

Me and My Gal—An amusing little comedy melodrama about gangsters, an Irish cop (Spencer Tracy) and a wisecracking waitress (Joan Bennett). Joan, in a new type of rôle, is a big surprise (Fox).

Men of America—Bill Boyd and Chic Sale do what the rest of us may have to do some day—take the law into their own hands when racketeers go a bit too far. Melodrama with a capital "M" and a healthy dash of humor (RKO).

Nagana—In her second American picture, Tala Birell is an adventuress in equatorial Africa, with sleeping sickness and Melvyn Douglas to conquer. Better-than-average tropical drama (Univ.).

The Warden (Arthur Byron) parts Bette Davis and convict Spencer Tracy in "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing"

Barbara Stanwyck, a prisoner of Nils Asther in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," trusts him—but not Walter Connolly

No More Orchids—Carole Lombard is a rich girl who wants to marry a poor boy (Lyle Talbot), not a prince (Jameson Thomas)—and her difficulties are more amusing than you might suspect (Col.).

Officer 13—A motorcycle cop (Monte Blue) believes his buddy was murdered, not killed accidentally, and sets out to prove it. An action drama that will have the youngsters on the edges of their seats (Allied).

Penguin Pool Murder—Murder mystery in an aquarium, solved by eccentric Edna May Oliver and hard-boiled James Gleason. Their comedy makes it the season's lightest mystery "meller" (RKO).

The Racing Strain—The only notable thing about this typical auto-racing yarn is the fact that young and still immature Wallace Reid, Jr., who looks like his late and popular Dad, makes his movie bow as the hero (Irving).

Rockabye—Constance Bennett struggles nobly with a sad and sentimental story of an actress who wants and adopts a child, then is involved in a scandal, and fights against having her life wrecked. A woman's picture (RKO).

Secrets of the French Police—A beautiful flower girl (Gwili Andre) disappears, and the French police, headed by Frank Morgan, solve her disappearance in a detective thriller that is not only suspenseful, but unusual (RKO).

The Sign of the Cross—Cecil De Mille's spectacular version of the downfall of paganism under Nero and the rise of Christianity—with the spectacle less impressive than the acting of Charles Laughton, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March and Elissa Landi (Par.).

Silver Dollar—Edward G. Robinson's best picture—a vivid and colorful drama of the rise and fall of a silver pioneer. He has able assistance from Aline MacMahon and Bebe Daniels (F. N.).

The Son-Daughter—Helen Hayes suffers some tragic experiences as a Chinatown girl auctioned off to the highest bidder—though in love with Ramon Novarro. It lacks reality, but Helen's acting may give your emotions a wrench just the same (M-G-M).

Trailing the Killer—The best dog picture of the talkies—with an amazing wolf-dog tracking down the panther-murderer of a rancher's sheep. You won't forget the fight between the two, or the dog's battle with a big snake (World Wide).

Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing—After learning all about the horrors of prison life, now you learn something about the square deal that Sing Sing prisoners get—and sometimes abuse. Memorable drama, with Spencer Tracy in a memorable performance as a convict (F. N.).

Under-Cover Man—A fast-moving, well-knit melodrama about a gangster (George Raft) who is on the side of the police, chiefly because of his girl-friend, Nancy Carroll (Par.).

Uptown New York—There are some good situations and some good comedy in this Vina Delmar story, revolving around Jack Oakie as a brightly ambitious lad who is dumb when it comes to love (World Wide).

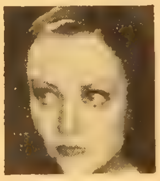
You Said a Mouthful—Joe E. Brown gets in some comical difficulties as a water-shy lad who is mistaken for a champion swimmer. Go prepared to become hysterical. Joe also has an amusing new pal—Farina of "Our Gang" fame (F. N.).

Movie Star Calendar

Dating Them Up Through Past Events

MARCH, 1933

By JOSÉ SCHORR

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
 Dorothy Mackaill born March 4	 Conrad Nagel's birthday is March 16	 Joan Crawford born March 23	1 C. J. Brabin kisses Theda Bara when she returns from Europe but denies betrothal. (1921)	2 Rudy Vallee writes: "Buddy Rogers does more in one embrace than I do in 20 broadcasts." (1930)	3 Tom Mix is unhappy in his new house. He slips on the polished floors. (1927)	4 Little Bobbe Arnst brings J. Weissmuller to his knees at the altar in less than three weeks. (1931)
5 Cy Bartlett takes Alice White home to meet his Mama and Papa. (1930)	6 Virginia Valli and Charles Farrel write from their honeymoon: "Glad you're not here." (1931)	7 Bill Powell spends hours with Constance Cummings. Have he and Carole Lombard had words? (1931)	8 Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby who've been pouting, make up and decide to live happily again. (1931)	9 Jimmy Durante turns his wife over to Philadelphia Jack O'Brien to knock 15 pounds out of her. (1930)	10 Lowell Sherman writes: "Occupation: —Actor—?" on his marriage license to indulge his critics. (1930)	11 John Barrymore pays $800 damages for hitting a barber who insisted on shampooing him. (1913)
12 Al Jolson gives race track credit for restoring his health. Says a horse that wins is a tonic. (1926)	13 Oklahoma is jealous of California. Legislature is asked to call Will Rogers home. (1927)	14 Constance Talmadge carries a flask of milk to clubs. She doesn't even trust their milk! (1929)	15 Eddie Cantor pays income tax on $5,000 he received for telling people he likes cigarettes. (1930)	16 Lili Damita turns Sidney A. Smith down in Honolulu as she did in Hollywood. (1932)	17 "If a man doesn't care for me, I don't cry," says Lupe Velez. "There's plenty of fish in the pond." (1929)	18 Girl sues Paul Lukas for $100,000 for not divorcing his wife and marrying her. (1929)
19 George Raft and Jimmy Dunn are dancing with female customers in 10c-a-dance hall. (1923)	20 Charlie Chaplin chooses Lita Grey for his leading lady. He thinks she's a lovely girl. (1924)	21 Gloria Swanson and the Marquis almost make up as Connie Bennett falls for Joel McCrea. (1931)	22 Mary Pickford weeps in Toronto as she sees the home that she was born in. (1924)	23 Ann Harding divorces Harry Bannister because marriage interferes with his career. (1932)	24 John Konesics of Budapest calls self Banky so people will believe he is Vilma's father. (1927)	25 Bebe Daniels says: "Jack (Dempsey) is a nice boy, but what do I want with a husband?" (1922)
26 Corporal Buster Keaton is seasick on the high seas coming home from the wars. (1919)	27 Douglas Fairbanks shoots a leopard in India. Wires Mrs. Fairbanks not to buy a new coat. (1931)	28 Joan Crawford and Doug Jr. say they'll marry in October. But they'll marry in June. (1929)	29 Jimmy Walker, convalescing, disobeys doctor. He stays up till 12 with Jean Harlow. (1931)	30 Kathryn Carver and Adolphe Menjou sail for Paris with Mama Carver to be wed. (1928)	31 Joan Bennett says she makes ex-husband pay for their child's support on principle. (1930)	 Edmund Lowe born March 2

Giving Teeth New Lustre—New Brilliance

The moment you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will wonder why you ever put up with costly and less efficient dentifrices. From the moment you begin using it, you will note an improvement in the looks of your teeth; a new cleanliness, and new lustre and brilliance. It is a tribute to this paste that more than three million women now use it in preference to former favorites costing more. Won't you try a tube? *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
25¢

Things you can buy with that $3 you SAVE

Cold cream, face powder, handbag, umbrella, hose, hat, gloves, underwear, kimono, pyjamas, negligee, a good book, handkerchiefs, sweater, jewelry, knickers, bathrobe, swimming suit, moccasins, slippers, shoes, traveling bag, brief case, desk set, fountain pen, a Kodak, camera films, napkins, towels, tablecloth, bedspread, sheets, couch cover, iron, toaster, tennis balls, tennis net, tennis racket, golf balls, a golf club.

"*In California... in Chicago... on the Continent,* these creams have guarded my skin constantly since I was a girl"— *says beautiful* Mrs. Mc Cormick

In 1929 *Mrs. McCormick was Miss Joan Tyndale Stevens of England, which accounts for her delicate English beauty. "Years ago I started to use Pond's," she says.*

"I SPENT my girlhood on the Continent . . . In Chicago I learned about extremes of climate . . . And here in Santa Barbara I am out in the open most of the time.

"Isn't that a test of one's beauty methods?"

Mrs. McCormick has the most heavenly skin you ever saw—she is a typical British blonde.

"Even on the other side, when I was a girl," she says, "I always used Pond's. I was so absolutely sure of their purity."

Skin Soft in Harshest Weather

"But it was in Chicago, where the winters are stinging and the summers burning, that I realized how *absolutely necessary* Pond's Two Creams are if one's skin is to keep its young-girl freshness.

"The Cold Cream is indispensable for cleansing, and I use the Vanishing Cream constantly for protection. It heals chapping and it is the most effective powder base.

"Here in California I spend most of my time in my garden. Again, Pond's Two Creams have proved themselves invaluable."

See Your Own Skin Improve

Try these Creams on your own skin, and see what wonders they accomplish for you. Pond's Creams bring back the suppleness of young skin.

Today *Mrs. Alister McCormick's fresh beauty is even more apparent. She spends most of her day working among rare tropical plants which she has collected. "I rely entirely on Pond's Two Creams to keep my skin nice," she says.*

HEALS CHAPPING. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for its healing and soothing qualities.

To *prevent* your skin from drying and cracking smooth on Vanishing Cream before going out. It keeps your skin beautifully soft and white.

CLEANSES—PREVENTS LINES. Use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough daily cleansing. It floats out every speck of grime without clogging the pores or drying the skin! A bit left on overnight after cleansing will keep away age-telling lines!

WHITENS ROUGH RED HANDS. Pond's Vanishing Cream quickly smooths roughened skin and relieves irritation. Watch it whiten and soften reddened hands.

Thousands of women use and praise Pond's Two Creams. Among them:

Lady Louis Mountbatten
Mrs. E. Wrenn duPont Lady Violet Astor
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Miss Anne Morgan Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Send 10¢ **(to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples**

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. C
113 Hudson Street . . . . New York City

Please send me (check choice): *Pond's New Face Powder* in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

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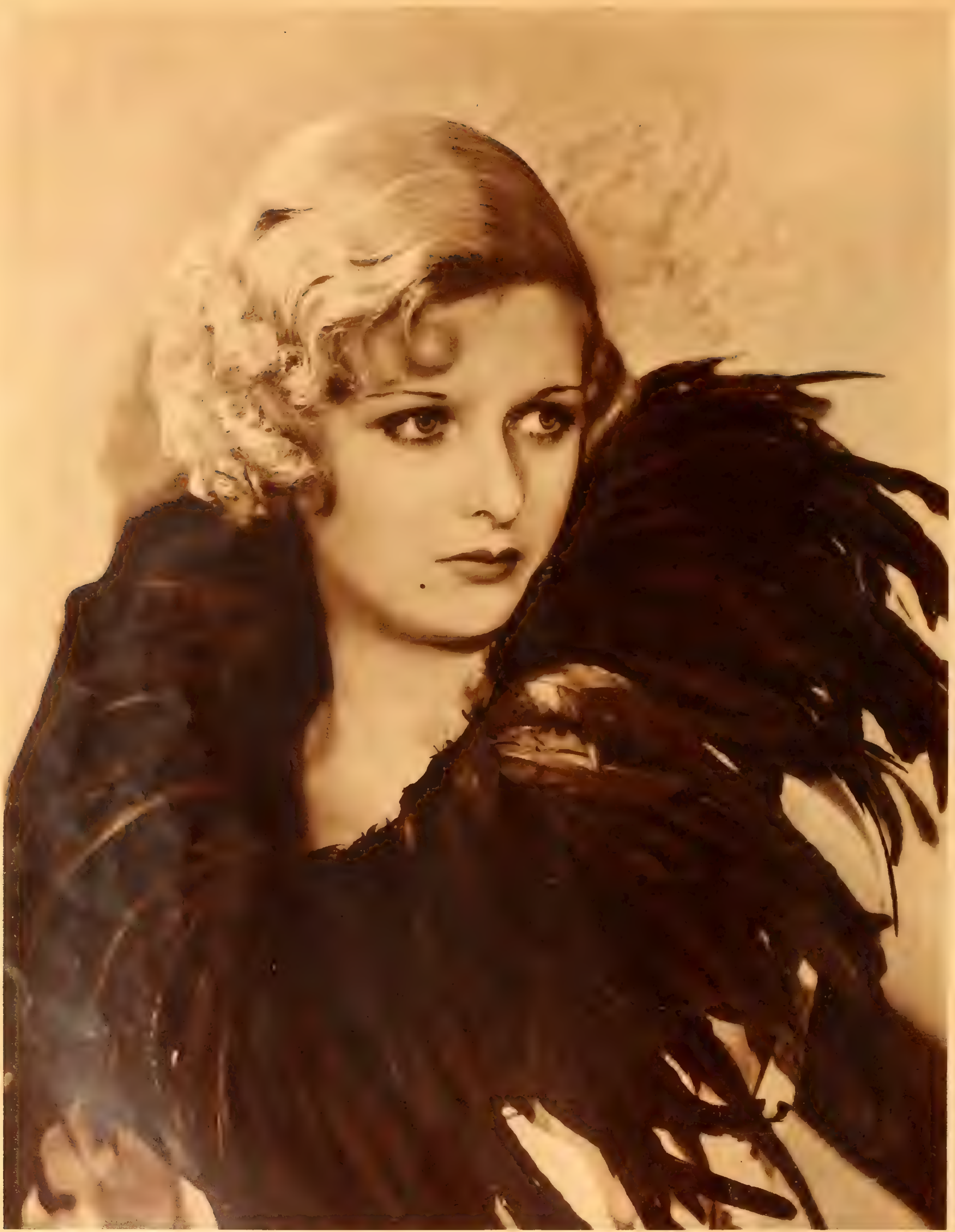
Leo Reisman on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E. S. T. . . . Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the President-Elect, Speaker . . . WEAF and NBC Network

NANCY CARROLL

What's Nancy trying to do to us—give us Spring fever about two months ahead of time? Or is she just telling us how it feels to be back on the movie scene again and getting the old "on-to-stardom" urge once more? For the camera isn't telling a fib—the recently returned red-head is happy all the way through. One of the main reasons is the title rôle of "Child of Manhattan"—a rôle just her measure! And another is her next—"A Passage to Paradise"

Don English



Hal Phyfe

She wisecracked, she wiggled, and she won a new place in the hearts of comedy-lovers in "Me and My Gal." But now that she has proved she could do it, Joan is putting on her best dignity (not to mention her best feather boa)—just to hint she is in the mood for serious drama now. Wonder why they don't plead with her writer-hubby, Gene Markey, to pen his idea of a story for her?

JOAN BENNETT

Russell Ball

ANITA PAGE

For a girl who takes one of the best photographs at M-G-M, it is positively amazing how few pictures Anita makes. And yet she gets a staggering amount of mail. So WHY don't we see her more often? Wonder if looking over the wrong shoulder could have jinxed her? But her luck's changing now. For she's bound for Monogram, on loan, to play the title rôle of "Jungle Bride"!

Ernest A. Bachrach

Like a light in a dark room—that's the way that Irene attracts the eye. More than that, she attracts the intelligence. "S. A.," to Irene, means "Sensitive Always." And being idealistic about her rôles seems to pay. Hasn't she played two of the most memorable heroines of the talkies in "Cimarron" and "Back Street"? And now, once again, she is a lovely heroine who ages—in "The Lady Deceived"

IRENE DUNNE

JANET'S "*Happy Marriage*" Ends

After three and a half years, Janet Gaynor gives up trying to play the rôle of a "happy" bride and parts from Lydell Peck. And from a couple of things she said to an old friend recently, it appears she had long debated taking the step. The parting follows closely on the heels of her separation on the screen from Charles Farrell

By DOROTHY DONNELL

IT was not news to Hollywood that Janet Gaynor and her husband of three and a half years, Lydell Peck, had separated. The movie colony has watched with skeptical eyes the more-than-usually-troubled course of this Hollywood marriage ever since its startled reception of the news of Janet's elopement, and has heard with politely cynical ears her often-repeated protestations of happiness.

In announcing the separation, Janet's lawyer said that it had been caused "entirely because of clashes of temperament and the requirements of their profession upon their time and abilities." He explained, "It is simply a case in which a husband and wife have looked at a situation frankly and honestly, and have determined for themselves that if they cannot live happily together they should be separated."

Five times at least, according to Hollywood's reckoning, the young Pecks have separated. Janet has fled to Palm Springs, to her mother's apartment—once even to Honolulu on a forlorn solitary honeymoon, soon after their runaway marriage. On other occasions Hollywood has actually watched their domestic difficulties, as at the time of a première last year when Janet and Lydell, oblivious to curious eyes, engaged in a *sotto voce* argument, while the tears ran down her face and dripped onto her beautiful evening gown.

So pressing did the headline-hunters become on the scent of divorce that Janet has recently refused interviews unless the reporters agreed not to mention her marriage, or her early romance with Charles Farrell. It has been known to only a few that she has been trying to find the happiness lacking in her own life in a study of religions and philosophies.

No, Hollywood is never surprised by a divorce—and never has been, except in the single case of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. *But it has been surprised that the Gaynor-Peck parting was so long delayed.* Now, apparently, we can give the reason for this delay.

The Question in Her Mind

A FEW weeks ago, a writer went to see Janet about a story. He had known her since her days of "extra" work at Universal City, but even long acquaintance had not prepared him for her first breathless words.

"Tell me something. *I* want to ask *you* a question or two.

(*Continued on page 76*)

CONRAD NAGEL Tells *What's Wrong* with the Movies

Conrad is President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—a "spokesman" for the movies. And a frank one. The depression isn't the only thing that has emptied the theatres, he says; Hollywood and the theatre-owners aren't satisfying the customers. And Conrad speaks out and tells some of the reasons why!

BY SONIA LEE

EVEN confirmed optimists admit that there is something vitally wrong with the movies. Studio deficits mount, and theatres are only half-filled. Remedies such as all-star casts, pretentious productions, novel story ideas and brilliant publicity campaigns have momentarily helped, but they have by no means cured the anemic condition of the industry. The movies have not even diagnosed their ailments yet, says Conrad Nagel.

Certainly, there is no lack of talent in Hollywood. This small town undoubtedly possesses a greater percentage of brains than has ever been collected in a similar area. Executive ability; technical ability; dramatic ability; literary ability—they are all gathered in Hollywood in amazing abundance. And yet, red ink is sprayed all over the financial books of the studios, and the globular sums that represented huge profits a few years ago are not even a pleasant memory. It isn't a situation in which just one major studio finds itself to-day. It has spread-eagled to the most powerful and the most astute.

Conrad Nagel, President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—a man who has represented the industry with honor and zeal, a man keen-minded, analytical, steady-eyed—declares that public indifference will cease only when carefully made pictures are presented in theatres built especially for the talking screen. He recommends six remedies:

What the Movies Need

THE scrapping or remodeling of the present-day theatres.

The scrapping of the release-date system, which now causes the studios to sacrifice merit to a time-clock and a calendar.

Careful preparation of script and a rehearsal period before any picture is begun.

A new loyalty between the various branches of the studio.

A show-must-go-on spirit among the actors, which characterizes stage thespians, but is lacking in Hollywood.

The realization that picture-making is primarily an art and not a business.

Virtually, his recommendations involve not only practical changes, but spiritual, if the motion picture industry is to recover from the doldrums it is in now.

"The motion picture executives alone, among the industrial giants in other fields," declares Conrad Nagel, "refuse to recognize the fact that you can't manufacture a new model with old machinery. Other industries ruthlessly scrap outmoded tools. We haven't.

"In effect, theatres built for silents are the outworn tools of the talking picture. We should either tear them down completely, or remodel them for the talkies. But instead of doing that, we are resorting to half-measures and compromises in a desperate effort to save those huge, two-and-three-thousand-seat temples of the cinema, erected for the presentation of a different, and now obsolete phase of film-making.

"As they stand now, loudspeakers have been installed to carry sound throughout, and it results in extraordinarily weird and bad synchronization. It gives the onlooker the eerie effect of seeing an actor on the screen and hearing him speak somewhere in the back of the house. It doesn't make for realism.

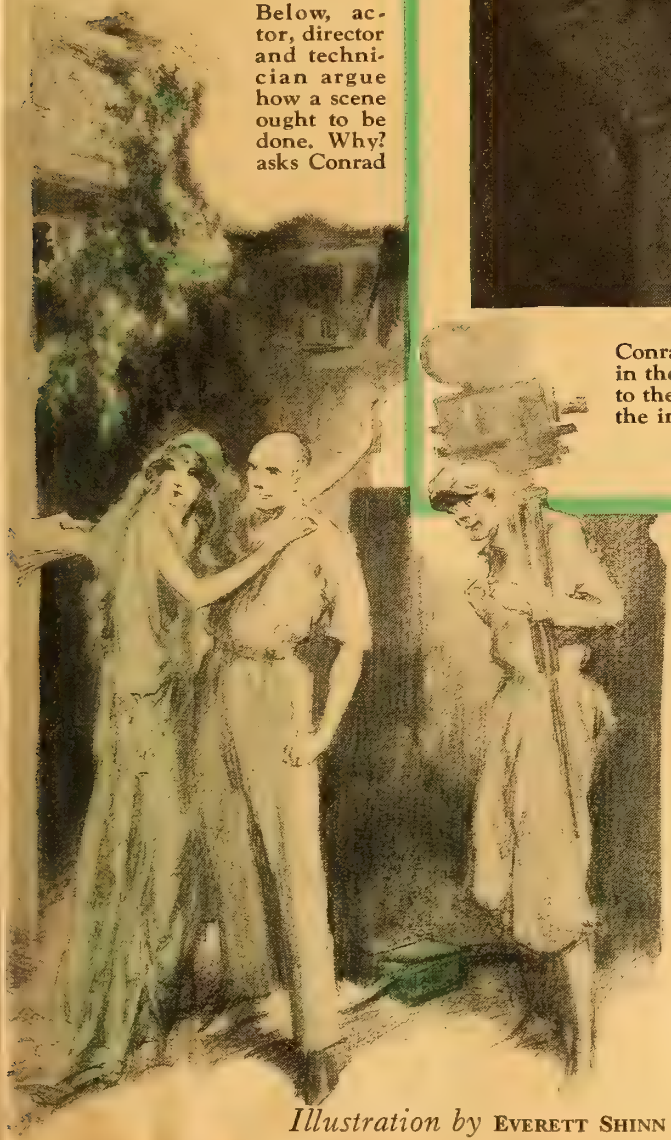
Why the Balconies Are Empty

"IT is this imperfect presentation that has emptied theatre balconies. The corollary to that is an ever-increasing weekly loss, for the balcony represents the profit. If audiences refuse to sit there, a theatre is all through. Wouldn't it be better to make a clean sweep of the theatres that the public won't patronize, rather than to continue on an unprofitable basis indefinitely? We might as well adjust ourselves to the new order of things. It will be cheaper in the long run.

"We seek palliatives for the ills of our industry, rather than take the courageous cure. Instead of resorting to elaborate stage shows, we ought to present motion pictures perfectly—for pictures, after all, are what people pay to see.

Hurrell

Conrad Nagel tells producers, "There is no group of people in the world so keen as movie audiences. They do honor to the artistry of a George Arliss. They resent and dislike the imperfect, the slipshod, or the almost-just-as-good . . . even if they can't give names to them"



Below, actor, director and technician argue how a scene ought to be done. Why? asks Conrad

Illustration by Everett Shinn

"Two-thousand-dollar-a-week headliners will never pave the way toward profit on the account books. Neither will vaudeville acts that are only good enough to open and close an Orpheum bill. The public doesn't want three-and-a-half hour shows, of which the picture is the smallest unit. They come to see a screen star, a special feature—they want an hour and a half of entertainment. Give it to them. And in doing so, theatres will refill more often, and profit accordingly.

"Under the present-day scheme of theatre ownership, studios must keep them open as a defensive measure, in order that they will have outlets for their product. It immediately begins the vicious circle of so many theatres—so many pictures to produce. A *Frankenstein* is created, which may threaten to destroy its creators.

"This need for a supply of pictures to keep theatres busy means driving, brutal haste in turning them out. When an actor starts a picture, he kisses his wife and child goodbye and forgets that he has any friends for the duration of the shooting schedule. He reports for duty before eight o'clock in the morn-

(*Continued on page 88*)

This Month It's

Connie Bennett

. . . Ask Her a Question

Last month, MOTION PICTURE invited you to "ask Gable a question"—and the whole world took us up! Now, we're giving you that rare, rare chance to get in touch with Constance Bennett—who seldom answers questions, but has promised to answer YOURS. Read about it and rush in your query!

SUPPOSE you were introduced to Constance Bennett through a mutual friend, and had an opportunity to ask her a question—what one question would you ask her?

The whole world is Bennett-conscious and Bennett-curious. Her pictures are sell-outs. Her name in headlines will sell any newspaper. On the screen or off, she arouses discussion. Her married life, her feuds with the Press, her plans to adopt a baby, her enormous salary, her clothes, her health—all these, and more, are matters of vital interest to millions. And now, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which has told you a great deal about Constance Bennett in the last three years, is happy to play "mutual friend" and give you a chance, personally, to ask a question that Connie, personally, will answer!

In spite of all that you have read about her, perhaps there is still something else that you would like to know. Maybe you have wondered, for example, what advice she would give to girls with ambitions to be actresses, or what her favorite screen rôle has been, or what sports, if any, she plays, or what her favorite color in clothes is, or whether her little foster-son, Peter, calls her "Mama" or "Connie." Or other little, "human interest" things that interviewers may have forgotten to ask about.

Of course, Constance Bennett is much too busy even to attempt to answer, personally, the huge volume of mail she receives. But she has graciously promised that she will take time to answer the questions you may ask her *this month* through MOTION PICTURE'S Inquiring Reporter. Naturally, these questions must be within the bounds of good taste—questions that you would not hesitate to ask her if you should ever actually meet her.

Simply write your question on the coupon across the bottom of this page and mail it to the Inquiring Reporter before February tenth. You will find Connie's answer to your question in the May MOTION PICTURE.

Last month, we invited you to "ask Clark Gable a question." And how you did respond! We had originally intended to publish Clark's answers this month, but the flood of mail made this impossible. We didn't anticipate being busy, for days, just opening envelopes and listing all the questions that America wanted to ask Mr. Gable. Fortunately, a great many of you asked the same questions—so you will all be answered in the April number of MOTION PICTURE. We are sorry to keep you waiting. Blame the delay on the popular appeal of this opportunity of each moviegoer to ask a favorite screen star a question, personally. An opportunity, by the way, that costs nothing except the stamp with which your question is mailed. It is just another original service of MOTION PICTURE to its readers.

Remember, you will read the answers to the Clark Gable questions in the April issue, out February 28th and the Constance Bennett answers in the May issue, out March 28th. And in both you will have opportunities to question still other stars!

INQUIRING REPORTER,
c/o MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California

Dear Sir:

THE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK **CONSTANCE BENNETT** PERSONALLY IS THIS :____

____

____

This question is sent in by:

*Name*________________________________

*Street*________________________________

*City and State*__________________________

Movie Stars Are LAND-HUNGRY—

They're Going Back to the Soil!

When their days on the screen are over, where will the present stars be going? Back to the "good earth"—to live on farms or ranches they have bought! Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have invested a million dollars in their future home—and right on down the line, all the stars are buying up land. Moreover, many of them are calling it "home" already, like Clara Bow and Richard Dix and Elissa Landi and Robert Montgomery!

STUDENTS of the times contend that people are in rebellion against the artificiality of modern life — that they are striving to return to the elementals, to go back to the "good earth." And, as far as Hollywood is concerned, the contention is certainly true.

High in the mountains, down by the seashore, out in the lonely desert, the stars are building homes. They are land-hungry, seemingly starved for first-hand contact with nature. Some are buying farms and ranches, actually trying to augment their screen incomes from the produce of their land. Others are content with secluded, roomy estates in the rolling hills that lie between Hollywood and Santa Monica Bay. They seem obsessed by two desires: first, to escape the nerve-racking clamor of the crowded districts; second, to "grow something." Land-hunger has assumed such epidemic proportions in Hollywood that the average screen celebrity now talks as learnedly about the problems of gardening as he does about the technique of acting.

Some twelve years ago, when I first knew the studio folk, most of the stars who were "in the money" talked longingly of retiring to the Lido, to the Riviera, to a Paris apartment—anywhere but to a farm—when their picture careers were ended. In those days most of our leading luminaries lived in apartment hotels or in rented houses. They sang the praises of the traffic jams at Forty-second and Broadway, New "Yahk," and spent their time between pictures in a giddy social whirl that frayed their nerves

Top, Victor McLaglen, who raises pheasants, among other things, on his La Cañada ranch. Across the two pages, a part of the vast ranch of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford near Rancho Santa Fe. Right, Irving Pichel and his La Cañada ranch house, built by himself

By ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

and fattened the purses of all the resort owners from San Francisco to Tia Juana. In that tempestuous era, no one ever asked, "Are you going out tonight?" The demand was: "Where are you stepping tonight?"

Now, almost every player of importance owns at least one piece of property. Hollywood's stars have acquired "pride of possession"—and have centered that pride in the earth. When they talk of retiring, they linger caressingly over the word, "farm." Paris? The Riviera? Oh, those places are all right for an occasional play-day, they tell you—but just think of the quiet happiness to be found on a *farm!*

Of all Hollywood's landowners, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are probably the most ambitious. A few years ago they purchased a vast track of land—three thousand acres in all—near Rancho Santa Fe, about ninety miles from Los Angeles. Doug, the dreamer and enthusiast, plans to create there a cross-section of the colorful past—a hacienda like those that flourished in California in the pre-Gringo days. All of the buildings are to be colonial Spanish in design. There will be fiestas, clicking castanets, the gay beat of the fandango and the appetizing odor of barbecued beeves. No guest shall ever be turned away hungry, for *El Patròn* will maintain open

Above, a view of Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Club, a ranch stocked with unusual livestock—namely, fish—for the pleasure of California sportsmen. Left, Clark Gable at home, where he is a horticulturist

Above, Jean Hersholt grows the rare cherimoyer fruit on his Beverly Hills estate. Left, Gloria Stuart and Gordon Newell swimming in the Big Sur River, near their land

John Miljan, like Richard Dix and Fred Kohler, owns a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where he not only lives, but cultivates unusual plants house. The vision is typical of Doug, who is *muy caballero*, as we Californians express it.

But, woven with the warp of his romantic dream, is the woof of intense practicality. Every step taken in developing the huge property has been dictated by sound business judgment. Three hundred acres are devoted to orange trees that are just coming into bearing. A herd of pedigreed cattle roams the hills, and hundreds of acres yield a profitable hay crop. The most modern methods are in use. A chemist, an irrigation engineer and a horticulturist are on the payroll. A revolutionary, overhead irrigation system has been installed for the orange grove and the finest tractors obtainable have been purchased for the work of cultivation. The total investment is approximately *one million dollars*, and even the wealthiest cannot chance so great an outlay without definite assurance of dividends.

Above, the lodge that Wallace Beery built on an island in Silver Lake, high in the Sierras

Above, Bobby Jones and some fellow-golfers on the private course on Harold Lloyd's estate. Left, the inviting entrance to the Beverly Hills "retreat" of Marie Dressler

Doug and Mary plan to make the ranch their permanent home and will take up residence there in the near future, according to their intimates, even though it will mean leaving their beloved "Pickfair."

Almost as staggering is the venture of Gary Cooper, who, ranch-bred and land-wise, might logically be expected to turn to the soil. He owns thousands of acres of desert land in the Coachilla Valley and is operating there an experimental farm, striving to pioneer, in California, various tropical fruits. His project is still young and to date has not paid a profit, but the whole plan is fundamentally sound. It is a business enterprise, not a hobby, and Gary will make the ranch his home after the screen is through with him. He states frankly that he cannot be content in a city.

Walter Huston is in open rebellion against city life. He has built his home high in the pine-clad San Bernardino Mountains, nearly one hundred miles from Hollywood. There, in a clearing, he has developed a compact little farm that yields a wide variety of produce. He comes to Hollywood only when his work demands his presence.

You have heard of the Nevada ranch of Clara Bow and Rex Bell. To Clara, it is more than a ranch; it is the shrine that miraculously brought her happiness after Hollywood had turned its back on the "It" girl of the headlines. Healthy living in the crisp Nevada air gave her new vitality, and the isolation of the open range gave her new perspective on life. She and Rex Bell have stocked the ranch with fine cattle and built spacious

(*Continued on page 90*)

Above, the ranch home of Clara Bow and Rex Bell—where they plan to retire when their movie days are over. Clara regained her health here

Ann Harding achieved privacy by building her home on a rugged Hollywood hilltop. Above, she's standing on the porch, carved out of the natural rock

I Could Live *Without* LOVE, *says* SYLVIA SIDNEY

Sylvia has just played *Madame Butterfly*, who chose death when she lost her lover—but Sylvia says she wouldn't do it, herself. And, she adds, neither would YOU—and explains why!

BY FAITH SERVICE

YOU have just seen Sylvia Sidney in one of the most romantic rôles ever written—the rôle of a woman who loved so greatly that she preferred to die, rather than live without the man she loved. But Sylvia believes that there are few girls or women like *Madame Butterfly* left in the world. And she told me why she has this belief.

Sylvia as *Madame Butterfly*, to whom Love Was Everything

Sylvia had just finished "Madame Butterfly" the night I talked with her in her spacious, English-type house in Beverly Hills. The dark, little exotic looked curiously attractive in this, perhaps, unsuitable setting. The house has paneled walls, with the look of age, and a pleasing scarcity of gew-gaws and overstuffed furniture.

"I loathe Spanish houses," said Sylvia. "I had one for a while and I reached the point where I could have screamed every time I set foot in it. I hate anything Spanish or ornate or semi-Oriental in the way of houses or furniture."

Here, in this manorial brick place, Sylvia—who is soon to play the title rôle in Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt," another tragedy of a girl who loved too well—lives with her mother and father. She dwells in the midst of solid, well-chosen furniture and quiet colors. There was a fire of eucalyptus logs blazing on the wide hearth. There were substantial boxes of cigarettes at hand. There were books—D. H. Lawrence and Marcel Proust, I noted, among others—on the solidly lined book shelves.

When I arrived, Sylvia was seated at a very substantial desk, making out checks—probably substantial also. She wore maroon-colored and very soft satin lounging pajamas. She was without make-up. Her hair hung about her pale small face, uncurled and somewhat unbrushed. She had a bandage of gauze on both temples because of the soreness there from the *Butterfly* make-up.

Likes Only Older Men

THIS tiny girl with the pale, provocative face is one of Hollywood's real Young Intellectuals. She will dislike the term, but I can think of none better off-hand. When she is in New York, she sees a great deal of George Jean Nathan and other eminent men of letters and achievements. Men with whom she can *talk*.

She likes older men and only older men. She says that she never yet has been able to feel so much as an attraction for a man near her own age. She has never been in love with a youth in her life. She never had college-boy dates or went

(*Continued on page 94*)

COAST FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

WATCHFUL Merna Kennedy may be couched in luxury, but you won't find *this* little girl napping—not when a camera's around. She's too red-headed to close her eyes to her opportunities, as you have seen, no doubt, in "Laughter in Hell"

QUIETLY, cordially, and without issuing any Statements To The Press, Charles Farrell and the Fox Studios have parted company. Charlie asked for his release from his contract so that he could free-lance for rôles he wanted. Continuing at Fox, he would inevitably have been co-starred often with Janet Gaynor—and he felt that his rôles were subordinate to hers. Janet understood—and they parted friends, after five and a half years of sharing success as screen sweethearts.

Did you ever go to a play or a movie, and feel like getting married afterward? That's how a New York play affected Sidney Fox and Charles Beahan, playwright. The play—or maybe it was a movie—was very sad, with the lovers torn apart by Fate. It affected them so that they drove out to Harrison, a suburb, and awoke a justice of the peace at 4 a. m.!

IS it possible that Ronald Colman, now making "The Masquerader," is really planning to leave the movies? Doesn't seem possible when he just signed a new contract—but an intimate English friend of Ronnie's says he is quietly "pulling up stakes," selling his possessions, and preparing to quit Hollywood. For the stage. For England. Or for the wilds he recently bought on the Big Sur coast.

THIS Hepburn girl is an eccentric. The first time we saw her, she was seated flat on the driveway at Radio, opening her morning's mail. Later we heard her upbraiding the costume department for putting a patch of the wrong color on the seat of the blue denim overalls she wears to work. "I've had them for years," she declared, "and they had a real shine—and now just look at the raw newness of that patch! And they charged me five cents for putting it on, too!"

She baffles interviewers with the gay remark, "I can't quite remember," when they try to pin her down to the facts of her life. "Oh, you must be mixing me up with that *other* Katharine Hepburn!" she smiles, when they approach too close to the facts. A swell gag, by the way—invent a "double" and hang your history on her! Her second picture will be "The Great Desire," with Colin ("Journey's End") Clive as leading man. Then she may do either "Three Came Unarmed" with Joel McCrea or "Little Women"—or both.

CONSTANCE BENNETT is reported to have given up the plan to adopt "Peter," the small four-year-old who looks so much like her. And why shouldn't he? Doesn't Connie say that he is the son of a cousin killed in an accident? Hollywood is wondering if Connie hopes that the public will get the impression that he is hers, in spite of her denials.

El Brendel will have his little joke. "Is the baby son of Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Woody a chip off the old block?" According to reports, the proud papa (who is a realtor) and mama (who is now resuming her career) have also received inquiries about the growth of "the little twig." Appropriately enough, the Woodys live in Brentwood!

IRENE DUNNE wants it distinctly understood that there is not a shred of truth in the New York divorce rumors about herself and Dr. F. D. Griffin. Irene was so upset about them that even the suspicious reporters believed her—and helped her deny them! 3,000 miles haven't parted the Griffins!

HEARING SOME GOOD LINES

Lippman

Oh, yes, Lyle Talbot and Barbara Stanwyck have their minds on their scenarios, all right. In fact, they're rehearsing for "Ladies They Talk About"

WHERE did Tallulah Bankhead go? Back to Broadway to star in a play!

# of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

HOW did Karen Morley happen to reveal her marriage to Charles Vidor, the young Hungarian director, after keeping it secret for a month? That's as much a mystery as the reason for her having kept it secret in the first place. Hollywood (and how about yourself?) is getting a bit weary of this mystery business, especially when there's no reason for it. As with many film newlyweds, work delayed a honeymoon.

THE SNOW MUST GO ON

Ray Jones

The *show* can wait, says Gloria Stuart, who's about to do "Private Jones." But she doesn't need snowshoes to go places!

LUPE VELEZ bought a leather belt at a saddle shop the other day for Johnny Weissmuller. "Garbo has one just like it," said the clerk. "Yass," said Lupe, and instantly drooped her eyelids, set her mouth in weary lines, and then and there *became* Garbo. Hollywood has few mimics to equal Lupe. Down at Palm Springs, teaching Lupe how to ride a bicycle, Johnny was wearing the belt.

And speaking of Garbo, Barbara Kent and Harry Eddington, Garbo's manager, have just become man and wife. They hopped over to Yuma, Arizona, for the ceremony—and were much annoyed when reporters discovered the fact almost immediately. Harry, like Greta, evidently prefers secrecy. Now, Hollywood girls are wondering how many Garbo secrets Barbara will learn.

JANET GAYNOR parts with her husband, Lydell Peck—who gave up his Oakland (Cal.) law practice to become a film executive and be near her! That, beyond question, is the most surprising news in many a month. For the movie colony has always had the idea that if Janet and Lydell ever did crave to separate, no one would ever know it—not so long as Janet was on the screen. "Clashes of temperaments" caused the break, says her lawyer, who adds that they simply decided that "if they could not live happily together, they should be separated." Now, Hollywood wonders if Charles Farrell "broke" with Janet to save her embarrassment when her separation from her husband was announced.

THE dashing Chevalier, a bit subdued, is back from a Paris that is reported to be angry with its former idol. His divorce action against Yvonne Vallée wasn't popular, and Paris still feels that he isn't sharing his salary with his own country as generously as he should. (Maybe Parisians haven't heard about his charities.) A Hollywood writer lunched recently with Yvonne abroad and found her disconcertingly reconciled to the loss of the smiling Maurice. Yvonne is popular in Paris, herself, and will have no difficulty in re-establishing her career.

And guess who is taking Jeanette MacDonald's place as Chevalier's leading lady in "The Way to Love!" The coming Carole Lombard!

WHEN Constance Bennett was assigned to do "Our Betters," her old pal, Joel McCrea, was assigned as leading man. And much to everyone's surprise, he begged off. He says he means it about not wanting any more dress-suit rôles!

THE Adolphe Menjous (Kathryn Carver), reconciled again, are just too honeymoony—which is something new for formerly estranged Hollywood couples to be. Adolphe didn't have far to move when he came back—he had been living only two doors away.

Tom Mix, like his faithful old pal, "Tony," has retired from the screen. Recent injuries and illness dictated his decision, as he was finishing "The Rustler's Round-Up." After twenty-four years before the cameras, Tom says, he needs a rest. He plans a tour of the world. Millions will wish him Bon Voyage!

LILLIAN ROTH, who suddenly returned to the screen in "Ladies They Talk About" and had authored a screen story, "Stage-Door Johnny," has as suddenly left—to retire and marry Municipal Court Justice Shalleck of New York!

WHEN HEPBURN MEETS SUNBURN

You guessed it. Katharine Hepburn is daring Joel McCrea to go in for a swim, as well as a tan. But Joel's staring her down!

COLLEEN MOORE, who has been under contract to M-G-M many months, awaiting a comeback picture, is now scheduled to return in "Lost." And guess who will be Mrs. Albert Scott's co-star! Jackie Cooper!

From all appearances, another famous screen association has come to an end—that of Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg. For Von has gone to United Artists, while Marlene remains at Paramount. And another favorite Hollywood legend is exploded—the one that her director held Marlene in a hypnotic spell and that she would make no picture without his guidance.

BESIDES the additions to her household that you see below, Marian Nixon has made another very important acquisition—an adopted baby. She and her wealthy young husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., quietly looked around for an infant they would like to call their own—and found a ten-weeks-old baby boy. So endeth another "persistent" divorce rumor.

LOOKS LIKE PUPPY LOVE

Litterly speaking, that is. Marian Nixon calls her new pets "Berpeips." Their dachshund mama came from Berlin, and their chow papa from Peiping

THERE are many people who wonder how and when Will Rogers ever finds time to write his daily newspaper box. Probably many suspect that he has a "ghost" writer. Not so. If you should get up that early some morning, you'd see Will heading for the studio with a portable typewriter—on which he pounds out his "copy" when he finds a spare moment on the set. He tries out his comments on the stage hands before sending them . . .

LONESOME Somebody saw Wallace Beery moping around the M-G-M lot, and took him over to meet some chorus girls. Still he didn't cheer up. But just wait till you see him with Marie Dressler in "Tugboat Annie"—their first reunion since "Min and Bill"!

AFTER seeing the acting of Charles Laughton in "Devil and the Deep," "The Old Dark House," "Payment Deferred," "If I Had a Million" and "The Sign of the Cross," America is going to get a shock of disappointment when it learns that Hollywood let him slip away to do a play on the London stage until Spring. He has been one of the few genuine sensations of the past season. Coming to the screen unheralded from the London and New York stage, he was immediately discovered by the public—who are the real star-makers, in the final analysis. It's only a matter of time, when he returns, until he is starred officially.

Passing through New York, the man who satirized *Nero* and made you like him revealed that Hollywood had given him a nickname. His weight and his English accent conspired to make Dick Arlen hail him as "Buster"—and the name stuck. Moreover, he enjoys it, the way he enjoys Hollywood.

EVERYONE can breathe more easily now. John Gilbert and Just-a-Wife Virginia Bruce Gilbert have weathered their first spat. The little misunderstanding occurred at Palm Springs, and John burst out of their hotel bungalow at three A.M. and rushed back to Hollywood, leaving the Little Woman without a car and in an "I-don't-care-if-he-never-comes-back" frame of mind. But a few days later they were at the Hearst ranch holding hands, and everything was lovely again. If you can believe their friends, Virginia is even rehearsing lullabies and shopping for tiny things.

When Clara Bow left for the East without Rex Bell (who was completing a picture), the gossips licked their chops and whispered divorce rumors. Clara just laughed—not bothered a bit. Rex joined her in New York in two weeks, and off they went to Europe for a belated, long honeymoon. With her, Clara took a bothersome case of influenza.

IT looks like a hard winter for some of our native stars, the way Hollywood is filling up with famous newcomers. From Germany come Lilian Harvey, the lithe English girl who became Germany's leading female star, and Wera Engels, pretty daughter of the former commander of the *Cruiser Emden.* From England comes Benita Hume, Leslie Howard's leading lady in "Reserved for Ladies." From the New York stage come Philip Merivale and Eugenie Leontovich, the *Grusinskaya* of Broadway's "Grand Hotel." From Czechoslovakia, via Broadway, where he has become THE matinée idol, comes Francis Lederer. And Henri Garat, French star, is to be Janet Gaynor's new screen Romeo.

GOING NATIVE IN THOSE HOLLYWOOD JUNGLES

Rochelle Hudson, the Oklahoma girl with the Follies figure, cuddles a leopard in the title rôle of "The Savage Girl"

Watch out, Weissmuller! Here comes Buster Crabbe, champ swimmer, as the Lion Man in "King of the Jungle"!

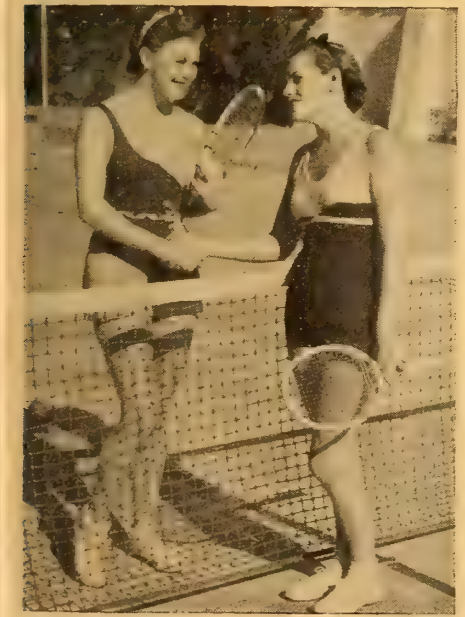
The whisperers have it that Mary Pickford is banking her entire screen future on the outcome of "Secrets." If the picture is not an outstanding success for Mary, both financially and personally, her close friends say, she will retire. Because there will never be another star like Mary Pickford (no, not even Garbo), we hope "Secrets" is the picture of the year!

DE MAUPASSANT might have written this little true story, in which, for obvious reasons, the characters must remain anonymous. A former star, whose husband has been having an affair with his secretary, named another woman in her divorce complaint. And now the ex-husband has been spurned by the secretary, who thinks he must have been deceiving *her!*

"IT'S twenty-five below zero, but we expect cold weather any day now," postcards director William Van Dyke from the Arctic, where he is making a picture for Metro. Marooned in a monotonous ice-packed waste, the restless and adventurous director is none too happy. "But we're getting gorgeous shots of scenery and clouds for ladies to coo over," he writes. "They'll say, 'What an ideal spot!'" He's the man who gave you "Trader Horn."

"I'VE put on twenty pounds since I left Hollywood," boasts Ann Dvorak in a letter to a friend. (Ann's husband, Leslie Fenton, is in a London play—and Ann is still carrying on a cable correspondence with Warners about That Salary Raise.) Greta Garbo also has grown "much stouter," according to foreign newspapers. It takes Hollywood, with its worries and rivalries, to keep a girl thin!

THE GIRLS ANSWER THOSE COURT SUMMONSES



Acme

Ginger Rogers and Eleanor Holm answer the call of the Palm Springs tennis courts in swim suits. The pool's nearby!

English

And Claudette Colbert, wearing the new sport shorts, is all set to play tennis, the way she played Nero's Empress!

New York reporters claim that the capture of Robert E. Burns, author of "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," didn't take place until he started making personal appearances with the film. That was a bit too much for Georgia—and they then tried to get New Jersey to extradite him. And just when the furore about the picture was dying down, up it flared again!

LEAVING Hollywood immediately after finishing "Rasputin and the Empress," Ethel Barrymore immediately started rehearsals of "Encore," the play in which she was to portray a prima donna. Tired out, she came down with influenza during the tryouts in New Haven and was ordered to rest. With a raging fever and against her doctor's advice, she returned to her New York home. Pneumonia resulted, and her son, Samuel Barrymore Colt, was summoned from California. But by the time he arrived she had passed the crisis and was recovering—though far too ill to attend the première of the picture in which she acted with both her brothers for the first time . . . Another famous actress who has

(*Continued on page 91*)

Seeing "42nd Street" through HOLLYWOOD'S EYES

Longworth

Don't miss this chance to get an "inside" look at "42nd Street," the big picture that turns the show business inside out and shows you how Broadway really works. This is a close-up of the drama-behind-the-drama of the picture—a view that outsiders rarely have!

By JACK GRANT

To see a picture through Hollywood's eyes is to see the drama within a drama, to realize the painstaking devotion to tiny details, to feel the romance, the behind-the-scenes humor or pathos, the imaginative and gruelling work of acting. Seeing a picture as Hollywood sees it, your enjoyment will be keener, your appreciation of picture-making more acute. To give you this new pleasure, MOTION PICTURE is publishing a new series, revealing the "inside" stories of big pictures that only Hollywood knows. This is the second of the series, the "inside" story of the filming of "Cavalcade" having started the series last month. The author not only gives you a hint of what "42nd Street" is all about, but tells you intimate details of production—revealing, for instance, what tests the chorus girls had to pass to win rôles, and how one star, who was supposed to feign stagefright, did have camera fright. But read for yourself!—*Editor.*

WHEN you see "42nd Street," you will witness a backstage drama that is authentic. You will follow the destiny of a musical show from the day of casting to the night of opening and in the course of the development of the numerous stories of its people, there will be revealed to you many incidents that have parallels in the real-life annals of showdom. It was written, directed and played by people who know their Broadway and Forty-Second Street.

Because "42nd Street" is something in the nature of a chapter from the biographies of many stage-trained members of the film fraternity, Hollywood watched the picture's production with unusual interest. Actors working on other stages on the Warner Brothers' lot were frequently to be found "visiting" the "42nd Street" set. They prowled about the wings and back-drops of the three large theatre stages especially constructed for the picture, in replica of well-known New York and Philadelphia theatres. Sentimentalists always, these prowling

(*Continued on page 70*)

Left, Barbara Bebe Lyon and her nurse visit Mama Bebe Daniels in the theatre on the "42nd Street" set—and Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell also take time off to entertain her

You'll read how Busby Berkeley (in left foreground, right) picked the chorus girls

Lippman

Right, William Powell, who can't keep away from the "42nd Street" set, is put out AGAIN by the chorus girls.

Below, seven girls that Baxter "coaches"

Longworth

Below, some of the theatre folk working on the picture: left to right, director Lloyd Bacon, George Brent, Warner Baxter, Ned Sparks, Bebe Daniels, Allen Jenkins, Ginger Rogers, Eddie Nugent, Guy Kibbee, Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler, Robert McWade, George Stone and Dick Powell

We Nominate for Stardom

MIRIAM JORDAN

FOX

WHEN, at sixteen, she was told by a man whom she had just met that she was "the ideal type of English beauty," she thought he was "fresh." Perhaps that was the result of being educated at Skinner's School for Young Ladies. But the man persuaded her parents to enter her photograph in a beauty competition, and her beauty won her the right to sit in a glass cage at Wembley Exposition for twelve hours every day, while thousands of British from all over the Empire paid a shilling to look at her. And it was well worth it. Miriam is a blonde with sea-blue eyes shaded with long eyelashes, and a pink-and-white complexion that needs little make-up. Charles Dillingham, stage producer, paid her $100 a week just to walk down a flight of steps in "Three Cheers" in a gorgeous evening gown. From such parts she progressed to drama, and was playing the small rôle of the sister in "Cynara" in a road company in Los Angeles last August when a Fox executive spotted her and signed her to a contract. Since then she has played leading lady to Warner Baxter, John Boles and Clive Brook.

We Believe in Her

Because she has managed to live down the appellation of "beauty contest winner." *Because* she is an individualist. *Because* she went into important rôles at once at Fox. *Because* she is already playing leading lady to Warner Baxter for the second time in "Dangerously Yours." *Because* all the women employees at the studio are singing her praises. *Because* she is living quietly and not seeking publicity, or romance rumors. *Because* she has six sisters, and a girl with six sisters simply *has* to succeed!

JOHN WARBURTON

FREE-LANCE

HE has blue eyes, heavily fringed, and he looks boyish, but tired and sensitive. Inquiry reveals that he was in the War (in the aviation corps) and was invalided out in 1917. His English accent has almost worn off in the eight years in which he has lived in the United States, and he has none of that aggressive superiority of Englishmen in the cartoons. He will settle down in Hollywood, the movies permitting, he says, and will become an American citizen. "I infinitely prefer your country to England," he says, without showing signs of apology.

For years he played on Broadway. Then a telegram took him posthaste from Alice Brady's arms, you might say. He left the play in which he was appearing with her, after the Saturday night performance, and by Monday was working in "The Silver Lining" in Hollywood. Except for a bad siege of double pneumonia, he has been steadily at work ever since. At the moment three studios are discussing contracts with him. He is seen much with Estelle Taylor, but they're not engaged, he says regretfully, yet with still a ray of hope.

We Believe in Him

Because he says he won't quarrel about parts, but will do anything that is given him. *Because* he is in demand by every director for whom he has worked. *Because* he made a New York hit in "Journey's End," and is creating a big screen impression in "Cavalcade." *Because* he has a beautiful enunciation (the Oxford influence) and clean-cut features. *Because* he has adult experience and a boyish face. *Because* he is amazingly honest and sincere. *Because* John Galsworthy approved him for the screen version of "The Apple Tree."

SERIES NUMBER 11

Miriam Jordan and John Warburton join distinguished company in becoming the eleventh set of newcomers Nominated for Stardom by MOTION PICTURE. Glance over the list of our previous Nominees:

Gwili Andre
Tala Birell
Ann Dvorak
Glenda Farrell
Katharine Hepburn
Aline MacMahon
Lyda Roberti
Gloria Stuart
Dorothy Wilson
Diana Wynyard
George Brent
Bruce Cabot
Buster Crabbe
Preston Foster
William Gargan
Dick Powell
George Raft
Randolph Scott
Lyle Talbot
Robert Young

Without exception, all of these new players have shown, from the very first the kind of talent that brings fame and fortune to unknowns. In nearly every case we were the first to pay them tribute. And since we nominated them for stardom all of them have won big rôles in big pictures.

Watch for their names in casts of pictures. And check up on our prophecy of stardom for Miriam Jordan by seeing her opposite Warner Baxter in "Dangerously Yours" and for John Warburton by watching him in the rôle of *Edward Marryot* in "Cavalcade."—Editor.

MOTION PICTURE Presents the Coming

JOHN WARBURTON

He's tall, slender, English. But he has been in America so long (eight years) that he talks like an American and wants to be one. Straight from Broadway, where he was always busy, he invaded the movies with a one-picture contract. Now, after "Cavalcade," he's due to make a long stay!

MIRIAM JORDAN

She got her start in theatrical life by the familiar route of a beauty contest. (This one was in England.) And when her chance came, Miriam proved that she had that even more important asset—talent. In three pictures, she has played opposite Warner Baxter twice. And that's an achievement!

Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites

CLOTHES GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

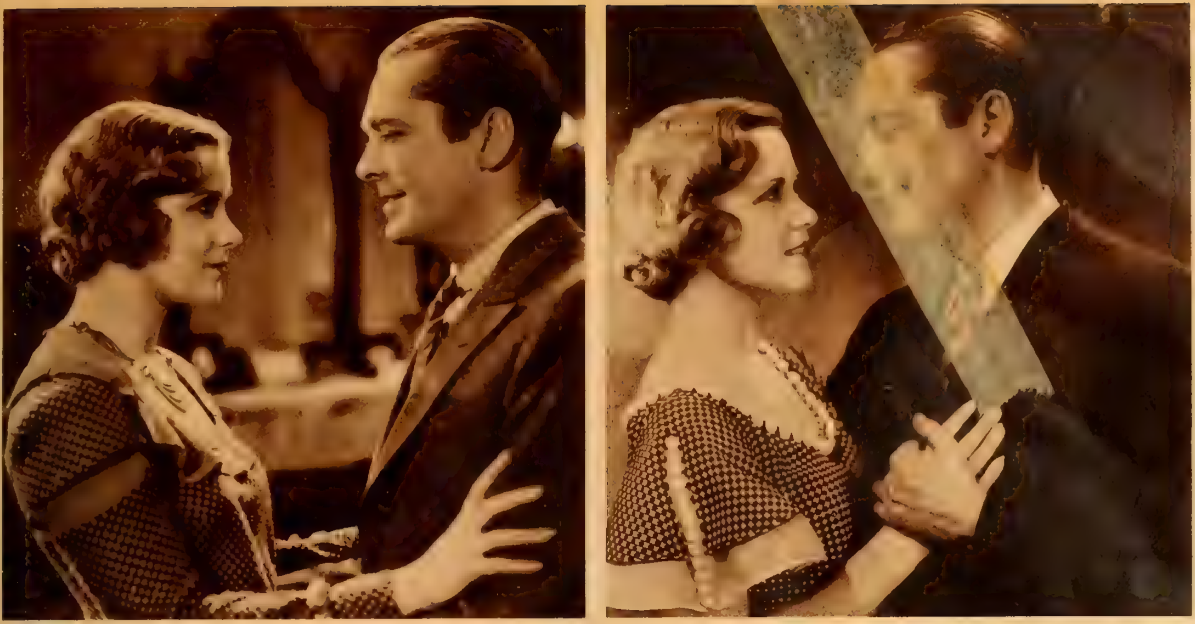
BY *Marilyn*

Who's Wearing *What* and *How* Is Revealed in MOTION PICTURE'S New Department of Advance Fashion Tips from the New Pictures

Irene Dunne, above, models the very frilly Gay Nineties evening ensemble that she wears in "The Lady." Upper right, pictured with Phillips Holmes, she is wearing the tea gown that *Marilyn* describes as fit for the 1933 bride

We believe that it is Hollywood, and not Paris, that is setting the fashion pace these days for Miss America. And each month MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is scouting the sets of pictures in production for advance style tips for you. However, we can only *tell* you about the fashion hints here—so don't fail to watch for the new pictures mentioned in "Clothes Gossip from Hollywood" this month, and *see* how the newest styles are actually worn by your Hollywood favorites.—Editor.

BELIEVE it or not, Miss 1933, but you are in for a severe jolt when you see Irene Dunne in her wardrobe of the Gay Nineties in M-G-M's "The Lady." In the first place, though Irene's gowns were the latest styles forty years back, they could easily be adapted to what *you* are going to wear this Spring. Irene, herself, is so



Left, Boots Mallory in scenes from "Handle With Care," with James Dunn, showing the very unusual neckline and sleeves of her new gowns. The brown-and-yellow dress is at the extreme left and the other is the blue-and-white checkered dress

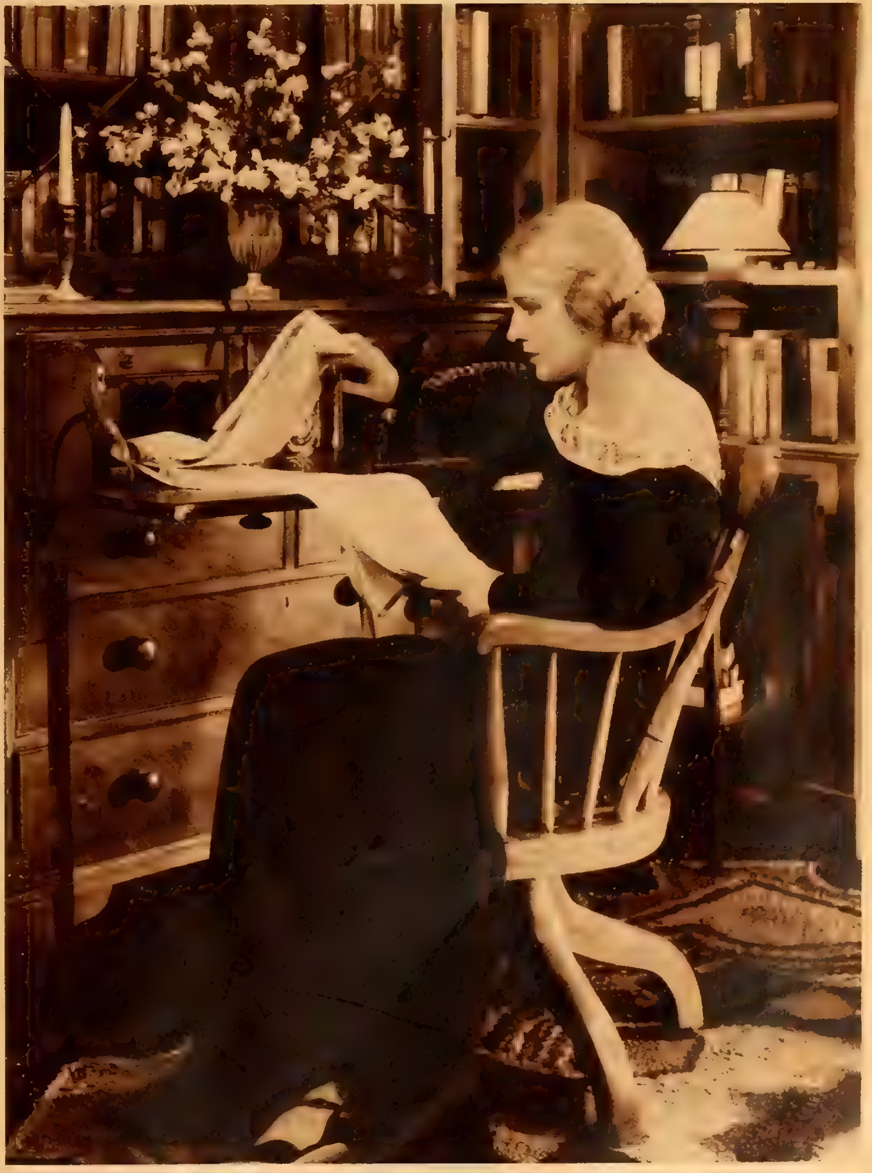
crazy about her "forty-year-old" wardrobe that she has actually had the evening ensemble (cape and all), which you will find among the illustrations of this article, actually *copied* with only slight modifications for her personal wardrobe!

Note carefully all the frilled pink ruffles of this evening cape with its long streamers of pink satin. What could be more flattering and feminine than a garment like this to slip on over your own favorite white Spring evening gown? And don't be afraid of such an old-fashioned, delicate color as pink. In fact, pink is just about going to lead this Spring's fashion parade from Hollywood. It is especially good for evening clothes. Take a good look at this cape Irene wears in "The Lady" . . . and if you want to be awfully smart and feminine and Spring-y, you won't hesitate to step forth in its frilly billows with your very newest gown.

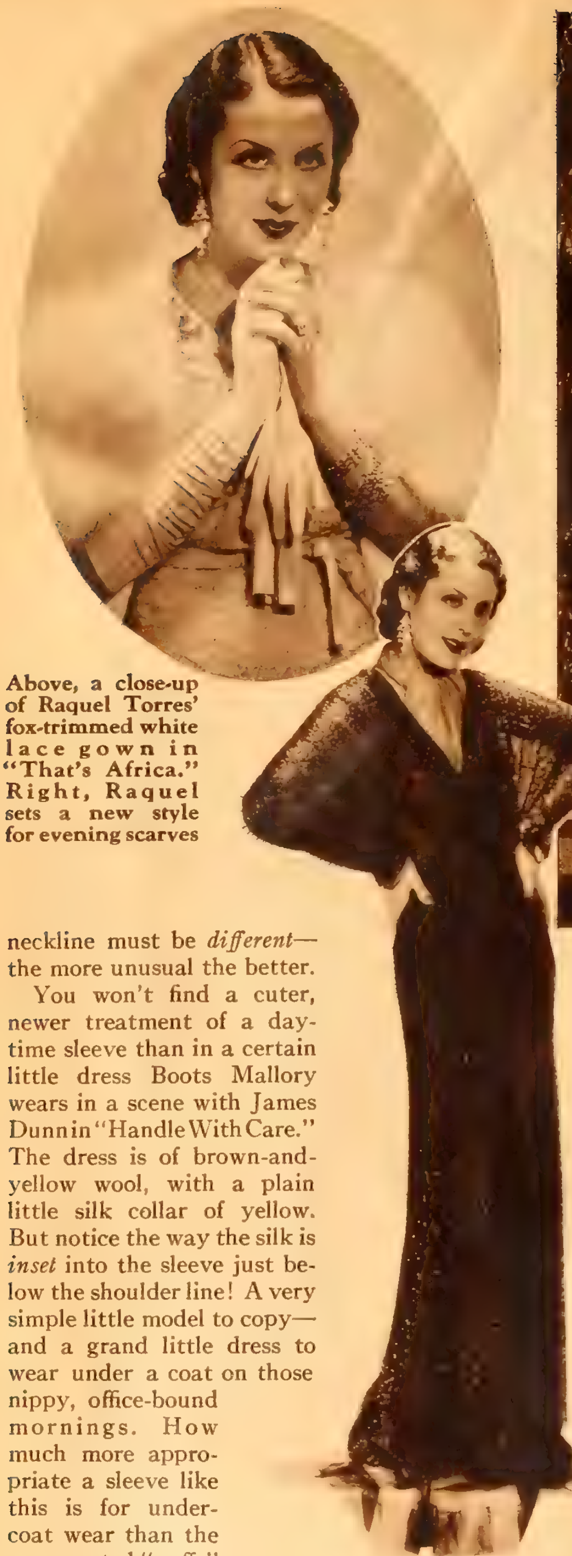
Just the Thing for Early Spring

ALSO, what could be grander for the early Spring bride than an exact duplicate of a tea gown that Irene wears in the same picture? In the photograph of Irene with Phillips Holmes, notice that those flimsy, but grand, full sleeves of white chiffon, and even the long train, are good for 1933. According to *Adrian*, famed stylist for M-G-M stars, "adorable clothes" are the keynote of the advance styles and that just about describes Irene's "old-fashioned" wardrobe in "The Lady" . . . which is so very "new-fashioned" that it is about six months ahead of the times.

However, girls, you are going to have to do something with those large puffy sleeves you have been wearing on your street and afternoon gowns, because sleeves aren't going to be so large and puffy for daytime dresses! That's decidedly final. Of course, your sleeve and



This is the black crêpe dinner gown that Ann Harding wears in "The Animal Kingdom" and about which Leslie Howard said so many complimentary things to Ann. Don't miss what *Marilyn* has to say about the double waistline, and read her complete description of this gown in the accompanying article



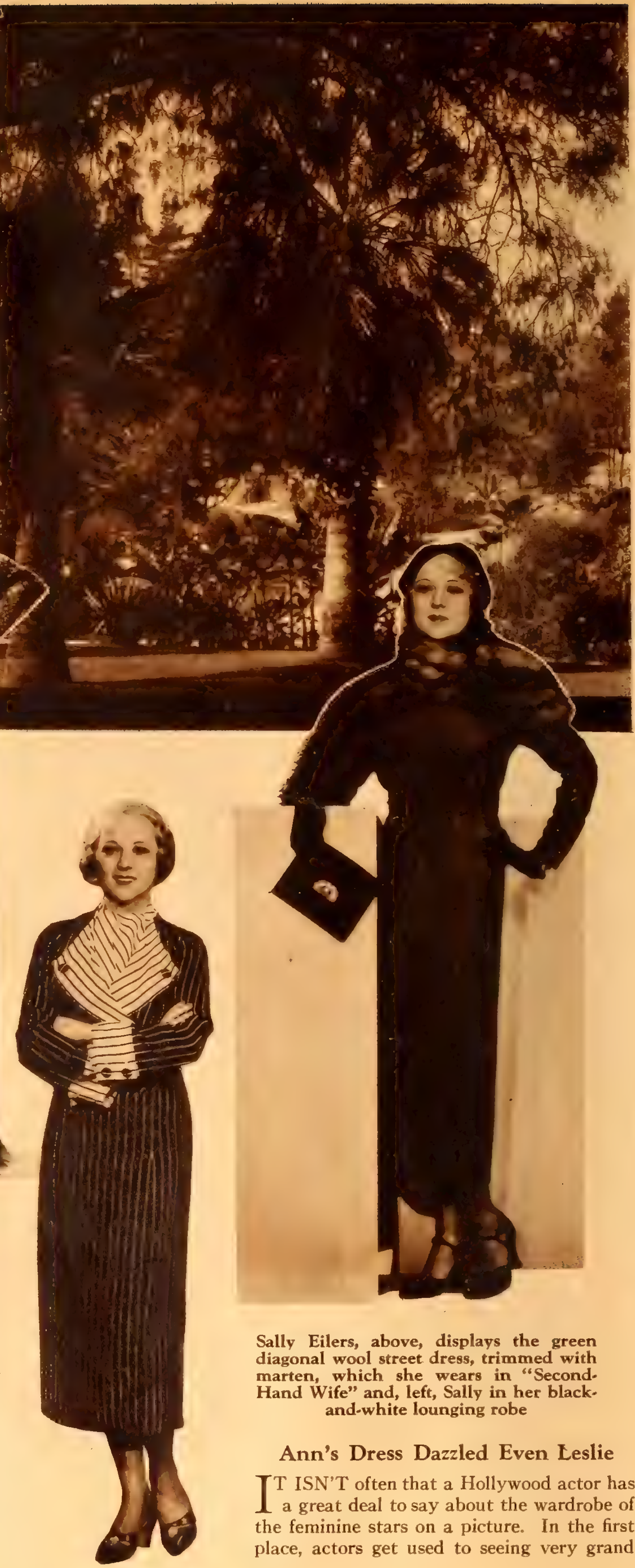
Above, a close-up of Raquel Torres' fox-trimmed white lace gown in "That's Africa." Right, Raquel sets a new style for evening scarves

neckline must be *different*—the more unusual the better.

You won't find a cuter, newer treatment of a daytime sleeve than in a certain little dress Boots Mallory wears in a scene with James Dunn in "Handle With Care." The dress is of brown-and-yellow wool, with a plain little silk collar of yellow. But notice the way the silk is *inset* into the sleeve just below the shoulder line! A very simple little model to copy—and a grand little dress to wear under a coat on those nippy, office-bound mornings. How much more appropriate a sleeve like this is for under-coat wear than the exaggerated "puffs" of last winter's models!

In a second scene in "Handle With Care" (again with James Dunn), observe another very cute and *different* treatment of Miss Mallory's sleeves. The dress is blue-and-white checked wool with a flare sleeve, cunningly trimmed with a plain ruffle of organdie and a dozen white buttons. You can flare your sleeves . . . you can trim them with buttons and laces and organdies . . . but don't puff them too much, at least not so much as on your old dresses!

When you see Boots in this picture, in her clever wardrobe, you'll understand why she was just elected a Baby Star. And you'll say, "Her studio must have big plans for her to give her such a start!"

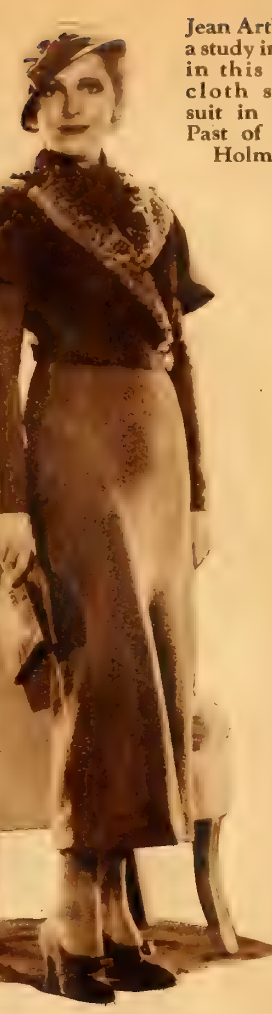


Sally Eilers, above, displays the green diagonal wool street dress, trimmed with marten, which she wears in "Second-Hand Wife" and, left, Sally in her black-and-white lounging robe

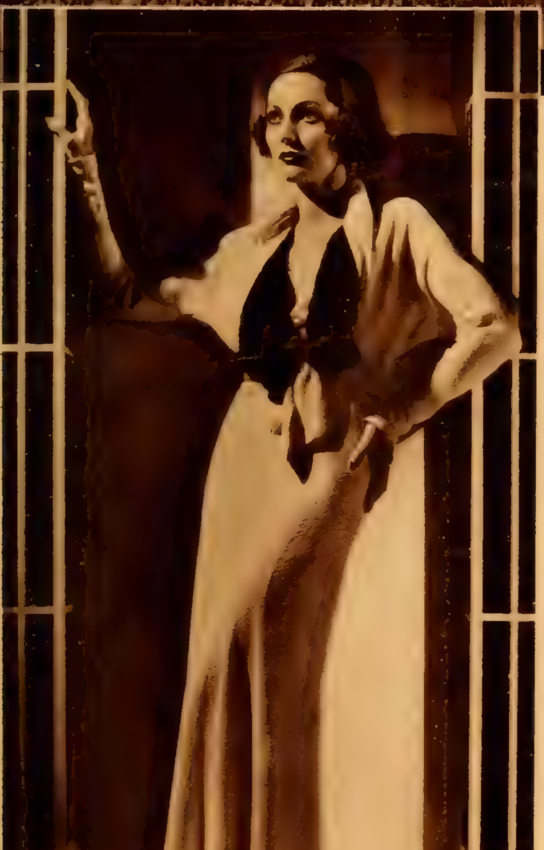
Ann's Dress Dazzled Even Leslie

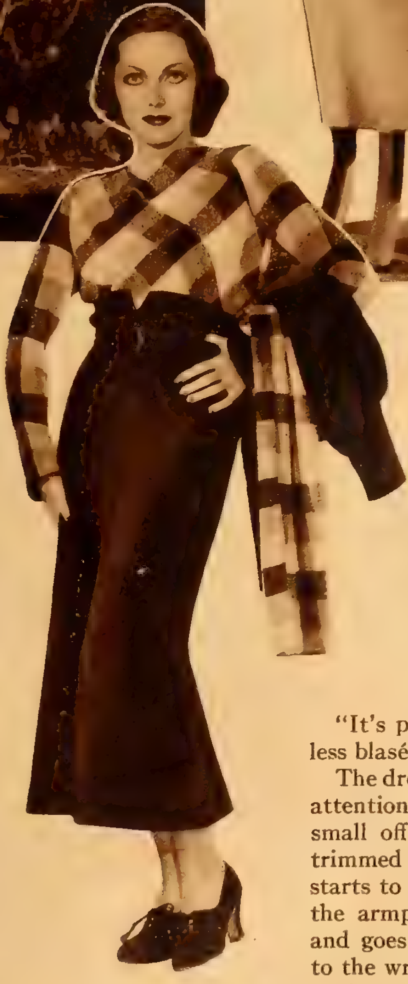
IT ISN'T often that a Hollywood actor has a great deal to say about the wardrobe of the feminine stars on a picture. In the first place, actors get used to seeing very grand

Gone are the days when everything fashionable had to come from Paris. Now Hollywood is fast becoming the fashion center of the world. Left is Westlake Park, Los Angeles, not far from the film city



Jean Arthur is a study in gray in this haircloth street suit in "The Past of Mary Holmes"





Adrienne Ames looks striking, above, in her unusual white rough crêpe evening ensemble, the jacket of which is trimmed with sable in a novel manner. The center picture shows Adrienne sporting the plaid rough wool crêpe ensemble

clothes. You can imagine the surprise of Ann Harding, then, when she walked on the set of "The Animal Kingdom," wearing a black crêpe dinner gown, to have Leslie Howard exclaim: "Ann, if you don't beg, borrow or steal that dress for your very own . . . then, my girl, you do not know your own style!"

"Do you really like it?" asked Ann, laughingly.

"It's perfect," exclaimed the more or less blasé Mr. Howard.

The dress that so caught Mr. Howard's attention is of heavy black crêpe with a small off-shoulder collar of white satin trimmed with rhinestones. The sleeve starts to puff, ever so gently, just under the armpit and then changes its mind and goes straight and tight right down to the wrist. It is too bad that Ann has to do so much sitting down in the scenes of "The Animal Kingdom" in which she wears this gown; otherwise it would be easier for you to see the clever double waistline it features. It has a "natural waistline" and then a "long waistline," which starts below the hips where the skirt is shirred on. If you can afford only one "dress up" garment this year, you can't beat a copy of this model, which can "go places" or "stay home" and be equally elegant in both settings.

Before we left the RKO studio, we drifted over to a set

(*Continued on page* 84)

Motion Picture

Here is a secret from the set of "Secrets"—a revelation of what Mary Pickford, Leslie Howard and director Frank Borzage did with their extremely valuable time, between scenes. This picture is something new for Our Mary—a tense love story in which neither age nor heartbreak nor hardships can alter her devotion to the adventurer she loves. So what could be more natural than their reading, between scenes, the magazine that has been devoted to the movies for twenty-two adventurous years? MOTION PICTURE, the old friend from whom Hollywood withholds no secrets. The magazine that told, in the issue they're reading, the secret of why Mary wanted to do "Secrets"!

RONALD COLMAN Reveals His Greatest Secret!

There's a surprise in store for you in this unusual interview—when Ronald suddenly explains why he is an actor, hating the spotlight as he does, and why he knows he won't miss fame when he steps out of films!

By GLADYS HALL

I MAY as well come right out in the open and be honest with you. I can't imagine anything more fascinating than an afternoon spent with Ronald Colman, talking of everything under the sun. And I can't imagine anything harder to do than to *interview* him.

He is completely charming. He has interests that range the world around and include reincarnation, tennis, books, dogs, movies, real estate, farming. He loves good food and old wines. He loves the sea and ships. He talks of all these things with the detachment and humorous profundity of a Galsworthy character who, most certainly, would shudder at being *interviewed*.

I'll take you right into his house with me and tell you exactly what happened as I tried to get from Ronnie a story that would startle and intrigue the world.

His man-servant admitted me. The house has an English atmosphere, but is probably hybrid-Spanish in architecture. I walked down a narrow, steep flight of white stone steps, through a paneled hall and spacious living-room, and into a stone-paved patio, where ivy grew over dim white walls and a greenish image of *Pan* dripped water from an ancient pipe. The house has the look of being lived in, and cared about. And there, in the semi-twilight of an early winter's day in California, we sat and smoked and talked . . .

I said, after the first greetings, "We've got to get an 'angle,' you know. One has to have an angle when one does an interview these days—"

He's Not a Woman-Hater Yet

RONNIE smiled and said, "It must be hard. Especially when you have interviewed an individual over and over again, as you have me. What is there left for me to say that I have not said? I have told you that I am *not* a 'woman-hater' but, I hope, merely an idealist. Which may or may not be hopeless. I have told you that I love the actual work I do, the work on the set, but dislike, intensely, all of the rest of it—publicity and attention and—and—"

"And interviews," I prompted pleasantly.

"Well, all the rest of it," smiled Ronnie.

"I know," I said. "It *is* hard. As a matter of fact, I really came here to ask you about your—er—screen kisses." Desperately, I took the plunge—feeling just a bit ridiculous (as interviewers often do). "I mean, *have* they changed? Do you—ah—kiss differently from the—from the way you used to kiss?"

Ronnie elevated his fine brows, quizzically. "I wonder?" he replied. "I heard about the idea. It—it hardly seems to fit me, do you think? I wouldn't have a notion what to say about it. I suppose that the kind of kisses one gives on the

(*Continued on page* 86)

RONALD
COLMAN

Longworth

Take a lengthy look at the face of Glenda Farrell—for it's the face that is launching a thousand prophecies of stardom a day. Hollywood is raving about this newcomer's simply grand larceny in stealing every picture that comes her way. It all started when she had the twins in "Life Begins," and then betrayed Paul Muni in "I Am a Fugitive." It continues in "The Match King," "The Wax Museum," "Grand Slam" and "Blue Moon Murder Case." Where did she come from, and what is she like in real life? That's what everybody's asking. You'll find all the answers in the story opposite!

Gay, Gifted and Going Places — *That's GLENDA!*

If you haven't seen this blonde Farrell girl on the screen yet, you've missed one of the talkies' biggest treats. And if you have seen her, you won't want to miss this pen-portrait of this vivid actress who says she'll probably "fall apart" before she ever stops acting. Read it and weep that you don't know her in person!

By TERRENCE COSTELLO

Last month, MOTION PICTURE nominated Glenda Farrell for stardom because "her face is the most important part of her," because after "Life Begins" her studio was deluged with demands to see more of her, because she is equal to any rôle, because Paul Muni, who knows acting, praises her highly—and because of her small son, Tommy. Now, we present a close-up of this new sensation—revealing her past, her personality, and her possibilities. She's someone worth knowing!— ***Editor.***

EVEN before "Life Begins"—the Warners' much-discussed childbirth opus—was out of the cutting room, rumors were passing about Hollywood of the smash performance turned in by Glenda Farrell, as the frowsy dame who devoted her time in the maternity ward, awaiting an unwanted pair of twins, to singing "Frankie and Johnny" and drinking gin from a hot-water bottle. And that "new find" business began to go around again.

Cinemania loves its discoveries, just as the careless lady in the film came to love her twins. Imagine the chagrin of the dwellers in the closed-in village upon learning that this same Farrell was only repeating the performance which, in the stage version of the play a few months before, had caused the few kind words said about the short-lived Broadway piece!

No, the smell of greasepaint is scarcely a strange one to Glenda. She has been used to it ever since seven years after her earthly appearance, on June 30, 1904, in Enid, Oklahoma. Her début was that always-charming one of the ascending *Little Eva* in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe, and with the exception of occasional pauses to pick up an education, Glenda has been a citizen of the make-believe world ever since.

Her father was Irish, her mother German, with an abundance of theatrical and musical ability on the distaff side of the family for several generations. The axiom that kid troupers get a rolling start on other entrants in the dramatic lists is surely borne out again in Glenda's case. She played the road when it was The Road.

Has "Lived in a Trunk"

"I'VE spent most of my life in a trunk," she admits. "Broadway was my first stopping place—and I suppose it will be my last. Just now the engagement is in Hollywood, and a very, very nice one it is, too!"

But they haven't all been very, very nice ones. Not by a very, very long way. Stock, traveling companies, flops on Broadway, leavened by enough successes to keep up the spirits and the finances. And if you think that an occasional run, just for the sake of

(*Continued on page 93*)

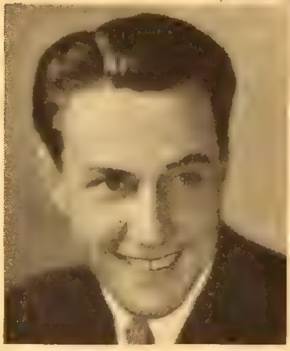
Would You Call of Movie Stars—

If a chap who isn't an actor marries a
as of old, to be an "unknown" husband?
days, against being "forgotten." Con-
movie game, himself. Irene Dunne's
in New York. In one way or another,

By NANCY

Powolny

Top left, Irene Dunne and her husband, who is NOT "Dr. Dunne," but Dr. F. D. Griffin. Left, Peggy Shannon and Allan Davis, who "separated" to advance his career. Below, Bette Davis and Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., whose name reporters muffed at first



Bruno

IN the most publicized, three-sheeted town in the world, are there a group of men standing on the rim of the Spotlight of Fame who are still as generally overlooked as President-Elect Roosevelt's famous "forgotten man"? How about the non-acting husbands of actress-wives . . . the men who have given up interesting, and often very profitable work of their own because they love their spotlighted mates so well that they are willing to submerge their own futures to live with them and near them in the land of the movies?

Is it theirs not to reason why—theirs but to do and die of humiliation when a reporter, carelessly and casually, refers to one of them as "Mr. Star"? Theirs but to cringe, when the Hollywood hostess herds the stellar wife into a seat among the "celebrities" at a social function and places friend husband far down at the end of the table among the nonentities, the 'necessarily invited" and the relatives? Theirs but to listen, bored and uninterested, to the unending shop-talk of studio people?

Did you see Constance Bennett in the rôle of the movie star who married the socially prominent, non-acting gentleman from Santa Barbara in "What Price Hollywood"? Neil Hamilton, as that yawning, bored and ignored character, interpreted the rôle of "a forgotten man" with such understanding that you couldn't help but feel that he must have known many of them!

Can Katharine Be Kidding?

JUST by way of giving you a fair example of how completely a non-professional husband in the background can be "forgotten," consider a certain Mr. Ludlow Smith. Did you ever hear of Mr. Smith of the New York and Philadelphia social sets? It is a ten-to-one chance that you haven't. But if you have been

the HUSBANDS "Forgotten Men"?

glamourous screen lady, is he still fated,
No, indeed! The boys fight, these
stance Bennett's Marquis got into the
dentist-husband sticks to his practice
they're out to make names for *themselves!*

PRYOR

Keystone

Top right, Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise, who needs no introduction. Right, Colleen Moore and Albert Scott, her Silent Partner. Below, Elissa Landi and her husband, who is John Lawrence, Barrister, to hordes of Londoners

Wide World

keeping up with your movies in the last few months, you most certainly have heard of Mrs. Ludlow Smith, *née* Katharine Hepburn. You might ask Mrs. Smith about Mr. Smith until you are black in the face, and here's what you might get in reply (as baffled reporters have): "So they say I am married, really? To a Mr. Smith? Well, maybe so . . . I've quite *forgotten!*"

Or take that other fair charmer on the RKO lot, Gwili Andre. A very close friend of Gwili's in Hollywood will vouch for the information that the beautiful Andre had a husband a couple of years ago. But as to his name, occupation, station in life, coloring of hair and eyes, this friend has not the vaguest idea. Nor does she know where the gentleman resides at the present moment. "It was really the vaguest sort of a marriage," is her only comment. "I can't seem to remember anything about him."

These, of course, are extreme cases—not typical, exactly, of the almost legendary husbands who are very much in Hollywood, but very little of it. Consider the Strange Case of Mr. Charles Bennett, who is known in Hollywood, much to his annoyance, as "the husband of Boots Mallory."

When Boots married Charles Bennett a year or so ago in New York, Bennett was equally as well known along Broadway as his attractive little dancer-wife. He was a jazz band musician who alternated between conducting his own orchestras and making solo appearances with some of the finest bands in the country. But Boots would not come to Hollywood unless Charlie came with her, and, rather than see his wife lose out on an extraordinary opportunity for advancement in *her* work, he accompanied her to the Coast. Imagine his embarrassment to

(*Continued on page 80*)

Where You'll Find the STARS at PLAY

SERIES NUMBER 8

Yosemite National Park and Lake Arrowhead: where, in summer or winter, they can hold communion with good old Mother Nature, breathe tonic air, relax, or go in for sports and, maybe, romance

By
DOROTHY
CALHOUN

Summer or winter, when stars really want to get away for a good rest, which usually means to get away from crowds, they go "back to Nature"—to such nearby beauty spots as Lake Arrowhead and Yosemite National Park. This story about these two resorts is the eighth in MOTION PICTURE'S series about "where you'll find the stars at play."
—Editor.

English

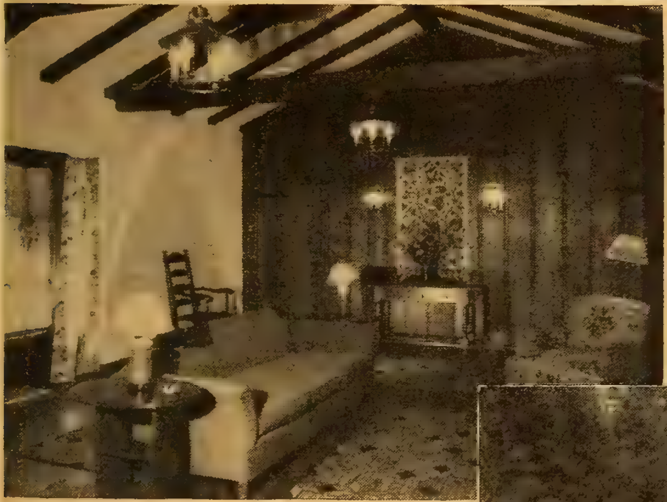
Ruth Hall, one of the 1932 Baby Stars, goes up to Lake Arrowhead to toboggan. (P. S. And to reveal the latest sport togs.) In oval, Wynne Gibson and Cary Grant exploring Lake Arrowhead trails in autumn

Lippmann

When Warren William (left) goes mountain-climbing and skiing, he goes dressed for rough weather and rough spills. Far left, Anita Page at the Lodge at Lake Arrowhead, one of her favorite spots between pictures—in any season

Left, the Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite National Park, with Half Dome Mountain for its back drop. This is becoming a favorite honeymoon spot of the stars

Basking in the autumn sun on the porch of the Ahwahnee, Elissa Landi (above) finished work on her fourth novel



Below, the living room of the cottage on the Ahwahnee grounds at Yosemite in which Alan Crosland and Natalie Moorhead were married

Above, Thelma Todd proves that she can make even a deer eat out of her hand. This all happened last autumn at Yosemite

WHEN the first snow flies in the mountains, the publicity boys in every studio have a brilliant idea and fare forth with cameramen and screen cuties dressed in the sort of winter sports costumes seen in the St. Moritz number of a musical comedy—fur caps, fur-topped boots, fur jackets and bare legs. The ensuing pictures of pretty girls being coy with snowmen, spilling becomingly into drifts and pelting each other with snowballs appear in due time in the rotogravure sections of Eastern Sunday papers. And everybody—especially the publicity boys—is happy.

In reality, however, the stouter souls of Hollywood, such as Warren William, set out for winter sports in all the hideousness of knitted toboggan caps, heavy army sweaters, old leather coats, woolen mittens and woolen knickers. These comfortable denizens of the sun hail the snows in the nearby mountain resorts as joyously as youngsters with new sleds.

Such stars as Reginald Denny, Walter Huston, Warner Baxter, George Hill and the Rod La Rocques (Vilma Banky), who actually own ranch houses or cabins on the Rim-of-the-World Drive or in the High Sierras, find themselves suddenly popular. While the smart hotels, such as the Ahwahnee in the Yosemite and the Lodge at Lake Arrowhead, open their winter seasons, counting among their guests a generous sprinkling of famous movie noses, slightly reddened by the cold (which makes no distinction between the nose of a John Barrymore and that of a plain John Smith).

The first snowfall in the California mountains usually coincides with the Christmas holidays, and to Eastern eyes (and most of the picture people are Easterners) palm trees and rose gardens suddenly lose their appeal. Homesickness for snowdrifts, for evergreens loaded with feathery white, and for sleigh bells sends the stars scurrying, with chains on their limousines, to the nearest spot where the temperature is below zero. The Arlisses ate their 1932 Christmas dinner "as Christmas dinners should be eaten," looking out of their hotel window onto a swirling snowstorm.

(*Continued on page 72*)

“Mama, *Where* Do Wampas BABY STARS Come From?”

It’s a question that little Fanette was bound to ask sooner or later of Mother Hollywood. And, perhaps, the tot is old enough now to be told. So here is an attempted explanation —which also answers the question: And Where Do Baby Stars GO? Some may become Joan Crawfords and Janet Gaynors—but what of the others?

By DOROTHY MANNERS

AFTER a complete cessation of prophecies in 1930, and a very lukewarm bestowal of honors in 1931 (no big banquet, no bows from the local stages, no dance shindig at five dollars per ticket), the Wampas have broken out with a fresh batch of Baby Stars—if not bigger and better than ever, at least a larger and longer list.

With ten years’ experience in sighting interesting new star dust in the Hollywood heavens, the press-agent boys now predict future glory for such new twinklers as: Lona Andre (Paramount), Lilian Bond (Free-lance), Mary Carlisle (M-G-M), June Clyde (Free-lance), Patricia Ellis (Warner Brothers), Ruth Hall (Goldwyn), Eleanor Holm (First National), Evalyn Knapp (Free-lance), Dorothy Layton (Free-lance), Boots Mallory (Fox), Toshia Mori (Columbia), Ginger Rogers (Free-lance), Marion Shockley (Educational), Gloria Stuart (Universal) and Dorothy Wilson (RKO).

There are fifteen—the largest number in Baby Star history; one each from each major studio, and five who are unattached. These, say the boys who are better known as the Wampas than as the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers, are likely to be your future Joan Crawfords, Norma Shearers, Jean Harlows, Marlene Dietrichs, Constance Bennetts, Ruth Chattertons and, maybe, Greta Garbos.

Though the names of several of the group may fall with unfamiliar sound upon your eardrums, the entire press-agent body of the studios assures you that, of all the new charmers to be found among the various lots, these are the most promising! The fact that such ladies as Katharine Hepburn, Phyllis Barry, Tala Birell, Bette Davis and a few others of that ilk (commonly expected by critics and public to be stars very soon) are very much in circulation throughout the studios has, apparently, had little influence on the selections of the Wampas.

Dyar

Above, you see eight of the thirteen Baby Stars of 1928, when dresses were short and figures counted more than to-day. How many do you recognize? Left to right, they are: Gwen Lee, Molly O’Day, Sally Eilers, Sue Carol, June Collyer, Dorothy Gulliver, Alice Day and Audrey Ferris

Acme

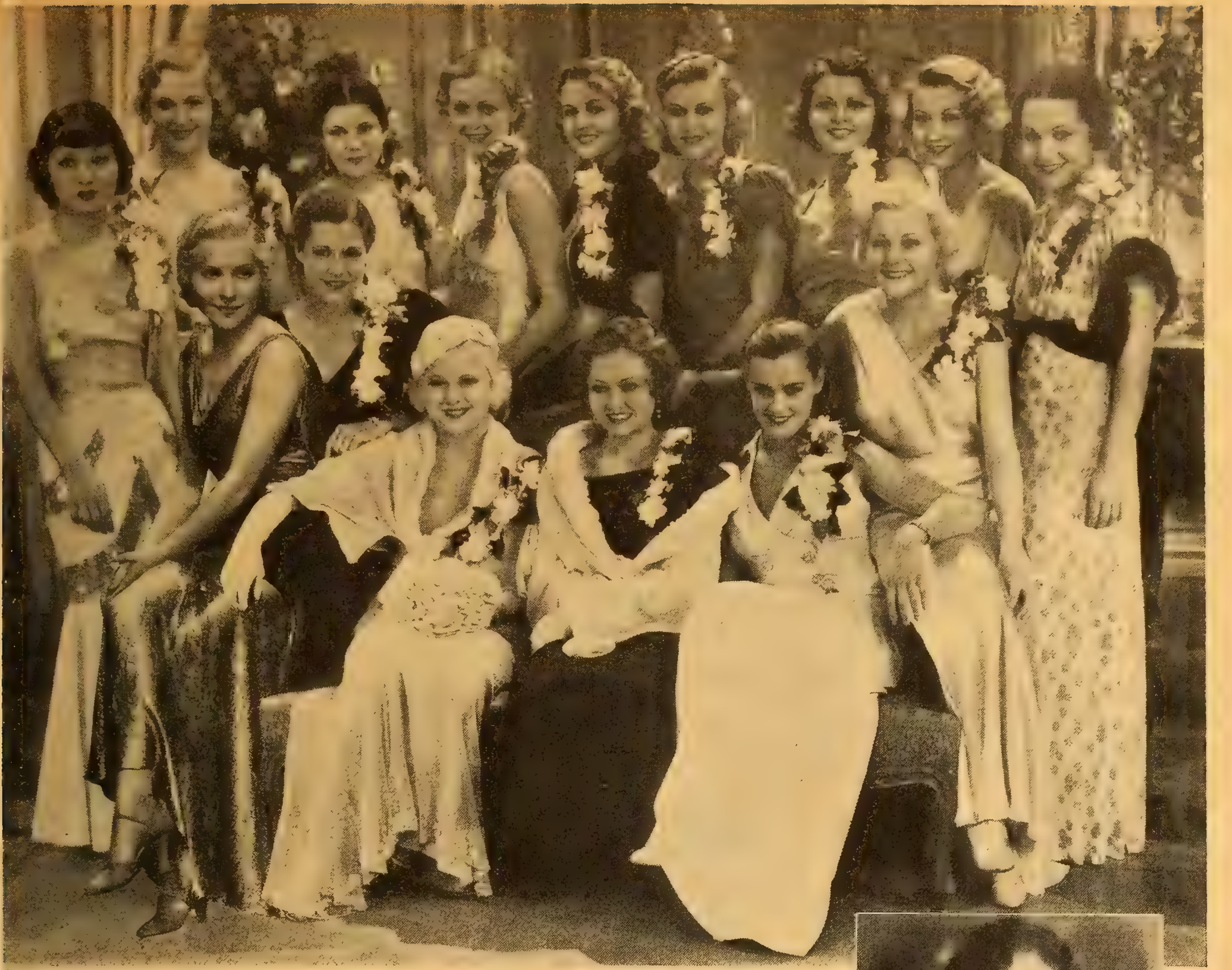
These are the Wampas Baby Stars of 1931. Seated, left to right: Anita Louise, Joan Marsh, Sidney Fox, Rochelle Hudson and Judith Wood. Kneeling, left to right, Joan Blondell, Constance Cummings, Frances Dade, Frances Dee, Karen Morley, Marion Shilling, Marian Marsh and Barbara Weeks

An Inevitable Question

DO you wonder that little Fanette, the demon moviegoer, might well turn to Mama Hollywood with the question in her eyes, and the words on her lips: “Mama, *where* do Wampas Baby Stars come from?”

Even supposing that the child is too young to know about such professional Facts of Hollywood Life, let’s look back over the ten years of Wampas Baby Star selections and try to explain to the kiddie, not only where the Little Ones came from, but also where many of them have gone!

Although two or three of the new Baby Stars have not yet actually been seen by the public, the official announcement of the



Acme

And this is the latest—and largest—collection of Baby Stars, fifteen in all. Seated, left to right, June Clyde, Dorothy Wilson, Mary Carlisle, Lona Andre, Eleanor Holm and Dorothy Layton. Standing, left to right, Toshia Mori, Boots Mallory, Ruth Hall, Gloria Stuart, Patricia Ellis, Ginger Rogers, Lilian Bond, Evalyn Knapp and Marion Shockley. Is Fame ahead for all fifteen?

Wampas assures us that all fifteen "have either been under contract or in training for more than three months"—which, apparently, is one of the biggest requirements. Color of hair and eyes is not so important. Eight of the 1932 Baby Stars are blondes, six are brunettes, and one is a redhead. The section of the country where they were born is immaterial—since they come from such widely scattered places as Boston, New Orleans, Minneapolis, New York, Florida and California. Only four have gone to college; only a few have had stage experience. The youngest is sixteen; their average age is twenty-two. What, then, makes a newcomer a Baby Star? The official announcement says: "Wampas members have relied on their personal knowledge of what constitutes the basic requirements of screen success—personality, beauty, youth and flexible talent."

Over a period of ten years, exactly one hundred and thirty-two young actresses have been selected as Baby Stars. Out of that group, between thirty-five and forty have actually achieved either authentic stardom or have rated "featured" billing. Let's see—that gives the Wampas boys an average of being right about thirty-three and one-third per cent of the time. In other words, they have picked 'em *one in three!* They have called the turn on such winners as Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Eleanor Boardman, Dolores Costello, Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez, Mary Astor, Colleen Moore, Sally Eilers, Helen Twelvetrees, Joan Blondell, and many others.

Autrey

When Janet Gaynor became a Baby Star, her days as an unknown were over. But if it hadn't been for a reporter pal, she might not have been elected!

They Discover "Discoveries"

WHICH might be a staggering record if the boys had recruited the Baby Stars off the corners of Hollywood streets or found them in high-school classrooms. But when you stop to remember that the boys were not put to so much trouble, and had the advantage of selecting the cream of the crop already scouted, if not actually under contract to the studios, it doesn't seem like such an amazing quota of good guesses.

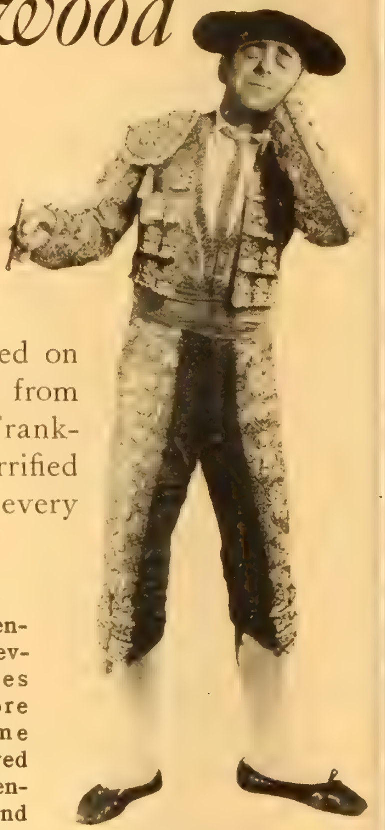
What, then, could enter into the selection of a Wampas Baby Star besides a good guess?

It isn't fair to mention names, nor is it particularly important to the point of this little true story, as the girl has long

(Continued on page 74)

BULLFIGHTING — It's an Old Spanish Custom, But a New *Hollywood* CRAZE!

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals insisted on watching the filming of the bullfighting scenes for "The Kid from Spain"—to make sure that no harm befell the bull. But Sidney Franklin, the *matador* who faced that bull, says Americans aren't horrified by these combats; they are interested in them. Anyway, every studio is planning a big bullfight picture!



Above, Eddie Cantor can't bear to face the bull in "The Kid from Spain"—which helped to start the bullfight craze

EIGHT years ago, that truly admirable institution, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, demanded a voice in picture-making by requiring Metro to allow a selected committee of its members to supervise the making of the chariot-race sequences in "Ben-Hur," in which several hundred horses were used. More recently, the same society has played the rôle of movie censor by being on hand when the bullfighting scenes in "The Kid from Spain" were made. And with several bullfight dramas now scheduled, does this mean that the S. P. C. A. had better set up headquarters in Hollywood?

To the Spanish and Latin-American enthusiasts, the American attitude toward bullfighting is difficult to understand. They cannot figure out how American humane societies can wax indignant at the imagined cruelties of the bull ring in other countries, and, at the same time, condone and indulge in the cruelest of all sports, that of angling.

Right, Ramon Novarro, as you will soon see him

Acme
© The Times

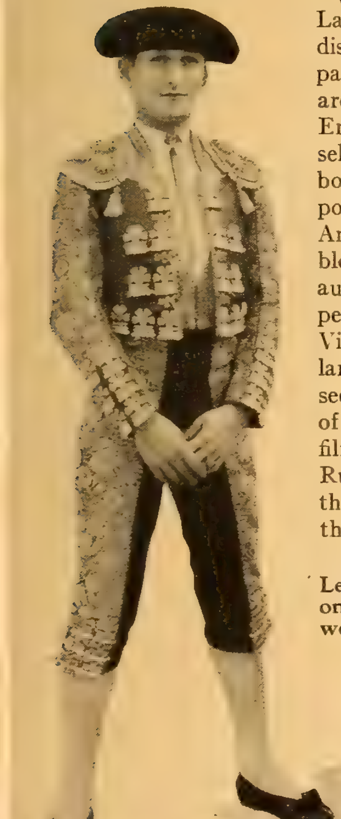
Left, a bull collides with a matador's horse—a thrill in a Seville bullfight

Left, the first great movie matador—Valentino in "Blood and Sand." Above, a bullfight crowd in Seville

By Fernando Rondon

Further, the Latin has difficulty in understanding the hesitancy of some Hollywood studios in portraying the activities of a *corrida* (bullfight) when they leap at the opportunity to reproduce human suffering in its most excruciating moments. Writers, producers, actors, and all other dispensers of canned tears of humans, he believes, should be censured as soon as those who depict the discomfiture of brutes. There may be members of humane societies who do not approve the sufferings of an orphan as shown in "The Champ," or a man's mental agony in "Two Seconds," or "House of Pain" episodes of "The Island of Lost Souls," or the physical tortures of "The Mask of Fu Manchu" and "Wax Museum"—but they have not been heard from yet. Beasts may not seem to suffer on the screen—but men (and women) may. How come?

Cruelty a Matter of Geography?



Left, Sidney Franklin, America's only real matador—before he underwent plastic surgery to be a movie hero

WHAT makes the matter all the more confusing to the Latin is the fact that Americans display no hesitancy in lending their patronage to bullfights when they are away from their native shores. Ernest Hemingway's recent best-seller, "Death in the Afternoon," bought by Radio for picture purposes, illustrates the delight of American tourists in the most bloody events of the *corrida*. The author of this book, himself, happens to be an ardent admirer of Vicente Barrera and Marcial Lalanda, famous *toreros*. It would seem, then, that cruelty is a matter of geography. When Paramount filmed "Blood and Sand" with Rudolph Valentino a few years ago there were no protests—because the bullfighting scenes were made in Mexico, where bullfighting is legal.

But when these Mexican bulls crossed the American border, they found a society anxious to protect them—that is, unless they were bound for the slaughter house. When Eddie Cantor was filming "The Kid from Spain," a delegation of forty mercy-minded individuals proceeded to the studio to make sure that the imported bulls were assured of life, a certain amount of liberty, and the pursuit of happiness and whoever happened to be in the way. They served notice on Samuel Goldwyn that the bullfight scenes were to be made under their supervision.

The animals were brought across the Mexican border from Piedras Negras, a famous farm devoted to the breeding of bulls for the ring. It was necessary to make this importation because not all male members of the bovine family are suitable for an appearance in the *corrida*. Sidney Franklin, the *matador* employed especially for this occasion, insisted upon working with orthodox animals, not with slow-moving, bellowing lords of creamery herds.

For this production a real bull ring was built on the studio lot, which, though not as large as the amphitheatres of Spain and Latin America, nevertheless was a huge set. In this was to be performed the first *corrida* in the United States.

On the day that the bullfight was to be filmed the bleachers of the arena were filled with a variety of spectators, not all of whom were paid "atmosphere." Many film notables were there to watch this unique performance. Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, and Samuel

(*Continued on page 97*)

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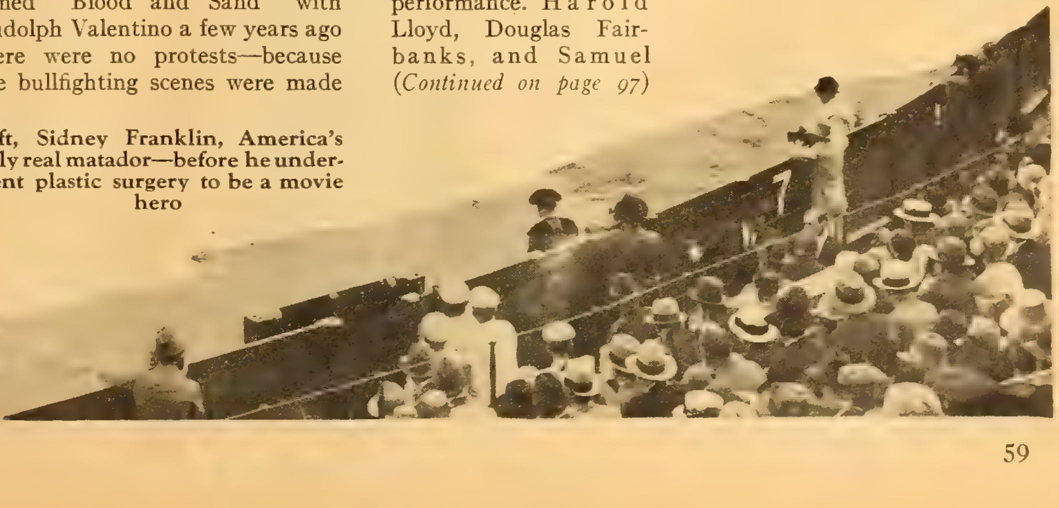

Meet the *New* ALICE WHITE!

She says, "I don't feel that I am staging a 'comeback'—I feel that a new girl has begun to work in pictures, from the bottom up. Her name just happens to be Alice White." And that gives you the tip-off that the hot-cha little girl who left Hollywood a year ago is now a different Alice—even to a brand-new nose!

By GLADYS HALL

ALICE WHITE went away from Hollywood some months ago to make a tour of the country and —*that Alice White never came back*. It's a brand-new Alice you are seeing to-day.

With that bygone little Alice went the one-time hot-cha methods and mannerisms, the "Naughty Baby-isms," the Gentlemen-Prefer-Blondes line, the frivolity and what-not that caused starch-spined ladies to elevate their lorgnettes and threaten To Do Things About It. No, never again will your eyes behold the brief, blonde Alice (born Alva), posing in abbreviated, black lace thingumbobs or shimmery shorts. That blonde and naughty-baby Alice has vanished forever.

Gone, too, is the ladylike Alice, languidly posing, affecting airs and graces and the gentle sorrow of one who is misunderstood by a hard-boiled Hollywood. The Alice who leaned head on hand and confided to you that she spent her free hours weeping and shrinking from the barbs and arrows of outrageous fortune.

The old, restless Alice is gone, too. That fevered little filament of a girl who, somehow, seemed destined for tragedy—a little girl dancing in a huge, dark room, crying over the bumps and bruises . . .

Weep no more, my ladies . . . park your lorgnettes . . . and let your upright, reform-bent souls relax . . . For now there is an Alice White who is a well-balanced, quiet-voiced young woman of twenty-two, with a matter-of-fact manner, a great deal of common sense, considerable poise and—*a new nose.* After you have talked with Alice for five minutes, you realize that the new nose is the least of the alterations.

The one thing about this strange new girl that bears any resemblance to the girl who went away from Hollywood is—her heart. That eager and loyal little organ has remained in the same place. "Cy" Bartlett is still, and permanently, it would seem, her boy-friend, as well as her manager. She has been faithful to him, Cynara, after a fashion never supposed to be the late White way.

She said, this blonde young stranger, wrapped richly in her voluminous mink coat, carrying a round little mink muff, "I never came back to Hollywood. Funny, isn't it? *There isn't any Alice White any more*—not as people used to know her. I even toyed with the notion of acquiring a brand-new name, a Russian accent and background, and arriving as *the newcomer I am.*

"It would have been fairly easy. Cy and I went to the movies the other night. We met a boy I had once gone around with. Cy knew him, too, though not as well as I had. The three of us stood in the lobby, talking for twenty minutes or more. As we started to go into the theatre, this boy drew Cy back with him and said, 'Who is the girl you're with? You didn't introduce me.' Cy said, 'Why, Alice, of course—who else would it be?' And when I looked back, that boy was standing there, his mouth wide open, staring after us.

"But it's not only my nose. That's the least part of it. And the nose was done, or, I should say, re-done, on the spur of the moment. There was nothing planned about it. Dr. Ginsberg is a friend of mine. I just happened to be in his office one day, and I was looking at the pictures of some girls I know, for whom he has made new-noses-for-old. I thought, suddenly, then

(*Continued on page 77*)

Bradshaw Crandell

AS YOU DESIRE ME

To make your skin and you lovely—try this 30-day treatment experts prescribe

OLIVE OIL helps to avoid aging skin. Olive oil has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

That is exactly why over 20,000 beauty specialists advise Palmolive Soap—because Palmolive is the soap made with olive oil. They say the lather of this beauty soap puts youth's elasticity and firmness back into the skin.

Do this for 30 days: night and morning, work up a fine, rich lather and give the pores of your whole body (not merely your face and throat) a deep, refreshing cleansing.

There's a challenge to age, all right! Tingling vitality underneath and smooth, delicate, surface softness—a combination that makes your skin, and you, lovely, desirable!

THIS EXACT AMOUNT

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"How can I win

You will want to share the screen stars' secret of winning—and holding—admiration! It is so vitally important to a woman's happiness to know she is truly attractive. Read what the exquisitely lovely Claire Windsor has to say. She tells you how to have the most important feminine charm of all—and how *to keep it* in spite of birthdays.

Here's one secret you MUST know

CLAIRE WINDSOR *replies*

"I WANT your advice," thousands of women write to Claire Windsor. "How can I become truly attractive? How can I win admiration—and how can I hold it?"

"You can be attractive at any age. Birthdays haven't a thing to do with it," Claire Windsor replies. "Provided, of course, you are careful to guard complexion beauty!

"A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have . . . Screen and stage stars know the secret—and *keep* this youthful charm right through the years."

Claire Windsor, like so many other fascinating stars, actually grows *lovelier* as years pass by!

How does this charming star keep her skin so glamorous?

"I use a very simple care, but I use it regularly," she says. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in wonderful condition."

Have YOU tried the Beauty Soap of the Stars?

Hollywood's beautiful stars have found fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap the very finest complexion care. Of the 694 important actresses, including all stars, 686 use this luxurious soap *regularly*. This overwhelming verdict has made it the *official* soap in all the big film studios.

Naturally *you* will want to try it. Buy a few cakes today, use it regularly. The beauty soap of the stars is sure to make *your* skin glamorously smooth and fine!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

Lux Toilet Soap

Admiration?"

women write this famous star

CLAIRE WINDSOR

This fascinating screen star declares any woman can win admiration—and *hold* it, too—if she knows how! "A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have," she says.

The NEW BUDDY Wants a *"New Deal"*

Buddy Rogers has been off the screen a year, but he hasn't become "the forgotten star." Studios are eager to sign him up. Buddy, however, has grown up, grown independent, and grown particular. He doesn't want any more of "that young-boy stuff." As he says, "I'm nearly thirty, look it, and feel it." And if he doesn't get the rôles he wants, back to New York he'll go with his band!

BY ROBERT FENDER

AFTER a year away from Hollywood, Buddy Rogers is back. And what has this year in New York done to him? How has he changed?

He wasn't the most popular guy in the world when he left Hollywood, this Buddy Rogers. The town didn't have a passion for Buddy, and he wasn't overly fond of the town.

I saw him up at Del Monte when he stopped for a round of golf on his way to the Stanford-U. S. C. game a year ago. He was just on his way East then. He had signed with Ziegfeld to appear in "Hot-Cha," had arranged to lead an orchestra at the Hotel Pennsylvania, and was all dated up to make radio broadcasts, at a neat aggregate each week.

"I'm delighted to get out," he said. "It's going to be a swell experience. Got my band all lined up and everything."

"Coming back to Hollywood some day?" I asked.

"Not unless they change my pictures," answered Buddy firmly. "They're killing me as fast as they can with milk-toast rôles. I'm going East to save the pieces."

Hollywood had several charges against Buddy when he shipped for the East. "Too pretty," it said. "Too fond of clothes and sixteen-cylindered motors and open-throated portraits. Too 'Darling of the Debs.' Too—Buddy!"

Buddy knew all this, but kept right on with it. He *was* fond of clothes, and saw no reason for hiding this fondness. If he wanted to wear an overcoat that a horse would envy, that was *his* affair. He *did* like fast cars, and if his publicity man saw fit to ballyhoo him as the young lover, he complied with his wishes. After all, press-agentry wasn't his line. He was simply a hired man and was willing to take orders. If those orders meant being Buddy Rogers, it wasn't his business to kick—*not while he was in films.* Buddy played the game in Hollywood, the Hollywood that made him rich for playing it. He was the wide-eyed kid who was always ingenuously asking advice.

Here are Buddy Rogers and his California Cavaliers. He says: "I've got my band, my radio work and personal appearances, and the executives out this way don't bother me any more. But I want to make a good picture, *one* good picture before I quit the game"

Pride Brought Him Back

BUT when the show was over and he was headed East, Buddy told a few of us why it couldn't go on. He was a little smarter than those trying to guide his destinies. If Hollywood thought he

(*Continued on page 92*)

YEARS ALONE DO NOT DATE YOUR FACE .....but DRY Skin does

● "Even with your mask on, I knew you," he cried. "Your lovely complexion gave you away!" Only when the oil glands are functioning *actively* can *you* hope to keep the skin that thrills the touch—the skin of velvety texture, luscious freshness, firm, unlined contours!

New ingredient in Woodbury's Cold Cream supplies vital element that keeps your skin supple, luscious, young.

Few are the women in America today between sixteen and sixty years who do not have to combat *skin dryness.* Nearly every influence of our hurried civilization contributes to the drying up of the oil glands that lie close under the skin. And yet the energetic functioning of these little glands is the one essential to skin youth. If they slow up, become inactive, the skin grows old, fades.

Now Woodbury's skin specialists have developed a new element, which keeps the little oil glands always active, functioning normally. This new Element 576, never before used in any face cream, now comes in Woodbury's famous Cold Cream.

The principle of this ingredient is the same as that of the vitamins which come to your body in certain of the foods you eat. Now this principle acts *directly* on your *skin.* With the new Element 576, Woodbury's Cold Cream penetrates your skin, vitalizes it, rouses it to vigorous, healthy action.

Now your use of Woodbury's Cold Cream proves doubly effective. It clears the pores more effectually of dirt, frees them of blackheads and blemishes. More than these, it rouses the sluggish oil glands to greater action, preventing dryness, fading, premature skin age.

Begin today to use Woodbury's Cold Cream (night and morning and after exposure) for cleansing your skin, and renewing the life-giving action of your oil glands, for keeping your skin lusciously fresh, unlined and young! 50¢ in big jars, 25¢ in convenient tubes. At all drug and department stores.

FACIAL
COLD CR
MADE ESPECIALLY TO PREVENT DRY SKIN

OTHER WOODBURY BEAUTY AIDS

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM ... a fine finishing cream for use as powder base and as protection from winds and dust. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM ... a very light, quick-melting cream for cleansing *only.* Excellent to flush out pore-deep dirt. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM ... a high fat cream for upbuilding thin undernourished tissues of face and throat, for extreme dryness, wrinkles, lines. 50¢ a jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER ... a refreshing liquid to remove excess cream, refine texture, tone up skin. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER ... exquisite in perfume, fine in texture—carefully blended shades. Spreads evenly, stays on, does not clog pores. 50¢ and $1.00 the box.

FREE SAMPLE Use this coupon now for a trial tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6327 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

*Name*________________________________

*Address*______________________________

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MORTON DOWNEY — DONALD NOVIS — and LEON BELASCO and his Orchestra — on Woodbury's new radio program over station WJZ and N. B. C. network every Wednesday evening at 9:30 E. S. T.

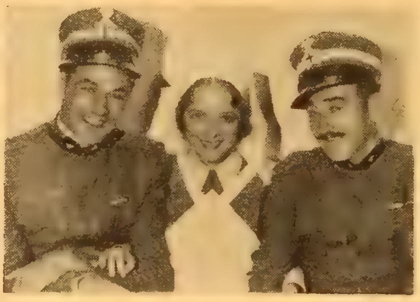
The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Grand Entertainment In Every Way: This beautifully-wrought story and perfect performance by the entire cast will give you an hour of pure delight if you enjoy quality. And who doesn't? Outwardly, nothing much happens to the young publisher of fine books, played with simplicity and clarity by Leslie Howard; his former mistress, richly portrayed by Ann Harding, and his present wife which is the best characterization Myrna Loy has ever done.

But there is tremendous elemental drama in the unseen clash of personalities, the silent battle of minds, the contest between the spiritual and physical appeal of the two women which makes the young publisher's final cryptic remark, "I'm going—to *my wife*" quite clear. William Gargan, as the butler who is more of a pal than a servant, does fine work, and the direction is leisurely and fastidious. It's grand entertainment, any way you look at it.



A FAREWELL TO ARMS

Moving and Sensitive—Beautifully Done! The late war had its sexy side, as Helen Hayes, in the rôle of the war nurse, and Gary Cooper, as the ambulance driver, prove beyond the shadow of a doubt a dozen times in this well-directed, well-adapted and splendidly-acted picture. Seldom have we seen scenes in which the biological urge is represented so faithfully, and yet the picture never quite steps beyond good taste, though one expects (hopefully) that it is going to at any moment.

Helen Hayes *is* the gallant, disillusioned and gay little nurse who pays the supreme price of stolen hours of love, gasping, "I—*am* a—brave—girl" at the end. Gary Cooper has never done better work than he does in the latter scenes, but his ambulance driver is a bit refined and cleaned up for a Hemingway hero. An escape sequence, treated in the arty manner, is effective. Not to be missed, no matter how much the Depression has hit you.

FRISCO JENNY

Chatterton Makes It Worth Seeing: The San Francisco earthquake shook the heroine out of a life of ease into another world. Her father and her fiancé killed by the shock—a somewhat movie-made, though spectacular cataclysm—Jenny is faced with the realization that she is responsible for another life besides her own. When her child is born she places him with a family to be brought up and turns to the only method of earning a living for herself and him that she can find.

The scenario writer evidently felt that mother-love justifies the transformation of the heroine into "Frisco Jenny," famous woman of the underworld, who traffics in vice, and secretly weeps over a growing scrap-book of her son's doings. The ending is "Madame X" with variations, and is brutally heartrending. Despite the quaint clothes of the early century and the new background, the heroine is undeniably the cultured Miss Chatterton, worth both your time and money.

NO MAN OF HER OWN

Gable and Lombard Put It Over: The virile Mr. Gable, loaned as a foil for the blonde Miss Lombard, swaggers through this story of a big-town gambler who carelessly wins a small-town girl, his dimples in evidence practically all the time. The story follows routine paths in which Gable and his pals mulct suckers at cards in expensive metropolitan surroundings, and the heroine appears in a new and gorgeous gown in every scene.

The dénouement, in which the hero, voluntarily, has himself sent to Blackwell's Island to expiate his past misdeeds in preparation—one supposes—for a moral life in the future, is a bit far-fetched, but deft handling and smart dialogue ease one over improbabilities. With the excellent Grant Mitchell furnishing a laugh, now and then, and the ornamental Clark and Carole furnishing the romance, what more can any fan desire? And, too, there's Dorothy Mackaill, who almost steals the picture.

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE

Should Make A Hit Everywhere: The romances, rivalries and politics of a great department store form the background for this pleasant story in which Warren William, as the manager of the store, plays *deus ex machinâ* to clerks, models, and floorwalkers.

Committed to the policy that sentiment is out of place in business, the ruthless manager discharges old employees, tries to prevent one of the models (Loretta Young) from marrying and connives to have another model, peppily and very cleverly played by Alice White, vamp a crusty old trustee of the store into yielding to his policies.

How he discovers the dollars-and-cents value of sentiment the picture tells without any especial surprises or plot twists. Alice White's performance is very good—there is a definite place for her on the screen. It's entertaining and should make a hit everywhere—especially in the Alice White precincts.

THE MUMMY

Karloff In Something Different: As usual Boris Karloff's abilities as an actor are somewhat concealed under putty and false skin. The scenario writer, searching for horrors, has presented him to us as the mummy of an ancient Egyptian priest who found death centuries ago after impiously daring to love a temple virgin. Restored to life when a young Egyptologist happens to read aloud the magic formula from the newly excavated Scroll of Truth, the mummy takes up his life and love where death cut it short centuries ago, while the young scientist goes mad at the transformation—a difficult scene very effectively portrayed by Bramwell Fletcher.

The tempo of the picture is that of the blood-and-thunder serials of an early movie day, with the rescuers arriving just as the reincarnated priestess (Zita Johann) is about to be claimed by an incredibly-shrivelled Karloff. Weird, and different but a trifle too fantastic.

(*More Reviews on page 68*)

re-designed to end revealing outlines without sacrificing needed protection

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

A NEW KOTEX . . . a self-concealing Kotex . . . re-designed to conform perfectly with the demands of the closest-fitting dress . . . yet . . . (and this is so important to you) every bit of thickness, of needed protection, is retained. This New Phantom Kotex, so skilfully constructed, contains identically the same layers of filler, but *you don't realize it!* Because the ends are flattened and shaped, you are scarcely aware of the presence of protection.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Softness . . . safety-plus!

That wonderful absorbency . . . that softness . . . that delicacy so characteristic of Kotex are exactly the same in the New Phantom Kotex. It gives you supreme safety. Disposable, of course. Hospitals alone last year used more than 24 million Kotex pads.

This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never in its history has Kotex cost you so little. Make sure, when buying Kotex wrapped, that you get the genuine. For your protection, each tapered end of the New Phantom* Kotex is plainly stamped "Kotex." On sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! *Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.*

KOTEX NOW 25c

To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians, in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms, and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter, there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today, the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers, courageous, intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this book, the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple, understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
c/o Kotex Company, Room 2175A,
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed ....

Street ....

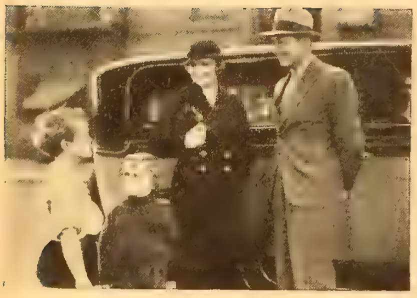
City .... *State* ....

Copyright 1933, Kotex Company

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 66*)



HANDLE WITH CARE

Sentimental Romance — for Youngsters: This picture should please average fans, though they won't be seeing anything out of the ordinary. It is a question whether any amount of re-making can do much for the trite story of New York tenement life. Too much responsibility is laid on the small shoulders of Buster Phelps as the nephew of the department store nursery entertainer (Boots Mallory), who's in love with the assistant district attorney, who's an enemy of gangsters.

Jimmy Dunn has little to do except look amiable (he is growing stout, by the way) and El Brendel, excellent comedian that he is, cannot be funny with the ancient wheezes and gags allotted to him, as the slum music teacher.

Whenever the picture showed signs of dying on its feet a nightmare sequence, a chase or a thrill has been inserted to save it. Boots is young and cute, and with careful direction should go places.

MADAME BUTTERFLY

Charming—You'll Love It: Another all-Occidental cast in an all-Oriental setting. Adhesive tape that slants Sylvia Sidney's eyes does not quite transform her into the incredibly innocent little Japanese wife who waits trustingly for her naval officer-husband to return to her "when the robins nest again." However, once you stop thinking about the tape, Miss Sidney's performance is quaint and touching.

The technical difficulties of language are cleverly surmounted, and the settings are naïve and charming. Cary Grant looks the part of the handsome navy man, playing a delightful love game without too much seriousness, but it is to be hoped that the scene in which he drones an inane blues song about "My Flower of Old Japan" while trying to avoid his Flower's towering hair structure, will be eliminated. In all a decorative and charming picture which ends, like the opera, on a tragic note.

THE PARACHUTE JUMPER

Plenty of Punch. Not a Dull Moment: Done in the light-hearted manner so becoming to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., this fast-moving tale of two navy fliers discharged from the service for joy-riding with government planes is filled with excitement from first to last. The dialogue is as snappy as modern youth.

The action varies from stunt flying and dope-running across the Mexican border, to air fighting between gangster planes and border patrols. Through it all Doug is equal to all emergencies and the scenes with his pal, Frank McHugh, and his girl (Bette Davis) are extremely amusing. Hired as a chauffeur on the strength of his profile, the hero finds himself an unwilling participant in the schemes of dope smugglers.

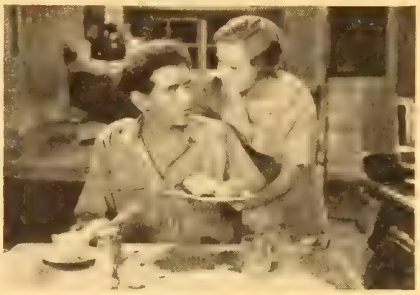
How he escapes from their clutches, the story reveals with several authentic thrills and with Doug living up to the title. Not a dull moment.

THE WAX MUSEUM

Thrilling All the Way. Don't Miss It: This picture, done in color, tops the horrors of the year. It is so well-conceived, mounted and acted that its horrors become plausible. Grown-ups, as well as children, will have their dreams filled with hideously mutilated faces, seared claws of hands, and stark staring figures for a long while after seeing Lionel Atwill's immobile, wax face which he makes, as the maddened artist, to cover his own fire-distorted features.

The interior of a wax works museum is not only a novel locale for a picture, but one ideally fitted for the use of Technicolor, which adds much beauty and life to the scenes. It would be unfair to take away any of your thrills by touching on the story, which is enacted only too well for your peace of mind. See it by all means—but don't take the kids.

This makes two horror hits for Atwill—his first having been "Doctor X."



NO OTHER WOMAN

Well Worth Seeing. Finely Acted: When one sees Charles Bickford's artless grin on the screen, one knows he is a strong, simple man who will stray from the straight-and-narrow way but will return to it. When one sees Irene Dunne, one foresees that she will be a loving and neglected wife who will triumph over the Other Woman in the end.

It is so in this story of the steel mill worker whose wife's ambition lifts them out of the grimy workingman's cottage into wealth, only to leave them at the end where they started. Amid little suspense, these two good players make the husband and wife true human beings whose experiences are vitally enthralling. An ugly trial scene sounds a new note in the eternal triangle. Gwili Andre's hold over the husband is a trifle difficult to sympathize with. Well worth seeing.

It isn't as melodramatic as most Bickford pictures—and is more life-like.

THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

Thriller Is Too Fantastic: There comes a time when fantasy becomes too fantastic. If this picture of the mad doctor who converts animals into the semblance of human beings, according to their natures, doesn't come under this criticism, it is close to the border line between astonishment and absurdity. The early scenes do not build up enough suspense and expectation, and the onlooker finds it hard to get into the spirit of things immediately.

Charles Laughton is, of course, excellent as the suave and sinister doctor, all other members of the cast having rubber stamp parts except the prize-winning Panther Woman, who, we thought, was wild and shy and charming in her strange rôle. The make-up man ran amuck with the droves of hideous, half-human creatures who snarl and gibber at the mention of the House of Pain where they were created. Their revenge on their creator is quite too horrible. Richard Arlen is the hero.

She has "IT"..

but not what you think

After one dance they pass her up. They forget that rose-petal skin, those dreamy eyes, her agreeable manner, her grace on the dance floor... She has "IT," all right

—but not what you think!

HOW can this beautiful girl, with breeding and sweetness, ruin her great charm by this undesirable "it" . . . perspiration odor from lingerie that isn't scrupulously fresh.

Of course, she doesn't realize that she's offending. Perhaps she thinks she doesn't perspire. But we all do, even though we don't *feel* sticky. Frequently over a quart a day, doctors say.

Underthings are always absorbing this perspiration, and the odor is bound to cling. Others notice it, even when we aren't aware of it ourselves. Second-day underthings are *never* safe.

Fastidious women don't risk offending in this way. They Lux underthings after *every* wearing . . . it's so quick and easy!

Lux is made to take out perspiration completely and *safely*. It removes all odor, and saves color, protects delicate fabrics.

As everybody knows, perspiration contains substances harmful to silk. By Luxing underthings—stockings, too—after each wearing, you keep them new longer. This dainty habit takes only 4 minutes!

AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor. *Protect daintiness this way*

Wash after each wearing. One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

MILLIONS of women find Lux *in the dish-pan* the world's most inexpensive beauty care for hands. Costs less than 1¢ a day.

LUX for underthings

removes perspiration odor—saves colors

Seeing "42nd Street" *through* HOLLYWOOD'S EYES

(*Continued from page 41*)

actors, when accosted, would nevertheless attempt to belittle their emotional attraction to old haunts. "Just getting the feel of a stage again," they would explain, half-shamefacedly.

Lightnin's Son the Director

DIRECTOR Lloyd Bacon certainly did not lack technical advisers on behind-the-scenes procedure. Not that he needed advice, for his own training served him in good stead. The son of the late beloved Frank Bacon of "Lightnin'" fame, Lloyd was raised in the theatre. Then, too, every member of the large cast has had stage experience.

Warners originally announced that the production of "42nd Street" would feature an all-star cast comprising Warren William, Kay Francis, Joan Blondell, George Brent, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Glenda Farrell and Frank McHugh. Conflicting schedules, however, compelled five substitutions among the nine principals named. Warner Baxter was borrowed from Fox to replace Warren William as the hard-boiled stage director, a rôle that Baxter once played in real life. Some years ago, while he was acting in a Dallas, Texas, stock company, the illness of a director forced Baxter to assume the directorial duties. For several months, he staged a new show each week.

Bebe Daniels was called for the prima donna part that Kay Francis could not accept (since she was playing in "Cynara") and Ginger Rogers was given the smart-cracking chorus girl rôle intended for Joan Blondell. Una Merkel substituted for Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins for Frank McHugh. Jenkins, whom you remember as the intimidated gangster in "Blessed Event," drew the assistant stage manager assignment and smiled. He stepped out of just such a job a few years ago to become an actor.

While the leads for "42nd Street" were being shuffled about, the search for beautiful chorus girls began. More than four hundred were needed for brief appearances, and from these four hundred, one hundred dancers would be chosen. A special photographic crew headed by Maxwell Arnow, executive casting director, toured the Pacific coast from San Francisco to Coronado and a second crew visited bathing resorts on the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. That their search was not in vain is attested by the fact that twelve girls were given long-term Warner contracts as the result of their work in the picture.

Longworth

Above, three of the pillars of the "42nd Street" chorus. Left, Bebe Daniels, prima donna of the show-within-the-show

How Chorus Girls Are Chosen

BUSBY BERKELEY, who has created and staged the dances not only for "42nd Street," but for all of the Eddie Cantor pictures and "Flying High," as well as some twenty-odd Broadway musicals, estimates that he interviewed more than five thousand girls before making a final choice. The manner of selection is interesting.

The thousands were reduced to as many hundreds upon facial beauty alone. From five hundred pretty faces, Berkeley concentrated upon pretty ankles and selected three hundred. This group he arranged according to height. Then he went along the line and picked out one hundred of the prettiest sets of knees. The girl with homely knees did not stand a chance. You will see an identical procedure on a smaller scale in the picture itself, with Warner Baxter enacting the part that Berkeley actually played.

Fryer

Right, Edna Callahan and, below, Ruth Eddings—examples of the types who passed the difficult chorus-girl tests

The opening sequence of "42nd Street," as a matter of fact, is a duplication of the spectacle that Hollywood witnessed when the production was first announced. "Jones and Barry are doing a show" is the report that, on the screen, is whispered by chorus girls from the Battery to the Bronx. "Warners are doing a musical" was the Hollywood counterpart that brought thousands of dancing darlings to the studio gates.

With the signing of *Julian* (Warner Baxter) to stage "Pretty Lady," the *Jones and Barry* show, and *Dorothy Brock* (Bebe Daniels) to sing the lead, the screen story

(*Continued on page 82*)

"CALENDAR FEAR"

THE FEAR THAT ACTS LIKE A POISON ON HEALTH AND BEAUTY

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LOOK back on your own marital experience, or drop into your doctor's office, and you will soon learn that "CALENDAR FEAR" often acts on the feminine system like a poison.

If you don't know, a doctor will tell you that FEAR alone can upset the delicate feminine mechanism . . . FEAR alone can magnify a minor feminine irregularity until it seems like a physical crisis . . . FEAR alone can, and does, upset a woman's nerves until her very health is menaced.

Yet how easy it is to banish this fear! . . . How simple to replace the failings of questionable feminine antisepsis with the blessings of approved marriage hygiene! How wise to follow the authoritative advice of the world's great physicians, hospitals and clinics! . . . For over forty years they have recommended to womankind the regular and unfailing use of "Lysol" for complete feminine antisepsis and cleanliness.

The gentle, soothing results secured by "Lysol" cannot be approached by certain chlorine-type antiseptics. They release free caustic alkali which sears delicate membranes and deadens live, sensitive tissues.

The dependable effectiveness secured by "Lysol" cannot be approached by certain chlorine compounds. They lose 95% of their power to destroy germ-life when in active contact with organic matter . . . "Lysol" under such practical conditions maintains its potency.

Lysol
Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.

The clean, safe, refreshing administrations of "Lysol" go a long way toward preserving feminine health and protecting marriage happiness. Use "Lysol". Your druggist has it . . . Your doctor recommends it . . . And while this vital subject is uppermost in your mind, write for a copy of the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage". . . The coupon herewith will bring it to you in a few days.

FACING WOMAN'S OLDEST PROBLEM

A new feminine health-booklet prepared exclusively by women for women . . . World-famous gynecologists offer their professional and personal advice in simple, frank English. Send for *free* booklet, "Marriage Hygiene."

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. *Dept. LK-3*
Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me *free*, postpaid, a copy of "Marriage Hygiene."

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________________ *State* __________

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Where You'll Find the Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 55*)

Where Elissa Writes in Peace

YOSEMITE National Park lies within a day's driving distance of Hollywood. It has been "discovered" by a coterie of stars who have a taste for Mother Nature, rather than human nature. There, when late autumn filled the deep bowl of the valley with lazy sunshine and crimson leaves, Elissa Landi sat on the loggia of the Ahwahnee, writing the last chapters of her fourth novel, safe from the distractions of the screen colony. She drove her high-geared roadster herself, across the Mojave Desert and up the winding mountain roads of the three-hundred-mile trip, with her secretary as passenger. Every day, after her work, the two of them set out for a canter across the Valley floor up the steep trail to Glacier Point on the very rim, where they could look straight down a mile to the winding river and the autumn-colored trees.

While Elissa was in the Yosemite, a dear friend of hers committed suicide. "But surely if he had known this place," Elissa said, "he would never have wanted to leave the world."

Winter is the time when Dorothy Mackaill and her singer-husband, Neil Miller, visit the Valley. Being English, Dorothy doesn't object to cold and by perseverance has perfected her stance on snowshoes, skiis and skates. The Millers are speed fiends on the ice-lined toboggan slides, and adepts at driving Eskimo dog teams, kept in real igloos, across the level Valley trails.

For the New Year's holiday this year, William Powell and Carole Lombard took part in the traditional Ahwahnee celebration of Earth's Birthday Party. Paul and Daisy Lukas were there, too, and Joan Bennett with her new husband, Gene Markey, and her baby daughter, "who isn't going to grow up without knowing what snow is," Joan declares.

Bennett an Amateur Explorer

PAPA Richard Bennett, however, prefers the Yosemite in summer. Last July he and his wife, with saddle train, a cook and a guide, went off on a ten-day pack trip into the High Sierras beyond the Valley, exploring glaciers, peaks and canyons that few tourists ever see.

Some of the most recent movie visitors have been Buster Keaton, Lew Cody and a gay party of guests cruising in Buster's land yacht. His enormous hotel-on-wheels climbed the twisting, almost perpendicular mountain trail to Glacier Point without trouble, with Buster in the uniform of an admiral, striking a majestic attitude on the rear platform!

Snow is only one attraction of the Yosemite to motion picture people. It also offers seclusion, uninfested with the bane of all stars—reporters. During his contract quarrel with Warner Brothers, James Cagney disappeared. Rumors had him on his way to England, bound for the South Seas, headed toward a medical college, while Jimmy was really enjoying himself, for part of the time, in "Nature's own sanctuary." This same seclusion makes the Yosemite and the Ahwahnee favorite spots for honeymoons. The Alan Croslands (Natalie Moorhead) were married at Yosemite Lodge. And thither went Bette Davis with her new husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., and Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, on their respective wedding trips.

The Yosemite is full of memories for movie people. Perhaps that is why Grace Tibbett returns there so often. Once it was Grace and Lawrence who came, while Lawrence let loose that gorgeous voice of his among the great cliffs, drowning the waterfalls at Village "get togethers," while the three hundred "natives" listened awe-struck.

Wide World

Right, Richard Arlen, Robert Riskin, and Zeppo Marx relax in the lounge of Arrowhead Lodge after a day of skiing on the slopes above Lake Arrowhead where they spent the holidays. Below, for contrast, you see Lilian Bond relaxing at Lake Arrowhead in the good old summertime

Even Garbo Had to Obey Rules

OF course, Garbo, the lover of seclusion, has been to the Yosemite—and almost escaped discovery, in her small cheap tourist cabin in Camp Curry among the vacationing clerks and students and families. But she attracted attention when she demanded that they allow her to break the Yosemite's iron-clad rule of "no riding alone."

Taking her favorite mount, "Stella," she packed a lunch, and riding an English side-saddle, set out for Glacier Point, refusing all guides. After she had gone, the camp was roused to hunt for her. She was "lost" for hours. Then hotel employees found her serenely lunching on the very tip of Glacier Point—from which the "fire falls" descend every evening in tourist seasons. And the most startling part of the affair was that she was not lunching alone! With her was a handsome Englishman registered at the hotel by the obviously fictitious name of "John Smith."

On threat of taking away her horse, they finally forced her—sulking and storming—to accompany the party down the trail. After that she was watched closely, and was seen to keep numerous trysts with her mysterious Englishman, whose identity has never been discovered. The strong-minded guide who had the distinction of making Greta Garbo do something she didn't want to do is still pointed out to admiring tourists in the Yosemite!

The immense cliffs, piled peaks and waterfalls of the Yosemite have doubled in the movies for the Alps, the Yukon, the Rockies, and the Adirondacks. "Private Lives" was shot in the Valley; "The Last of the Mohicans" and "The Easiest Way" also had Yosemite for their settings. Tom Mix has made three pictures there, and Lenore Ulric made an Alaskan feature for Fox in its wilds.

The Nearest Mountain Playground

ONLY two hours from the rose gardens of Beverly Hills to the deepest snowdrifts, Lake Arrowhead resorts call the stars between pictures. At the North Shore Tavern in the summertime, Miriam Hopkins plays tennis; Al Jolson goes to the Lake to fish; and Anita Page takes her family there for speed boating and canoeing. Reginald Denny, using the breast stroke, swam the entire three-mile length of Lake Arrowhead last summer—the only one ever to perform this feat.

But it is only within the last three years that winter sports have been developed in the Arrowhead regions. Recently an enthusiastic crowd of picture people attended the opening of the great new ski jump. There are two toboggan slides, and an ice-skating rink as well.

In one of the cabins of the Lodge, Helen Hayes rested after the finish of "A Farewell to Arms," and studied the script of "The

Son-Daughter." The most recent film honeymooners to seek out Arrowhead are Harold Lloyd's father and his bride, who strolled about the Lake taking motion pictures of each other. The unwearied Charles Laughtons, who saw more of Southern California beauty spots in their six months' stay in Hollywood than most natives, have been familiar figures—and what a figure Charlie is, to be sure!

In a lonely cabin on Lake Arrowhead, legend has it, the mysterious Garbo once immured herself. Discovering her presence, a dozen youths from a college in the Valley turned up at midnight under her windows, to serenade her. But the great Garbo was evidently unaccustomed to such attentions for she screamed and fled out of the back door, to seek refuge with a neighbor.

Where Film Society Plays

"HOT Saturday" was taken at Arrowhead, the company staying at the Lodge. Since Nancy Carroll was the only woman among ten men, she was never allowed to dance more than five feet with any one of them before another cut in. Gary Cooper made a snow picture there two years ago, and its wood paths, hills, ravines and water views have been the scenes of many screen wooings, fights, rescues, and adventures.

It is interesting to notice that since Leatrice Joy's marriage to the wealthy William Hook, Jr., and since the advent of Park Avenue personalities, such as Adrienne Ames, into the movies, pictures of screen players are now appearing in the Society Sections of the local papers. This was evidenced recently when an impressed Hollywood read, under the picture of Ex-Movie Star, stretched in a deck chair on a terrace overlooking the Lake, "Mrs. William Hook, Jr., of the Younger Social Set, enjoying the winter's sun at Lake Arrowhead." Was Hollywood set up!

Motion picture stars have earned the reputation of being hot-house creatures, pampered, and silken. But the sight of Cary Grant and Wynne Gibson galloping Western ponies along the Arrowhead trails, of Warren William, prone on his stomach, guiding a toboggan down the twisting mountainside, of Eddie Cantor and his five girls pelting each other with snowballs, should go far toward giving the lie to such an impression. Maybe those publicity boys have the right idea when they go out "shooting snow stuff"!

Keystone

Harold Lloyd, who learned his skiing at California mountain resorts, tries his skill at St. Moritz, Switzerland

VIVIDLY Charming!

HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons—and your clean blood will give you a new pep.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear skin, come when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, charm. Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

SHE KNOWS THE SAL HEPATICA WAY TO A PURIFIED SYSTEM . .

WOULDN'T *you* like to be so healthy and fresh-looking that you'd have a grand time wherever you went?

Then cleanse your system of poisons—the Sal Hepatica way!

Sal Hepatica first flushes wastes and poisons from your digestive tract. But because it is not an ordinary laxative, but a *saline*, it frees your blood stream, too, of poisons! It cleanses and purifies your entire system! Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as do the health springs of Wiesbaden and Aix. It is *America's* great saline.

For this reason, it combats colds, headaches, and rheumatism. It freshens and clears your skin. It not only gives sparkle to your eyes and new zest to your step—but you feel splendid and really get some *fun* out of life! Try this saline road to vivid health—beginning tomorrow morning —and your whole point of view will brighten up!

MANY OF THE COMMON ILLS OF LIFE YIELD TO SAL HEPATICA

CONSTIPATION
COLDS
HEADACHE
COMPLEXION
RHEUMATISM

SAL HEPATICA

"Mama, Where Do Wampas Baby Stars Come From?"

(*Continued from page 57*)

since departed from the Hollywood scene, but the following might give you a fair idea of how one girl was promoted as a Baby Star:

A certain unmarried executive in a Hollywood studio was giving a certain very pretty and ambitious little girl a romantic rush just about the time the Wampas was to make its Baby Star selections of that particular year. So he called his own particular press-agent into his private sanctum and said, "Either you get Miss Blank elected in that Baby Star group this year—or maybe somebody else will be turning out publicity for us next month."

What was the poor lad to do? Obviously, nothing short of "campaigning" among his fellow press-agents for the lady, explaining his job plight and promising on his word of honor to cast one of the thirteen votes allotted to *him* for their prospective candidates.

Don't get the idea, however, that all Wampas Baby Stars are selected through executive favoritism. That is, in fact, the exception rather than the rule. Last year, the Wampas ignored one big studio entirely in their balloting—and this year, no less than one-third of the Baby Stars are not tied up with any studios. In fact, the free-lance players were so popular that three of them were tied in the balloting—which explains why there were fifteen Baby Stars.

Girls Introduced Themselves

BACK in the early 1920's, when Wampas selection was far more highly coveted than it is to-day, or has been in the four years of the talkies (whose demands are more severe than those of silent pictures), ambitious girls, themselves, very often conducted their own "campaigns" and did their own plugging without any help at all from the Front Office.

Back in one of the early years of the Baby Stars, a pretty younger sister of a star was very ambitious to follow her famous sister's footsteps—and so greatly did she desire to be listed as a coming starlet by the Wampas that she staged a "campaign" in the best electioneering tradition. Or, at least, her press-agent staged it for her.

Beautiful and expensive photographs of the little newcomer, in every pose and mood, were put on exhibition at all the pre-selection meetings of the Wampas for a month in advance. Many friendly and chatty letters were mailed to individual members of the press-agent body. Certain "influential" members were contacted by telephone by one of her ambassadors. In fact, it has been estimated that her Wampas campaigning must have cost her somewhere around one thousand dollars of her own hard-earned cash! The outlay on photographs and a press-agent might easily have cost that much.

Another hopeful candidate of the same year liked the idea so well that she went it one better. This lady had large three-sheet displays of herself made up and exhibited in the corridors leading to the Wampas voting rooms! A great many readers may consider these very high-pressure methods and unfair competition—since many other candidates probably could not afford such "campaigns." But if girls were ruled out for ambition in Hollywood, believe you me, few of the starring ladies whom you so deeply admire would now be casting their glamourous shadows on the silver screen! If "all is fair in love and war," that goes double for the difficult job of getting oneself recognized in Hollywood, which acquaints itself only with advertised products!

How Janet Became a Baby Star

ONE of the most successful Baby Stars and, at the same time, one of the most difficult girls to "sell" to the Wampas body was Janet Gaynor. At the time Janet was selected as a Wampas Baby Star, she was one of the least-known young ladies in Hollywood. It is true that she had done a picture or two, but no one in particular had ever heard of her, and those few who had were not predicting any dazzlingly brilliant future for her. There was, however, one young newspaper man who believed in Janet as the whole world has come to believe in her since.

His name was Herbert Moulton, and, according to all the reports, he was deeply in love with the little ingénue redhead. Through his newspaper connections, he was well acquainted with all the press-agents who made up the Wampas membership. Never did any self-appointed manager try so hard to put over a protégée as Herb Moulton attempted to "sell" Janet Gaynor to the Wampas. Finally, because everybody liked Herb and because, after all, she was a cute little thing, Janet awoke one morning to find her name among the honored! The listing as a Baby Star was Janet's first big break in the line of publicity. It was the ending of her days as an inconspicuous actress in Hollywood.

In 1926, the year Janet was elected, the Wampas boys reached their greatest heights as star-pickers. Consider the entire 1926 list: Mary Astor, Mary Brian, Joyce Compton, Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford, Marceline Day, Dolores Del Rio, Janet Gaynor, Sally Long, Edna Marion, Sally O'Neil, Vera Reynolds and Fay Wray!

In view of the successful careers of more than eighty per cent of these girls, is it any wonder that in the next few years most of the ambitious new actresses of Hollywood wanted to get on that desirable listing as a Wampas Baby Star? Only one girl (who has also disappeared from the Hollywood scene in recent years) tried *too* hard—and defeated her own purpose. She made the mistake of renting an expensive suite in a hotel, giving lavish cocktail parties, and trying to make the boys feel ungrateful if they didn't elect her. Her effort was a flat failure. No matter how clever she was, it looked like a risk to name her as one of the honored.

A far more successful way of gaining Wampas recognition has been down the altar-bound path, bedecked with orange blossoms. Kathryn McGuire married a Hollywood press-agent. So did Caryl Lincoln. And Maryon Aye.

And now that you have a pretty fair idea of where at least a few of the Wampas Baby Stars have come from, let's get out our old lists and see where many of them have gone since the fateful year they were elected:

1922

Maryon Aye—divorced from Harry Wilson, press-agent, and retired.
Helen Ferguson—widow of William Russell; now married to Richard Hargreaves, banker, and retired.
Lila Lee—making screen comeback after long illness; prominent free-lance featured player, engaged to George Hill, director.
Jacqueline Logan—has been starring in and directing English films.
Louise Lorraine—was a serial queen for a time; last seen in independent pictures.
Bessie Love—now married to William Hawks, and retired.
Kathryn McGuire—married to George Landy, press-agent, and plays in an occasional picture.
Patsy Ruth Miller—married to Tay Garnett, director, and seldom acts.
Colleen Moore—now staging screen "comeback" at M-G-M.
Mary Philbin—retired.
Pauline Starke—recently on stage; now attempting screen comeback.
Lois Wilson—prominent free-lance leading lady to-day.
Claire Windsor—recently in vaudeville; now attempting screen comeback.

1923

Eleanor Boardman—expects to return to screen after divorce from King Vidor.
Evelyn Brent—prominent free-lance dramatic actress to-day.
Dorothy Devore—married and retired.
Virginia Brown Faire—married and a recent mother; plays in occasional independent picture.
Betty Francisco—free-lance player of supporting rôles.
Pauline Garon—playing in Duffy stock companies.
Kathleen Key—living in Europe.
Laura La Plante—married to William Seiter, director; active on stage of late.
Margaret Leahy—returned to England after unusually brief Hollywood career.
Helen Lynch—retired.
Derelys Perdue—playing in vaudeville.
Jobyna Ralston—married to Richard Arlen, and retired.
Ethel Shannon—widow of Joe Jackson, writer and press-agent.

1924

Clara Bow—before talkies, the biggest box-office draw in the movies. Since marrying Rex Bell, has made successful comeback.
Elinor Fair—divorced from Bill Boyd, and plays in occasional independent picture.
Carmelita Geraghty—fiancée of scenarist, Carey Wilson. Plays small parts.
Gloria Grey—free-lancing.
Ruth Hiatt—playing in short comedies.
Julanne Johnston—dancing in Hollywood night-clubs.
Hazel Keener—whereabouts unknown.
Dorothy Mackaill—married to Neil Miller, and still prominent in films.
Blanche Mehaffey—playing in stock companies.
Margaret Morris—playing in Westerns.
Marian Nixon—retired when she married Edward Hillman, Jr. Now making big screen comeback at Fox.
Lucille Ricksen—died at height of career.
Alberta Vaughn—playing small parts in current pictures.

1925

Betty Arlen—playing in independents.
Violet Avon—whereabouts unknown.
Olive Borden—has been in vaudeville; now in Europe.
Ann Cornwall—married and retired.
Ena Gregory—married to director Al Rogell.
Madeline Hurlock—married to Marc Connelly, dramatist, and retired.
Natalie Joyce—free-lancing in pictures.
Joan Meredith—married and retired.
June Marlowe—playing in stock companies.
Evelyn Pierce—has been playing in independent pictures.
Dorothy Revier—prominent free-lance leading woman.
Duane Thompson—married and retired.
Lola Todd—free-lancing.

1926

Mary Astor—prominent free-lance player to-day.
Mary Brian—ditto.
Joyce Compton—also doing well.
Dolores Costello—married to John Barrymore, and retired.
Joan Crawford—M-G-M star of the first rank.
Marceline Day—alternates between stage and independent pictures.
Dolores Del Rio—a free-lance star to-day; has been severely ill.
Janet Gaynor—Fox star; voted most popular girl star of screen.
Sally Long—has done few pictures in recent years.
Edna Marion—free-lancing.
Sally O'Neil—now making personal appearances throughout country.
Vera Reynolds—well-known free-lance player.
Fay Wray—prominent free-lance leading lady.

1927

Patricia Avery—whereabouts unknown.
Rita Carewe—retired.
Helene Costello—divorced from Lowell Sherman, and retired.
Barbara Kent—free-lance ingénue; recently married Harry Eddington, Garbo's manager.
Natalie Kingston—free-lancing to-day.
Frances Lee—free-lancing.
Mary McAllister—married, but plays occasional screen rôle.
Gladys McConnell—married to Hollywood lawyer, and makes occasional independent picture.
Sally Phipps—went to New York stage and married Philadelphia millionaire; now divorced.
Sally Rand—playing in vaudeville.
Iris Stuart—whereabouts unknown.
Martha Sleeper—does small parts at M-G-M.
Adamae Vaughn—has been playing in occasional independent picture; sister of Alberta Vaughn.

1928

Lina Basquette—alternates between vaudeville and pictures.
Flora Bramley—whereabouts unknown.
Sue Carol—making personal appearance tour with husband, Nick Stuart.
Ann Christy—free-lancing.
June Collyer—married to Stuart Erwin and retired.
Alice Day—married, but plays in occasional independent picture.
Sally Eilers—prominent Fox star; married to Hoot Gibson.
Audrey Ferris—plays in short comedies.
Dorothy Gulliver—free-lancing.
Gwen Lee—plays in occasional independent picture.
Molly O'Day—sister of Sally O'Neil; playing in vaudeville.
Ruth Taylor—married and living in New York.
Lupe Velez—prominent free-lance featured player.

1929

Jean Arthur—successful on Broadway last season; recently returned to screen.
Sally Blane—prominent free-lance player; sister of Loretta Young.
Betty Boyd—playing in short comedies.
Ethlyne Claire—married and retired.
Doris Dawson—married to Pat Rooney, III, and retired.
Josephine Dunn—on New York stage.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Fight winter colds!
Make $1 equal $3

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

PLEASE stop a minute and ask yourself a question. The right answer saves you $2 out of every $3. What kind of antiseptic do you use when fighting sore throat colds—infection?

Two kinds of antiseptics

There are only two—no more, no less. In one group you have the mouth antiseptic that kills germs *only* when it is used *full strength*. In the other group you have Pepsodent Antiseptic—utterly *safe* when it is used full strength, yet powerful enough even when it is diluted with 2 *parts of water* to kill germs in 10 seconds. Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least 3 times as powerful as other leading antiseptics. Hence, it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you greater protection against sore throat colds.

Instead of paying $3 for three bottles of old-fashioned antiseptics, you pay $1 for one bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic—and make it go as far as three.

For years 3 people in 4 diluted the old-style mouth antiseptics. But they weren't killing germs. So when choosing your antiseptic, choose the one that kills the germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic and be safe.

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)
The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds
Head Colds
Smoker's Throat
Bad Breath
Mouth Irritations
Irritations of the Gums
After Extractions
After Shaving
Cuts and Abrasions
Chapped Hands
Dandruff
Skin Irritations
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
"Athlete's Foot"
Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

Caught
RED
HANDED

COLD WINTER WEATHER, household duties and office work quickly rub away the smooth, silken surface of a pretty skin . . . and before you know it, you're "dressed in your best," but caught . . . "*red handed.*"

Humiliated? But you need never suffer this embarrassment again! Italian Balm, the *original* skin softener, is absolutely guaranteed to banish every trace of rough, red, dry and chapped skin quicker than anything you ever used before.

Invention of a European skin specialist. All ingredients scientifically selected and blended by an imported process. Entirely unlike store-made or home-made lotions.

Canada's largest selling, winter-time skin protector. More economical because it lasts longer. For sale everywhere—35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles.

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ITALIAN
BALM
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

New Package

Sparkling fresh in a green and white cellophane-wrapped package, Italian Balm greets you this season in a fashionable new carton and bottle.

TUNE IN—Monday nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

Free CAMPANA CORPORATION,
2513 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois.
Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corporation, Ltd., 46 Caledonia Road, Toronto

Janet's "Happy Marriage" Ends

(*Continued from page 27*)

Do you think that divorce would hurt my career? Do you think that because of the rôles I have always played, the public would resent it?"

She spoke abruptly, as though the words were forced from her. The poised, enigmatic Janet, so familiar to Hollywood, was gone. She was a harassed and worried girl who asked a question over which she had been brooding for a long while—perhaps for years. And she followed it up with another question.

"Do you think—if I should ever get a divorce—that people would bring up the old story and drag in poor Charlie, now that he has left Fox? Do you think people would—talk?"

It is the first time in many months that Janet has given an interviewer a glimpse of her heart. Recently, she has delivered pleasant platitudes on "her career," "success," "fame" and "the demands of the screen." Now, in a moment, the secret was out. No one could help guessing that Janet Gaynor had been making the best of a mistaken marriage for the sake of her screen career, and possibly in order not to embarrass one of her most cherished friends, the man who has played her picture-lover so often, Charles Farrell!

Perhaps the fact that Charlie had left Fox, which meant parting professionally from Janet, hastened the Gaynor-Peck separation. She and Charlie would not be appearing together again; the rumors of a possible romance between them would die a natural death. Moreover, had not Charlie publicly said that he felt that in their co-starring ventures he had always played the lesser rôle and, for the sake of his own screen future, was seeking independent stardom? He had given the impression that she had appreciated his viewpoint, and that they were still good friends—but would probably see each other only infrequently, now that their paths would no longer cross.

The Parting Came Suddenly

IT seems unlikely that Janet had long planned the sudden separation from the handsome boy she always addressed affectionately as "Pecky." A month before their parting, Lydell confided that he and Janet were going to Europe for a short trip when she finished "State Fair," to join their most intimate friends, Bill and Nan Howard. On the very evening when they separated, they had attended "Maedchen in Uniform" together. And though it was almost two weeks later when the news of their separation broke, her own studio had had no inkling of her intentions!

The story of the Lydell Peck-Janet Gaynor romance is so interwoven with that of the Charlie Farrell-Janet Gaynor romance that it is impossible to speak of them separately.

A rising young San Francisco lawyer and a member of a socially prominent Oakland family, Lydell Peck was no stranger to Hollywood when he eloped with Janet. For many moons he had been a guest at movie parties and an escort of lovely screen stars, among them Fay Wray, Claire Windsor and many others. It was generally rumored that the young attorney was "movie-struck."

Meeting him in San Francisco, William Howard, the director, invited him to his home when he next visited Los Angeles. Lydell accepted "on one condition—and that is that you invite Janet Gaynor, also. She is the one Hollywood star I have always wanted to meet."

At the Howards' charming home, Janet and Lydell met—but their acquaintance was so inconspicuous that Hollywood gasped when it heard of their marriage. It was generally believed that Janet and Charlie were engaged, and a whirlwind of rumors immediately began blowing fantastic tales of a lovers' quarrel and a "spite marriage" around Hollywood.

The story that was told in those days—told over and over again, with variations, in the Brown Derby, at Malibu, over the tables of the Mayfair, and on studio sets—was as dramatic and unreal as a scenario for a screen melodrama. Its truth, of course, only two people know surely.

How Romance Was Wrecked?

JANET and Charlie—the story ran—were engaged. But Charlie still saw a good deal of a screen actress whom he had known and admired for years. Janet, the tale went, finally got him to promise to break off this old friendship. A few days later, Charlie and two friends were setting off for a trip in his yacht when his telephone rang. It was the other woman calling. Feeling that there was no time like the present to burn his bridges, Charlie asked her to meet him at the boat for a few minutes, as there was something he wanted to talk to her about. One of the men, whom Charlie supposed to be his friend, excused himself, stepped to another telephone, and called up Janet to say that Charlie was planning to meet this actress on his yacht. The next day, an amazed town heard of Janet Gaynor's sudden runaway marriage to Lydell Peck, the young San Francisco lawyer, who was soon to give up his law practice to become a film executive and be near his wife.

"Which is all ridiculous," Charlie told us a few weeks ago. "Certainly, Janet and I were in love—and out of love—lots of times! But I think we both knew that marriage simply wouldn't do for us. I've always felt her marriage was a real love match—"

Whatever the truth may have been regarding Janet's marriage, there was no doubt about what her fans thought of it! Almost at once the letters began to pour in, lamenting the broken romance of their beloved screen sweethearts, indignantly denouncing her for disappointing them, pitying Charlie for his supposedly broken heart, which—newspaper sob-sisters assured them in print—was the reason for his suddenly departing on a yacht trip.

And when Charlie, himself, married suddenly—more than a year after Janet's wedding—other melodramatically romantic rumors flew about. He had gone to New York to sail for a long holiday in Europe. While waiting there, he telephoned Virginia Valli, playing on the stage on the West Coast, proposed by long-distance, and she rushed across the country to meet him, marry him, and make his European trip a honeymoon. Rumor had it that he did not tell Janet of his plans until the wedding was all over, and that she burst into tears when she received the news. Rumor had it that Charlie, broken-hearted when Janet so suddenly wed, had married just as suddenly and impulsively to show her that the situation could work both ways. To all appearances, Charlie and Virginia are very happy to-day.

Hard to Make the Break

THERE never has been a romance so dear to the hearts of the public as the one it has liked to imagine between *Chico* and his little *Diane* in their "Seventh Heaven." For a while after her marriage, it seemed that Janet's career was really threatened. But she enacted the happy bride to perfection, perhaps quite honestly, and, reluctantly, her fans decided that they had been mistaken about a Gaynor-Farrell romance. No wonder she has hesitated to risk their displeasure a second time!

Only one who knows Janet intimately can understand what it must have meant to her to make this break. Since the day when she first stepped onto a studio lot, a shy, shabby little "extra," she has lived for one thing—her career. For it she has sacrificed much. The young newspaper man who adored her and got Janet her start in pictures was left behind as she toiled upward to the heights. There was no time for close friendships, girlish confidences, parties, thoughts of early marriage, or for anything but work.

"I have lost some illusions and been deeply hurt by certain things," she told us recently, "but I am completely engrossed in my job. That should be recompense enough for anyone who has passed the stage of adolescent dreams."

Those who live in close touch with Janet have known for a long time that the break was coming. And it will be a real break, they say. Finishing "State Fair," her latest picture, Janet has gone to Honolulu with her mother, for a long vacation. Honolulu is crowded with memories, being the scene of their honeymoon, but there seems little doubt that she will seek a divorce.

"I'm going to keep my head level through this," she says. She looks happier, more peaceful, than she has looked for a long time. Already speculation is rife as to Janet's future plans. Perhaps she has come to the conclusion that "she travels fastest who travels alone."

Meet the *New* Alice White!

(*Continued from page 60*)

and there, 'I'll have mine done!' I mentioned it to Dr. Ginsberg and he told me he had often wanted to suggest it to me, but hadn't liked to because we *were* friends.

"I didn't tell a soul about it. I didn't even tell Cy. I knew that he would have tried to dissuade me. He liked me well enough as I was. I went alone. I had always been annoyed by my nose. I had always been conscious of it. It had helped to give me the terrible inferiority complex I had. There were certain camera angles where it was very bad. And so, I had it done . . . Cy knew nothing about it until he saw me, bandaged and somewhat in pain. He felt so sorry for me that he forgot why he was feeling sorry. And the only comment he has ever made is to say that he hopes I won't go high-hat on him now that I have a high-hat nose. Which means that he approves.

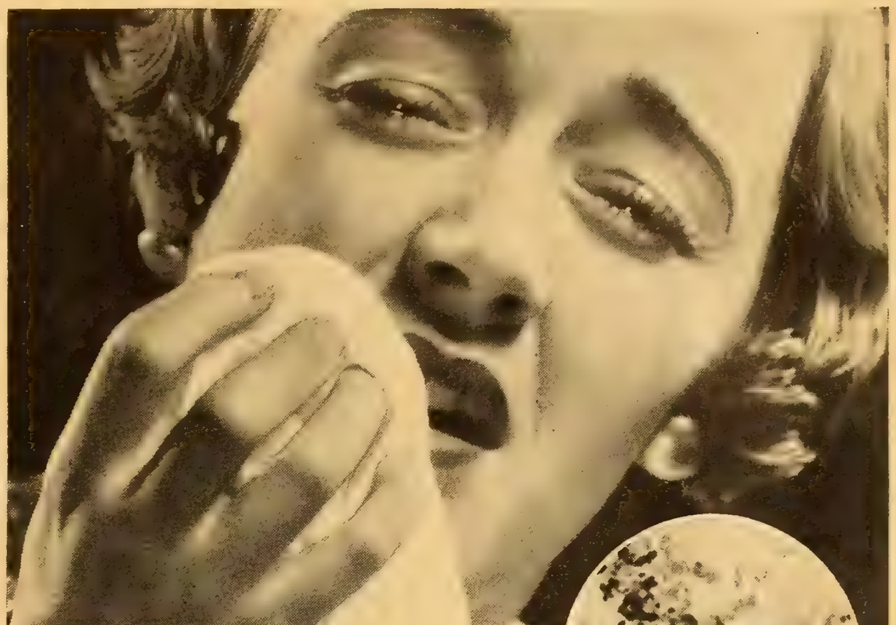
Having Voice Altered, Too

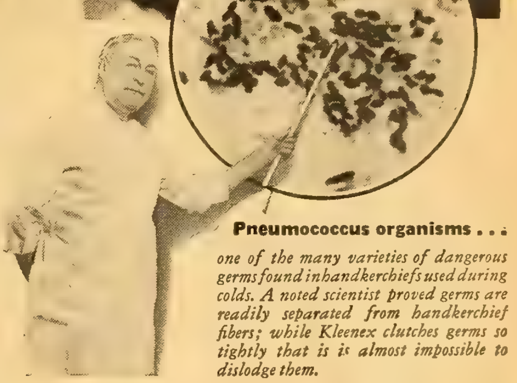
"I'M having my voice altered, too. Lowered. It has always been too childish. Now I'm having a little voice surgery done, too, and—who knows?—I may emerge with the larynx of a Bernhardt.

"It's funny—to disappear and then reappear as a new person. It's like experiencing reincarnation, and being conscious of it. It's awfully funny and exciting to have a brand-new Self. You know how you feel when you get a new dress, especially one you like a lot and that gives you the qualities you like to think you have. Well, imagine what it must feel like to have a new face, a new soul, a new SELF. Imagine talking to very old friends and being unrecognized. Imagine having a new point of view about all of life, about people. Imagine having a new start in life, a new philosophy in place of an old restlessness and the feeling that you don't know what you want or how to get it.

"I don't feel that I am staging a 'comeback,' as some writers have said. I feel that a new girl has begun to work in pictures,

(*Continued on page 79*)





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Pneumococcus organisms . . . *one of the many varieties of dangerous germs found in handkerchiefs used during colds. A noted scientist proved germs are readily separated from handkerchief fibers; while Kleenex clutches germs so tightly that is is almost impossible to dislodge them.*

MILLIONS of germs in a single handkerchief! Scientific tests show this condition actually exists during colds.

And further: These germs are easily spread. Cotton and linen fibers hold them but loosely. Your hands are infected. Your clothing is infected. You pass germs to others. You carry germs back to your own face every time you use your handkerchief again.

Kleenex prevents this danger

A new era of handkerchief hygiene was introduced by Kleenex! Handkerchiefs of disposable tissue—to use and destroy! No laundering . . . no self-infection . . . no irritation from damp, unsanitary handkerchiefs.

Kleenex Tissues are handkerchief-size squares, made from rayon-cellulose. They are soft and soothing, gentle, absorbent. And *inexpensive*. It costs less to use Kleenex than to have handkerchiefs laundered.

Many ways to buy Kleenex

Kleenex is now put up in handy rolls and packages, containing generous quantities, at 25c. In addition, an extra-size Kleenex is made, the tissues three times the usual size, as large as a man's handkerchief.

Kleenex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Ask to see 'Kerfs, too. They are real, bordered handkerchiefs of downy tissue—disposable, like Kleenex, though the texture is firm and cloth-like.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

HER FAULT?
"ENTIRELY," SAID MEN

Then HER OWN LIPS told her . . . what was Wrong!

AFTER men knew her, they liked her. But even then, they complained. "Too much make-up . . . she ought to know better!" So she experimented. She tried different lipsticks on her own lips. She learned she was using not only "too much" . . . but *the wrong kind.* And more than that—she discovered the one lipstick that gives natural color . . . without the usual painted look!

Blame ordinary lipsticks!

Look at your own lips. Are they caked? Conspicuous with paint? Then switch to Tangee! For Tangee isn't paint. It actually brings out the natural color hidden in your own lips!

In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, *your* shade of blush rose! The minute you put it on, Tangee changes to the perfect color for your complexion!

Use Tangee for lovable lips . . . glowing with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.

Clip Coupon for Tangee Make-up Set

Easy to try Tangee! Mail coupon with 10c (stamps or coin) for Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Compact. Tangee Rouge sold at stores in economical refillable compact.

Keller, Sargent & Ross! A Personality Trio that tickled the high-hats of Europe! Tues. and Thurs. 7:30 P. M. (E. S. T.) Columbia Network

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"Mama, Where Do Wampas Baby Stars Come From?"

(*Continued from page 75*)

Helen Foster—plays in independent pictures.
Doris Hill—under contract to Monogram as featured player.
Caryl Lincoln—has been playing in serials and Westerns.
Anita Page—popular M-G-M featured player.
Mona Rico—free-lancing.
Helen Twelvetrees—prominent RKO star.
Loretta Young—soon to be starred by Warners.

1930

There were no 1930 selections.

1931

Joan Blondell—recently starred by Warners.
Constance Cummings—prominent Columbia featured player.
Frances Dade—free-lancing; engaged to marry wealthy Eastern youth.
Frances Dee—rising romantic ingénue at Paramount.
Sidney Fox—recently married Charles Beahan, playwright, but likely to continue career—perhaps on Broadway.
Rochelle Hudson—free-lancing.
Anita Louise—appearing with Billie Burke on stage, between RKO pictures.
Joan Marsh—prominent M-G-M ingénue.
Marian Marsh—prominent free-lance leading woman.
Karen Morley—prominent M-G-M player.
Marion Shilling—free-lancing.
Barbara Weeks—Columbia featured player.
Judith Wood—screen career interrupted by injury; now on Broadway stage.

1932

And now for the new Wampas selections of 1932. Wonder what comment will be put after *their* names ten years from now?

Lona Andre . . . 18-year-old Nashville brunette beauty . . . one of the candidates for the rôle of the *Panther Woman* in "Island of Lost Souls," won by Kathleen Burke . . . Lona so impressed Paramount that they put her under contract.

Lilian Bond . . . red-headed and famous for her figure . . . already a well-known featured player . . . was born in London, England, and has appeared on stage . . . latest picture, "Hot Pepper" . . . free-lance.

Mary Carlisle . . . cute blonde youngster of M-G-M pictures . . . born in Boston . . . developed into ingénue player from child rôles in Hollywood studios . . . started "grown up" rôles in the Collegian Comedies, and was the shy bride in "Grand Hotel" . . .

June Clyde . . . blonde . . . born in St. Joseph, Missouri . . . young vaudeville player brought to Hollywood two years ago under contract to RKO . . . most recent picture was "Tess of the Storm Country" . . . one of the best-known of this year's Wampas crop, and now a free-lance player.

Patricia Ellis . . . 16-year-old blonde New Yorker and not long out of finishing school . . . appeared in stage version of "The Royal Family," where a Warner scout discovered her for pictures . . . latest appearance in "The King's Vacation," with George Arliss.

Ruth Hall . . . Florida brunette . . . had very little theatrical experience before coming to Hollywood . . . her excellent work in "The Kid from Spain" earned her a contract with Samuel Goldwyn.

Eleanor Holm . . . Olympic backstroke swimming champion . . . brunette . . . born in Brooklyn . . . first attracted attention as the most beautiful champion swimmer in the United States . . . went to Los Angeles for Olympic Games, and was signed by Warner Brothers as a movie player . . . now being tutored by a dramatic coach and will be featured—in non-swimming rôles.

Evalyn Knapp . . . blonde . . . born in Kansas City . . . had stage experience before invading Hollywood . . . now free-lancing and doing very well . . . injury to back interrupted career for a time . . . latest picture, "State Trooper."

Dorothy Layton . . . a blonde from Cincinnati, Ohio, by way of Virginia Beach and Baltimore . . . played small rôles under Irving Pichel's direction at Santa Barbara Playhouse and later with Beverly Hills Community Players . . . was signed by Hal Roach for comedies, but when elected, was a free-lance player . . . now signed with Roach again.

Boots Mallory . . . New Orleans blonde who first attracted attention on New York stage as chorus girl in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha" . . . signed long-term Fox contract only when musician-husband, Charles Bennett, agreed to accompany her to Hollywood . . . Considered a real screen bet in first two pictures, "Walking Down Broadway" and "Handle With Care."

Toshia Mori . . . born in Japan, but educated in Los Angeles . . . replaced Lillian Miles, platinum blonde, as Columbia's candidate for Baby Stardom when Miss Miles returned to New York stage . . . expected to be another Anna May Wong after performance in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

Ginger Rogers . . . born in Texas, where she first attracted attention as the state's champion Charleston dancer . . . first professional work was in a stage show with Paul Whiteman . . . well-known on Broadway . . . has reddish-brown hair . . . latest picture, "Broadway Bad."

Marion Shockley . . . pretty Kansas City blonde with amateur theatrical experience from recent school days at the University of Missouri . . . first film rôle was in "Sweethearts on Parade" . . . Educational Studio scout discovered her playing in Denver stock company. (That's Marion above.)

Gloria Stuart . . . blonde Californian, and one of the intelligentsia . . . Universal scout discovered her appearing with the Pasadena Community Players and signed her for his company . . . married to young artist, Gordon Blair Newell . . . latest picture, "Private Jones," with Lee Tracy.

Dorothy Wilson . . . born in Minneapolis . . . former RKO stenographer who was tested for rôle in "The Age of Consent" as a publicity stunt . . . test was so good she won the rôle, and performance was so good that she was made an RKO featured player . . . scheduled to play in "Little Women."

Meet the *New* Alice White!

(Continued from page 77)

from the bottom up, that's all. *Her name just happens to be Alice White.*

"I feel that that poor, little gone-away Alice White never did anything, anyway. Not one thing to which she could point, if she were here, with pride. I remember how heart-broken she was when she wanted to do 'Bad Girl'—and oh, she wanted to play that part that Sally Eilers played more than she ever wanted anything in her life!—and I remember too well how she felt when she didn't get it.

"I remember how discouraged that girl called Alice used to feel. Discouraged about everything. Even about her size. Now I, new-born, think of girls like Helen Hayes and Sylvia Sidney and of the magnificent and dramatic things they do, and I realize that exterior size has nothing whatever to do with it—it's the size and depth of the heart that matters.

"I think of Joan Crawford and of the splendid way in which she, too, has been born again, from her old type of work to the heavy dramatic part in 'Rain' and I know that if she could do it, I can do it, too . . .

Her Wounds Not Yet Healed

"OF course, that poor, poor, little, restless Alice felt pretty unhappy when she left Hollywood. Being unwanted hurt like a violent toothache. She went away with wounds that, even now, are scars that ache. Even now, I, a stranger, dread going to parties, dread being seen in public places, hate to mix with people. Cy constantly berates me for this feeling, tells me it is wrong, that it is bad for me. But I can't do it. I still have the left-over feeling that people here in Hollywood may be cruel to me, may be hard and uncaring.

"My tour helped me a lot, of course. It was my tour that killed the old Alice and brought forth the new. I found out that people loved me, and love has the power to annihilate and to resurrect. I found out that they *did* want to see me, that they were, and would continue to be, loyal to me. It gave me a pride in myself that I had never had, a pride not so much in what I had been, as in what I could and would *be*.

"I'm proud of the Alice White Fan Club. I'm proud of the fact that the girl who is the President drove more than eighty miles to see me when I was playing in"—(Minnesota, I think Alice said)—"over rough roads, through a blizzard. She cared enough for that . . .

"People ask me how I feel about working in pictures like 'Employees' Entrance' and 'Luxury Liner,' and not being the star. But I never was a star, not really. I had never deserved to be one. I had never earned it. I had never had the proper build-up or background. I never wanted to be a star then. I don't want to be one now—not yet—not for a long while.

"I want to matter in the profession, of course. And do you want to know why? Not for money. Not for fame and recognition. No—for my mother. In memory of my mother. She was, as you know, one of the first blues singers in this country. She had tremendous ambition. She died very young—before the happy things happened to her. I want to succeed for her.

"I want to marry—oh, Cy, of course—I want to have two children, a boy and a girl. I want to have my own home and I want to be able to travel and have time to read and learn and know about the things I've never had time for before.

"People so often say, 'Oh, if I only knew then what I know now—if I only could begin again—' I *do* know. I *am* beginning again. Isn't it marvelous?"

★ ★

HOW IS YOUR FIGURE

in a modern gown?

CURRENT styles emphasize gentle curves. Women whose measurements are a bit generous are sharply restricted in the things they can select.

So, many of us hasten to reduce. Diet and exercise are both necessary. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise eyes may lose their sparkle. Skins become sallow. Wrinkles appear.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk"— as well as vitamin B and food-iron. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily are usually sufficient. Isn't this much pleasanter, much safer than taking patent medicines?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"CHARM"

Filled with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.

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LUPE VELEZ, *fiery little screen star, is stunning in these entirely different costumes: silver fox, most precious of furs, on an afternoon ensemble; and the severest of tailleurs for country or morning in town.*

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Women who dread uncertainty in personal hygiene, welcome Norforms.

Norforms are the tested formula of a nationally known pharmaceutical house...makers of such famous products as *Unguentine* and *Amolin.*

Their use requires no mixing of strong chemicals—no awkward or embarrassing apparatus for application—no unpleasant after-odors.

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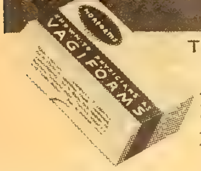

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Please send me booklet, "The New Way." I want to know more about the safe, easy Norform way to personal hygiene.

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Would You Call the Husbands of Movie Stars—"Forgotten Men?"

(*Continued from page 53*)

find that it was impossible for him to continue in his work for at least six months—due to a protective labor law that prevents any invading musician from competing with local musicians until he has lived in California a half-year.

Boots' Hubby Is "Miserable"

"CHARLIE is just too miserable for words," explains the rapidly-advancing Boots. "I've never seen anybody so unhappy! No one knows him, or knows what he has done, and he resents like the dickens being looked upon as 'just a movie star's husband'. But I couldn't stand it if he didn't stay with me. I need some one to baby me."

Perhaps the following will give you a vague idea of what Mr. Bennett is going through for the privilege of 'babying' his wife: A reporter called a publicity office the other day, attempting to obtain biographical data on Boots Mallory, and asked the name of her husband. "Oh, dear," said the lady who usually gives out such information, "I've *forgotten.* No one around here seems to know. Is it really important?"

If there is any truth in the old saw that misery loves company, Mr. Bennett will probably take comfort from a newspaper statement concerning another jazz band colleague of his from the East who was recently wed to Bette Davis. To quote from the paper: "Bette Davis, celebrated movie star, was married this morning to Nelson O. Harmon, said to be a musical conductor of Boston symphonies." Now, considering that the gentleman's name is *Harmon O. Nelson, Jr.,* and that his profession is jazz and not symphonies, you can gather what a "forgotten" comment that was.

Elissa Landi has had frequent cause to chuckle over the fact that her very prominent barrister-husband of London, England, Mr. John Lawrence by name, seems to be known to Hollywood only by a phrase. And because the well-known Mr. Lawrence is only an infrequent visitor to the Malibu shores of Hollywood, he, too, looks on it all as a good joke. With the exception of a few of Elissa's close Hollywood friends, Mr. Lawrence is known to the entire colony merely as "the English barrister-husband of Elissa Landi."

The Dilemma of Peggy and Allan

ON the other hand, Allan Davis, husband of Peggy Shannon, has never been able to "laugh off" Hollywood's polite indifference to his attempts to make a name for himself on the screen just as his wife has done. Davis is a handsome youth with several years of stage experience behind him. It is highly possible that if he had not first come to the movies as a "Hollywood husband," he would have rated a screen opportunity of his own.

Allan and Peggy did everything at their command to right this "reflected glory" angle that seemed to be holding Allan back. They even went so far as to separate legally . . . though they remained deeply in love. But so far, he has not been able to get the hoped-for big chance, in spite of the separation. To most of the casting directors about the studios Allan merely remains "the husband of Peggy Shannon."

Back in 1929, when Lydell Peck married the Biggest Box-Office Attraction In Pictures, Janet Gaynor, he was in a perfect spot to join the group of Hollywood's "unknown husbands." In fact, in the first six months of their marriage, the press so completely "forgot" him as to insist that Janet and Charles Farrell were "still in love with each other"—and Lydell and his marriage license did not appear to matter at all.

But Lydell had his own way of beating this Hollywood game. He made up his mind to give up his "non-professional" profession of the law and to enter the sacred portals of the movies, himself, in the guise of a Supervisor. To-day, as one of the most important young executives on the Fox lot, he can talk box-office and production costs and casting with anyone in Hollywood. And when Janet recently parted from her husband, everybody knew who her husband was!

Has Escaped Being "Dr. Dunne"

ANOTHER husband who has successfully escaped the legion of Hollywood's "ignored" husbands, is Dr. Francis Griffin, husband of Irene Dunne—but he has been forced to remain three thousand miles away in New York to do it. When Irene first "went into the movies," Dr. Griffin was seriously considering abandoning his professional practice in New York to settle himself and his business on the Coast. But a brief visit to his stellar wife convinced him that it was "no go."

Irene says her husband learned just what being the mate of a movie star meant when someone left a telephone message for her with him, and remarked in conclusion, "Thank you, Dr. *Dunne*"! Of course, having a husband three thousand miles away makes Irene practically "unmarried," so far as Hollywood is concerned. She has even, baselessly, been rumored engaged to eligible Hollywood gentlemen. But Irene and Dr. Griffin know better, and she is just as happy as is her husband that in New York he is decidedly Dr. Griffin . . . and not Dr. *Dunne!*

Colleen Moore's second husband, Albert Scott, young New York broker, is less well known to Hollywood than her first, director John McCormick—but Hollywood knows him, right enough. It was at a Hollywood party a couple of years ago that he first met her, and Hollywood is perfectly well aware that he is the Silent Partner in her return to the screen. Colleen doesn't give an interview without telling how he urged her to return and satisfy her one unsatisfied desire—to be a success in talkies. He, himself, is classified as a big social success by the film colony.

There are a few other examples of husbands who have managed to register as personalities to the movie colony even without the extreme measures of either joining it or staying three thousand miles away from it.

Frank Woody, husband of Helen Twelvetrees, was a well-known young man about town for several years before he stepped altarward with Helen. His real estate activities had made him many friends in the movie colony and at no time during their married life has Frank been relegated to the background of Helen's social life. He is known as a witty, clever, successful young man—even though his success does lie outside the exclusive boundary lines of the movie studios.

Three Headline Husbands

THE same might be said for those two scions of wealth, Townsend Netcher and Edward Hillman, Jr., who married Constance Talmadge and Marian Nixon, respectively. These young men and their millions were good "front-page copy" long before they took up residence in Hollywood as the mates of well-known movie ladies.

As for the Marquis de la Falaise, husband of Constance Bennett, his title, a former sensational marriage to Gloria Swanson, and the famous tug-of-war between Gloria and

Constance Bennett for his affections has most certainly lifted "Hank" out of the category of "forgotten men." He, too, has joined the studio world in the capacity of supervisor of foreign versions, and the genial Marquis is definitely a part of Hollywood's social life entirely on his own.

Neither has Bolton Mallory ever had his feelings hurt by being referred to vaguely as the husband of Nancy Carroll. Even the press boys always seem to remember to add "publisher and editor" after the name of Mallory, when they mention him in print.

Naturally, the playwright, director, executive and novelist husbands of movie stars stand equally on their own merits—and such ladies as Norma Shearer (Mrs. Irving Thalberg), Helen Hayes (Mrs. Charles MacArthur), Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) and many others are as well known by their married names as by their professional ones. Which reminds us of a little story along this line, concerning Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur:

Charlie's Comeback to Helen

CERTAINLY, no one in his, or her, right mind could ever think of referring to Charles MacArthur of Broadway playwriting fame as merely the husband of Helen Hayes. But Charlie is a great jokester and sometimes his highly funny, but often undignified antics upset Helen just a little (so the story goes), though she usually manages to "laugh them off." However, after one of Charlie's most outlandish bits of clowning, 'tis said that Helen remarked to him: "I do wish, dear, you would be more careful about the things you do and say in public. Of course, I know you are only joking, but then other people might not understand. Possibly, people expect a little more dignity from you because you are my husband . . ."

Whereupon Mr. MacArthur grinned his famous MacArthur grin, patted his diminutive wife on the head and said: "That's where you have it all wrong, my pet. To the contrary, *you* can do all the crazy things you want to do—because you are *my wife* . . ."

We wonder how many of the "unknown husbands" of Hollywood would love to be able *truthfully* to make that same remark to their spotlighted wives . . . ? But, all in all, Hollywood's husbands aren't as "unknown" and "forgotten" as they used to be in the old days!

And here are Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacArthur—Mrs. MacArthur sometimes being known as Helen Hayes. He wrote the scenario for "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," which won her the 1932 "best actress" award

This

IS HOW I REMOVE A CORN

THE PAIN STOPS INSTANTLY!

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Blue-Jay is safe, tried and proven—gentle in its action. It is the invention of a noted scientist—made for you by Bauer & Black, the surgical dressing house whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over.

Don't tolerate unsightly, painful corns. Don't risk cutting or paring them, and don't risk harsh, unscientific methods of removal. *Be kind to your feet.* When a corn appears, remove it at once with Blue-Jay.

25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses

USE THIS SAFE METHOD

1. Soak foot for ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.

2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over the corn.

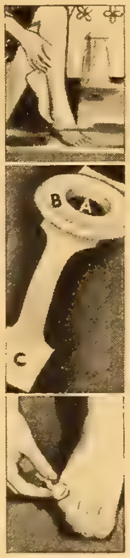
HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS:

A is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.

B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.

C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

3. After three days, corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn. (Old, tough corns may need a second application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action.)



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"For Better Feet" — Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. (*Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage.*)

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And the president signs for the million dollar order! You feel equal to anything when your digestion is good. But often it isn't quite perfect — yet you don't know just what's wrong. Just something cramping your style.

That's why so many chew Beeman's *regularly.* It helps prevent that bit of indigestion which may ruin your day, and the flavor is delicious.

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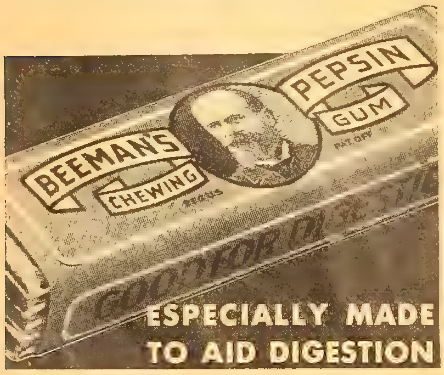


Seeing "42nd Street" Through Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 70*)

moves on. You learn that a wealthy "kiddie kar" manufacturer, played by Guy Kibbee, is financing the musical because of his interest in the prima donna. Bebe, however, can only simulate an affection in return, for she still loves her less successful dancing partner of vaudeville days, George Brent. She is, nevertheless, wise enough in the ways of show business not to snub an "angel."

Ruby Keeler's Camera-Fright

AMONG the many chorus applicants are Ginger Rogers and Una Merkel, "old-timers" at the game, and Ruby Keeler, a newcomer fresh from Sioux City, trying out for her first show. She confides to the juvenile, Dick Powell, "I was so scared, I walked around the block four times before I had courage enough to even come and apply for a job."

Hollywood will relish that speech. For Hollywood knows that Ruby Keeler actually walked around the studio stage at least four times, attempting to summon the courage to face the cameras for her first scene. Despite the fact that she is the wife of Al Jolson and is acknowledged the premier tap-dancer on the American stage, Ruby experienced a bad case of camera-fright, from which she had a slow recovery. Jolson would frequently sneak in to watch her work, only to dodge behind something if she glanced his way. One day she caught him and wouldn't go on until he left. Toward the end of the picture, however, Al accompanied her to the set every day and sat quietly by while she played her scenes.

Ruby exercised the "no visitors" ukase only where her husband was concerned. When her two kid sisters, Gertrude and Helen, arrived from Long Island, she brought them to the studio. Standing in the orchestra pit watching the rehearsal on the stage, the two girls were observed by Director Lloyd Bacon.

"Hey, you!" he shouted. "Come up here and take your places. Don't you know that the call was for nine o'clock?"

Too surprised to protest, they allowed themselves to be shoved into the mob of chorines. There they were discovered by Ruby, who identified them and performed introductions all around. Enjoying the joke upon himself, Bacon offered the embarrassed youngsters jobs in the picture. If you look closely, you will find them dancing third and fourth from the right in the finale.

Baxter Makes Them Slave

IN the second sequence of the picture, Baxter finishes the selection of the "Pretty Lady" chorus and, facing the assembled girls, addresses them. "Tomorrow morning, we're going to start a show. We're going to rehearse for six weeks. You're going to work days, and you're going to work nights, and you're going to work between times. When I think you need it, you're going to dance until your feet fall off and you aren't able to stand up. But six weeks from now, we're going to have a *show.* That's all. Tomorrow morning in rehearsal clothes."

Strangely enough, rehearsal clothes offered a problem, the toughest problem of costuming in the entire picture, according to Orry-Kelly, Warners' modiste. It was simple enough to do lovely gowns for Bebe Daniels, or to design a startling group of ensemble costumes comprising four whole white fox skins for each chorus girl and nothing else but a bit of netting. But rehearsal clothes were something else again. Most girls wear either rompers or bathing suits for real rehearsals. But somehow they didn't screen just right. So Orry-Kelly was called in to devise more effective garments that would still look natural.

Rehearsals in the film story go on, with Baxter driving, driving, relentlessly, unmercifully. Three weeks pass and his threat to dance them until they can't stand up seems about to materialize. The fourth week drags on and the fifth. It seems impossible that human flesh can endure the strain.

You may ask yourself if these sequences are overdrawn—if staging a musical show means such tortures. The answer is that what you see on the screen is true in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The business of entertaining the public has never been child's play. It means hardships.

How the Girls Kept Fit

A TYPICAL football training schedule is no more stringent than the training rules Berkeley enforced upon his girls. Here is the day's schedule:

Arise at seven. Perform strenuous setting-up exercises and ten high kicks to start circulation. Follow with a cold shower. Breakfast—orange or grapefruit juice, crisp bacon or one egg or small bowl of unsweetened cooked breakfast food with milk, four large prunes, one cup of coffee or tea.

Lunch at training table—soup, salad (either fruit or vegetable), dry toast, tea. No dessert.

Dinner at training table—soup, small serving of rare roast beef or one lamb chop, two fresh vegetables, not more than one small potato, salad, hot drink and only fruit, preferably prunes for dessert.

Retire at ten if not working, for nine full hours of sleep.

And if you don't believe the girls observed the diet, you don't know Berkeley. He ate with them at the training table every day. He took precautions to shut off any supply of sweets at the studio. He exercised them if work was slack. He had special buses take them home and call for them in the morning. Finally, he toured the local night-clubs and cafés each evening to make sure that the girls were not among the revelers.

So healthy were Berkeley's chorines that the director had no difficulty in taking out health insurance for the entire hundred when the "flu" epidemic broke out in Hollywood. Production was halted by the illness of Richard Barthelmess and Sally Eilers on a neighboring stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., came down with "flu," as did dozens of others. But not one of Berkeley's girls even sniffled.

No, Berkeley did his job well and apparently did not lose popularity in enforcing strict discipline. His birthday was celebrated during the filming of the picture, and a handsome wrist-watch that would be the pride of a leading man was presented to him by his chorines. It must be reported that the director swallowed hard a couple of times before responding to the presentation speech.

But back to the story of "42nd Street." The show is now in the final process of pruning. One number, "It Must Be June," is very bad and is thrown out by Baxter.

He Fooled His Dancers

IN staging the routine, Berkeley was guilty of a deception. He didn't let his girls know that they were supposed to be ragged. He simply rehearsed them insufficiently and allowed all the kinks to remain. Hollywood will find this number one of the most amusing in the picture.

Hollywood will also enjoy an inside laugh at the characters of the two song-writers who protest the elimination of their brain-child. These rôles are played by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, a pair of real-life song-writers who are responsible for such hits as "Among My Souvenirs," "Million-Dollar Baby in a Five-and-Ten-Cent Store," "You're My Everything" and many others, including all the music for "42nd Street." They drew a pair of $7.50 checks for their day's "acting,"—and look their parts.

Note, too, the little chap playing the tinny rehearsal piano. He is Harry Akst, author of so many song successes that he can't remember all of them, himself. And take another glance at the leader of the theatre orchestra, Leo F. Forbstein, head of the Vitaphone music department, doubling for himself. Both played their rôles as larks.

Sitting in the "bald-headed row" from time to time during the production were more famous personages than can be identified. William Powell was a frequent visitor, as were young Doug Fairbanks and Jimmy Cagney. Ruth Chatterton came over a few times and Miss Barbara Bebe Lyon came to see Mama every day or so.

And so "Pretty Lady" is whipped into shape at last. It is to open in Philadelphia, before invading New York. A final dress rehearsal and a day's rest. Then on the eve of opening, the star fractures her ankle. Someone must replace her or the show can't go on. Out of the line, Baxter is forced to choose the greenest of the lot, the little girl from Sioux City, Ruby Keeler.

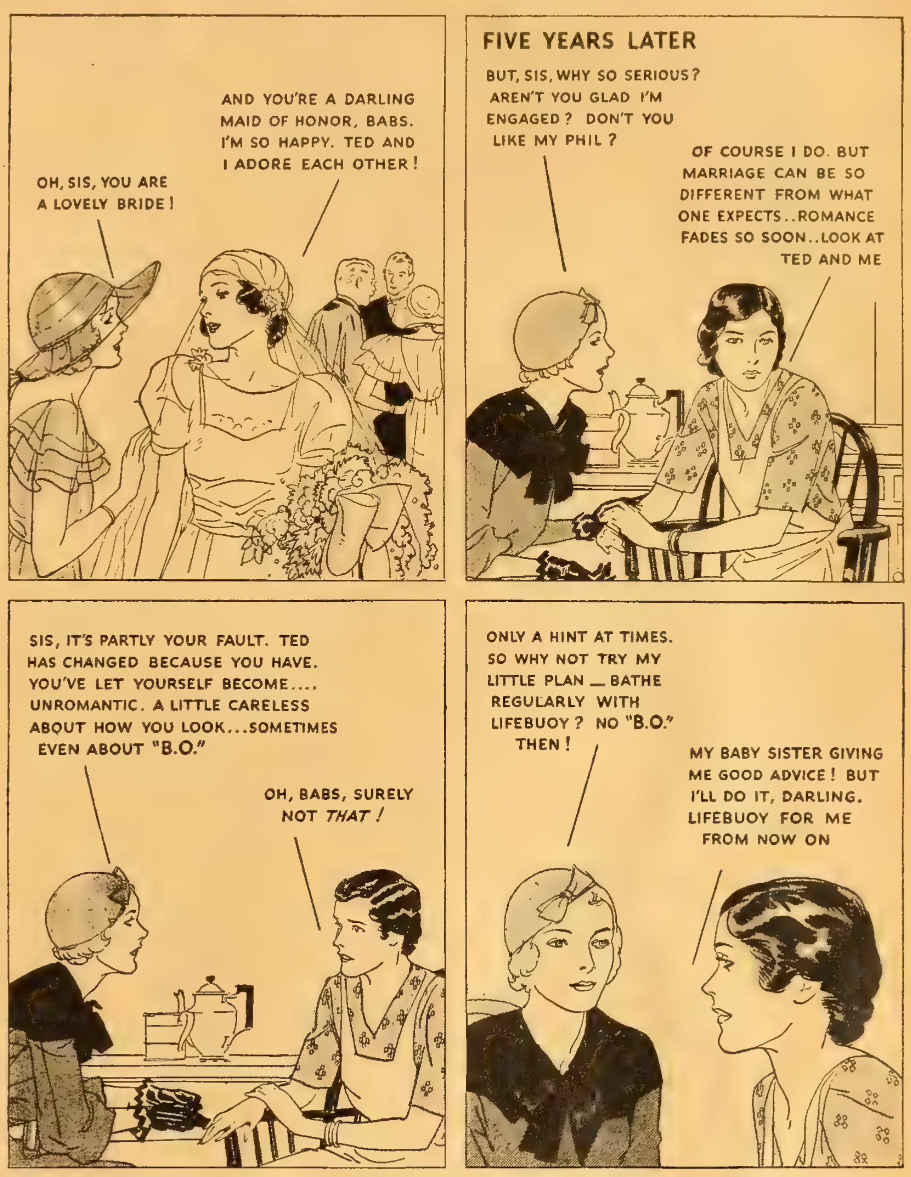
Don't say this is far-fetched or you will reveal an ignorance of theatrical history. Such breaks have come to dozens of youngsters. Some have made good—more have failed.

Baxter works all day with his substitute lead. He drives her to the point of utter exhaustion and leaves her with but a single kindly word. "You'll do," he says.

How well she does, you will know when you see the picture—when you see "42nd Street" through Hollywood's eyes.

Boots Mallory—whose real name is Patricia—earned her present name by wearing her stepfather's boots as a youngster. Here she's in Erich von Stroheim's—and that's his monocle, too

WISE WORDS FROM HER "BABY SISTER" by


OH, SIS, YOU ARE A LOVELY BRIDE!
AND YOU'RE A DARLING MAID OF HONOR, BABS. I'M SO HAPPY. TED AND I ADORE EACH OTHER!
FIVE YEARS LATER
BUT, SIS, WHY SO SERIOUS? AREN'T YOU GLAD I'M ENGAGED? DON'T YOU LIKE MY PHIL?
OF COURSE I DO. BUT MARRIAGE CAN BE SO DIFFERENT FROM WHAT ONE EXPECTS..ROMANCE FADES SO SOON..LOOK AT TED AND ME
SIS, IT'S PARTLY YOUR FAULT. TED HAS CHANGED BECAUSE YOU HAVE. YOU'VE LET YOURSELF BECOME.... UNROMANTIC. A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT HOW YOU LOOK...SOMETIMES EVEN ABOUT "B.O."
OH, BABS, SURELY NOT *THAT*!
ONLY A HINT AT TIMES. SO WHY NOT TRY MY LITTLE PLAN — BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBUOY? NO "B.O." THEN!
MY BABY SISTER GIVING ME GOOD ADVICE! BUT I'LL DO IT, DARLING. LIFEBUOY FOR ME FROM NOW ON

"B.O." GONE — *romance returns!*
BABS WAS A PRETTY BRIDE. BUT THE REAL HIT OF THE WEDDING WAS — MY WIFE!
TED, STOP YOUR *JOKING!* I ONLY HOPE BABS AND PHIL WILL BE AS HAPPY AS WE ARE

What's the sensible thing to do about "B.O."?

(body odor)

TAKE CHANCES? Trust to luck you won't offend? NO! "B.O." (*body odor*) is too serious to trifle with. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps. Its rich, penetrating lather purifies and *deodorizes* the pores—effectively stops "B.O."

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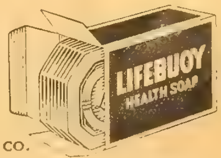
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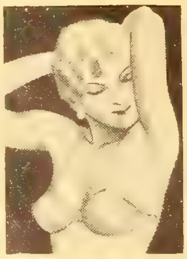

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Clothes Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

of "The Past of Mary Holmes," featuring Jean Arthur, who has recently returned for a new career in pictures after a successful season on the New York stage. We are sure that if the newspaper boys could have seen Jean in the ducky little gray street suit she was wearing this day, they would have forgiven her for "sneaking into town" in such a mysterious manner. Nobody knows just why Jean wanted to dodge the Hollywood reporters; but she did . . . and the boys got mad . . . and, temporarily, that is *that!*

Certainly, if Jean had been wearing this particular little gray suit when she alighted from the train *via* the baggage car, she would have relented and consented to pose for the boys. Because this was a suit that not even a movie star bent on seclusion would want to hide from the public. The material of light gray hair-cloth is used for both the dress and hat, and a darker gray for the jacket. Suède shoes, bag and gloves complete the ensemble. Krimmer fur trims the collar and lapels. Note Jean's scarf, which is of the same material and color as her jacket; and note particularly the hat she is wearing. The angle . . . the soft brim . . . *everything* about it is brand-new!

Scarves Are the Newest Fad

SPEAKING of scarves, they are wearing them gay and beaded and brilliant with evening ensembles this Spring! Yes, you knot them and tuck them into the blouse of your evening jacket as casually and as "sport-like" as though you were in your favorite sports model!

Raquel Torres introduces this novel little style in the Columbia picture, "That's Africa," and, believe it or not, the idea of it spread so rapidly about Hollywood that another famous star from another studio utilized it in her evening ensemble at a recent opening. No wonder the studio stylists like to keep their newest ideas a secret until the picture is released!

Raquel's dress, with which she wears her evening scarf, is of black chiffon, heavily beaded with jet-black beads. It is very form-fitting and completely backless. And the scarf is *scarlet red*, heavily beaded with red beads! Repeat the red color in your satin shoes and try that among your clothes sensations! This ensemble and color scheme are particularly effective for decided brunettes like Raquel.

And when you see Raquel in "That's Africa," your attention will probably be caught by the beautiful jewelry she wears with her white lace evening gown trimmed with white fox. It's *real* . . . no, not the fox . . . the jewelry! What's more, it is Raquel's own—and when she isn't wearing it, it's in a good, safe place. The perfectly gorgeous earrings are fashioned in diamond clusters. The ring is a large emerald-cut diamond solitaire. And those bracelets are a combination of diamonds and emeralds! Be sure to watch for the scenes in this Wheeler and Woolsey comedy in which Raquel wears the white evening gown.

Sally's Smart New Wardrobe

THE other day a Hollywood woman who knows her styles said. "I hear that the clothes Sally Eilers wears in 'Second-Hand Wife' are] quite the swankiest clothes ever worn in a Fox picture." That gave us the idea of dropping in on Sally on the set of "Second-Hand Wife" just to see what the lady meant by "swankiest clothes."

After Sally proudly escorted me to her dressing-room to see some of these garments, I'm almost inclined to agree that they are the smartest I have seen this month. They aren't exaggerated . . . they aren't extreme . . . but they are the kind of clothes you would give your right arm to find hanging in your own wardrobe. They're "society style" not "movie-starrish" clothes, if you know what we mean.

Take the very smart, ultra-fashionable lounging robe that Sally wears in "Second-Hand Wife." It is of heavy silk . . . black and white pin-stripes . . . trimmed with a collar of white, with black pin-stripes. Yes, Sally even wears a scarf that matches the lapels of her lounging robe. It begins to look as though Hollywood were going to wear scarves to *bed* this season . . . that's how important they are! Two steel buttons hold the lapels in place and also decorate the cuffs. And though you can't see it in the illustrating picture because Sally's arms cover it, there is a large steel buckle that belts-in the robe at the natural waistline. Nothing could be smarter for the college girl, the traveling girl, the working girl or the society girl (not to mention the movie star) than this practical, yet very modish, lounging robe of Sally's.

In fact, all of Sally's clothes are grand in this picture, but we want you to notice particularly the wool street dress she wears in the Fifth Avenue scenes. The material is green diagonal wool; and the collar of Marten furs is attached to a short cape-like wrap of the wool, the combination forming the attractive scarf, which is detachable. The model is plain and tailored, the only obvious trimming being the wool fabric buttons running the length of the sleeve. A black bèret, black suède gloves and slippers and a black suède bag are the clever accessories of one of the smartest outfits you will see on the screen this season.

Adrienne's Unusual Gown

OVER at Paramount we happened to run into Adrienne Ames, who was on her way to the portrait gallery to make "fashion pictures." "Travis Banton clothes?" we inquired, and when Adrienne gaily nodded in assent, we trailed along with her to find out the newest ideas of this clever studio designer, who makes Marlene Dietrich. Carole Lombard and Adrienne, of course, the smartly gowned screen women they are.

What a dream of an evening gown Adrienne donned first! The material was rough, dull white crêpe with the most unusual treatment of the collar of the jacket—which was nothing less than *sable* twisted around a rolled effect of the white crêpe! Adrienne is crazy about the unusual dress and wants to buy it for her very own. But Travis Banton says the idea must be used on the screen *first* and *then* Adrienne can go right ahead and do likewise if she so desires!

Another clever outfit modeled by the stylish little New York actress was a skirt, blouse and jacket effect of rough wool crêpe, the blouse being featured by its enormous design of brown, tan and white plaids! Travis says Paramount stars will go in heavily for large plaids in their street and sports clothes for the screen . . . the bigger the plaid, the newer!

I'll have more clothes gossip from Hollywood for you next month. And I hope to be able by then to tell you about Joan Crawford's new wardrobe—which I originally promised you for this month. But at this writing Joan has not yet started her new picture. And, as I believe I have hinted, studios don't believe in giving out news and photographs of their stars' new fashions until a picture is so well along that no rival could copy them and get to the screen first with them. For all the studios like that thrill of springing some fashion news on the women folks in every new picture!

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

impossible, for me at least, to approach it from the outside. I have to get inside it—penetrate not only the far reaches of the man himself, but range back through centuries of Chinese tradition."

That's all, to put it simply. Now you try it.

ANOTHER Adviser on Screen Success is Warren Doane, the veteran producer of comedies. "If you want to be a good screen comedian," according to Warren, "learn to look dumb. Every great comedian knows that stupidity, thick-headedness and mental mistakes on the part of his character are essential to start and maintain self-satisfied chuckles in an audience. They must sense at once his slow brain and be several jumps ahead of him all the time. They must see how he could avoid his scrapes and predicaments and secretly gloat over the fact that they would never make the same errors in judgment or thinking. If they placed him on their own mental plane, then his troubles would no longer be comic to them—they would be tragic."

There's your comical advice. So you're all set for a Cinematic Career.

THIS service is offered to assist film people too busy to take care of requests for advice addressed to them. But we don't know exactly how to help in cases such as happen to Vince Barnett, the professional insulter. Vince has received a letter from a college student asking him to help get started as a "ribber."

The student mentioned that he had had "considerable success at the University insulting people," and had been "studying it thoroughly," so he now felt qualified to start practising!

WE wonder what started that fellow at R-K-O on his life work? We refer to a broadsheet from the studio: "Punning may be the lowest form of comedy, but nevertheless there's one man in Hollywood making a good living at it. He's Charlie Saxton, title-writing specialist. He gets a good salary for producing such as the following:

"'Shampoo, the Magician,' 'The Gay Nighties,' 'Through Thin and Thicket or Who's Zoo in Africa,' 'Trouble from a Broad,' and 'Aunts in the Pants.'"

A WRITER whose company we think we would enjoy a whole lot more is Gene Fowler, who recently turned down a $1200 a week contract from the same studio — because it contained a morality clause.

"At my age—and with my liver," Fowler wrote in sending back the document, "morality is a luxury. I like to write about immoral guys, and after all if I'm writing about them I like to get the proper atmosphere. First, last, and always, I'm a newspaper man, and you know how newspaper men are characterized in pictures . . . and who am I to make a bum out of pictures?"

To Tell You The Truth Dept.:

ZEPPO MARX just took 17 grand out of Palm Springs . . . the ban against showing kisses on the screen has been lifted in Japan . . . Clark Gable and Carole Lombard recently hung up a record for the screen's longest kiss—according to a speedometer, a mile and a quarter . . . Helen Twelvetrees' Xmas card was the name "Helen" surrounded by twelve little trees . . . those beer barrels used in "Flesh" were real ones . . . . ah there, Congress!

You can Read the News in a Man's eyes . . .

. . . the news that you're attractive! And that sort of message carries a thrill. It lends sparkle to conversation; gives a girl the right degree of assurance! All these lead to a true popularity.

As girls who have the happiest times know so well, the sure way to look one's best is to use Coty Face Powder. For here is a Powder which *doesn't* claim that *one tone* is good enough for every woman!

Coty is too much the artist to ask you to believe that! Instead Coty enhances your Fate-given *individuality*.

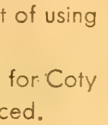
If you cherish a *personal* type of charm, you will insist on Coty's *cleverly blended* skin tones! There is one—*there may be several*—which will give your complexion a clear, new look of loveliness.

And then, there's the absolute *safety* of Coty Powder! Purity so dependable that girls with the most delicate skin make a point of using it exclusively.

Ask your favorite store for Coty Face Powder, modestly priced.

Coty

Glorious, *beauty-inciting*, are the powder nuances: *Severose, Rachel-Nacré, Mauve, Ocre-Rose* —which only Coty blends. Favorites frequently chosen are *Rachel 1, Rachel 2,* and *Naturelle.*



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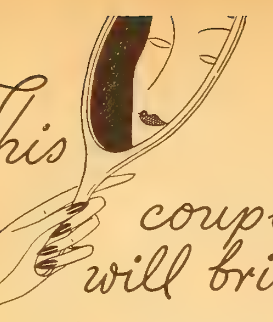

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REDUCING GIRDLE—2 to 3-inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made—very comfortable. Laced at back. Send waist and hip measures.$4.50

My flesh colored medicated rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins almost at once. Fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measures.

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9-inch $5.00 pair
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Best Remedy is Made At Home

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

USE THE NEW
Phantom Red
LIPSTICK
FOR NATURAL LIFE COLOR
PERMANENT ALL DAY
Lipstick $1.00 - 50¢ - Rouge 75¢

Ronald Colman Reveals His Greatest Secret!

(*Continued from page 49*)

screen depend upon the kind of situation one finds one's self in, the type of woman with whom one is making love, the emotion that is evoked by that situation and by that woman. That's all I could say about it. It's honest. I am not conscious of any change in my kisses, or in myself . . . . "

"Well, so much for that," I said, figuring, mentally, that I had one paragraph to work with, anyway.

"I know!" I continued, then. "Haven't you some hidden chapter in your life, somewhere? Can't you imagine the story? Can't you see the title—'Ronald Colman Bares Hidden Chapter in His Life'?"

"By which you mean—?"

Won't Talk of War or Romance

"OH, some weird experience you once had, during the War, perhaps?"

A slight shadow crossed his face. He said, easily, "Then if I told you, it wouldn't be a hidden chapter, would it?"

There was silence. I did not risk breaking it that way again.

I said, "Your first love affair? Never before revealed?"

"Dick Barthelmess tells a story on himself," Ronnie smiled, "of his first sweetheart. She was a minister's daughter, I believe. He gave her the *mumps.*"

Sidetracked!

I suggested, "Perhaps you have done something madly dramatic for love, or some lovely, lost lady has committed suicide over you, as in 'Cynara'?"

Ronnie, still smiling, shook his head. He said, "If I told you a hidden chapter, it wouldn't be hidden, would it?"

And, I ask you, where would *you* have gone in the face of that?

Then I plunged again. "Perhaps," I said, "you might talk about where you will go from here? What do you want now? What *is* there for you to want?"

"We movie stars all do have too much of everything," Ronnie admitted. "And too much makes choice difficult. I want what I have never had—" And then he said, "I want to marry. I want to find the woman who will be for me. I want to retire. I want to have a farm somewhere and raise pigs and do some truck gardening and have children. It's the old answer, isn't it? But it's the only life that means satisfaction."

"You won't do it," I baited him. "No one ever does. And you would miss all this excitement and attention and glamour . . . "

Knows He Won't Miss Fame

"I NEVER like to make prophecies," Ronnie said. "I dislike to say anything until the time has come for me to act upon what I say. But I shall do it one of these days. I may not find the woman I want to marry, the woman who will want to marry me. I may not have the children. I hope I do, but that, after all, is in the lap of the gods. However, I *shall* retire, and there are a great many things I want to do that I have never done—"

"But how do you *know,*" I persisted, "how do you know you will not miss the excitement, the pace, the work, all that goes with it, good and bad?"

"I know," said Ronnie, "because, you see, *I have had these things before.*"

Something inside of me clicked. I was on the trail—whether he would or no; that Something Never Told Before was being told, a secret was about to be revealed.

"Before?" I asked. "You mean—you mean that you believe in reincarnation?"

"It's logical, isn't it?" Ronnie asked. "Yes, I believe in reincarnation. *I am an old soul, you see.* I have been here before, on earth, doing somewhat the same sort of thing that I am doing now, in this life. I knew it, first, when I stood on the stage of the old Haymarket Theatre in London. I had had an appointment there to meet the manager. As I stood on the lighted, fully dressed stage, when they asked me to recite something and then offered me a part—*I knew that I had been there before.*

"I went home and I thought of those famous Colmans, father and son, of one hundred and fifty years ago. Theatrical producers and writers, they had made theatre history in London in their time. And they had owned the old Haymarket.

"I began to do some searching back on the family tree of the Colmans. I found that I could establish, almost without any doubt, the fact that I was descended from those long-ago Colmans. Then I knew. I knew—and I wondered if it might not be a matter of more than blood descent? Could it be that one of them, or some essential part of one of them, his intrinsic love of the theatre, perhaps, had come back to earth again in me?

Cleared Up Many Puzzles

"IT SEEMED to me that a great many things were clearer to me than they had ever been before. No one in my immediate family, for instance, had ever been even remotely interested in things theatrical. They could not understand it in me. I could scarcely understand it in myself, feeling as I did (and still do) about most of the concomitants of being a public character. No one in the generation preceding me had had any flair for the stage or anything to do with it. Why? *This, perhaps, was why.*

"It explained other things to me—the fact that you can meet a man who has had, in this life, all and more of the same advantages you have had, and yet not know him. Perhaps he has been to the same schools, been through the War, lived in the same environment—and yet there will be nothing in common between you. There will be nothing to talk about. Nothing of communication. Because, you see, that man is a new soul. The richness of the residue of other lives is not his."

I said that I saw. I saw a great many things. I felt that this might explain more about Ronald Colman than even he, perhaps, realized.

"Old souls," I said, "those of us who have been here before—isn't it said that we never find our rightful mate until we find the one we loved those other lives ago?"

"Yes."

"Then—you told me once, as we have mentioned, that you are not a woman-hater. On the contrary. You told me that you are, perhaps, just an idealist, waiting, hoping that the right woman will—"

"Will come back, you mean? Why not? But really—" Ronnie smiled again, that sudden, amazingly genuine smile of his, "aren't we getting into very deep water?"

I thought, "No, not *getting*—we have *been* in very deep water. And the story is done. The untold story has come to light, has opened. The secret is out."

And this is the way it happened. You have been with me while I interviewed Ronald Colman. And you have followed the method of casting a net here and there in deep waters, hoping to ensnare an old love affair, a weird adventure, a secret—and you have seen how, as night fell, Ronald Colman's belief that he has lived before fell into that net.

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 6*)

The Big Four

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—After seeing Mr. Paul Muni, Mr. George Arliss, Mr. Lionel Barrymore and Mr. Ed. G. Robinson a few times, it is beyond my meagre comprehension how people can claim this and this actor or actress to be one of the greatest of his profession ever, other than one of these four men. To appreciate the true art of acting one must witness these men.

It is my belief that it is the actor, *not* the story, which makes a good picture. Give any one of these men the poorest story one can unearth and lo! and behold! it is a great drama, a heart-rending story, a picture worth viewing! *That* is why these men are men who top the pinnacle of their profession. From *Disraeli* to a merciless, cowardly, scarfaced gangster; from a great but drink-crazed lawyer to a man who has but two seconds to live; they *live* their rôles, they *are* these men they portray, heart and soul and their audience lives their parts with them. *H. S. S.*

Garbo and Dietrich No Warblers

CORONA, L. I., N. Y.—The producers have a very irritating trick of throwing a star's voice at our heads and telling us that we are listening to something wonderful. The particular case I have in mind is Marlene Dietrich's singing in "Blonde Venus." We are shown view after view of the spell-bound audiences held enthralled by her weak and unmusical singing.

In "As You Desire Me" the same thing was done with Greta Garbo; but it was done in an even more flagrant manner. Marlene Dietrich at least sang her own songs and couldn't help it if she had no ability; Greta Garbo had a double (and with all the talent of Hollywood at their disposal they had to pick a singer who was actually worse than Dietrich) and we were treated to the spectacle of a presumably intelligent audience goggling in awe at the soul-stirring singing of Garbo's double.

Perhaps we were expected to believe that the audiences were attracted by the beauty of the stars or by the sex appeal in their voices, but I find it hard to believe that the women (who were as enthusiastic as the men) could ever be attracted by any such thing. *Sidney Goldberg.*

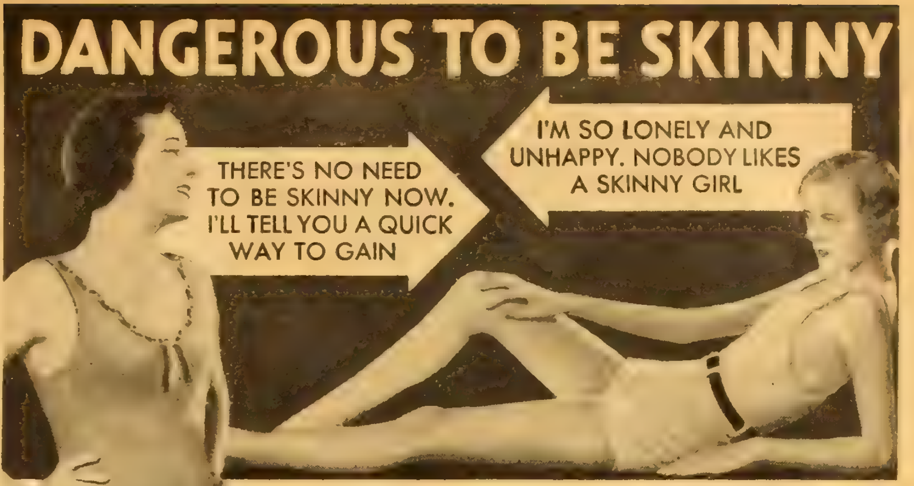
How About Full-Length Animated Cartoons?

ATLANTA, GA.—Many persons consider that the animated cartoon is the brightest spot on the movie horizon today. Mickey Mouse, the Silly Symphonies, Betty Boop and others attract countless cinema addicts who care little for Garbo and Gable.

What is the future of these dancing, ever-changing pen-and-ink lines? The months and years to come will surely add much to the appeal of the movie cartoon. Color has already come to the Silly Symphonies; speech has taken the place of gurgling.

Isn't the time ripe for a full length, feature cartoon? Not one hurriedly thrown together, but a carefully planned and drawn picture, with a real plot, as well as that humor which can only be portrayed in the exaggerations of the artist. The leading characters should, preferably, be synthetic humans, and not childish animals, but animals should have minor rôles.

I would welcome such a screen novelty. And I am just an average movie fan; I am in every city and village, millions of me. The line forms at the box office! *Winship Leonard.*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THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SKINNY NOW. I'LL TELL YOU A QUICK WAY TO GAIN
I'M SO LONELY AND UNHAPPY. NOBODY LIKES A SKINNY GIRL

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Day after day, with Ironized Yeast, watch skinny bones and flat chest round out, complexion clear, stomach and bowel troubles vanish.

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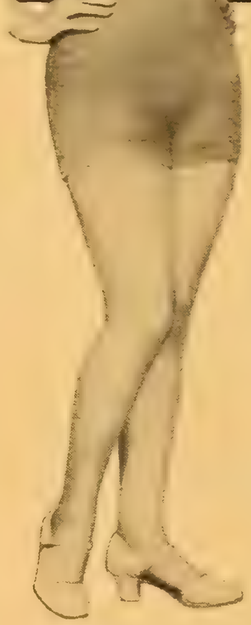

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Waist	25 in.
Hips	36 in.
Thigh	21 in.
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GAINS 15 LBS. LOVELY SKIN

"I had indigestion and a blotched face. I took Ironized Yeast, gained 15 lbs. and my complexion is now admired." Miss S. Ryan, New York, N. Y.

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Conrad Nagel Tells What's Wrong with the Movies

(*Continued from page 29*)

ing, and he is lucky if he is through by eight that night. Twelve hours a day. It saps the vitality and whatever creative ability the actor possesses.

"Any artist must constantly have a fresh viewpoint, and you can't have it under pressure of this sort. The depression is given as an excuse for the limited time assigned to a picture, so that expenses can be cut down. And the actor comes to the set in the morning worn out, weary, jaded and nerve-racked. Under such conditions, you can't have that fine frenzy of creative interest which an actor must bring to his rôle. It emasculates your body and your soul.

"Fairbanks, Lloyd, Chaplin—none of them ever made a good picture by punching a time-clock. Yet the studios, out of necessity, rush their pictures through on an iron-bound schedule to meet release dates.

"Studios to-day don't even wait for perfected scripts. In the last year I have made three pictures that did not have a story ready when they were begun. I have come on the set with the dialogue writer and the director, and written the stuff which we had to shoot two hours later. It's humanly impossible to turn out a work of art in that manner.

"In one picture, I had a scene that ran ten and a half minutes—the longest scene it is possible to make. We agreed on the dialogue at nine-thirty in the morning and shot it at eleven. It should have taken us a day for rehearsal and a day for shooting. But we had to finish it in an hour. The director, one of the best in the business, knew that it couldn't possibly be a fine performance, but he was under pressure of a release date and he had no choice.

No Time to Live Their Rôles

"LEARNING lines is the least of an actor's job. He must get the feel of the story. He must project himself into a character, construct it and develop it. There isn't one scene out of ten that doesn't disclose that driven, haggard, my-God-what'll-I-say-next look in the eyes of some actor. The resultant picture is a stock performance, rather than a polished Broadway production. And you can't give people a fifty-cent show, which wouldn't extend the abilities of their local stock company, and expect to keep them coming into motion picture houses.

"Broadway productions take weeks for rehearsals and tryouts before they consider themselves ready. The words become automatic, and then for day on day the actors concentrate on the tempo of the play—the only thing that makes it real and vital. Certainly, Hollywood actors aren't superior to the most skillful stars of the legitimate stage. Why, then, do motion picture producers expect them to give a finished characterization when they've been introduced to parts of their rôles possibly an hour or two beforehand?

"The public doesn't overlook these deficiencies. There is no group of people in the world so keen as movie or old-time vaudeville audiences. They do honor to the artistry of a George Arliss. They turn thumbs-down on an actor who is unsure of himself or of his speech. In both cases, it isn't open-eyed analysis. It is rather an instinctive reaction. They resent and dislike the imperfect, the slipshod, or the almost-just-as-good. They automatically recognize unsureness and errors, even if they can't give names to them.

"And this failure to get the script and dialogue to actors early enough and without hurrying the writers, so that they may be memorized correctly and properly rehearsed, is a fundamental wrong in the movies.

Players Are to Blame, Too

"BUT the motion picture actor is at fault, too. He has little sense of responsibility or of self-reliance. On the stage, an artist must stand on his own two feet. He walks out in front and either makes good or flops. But the screen actor relies on the director to compensate for his own shortcomings. I have witnessed one scene shot thirty-seven times. If the actor hadn't gone into that bit with the feeling, 'Well, if that take isn't any good, we'll do it again,' it couldn't have happened.

"Hollywood lacks that show-must-go-on spirit. That trouper attitude. I was once in a stage play with a comedian who, a second before his cue came, received a telegram that his wife had died suddenly. Their devotion to each other was a saga of the theatre. Yet he went on, played his comedy part to the hilt with the tears streaming down his face. I've never seen such a display of courage among movie actors. The show must go on! A grand tradition! The screen would benefit if it assimilated a portion of it.

"It takes five groups to make a picture—the producer, the director, the writer, the actor and the technician. There is dissension and jealousy between these units now. The producer wants no advice from the director, the writer, the actor or the technician. The director, the writer, the actor and the technician damn the others. No one cares for anyone but himself. If Hollywood had a spark of that loyalty to the screen which stage actors give to their play, it would knit them all together. Personal animosities and reactions would be forgotten in their labors toward a common achievement.

The Secret of Chaplin's Success

"THE whole industry has become top-heavy. I look to the near future to mark its break-up into units. Then art can once again become the dominating factor in picture-making. You can't reconcile art and industry. That attempt has brought conflict and failure to a thriving business. We can again cite Chaplin, Fairbanks and Lloyd as successful proponents of the theory that art can be made profitable. They have done it with their leisurely schedules of picture-making. They make no sacrifice to a time-clock or to the calendar. Their scripts are as perfect as they can be made before a camera turns. Every actor knows his job thoroughly before he is called on for his part.

"Some day soon, Hollywood will find the brilliant leader it so desperately needs, and then it will emerge from the morass of bewildering theory and haphazard effort. Actors will be jolted out of their smugness, their indifference. They'll take picture-making seriously—with fear and trembling and consecration in their hearts—the proper approach to artistic accomplishment.

"When that time comes—and if theatres do their share by facing squarely their own issues—then the industry will find that the present critical condition is a thing of the past."

And thus Conrad Nagel answers the query, "What's Wrong with the Movies?"

From time to time, MOTION PICTURE *plans to invite other film notables to present constructive criticisms of motion pictures, as a whole. Watch for them. In the meantime, think over what Conrad Nagel has said. He would like to know if you agree or disagree.*

What the Stars Are Doing

(*Continued from page 10*)

McCoy, Tim—playing in *The Brand Inspector*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McHugh, Frank—recently completed *Grand Slam*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *Whistling In The Dark*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Miljan, John—playing in *Whistling In The Dark*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morley, Karen—recently completed *Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Muni, Paul—latest release *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*—Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, James—playing in *Central Airport*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Auction In Souls*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Nugent, Edward J.—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—recently completed *Uptown New York*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Smoke Lightning*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Malley, Pat—recently completed *The Penal Code*—International Studios, 4376 Sunset Dr., Hollywood, Cal.

Owen, Reginald—playing in *A Study In Scarlet*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Pallette, Eugene—playing in *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pichel, Irving—playing in *King of the Jungle*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—playing in *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—recently completed *Under-Cover Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—playing in *Ex-Lady*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—latest release *Silver Dollar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Ginger—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Will—recently completed *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roland, Gilbert—playing in *Our Betters*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruggles, Charles—playing in *Murder at the Zoo*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott, Randolph—recently completed *Hello, Everybody!*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shannon, Peggy—recently completed *The Blue Moon Murder Case*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—latest release *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Jennie Gerhardt*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *Baby Face*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stevens, Onslow—recently completed *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—playing in *Private Jones*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Talbot, Lyle—playing in *She Had to Say Yes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *Infernal Machine*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Todd, Thelma—recently completed *Air Hostess*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—playing in *She Had To Say Yes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—playing in *State Trooper*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—playing in *Private Jones*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—recently completed *Hot Pepper*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Walthall, Henry B.—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

West, Mae—recently completed *She Done Him Wrong*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—playing in *Picture Snatcher*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Windsor, Claire—playing in *Auction In Souls*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—recently completed *The Wax Museum*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wynyard, Diana—playing in *Men Must Fight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *She Had to Say Yes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Turn About*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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Movie Stars Are Land-Hungry—They're Going Back to the Soil!

(*Continued from page 34*)

ultra-modern house. She told me, not long ago, that irrespective of her future screen career, the ranch will always be her permanent home. She is committed to the "good earth"—and there's a strange contradiction in her case, for she was born and raised in the tenements of Brooklyn.

Miriam Becomes a Farmerette

AS a matter of fact, this contagious desire for land seems to take no account of individual backgrounds. Miriam Hopkins, city-bred and socially inclined, recently became the owner of a model farm in Connecticut, promptly fell in love with rural life, and won a clause in her new Paramount contract that guaranteed her three months each year on her farm.

Gloria Stuart is counting the days until she can fulfill her "back-to-nature" dream. She and her artist-husband, Gordon Blair Newell, own twenty acres of redwood forest in the Big Sur country, South of Carmel, the famous artists' colony. It is completely isolated and as beautiful as an Eden. They plan to create there a new artists' colony, consisting of not more than five families, and live as close to nature as possible. Gloria has no compunctions about admitting that the screen, to her, is merely a temporary source of money and self-satisfaction. Her real ambitions are literary.

Richard Dix, John Miljan and Fred Kohler have bought ranches in the San Fernando Valley and live permanently on their properties. Kohler raises chickens; Miljan has become a horticulturist of note; and Dix raises—Allah alone knows what. He has kept his ranch a profound mystery; no one in the studio even knows its location.

Wallace Beery, another courtier of Nature, has bought an island in Silver Lake, high in the Sierras, and spends practically all of his spare time there, fishing and hunting and loafing the days away. His brother, Noah, owns a much-publicized fishing resort in the San Gabriel Mountains and lives on a small ranch in San Fernando Valley.

Picture Lewis Stone in Overalls

LEWIS STONE bought an orange ranch several years ago and plunged head-over-heels into the study of citrus culture. At first, he intended to make his property nothing more than a profitable hobby. It is now of equal importance to his screen career. He built an elaborate ranch-house and lives, the year around, close to the earth. Between pictures, he is to be found in overalls, at work about his orange trees.

Even Buster Keaton, as much a stage product as a back-drop, has fallen victim to the land fever. He owns a huge tract in Mexico, near the city of Monterey, and, in normal times, reaps a very neat profit. He spends much of his time on the property and plans to spend even more in the future.

Robert Montgomery—have you ever thought of him as a farmer? Well, he is one. He owns a small farm in Westchester County, New York, and talks about his hay and apple crops. He plans to live there after he retires.

Irving Pichel and Victor McLaglen are gentlemen farmers at La Cañada, a beautiful foothill district some fifteen miles from Hollywood. Pichel did much of the construction work on his house, and McLaglen is constantly at work on his seven-acre tract, where he raises citrus fruits, avocados, fine poultry and rabbits.

Hoot Gibson's (and Sally Eilers') ranch is too well publicized to need mention here; furthermore, there is nothing surprising in Hoot, a cowboy star, owning a ranch. Tom Mix and Will Rogers also are landowners, as might be expected. Rogers, in fact, owns several California ranches, as well as his large farm in Oklahoma.

Where Chevalier and Arliss Rest

SEVERAL of our foreign-born stars have purchased land in their native countries and made homes there to which they plan to retire some day. Maurice Chevalier, a product of the Paris slums, owns a farm in the South of France and spends a goodly portion of each year there. George Arliss returns for at least three months each year to his "country place" in England and grows prize tomatoes. Tala Birell, who is a self-confessed devotee of the soil, plans to buy a farm in her native Roumania.

Ronald Colman, a typical cosmopolite, has rebelled against big-city din. Last autumn he bought a huge tract, comprising three thousand acres, of virgin beach and forest land in the Big Sur country and now plans to build a home there, where he can achieve isolation and quiet. Being a canny business man, he also plans to sell parcels of his property when prices return to normal.

Without having actually turned farmerette, Elissa Landi has made a noteworthy concession to the all-prevalent land-hunger by buying a beautiful, secluded estate in the Santa Monica Hills. Her property includes several acres planted to citrus fruits, and Elissa's principal pride and joy is a single tree that yields oranges, grapefruit, lemons and limes. Harold Lloyd has a much larger estate in Beverly Hills—but you've all heard of *that* privately owned park.

They're All Doing It

IT would be impossible to list in one short article the host of filmland celebrities who have acquired property in the past few years. I have only noted a few of the more outstanding landlords. The significant thing is the trend itself—the overwhelming urge to return to the land.

Spencer Tracy is looking for an Arizona cattle ranch that will meet his specifications. Ramon Novarro is scouting the little-developed country between Los Angeles and San Francisco for acreage that will yield both isolation and good crops. Alexander Kirkland confesses to an irresistible urge to pay agricultural taxes, and George Raft—of all people—has bought a chicken ranch. Kenneth MacKenna and Kay Francis own a genuine old Colonial farmhouse on Cape Cod, which is waiting for their "permanent honeymoon." Returning to the Coast, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur regretfully left their newly-acquired, old-fashioned New Jersey farm.

Marie Dressler, who, by the way, recently purchased a roomy estate in Beverly Hills, tells of her plan to buy a much larger property near Santa Barbara.

"There," she says, "I want to retire and live as simply as the Lord will permit. I've traveled all over the earth and seen most of its famous beauty spots. But I want to die in my own garden, in California."

Land-hunger! It's sweeping the world, according to the psychologists, who use multi-syllable words to explain just why jaded humanity is turning back to the elementals. And these Hollywoodites have become so surfeited with artificialities in their stage and screen careers that they fall easy victims to the epidemic.

Incidentally, I wonder if Garbo the Great actually bought that island from the Ivar Krueger estate?

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

been dangerously ill is Zasu Pitts, who underwent an emergency appendicitis operation and also passed through a crisis. She will be out of pictures for about three months . . . Elissa Landi, seriously ill with influenza, held up production for several weeks on "The Masquerader," in which she is Ronald Colman's leading lady . . . Theodore Von Eltz is recovering from severe injuries incurred when he was run down by a hit-run driver . . . Albert Gran, famous old character actor (who played the taxi-driver in "Seventh Heaven"), was killed recently when struck by a motorist.

"**SHE may look like a balloon smuggler, but** she can dance like any Baby Star," said Glenn Tryon, watching Kate Smith, the hefty radio songstress, now become a picture songstress (and star) in "Hello, Everybody." In spite of her weight, she was the most graceful figure on the floor at the Cocoanut Grove the other evening.

GOING to the boat to see Mrs. Alan Dwan, wife of the director, off on a trip to Europe, Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado were carried off to Europe, technically "stowaways." France would not permit them to land there without passports—though Marilyn was anxious to get to Paris to visit her former husband, Jack Pickford, who was very ill in the American Hospital there. The "stowaways" went on to England, and England permitted them to land until their boat headed back for New York (a matter of a few days). In the meantime, however, Marilyn fell ill in a London hotel and was forced to postpone her return trip. She denied to British news sleuths that she and Alvarado were married and considered the enforced trip a honeymoon—but said they were planning to wed shortly.

ALL sorts of hardy characters are working in Hollywood now. One of them is Richard ("Royal Road to Romance") Halliburton, the chap who swam in the Taj Mahal lily pool (though someone who has been there insists that it would be hard even to *wade* in it). He has just flown around the world, taking pictures, and has brought his film to Hollywood to be used in a movie. And Aloha Wanderwell, whose dashing husband was recently murdered on their ship, has been making public appearances locally with a travel film they made last year. Then there is Clyde Beatty, the world's most famous wild animal trainer, who is being starred by Universal in "The Big Cage," the story of his life. And Roscoe Turner, record-holding aviator, has just worked with Richard Barthelmess in "Central Airport."

ALICE WHITE is as tickled as a kid with a new toy over her contract with Paramount for "Luxury Liner." A long time ago, when Clara Bow was queen of Paramount, little Alice used to hang around that studio, just hoping and praying for a break. Now she is going in as a full-fledged feature player opposite George Brent in the story of the high-powered ships that travel between the United States and Europe.

VOICE: "May I speak with Mr. Buddy Rogers?"

Mrs. Rogers (his mother): "I wonder if you would call around 10:30? Charles didn't get in until nearly midnight last night and I want him to sleep a little longer."

(*Continued on page 95*)

A Happier You

WHEN you read fiction, some one else is the chief figure in the story. You see her; know what she looks like, how she thinks—but she is not you. But, when you read advertisements—then you are the chief figure in the drama. You are the one smoothing this fluff of powder on your cheek, wearing these bright pajamas, serving these peppery white sandwiches, traveling in this luxurious car.

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The New Buddy Wants a "New Deal"

(*Continued from page 64*)

needed changing, so did Buddy. He went away, and stayed away for a year, making his hobby—music—his new livelihood. Now he's back, and he's an interesting Buddy.

"New York's everything," he told me earnestly. "I'd go back in a minute."

"Why not, then?" I asked. "It's still there."

"I am going back," he continued, "as soon as I make a picture or two. I wasn't bad there, you know. And I'm back here to remind them I wasn't. It's a matter of pride with me. There have been cracks in the papers. Writing about certain promising youngsters in the films, the newspaper boys have finished with this tag line: '. . . let's hope they don't do a nose dive like Buddy Rogers!' I didn't do a nose dive. I just got lousy stories, that's all."

("Lousy"—from Buddy! My word!)

"A couple of the biggest executives in the business think I've got something that my old pictures didn't bring out. I expect to sign with them. I took tests yesterday, but wasn't particularly thrilled with the part they had for me. Some more of that young-boy stuff. I'm not a dewy-eyed boy any more. I'm nearly thirty, look it, and feel it."

"What if you don't like your first picture?"

"Back to New York. I turned down sixteen weeks on the road at six thousand dollars a week just to show 'em I can make a good picture. I don't have to worry about Hollywood. I've got my band, radio work and personal appearances and the little self-important executives out this way don't bother me any more. But I want to make a good picture, *one* good picture before I quit the game. I received one thousand letters a week from radio fans, and ninety per cent of them asked, 'When are you going to make a picture?' They wanted me to sign up for five years with the first option at one year, but I didn't like that. If nothing much happens after six months, I'm ready to shove. I told them that six months would decide things."

He's Sold on New York

NOW, frankly, I didn't expect all this. I thought ours would be a nice round-about conversation, with my chief job that of steering Buddy away from Home and Mother topics. But Buddy wanted to say things.

For instance: "New York is a square town. One bad show doesn't wash you up there. Folks know there'll be a good one along pretty soon. They don't blame actors for the bad lines they have to mouth. Out here they tag you the first day, and that tag sticks. My tag was 'cute' and that was my tough luck. I'm going out to beat that 'cute' gag. Or get out.

"New York does things to you," Buddy went on. "You meet people who can talk about music and art and current events and about food. They're civilized, and so is the East."

"How about New York food, Buddy?"

"It's best in the speakeasies. We'd make for a speak as soon as the show was over and have sandwiches and beer. I drank beer because I wanted to put on weight."

"How'd you happen to open the door when I called? Where's the butler you're supposed to have?"

Buddy laughed. "I haven't any butler. That's just another phoney story about me. Mother and Dad and I live here with just a Filipino boy to help out. He cooks, drives, takes care of the garden, waits on table and would rock the baby if we had one."

"But didn't you always have a flock of gents hanging around—a masseuse, driver, valet and so forth?"

"Oh, those," from Buddy. "They weren't servants. Just a few Spanish lads out of work, who did odd jobs now and then for lunch money."

(And so another Rogers legend bit the dust.)

Will Stick to the "Buddy"

"WHAT are you now—'Buddy' or 'Charles'?"

He smiled wryly. "I've wondered about that," he admitted. "I don't like 'Buddy' any more than the next one, but I've always *been* 'Buddy.' To change it to '*Chawles*'" (he put it on thick) "would be an affectation. After all, it's 'Babe' Ruth, and no one thinks much about that. Why not 'Buddy'?"

And, indeed, I didn't know why not.

He got back to his pet subject. "And another thing about New York is the way people there mind their own business. What you do is your concern and yours alone. If you take a girl dancing, you're simply taking a girl dancing, that's all. It isn't the signal for a crop of rumors to spring up."

"You mean they left you and your girls alone?"

"Sure they did. Of course, a couple of them had me down as pretty fond of Harriette Lake, who was doing musical comedy there then, but they didn't rub it in. I saw a lot of Harriette and of Mary Brian when she was there for personal appearances. We'd ride out into the country and take short jaunts in the yacht I chartered from Larry Schwab, but nobody tried to make anything of it. In New York they're big. People there are too busy doing things to sit around gossiping."

As you sit and talk to Buddy, these thoughts come to mind: If the lad's not changed, as his friends vehemently say, Buddy at least has learned to call the bluff. Buddy is talking out in meeting to-day for the first time. He may be satisfied to have his name remain "Buddy," but not his character.

Wants to Act, Not Dazzle 'Em

THEY say Buddy has grown up. I'm ready to believe it. Because Buddy is facing Hollywood in a decidedly adult manner. He's making the most of some pretty tough circumstances. What are they? Simply those of a lad who has been lionized before his time and is now trying to fight off the ill effects of his phoney glory.

Buddy's former fame is nothing more than a bad hangover to him. I know this because I watched him mull through a pack of photographs showing him in the center of Rogers-crazy crowds all over the globe. "Look at 'em!" he said derisively. "Isn't that the damnedest thing? Can you figure it out?"

He's willing to trade all that unstable popularity, based on nothing except hysteria, for one grown-up good performance. He's financially and otherwise able to jump either way at the conclusion of the present experiment. If they treat him well—give him rôles he can get his teeth into—he'll be a different, if not a new Buddy Rogers. If they don't, he'll pick up with his band work where he left off.

Since I talked with him, it has been reported over the Hollywood grapevine that the tentative "new deal" has fallen through. He and the executives had come to an agreement about contract, salary and rôles—and then it was discovered that his radio contracts would interfere with a picture contract. But he wants to do a picture so badly that maybe that little tangle can be cleared up.

Meanwhile, you know what he's like after a year away from the screen. Why not keep an eye on the lad?

Gay, Gifted and Going Places—That's Glenda!

(Continued from page 51)

bolstering both these items, isn't an absolute necessity—for even so unworried a young woman as Glenda—you probably also think that people in plays are making up their lines as they go along!

Glenda is no stranger to the Coast. Early in her career she was a member of the Brissac Stock Company in San Diego, the Morosco in Los Angeles, and the Alcazar in San Francisco. She got as near to apoplexy as is possible for such a good-natured girl when the local rave notices on "Life Begins" began to appear, and she was referred to as a "former Los Angeles stock actress" by one widely-read critic.

"After all I had done since," she cries, "to have the memory of those gaga ingénue days dragged back! It's like having someone remind H. L. Mencken that he once wrote such a silly little book as 'Ventures Into Verse'!"

Bemoans First Screen Effort

GLENDA'S aversion to gaga ingénues is heavily-inflamed. As a matter of fact, her film career nearly never existed because of one of them. Out here once before, she was given the rôle of a simpering blonde miss in "Little Caesar." She took one look at the completed film and caught a train back to New York.

"Was I terrible!" she moans. "Imagine a character woman like me skipping around in organdie and a wide-eyed expression. Lord! For days I was ready to spit in the eye of anyone who said 'pictures' to me!"

Back on Broadway, Glenda was far more at home. In fact, it *is* her home. She loves it, loves the life, the people, the tempo. She likes hotels and speakeasies and the hustle and life of vivid crowds. Intensely gregarious, she likes the ancient custom of gathering after the show for a couple of lunches and a lot of chatter and laughs.

"That's the thing I miss so in Hollywood," she complains. "It seems so difficult for people to get together out here. The place is so sprawled out, and what with long, hard hours of work and early calls, we all seem to be so tired at night that bed usually looks a whole lot more inviting than parties.

"Then there is the lack of speakeasies—around which so much life revolves in New York. I drink very little, personally, but I'm not blind to the fact of what a swell social agency speakeasies are. Dressing up and attending an arranged function always is a bit of a task, whereas places where one may drop in for a few minutes, say hello to friends, and leave—fine. I love people. I like to be with them. I miss the 'gang' that's always to be found, no matter what time it is, in New York."

Broadway Calls Her "Glenda"

GLENDA is immensely popular on Broadway. One of the best-liked people on the Main Stem, she also is well-approved professionally. Successful in such productions as "Divided Honors," in which she had the stellar rôle, "Love, Honor and Betray," with Alice Brady, Clark Gable and George Brent, "The Rear Car," "Skidding" and "Life Begins," she has a warm place in the regard of the theatre-going public.

To repeat her rôle in the celluloid version of this last play, she returned West to the Warners. She has no preference—given the proper rôles—between the stage and the screen. Both interest her enormously, and she would just as soon be tops in one medium as the other. Her present ambition is to win an assured place on the screen. To effect that end, no amount of work is too hard for her—as may be judged from the way she has jumped from "Life Begins" to Muni's "I Am a Fugitive" to William's "The Match King" to Atwill's "Wax Museum" to Lukas' "Grand Slam" to Lyon's "Blue Moon Murder Case."

Yet Glenda is not all actress, not by a long way. She paints a little, and plays a little, and is a whole lot of mother to her eight-year-old son, Tommy, now a young cadet in a Hollywood military academy. Tommy is the apple of Glenda's eye—her major reason for wishing success. Tommy, and the fact that with success she can go on working.

Will Probably Always Act

"I OFTEN think how swell it would be to marry again and quit—to have a husband to depend on, someone to take over all the bother of money and such. But that's only on the dark days. Basically, I know I wouldn't be able to get along without my work. It's too much a part of me."

Another reason why Glenda probably will go on entertaining you until she "drops apart" is her consistent extravagance. She may have some sense of economics, but, if so, she carefully hides it. Characteristically, she lives in one of Hollywood's most expensive apartment houses. Her one ambition is for protracted stays in Paris and London, and her single grief is that her salary goes so fast she cannot afford a chauffeur.

Thus driving is her one form of athletics. She has no others. She does, however, have all the forms of superstition, with the exception of a fear of broken mirrors. "I've smashed too many of them, and had too many years of good luck, to be worried by that one. But as for the others—!"

And then there is the matter of clothes. Strangely enough, Glenda, who gets few chances to wear smart clothes on the screen, is one of the most smartly dressed women in the colony. She prefers simple clothes, usually in brown or white, but she avoids the tailored look. She has no use for mannish attire.

Her Likes and Dislikes

SHE also detests loud, noisy people, bridge and golf. She can't understand why ice cream is so popular—but has no difficulty in appreciating the great American interest in sports. She is an ardent fan at polo, tennis, football or baseball events. She shudders, however, to think of herself as an active player in any of them. She professes to be the laziest person alive.

Glenda has no special ways of keeping fit. She doesn't care for rich foods or pastries and rarely varies from her 115-pound-weight average. When she is working, she burns up so much energy that she might eat twice as much as she does, and still remain slender. In the theatre, she loses her appetite almost completely during rehearsals.

Neither does she read much, preferring people to printed pages. But she does like the work of Joseph Conrad and Ernest Hemingway, and rarely misses a story by C. B. Kelland. In spite of the fact that she finds herself cast in crime stories and mystery and horror dramas, she never reads them. She finds them too hard on the sleep.

Otherwise, Glenda's hours of rest are untroubled these days. Their one menace is the crowds of friends appreciative of her humorous face, gay wit and hot-cha manner. Ace-high with her studio, and her screen public growing by those well-known leaps and bounds, she's another of those favored children that Broadway has so generously lavished on Hollywood!

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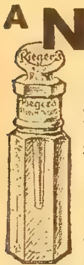

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I Could Live Without Love, Says Sylvia Sidney

(Continued from page 35)

to proms. She hasn't ever been young, as Young America rates things.

"If a man ever says a dumb thing to me," said Sylvia, "I feel like kicking him. If I were married to a man like that, I probably *would*. Or even if a man says something that makes me know that I am cleverer than he, know more, think more, I feel repulsed.

"Women do not like 'under dogs,' sentimentalists to the contrary. Women like the Mussolinis of the world. I could be very cruel to a man who was my inferior in any way. I would loathe him. I suppose that I have a 'father complex'—or Freud would say so. Perhaps I have. Dad has always been so tender, so thoughtful, so *wise* for me that I am used to that sort of thing and that sort of man.

"If, for instance, a man should ever tell me that I could go ahead and do anything I liked, have my own way, I would go ahead and have it, perhaps, but he would have seen the last of me. I am meaning, you see, that I want a master in the man I marry. A Dictator. I simply have to respect a man or I cannot love him. I have to be able to look up to him, to know that he is wiser and stronger than I and can exercise that wisdom and that strength.

No Flaming Youth for Her

"I'M afraid I don't like *young* sort of things at all. I dislike parties. I dislike shopping expeditions. I dislike girl-gossip. I almost never go out, dancing. I hate it. When you ask me what I do with myself on the nights when I'm not working, I can only say that as you see me tonight so you would see me almost any and every night.

"Perhaps, because I knew so much unhappiness as a child and saw so much unhappiness, happiness has been hidden away from me. I mean, the gay and carefree happiness. It is not my kind, that's all."

I said, "Sylvia, you have played *Butterfly*—a tragic woman who wanted to die when the man she loved went away. Tell me, do you think any modern girl or woman would feel like that? Are the girls of to-day capable of such depth of emotion, such stark desperation?"

"No," said Sylvia. *"There are no love heroines to-day.* There are no such women and no such loves as *Butterfly's*, as *Elaine's*, as *Juliet's*. One can only speak for one's self, really. I know that I would not be capable of such a thing.

"You see, I have, we all have, to-day, too much to do. We do love, after all, in the Machine Age. Automobiles. Radios. Movies. Television. Airplanes. Things moving—moving—at a great rate of speed—'round us and above us and beneath us. Things that are like steam-rollers, flattening out the deep-running strata of passion. Things like electric fans, whirring, cooling off the fires.

"This woman, *Butterfly*, had one thing and only one in her life—that man. He was, with her, the first man in every respect. The first one. The only one. She loved him. She lived for him. He replaced for her everything that had made up her life. He even replaced her gods. She took their little figurines down and put his pictures in their places.

"Well, we, to-day, have no gods to be replaced.

Love Isn't ALL Any More

"IT WAS frustration with *Butterfly*. It was the frustration, not of one thing in her life, but of *everything*. All she had. All she had ever had. All she ever would have. She had become obsessed with one overwhelming idea and when she met frustration, Death was the only door by which she could leave the emptied room of Life.

"I would always have something left, you see. So would you. So would Mary and Anne and Sally . . . .

"When a girl like this poor Peg Entwistle, the former Theatre Guild actress, committed suicide, there was more than one motive, one reason. They say there was a man in the case, an unfortunate love affair. But there was, also, her work about which she had become discouraged.

"And I, for instance, might be deeply in love with a man tonight. I won't say that I am and I won't deny it. Only time will tell this story. I know what the papers have said. I'm not blind and neither is the rest of the reading public. But he is not free and I am not speaking—yet. However, I might be in love tonight and tomorrow night I might be told that that man had gone out of my life forever, never to return.

"I would, undoubtedly, think at once of killing myself. I would *want* to kill myself. For a moment. For an hour. Love would be that important to me. I might even get down to cases and try to figure out the easiest way—poison, gun or hari-kari. Or a leap from a skyscraper.

What Would Prevent Suicide

"I WOULD probably jot down a few heart-rending farewell notes. Then—then I would stop suddenly and say, 'But I can't do this! I can't kill myself tonight! I forgot—I am working. I have a call for the morning. There is that big scene to shoot. The extras are all called, too. If I fail to appear, the rest of the cast will suffer. There are those among them who may lose their jobs. The production is scheduled and it will mean a great loss to the studio. Dear, dear, I really cannot kill myself tonight!'

"And just as I would pause and consider these things, so would all the Marys and the Sallys and the Annes, everywhere. *Not unless all their world fell around their ears would they choose death.*

"The love of a man would not, to-day, be sufficient motive. Not for a normally well-balanced girl or woman. There would still remain too many other things in their lives. Their jobs and keeping faith with the people they work with. Their hobbies, so many. That nice young flier who had promised to take them up on Saturday. The opening of that grand new play. The new gown being made for the opening. The chance of that secretarial position with Europe thrown in. Their families. Their friends.

"So many doors are open to the girls of to-day that to close one door is no longer fatal. There are no love-heroines to-day. There are only girls and women who are in love with Life."

Did You Know That--

Theodore Dreiser, who was so indignant about the screen version of "An American Tragedy," explains his selling "Jennie Gerhardt" to the movies by saying, "This is going to be different. Sylvia Sidney (who will play the title rôle) is charming, and I have confidence in Marion Gering (who will direct)"?

News and Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 91)

WHEN we looked in on Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the other day, he had a black eye—credit of Ernie Westmore, make-up man. "And I have to do a prize-fight scene all day and it's my birthday," he gloomed. "Want to see what Joan sent over?" A huge cake, all roses and birthday good wishes and festoons of whipped cream! The Junior Fairbankses seem to have reached a really good understanding. If both step out occasionally with other people, it doesn't mean divorce — just mutual confidence.

DOUG and Joan have more fun just living than most movie couples. At Christmastime, Doug reveals, he had a job trying to get Joan to leave her presents unopened till Christmas morning. "So I fooled her," he grins. "I stole three or four packages out of her pile and hid them. Then when I opened my things in the morning, she had some surprises left, too."

KATHARINE HEPBURN won a college reputation as an actress while at Bryn Mawr. And yet, according to some of the reporters, she still persists in denying that she even went to college! Maybe it's part of her campaign to be baffling. There are also rumors that there has been a dark tragedy in her life, which she is trying to conceal by mystification. But what chance has a girl born and brought up in Hartford, Connecticut, to be mysterious? Even Greta, of distant Sweden, has had almost every event of her life industriously dragged to light by the news hawks.

IT is reported that Garbo is denying the authorship of a story recently published in a magazine under her "by"-line. In this story she was purported to give the reasons why she didn't marry—the main "reason" being that she didn't want her husband to be "Mr. Greta Garbo." It is said that she is about to start suit, claiming that she did not write any such article. And Gary Cooper, who had his picture taken drinking a glass of good California milk, objects to having it used by a New York milk concern as an advertisement, and is suing. It looks like a couple of cases of movie stars' names having been taken in vain.

BETTY BLYTHE, even prettier than she was in her "Queen of Sheba" days, has been working in "The King's Vacation." with George Arliss. "George is a darling," says Betty. "He glanced about him at the dozens of extra ladies one morning. 'Dear, dear,' he said, mildly, '*such* an array of beauty.' He's the most charming person to work with in the world. And his gallantry and attentions to his wife are lovely!" But George won't allow any interviewer near Mrs. Arliss (who is also with him in "The King's Vacation"). He just won't have her worried.

MAE CLARKE is seriously thinking of starting out on a vaudeville tour with none other than ex-hubby, Lew Brice, as a partner! This is a real reconciliation for these two to get together again, for, at the time of the separation bitter feeling ran high . . . at least on Mae's part. It must be something in the Hollywood air . . . they just can't stay mad!

ERMINE seems to be the evening wear these days. At the Lionel Atwills' party, Colleen Moore's frock had ermine sleeves, while Countess Frasso had an ermine bodice on her gown.

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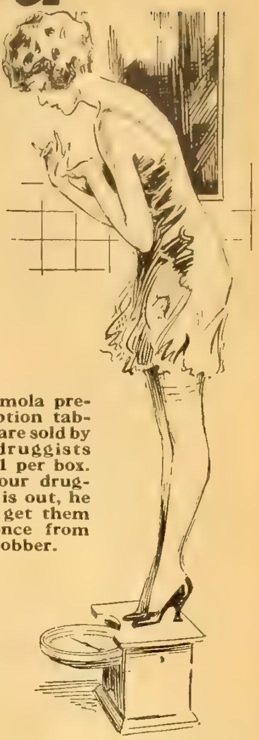

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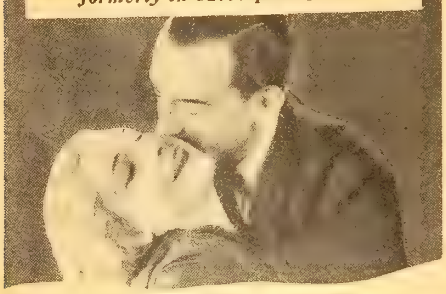

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. Lupe Velez, the fiery Mexican beauty, is pictured on page 14 with Johnny (*Tarzan*) Weissmuller, recently divorced from Bobbe Arnst. They were photographed while spending the holidays at Palm Springs. It made Lupe furious when her name was mentioned as the cause of the Weissmuller break at the time of the divorce, but they are seen together pretty regularly these days and Lupe doesn't seem to care who knows it.

2. After more than twenty years as a cowboy movie actor, Tom Mix is retiring from motion picture work. He is planning to tour the world at his leisure with his wife, Mabel Ward, circus aerialist, and confine himself to rodeo and circus life. Not many months ago, Mix retired his horse, Tony, which had appeared in every picture with him since his early screen days.

3. These girls were named as having the brightest screen futures by the Wampas: Lona Andre, Lilian Bond, Mary Carlisle, June Clyde, Patricia Ellis, Ruth Hall, Eleanor Holm, Evalyn Knapp, Dorothy Layton, Boots Mallory, Toshia Mori, Ginger Rogers, Marion Shockley, Gloria Stuart, Dorothy Wilson.

4. It was Sidney Fox who was married to Charles Beahan, production manager for Universal Pictures, at that early morning hour at Harrison, N. Y. This is Sidney's first matrimonial venture and Beahan's second.

5. From the time Ann Harding and Harry Bannister were divorced about a year ago, Hollywood has felt that there would be a reconciliation and that seems to be just what is happening now. Recently, Ann and Harry (who was in the East) kept the wires between Hollywood and New York busy, not caring into how many hundreds of dollars the telephone bills ran. Here's hoping!

6. The huge solitaire on Lila Lee's finger means that she and George Hill, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director, are engaged and that they will be wed in the very near future. Lila was divorced from James Kirkwood in 1930.

7. Lina Basquette and Teddy Hayes, her husband and manager, who were married in New Jersey last year, were again married in Washington, D. C. in December. Hayes recently received his Mexican divorce from his first wife and wanted to be sure their marriage was legal. Lina is the widow of the late Sam Warner and the divorced wife of Peverill Marley, photographer.

8. Janet Gaynor has separated from her husband, Lydell Peck, and is planning to divorce him. It didn't exactly come as a surprise to Hollywood inasmuch as when Janet married Lydell, the rumors in that town were that she married him only because she and Charles Farrell had had a misunderstanding. Farrell and Janet had been co-starred as a love team, and everybody took it for granted that they were lovers off the screen as well. Farrell is now married to Virginia Valli. Did you read the story on page 27 about Janet?

9. Jimmy Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan are kept busy denying rumors that they are secretly wed and they are having a hard time convincing their Hollywood friends that they haven't taken the step.

10. When Uncle Sam barred Tala Birell from the United States because her passport had expired, she went to live in Mexicali, Mexico, until she was advised by immigration authorities that Roumania had included her in its new quota.

11. Robert Ritchie, Jeanette Macdonald's boy-friend, announced in France, when he arrived there to join her, that he and Jeanette were engaged to wed, which was taken as a hint that they would be married shortly. However, their friends in the United States have suspected for a long time that they are already married.

12. Barbara Kent, screen player, was married to Harry Eddington in Yuma, Arizona, on December 16. Eddington is the Hollywood press-agent who lists Greta Garbo among his famous clients.

13. Maurice Chevalier was sued by the United States government for the amount of $475, which it claims is still due the Revenue office on his 1930 income tax.

14. "Ex-Lady" is the title of the picture in which Bette Davis, until now a popular featured player, will realize her greatest ambition—that of becoming a screen star. In the film in which the blonde Bette will have her first starring rôle, she will have Gene Raymond as her leading man.

15. Lillian Roth's engagement and forthcoming wedding to Municipal Court Justice Shalleck of New York has been announced. Miss Roth divorced William C. Stout in Mexico, not very long ago.

16. After his estranged wife, Irene Brown, had James Hall turned over to the authorities for extradition from California to Connecticut on a non-support charge, they were reconciled and she dropped the charges. Mrs. Hall took the action because she was destitute and Hall admitted that his failure to pay his wife the $50.00 a week agreed upon when they separated was due to the fact that he has not worked for some time.

17. Cary Grant seems to have time for no other girl than Virginia Cherrill these days and it looks very much like the real thing. Cary gave Virginia a beautiful diamond ring for Christmas. Virginia is the attractive blonde who was at one time reported engaged to marry the wealthy William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr.

18. Ethel Barrymore is the star who is now well on the road to recovery after a severe attack of pneumonia. The opening of Miss Barrymore's new stage play, "Encore," was delayed because of her illness, but will shortly get under way again. "Rasputin and the Empress," the picture in which the three Barrymores, Ethel, Lionel and John, appear on the screen together for the first time, has embarked upon a long New York run.

19. Charles Butterworth, the popular and droll screen comedian, who was married to Ethel Kenyon, did not make his marriage known until he was honeymoon-bound for Miami. His bride is the ex-wife of director Eddie Sutherland.

20. Three hours after Eleanor Fair married Thomas W. Daniel, a flier, she was seeking to have the marriage annulled. Frank Clark, a movie stunt flier, announced that Miss Fair was to have married him and that her marriage to Daniel was only a spite marriage and all "a mistake" and that it was brought on by a quarrel that he and Miss Fair had.

Bullfighting—It's an Old Spanish Custom, But a New Hollywood Craze

(*Continued from page 59*)

Goldwyn were numbered among the movie folk present to watch the renaissance of a sport that had not been seen on California soil since the Americans took dominion over it. Also present was the watchful delegation from the S. P. C. A. This group was on hand to see that the picture was kept within the law and that the bull was killed only by inference, which would be satisfactory to everybody concerned, particularly the bull. The animal was to be manipulated by *toreros* handling nothing more lethal than the traditional capes.

After a preliminary trumpet blast, the *toreros* marched on the field in splendid array to the strains of a stirring march. A circle of the arena was cleared to be left to Sidney Franklin—and a bull. The Brooklyn *matador* greeted the animal with a deft handling of his cape, but *el toro* decidedly was not satisfactory, having gone temperamental in emulation of many other featured performers. Nevertheless, by consummate skill in handling, the American *torero* managed to extract a creditable performance from the indifferent animal.

Came the time for the synthetic assassination of the bull, which necessitated some of the most intimate convolutions between man and animal. As Franklin played his now-angry antagonist ever closer and closer, there came genuine cries from the bleacherites, not for the safety and welfare of the bull, but for the safety of the man. When Franklin heard this expression of fear for his welfare, he was amused at the existence of such concern. Never before in his experience had an audience expressed any regard for the wholeness of his skin. Twice he worked the animal into a position to deliver the imitation *coup de grace* while the cameras spun their celluloid record of the event. The unscheduled fainting of one of the women spectators marked the closing of the scene.

Franklin Will Be Busy

WHEN it was all over, there was an opportunity to interview this one American who has left his footprints in the sands of the bull ring. At the moment he seemed most delighted by the fact that, included in his group of *toreros*, was Eddie Cantor, probably the world's funniest bullfighter.

Franklin is sure that such pictures as "The Kid from Spain" and others to follow will present to the American audience a true portrayal of the Latin sport in its purest form, the only difference from reality being that no bulls will shed blood.

"From Mexico," said Franklin, "the best specimens of bulls can be purchased, and if they are young, there will be no necessity of using the sharp *pica* to goad them on to their greatest efforts.

"I have received several proposals from various studios to star in pictures with a bullfighting background. After finishing 'The Kid From Spain' I will submit to a facial operation"—this has since taken place—"to remove a few of the marks left there as a result of my profession. I regret that my profile, without a plastic rebuilding, would not be able to stand the revelations of a close-up. If I am not Valentino's image after the operation, at least I hope nobody will find my nose so long that it will spoil the romance of a kiss.

"I probably will work in pictures as an actor or a technical advisor, a teacher of the science of *tauromaquia*. Two pictures concerning bullfighting already are being prepared, one for Samuel Goldwyn and one for RKO, which for two years has been con-

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sidering a super-production involving a Spanish background."

How He Became a Torero

ON being asked how he happened to take up such an unusual livelihood he replied, "There is not much of a story. I started bullfighting professionally eight years ago. I was born in Brooklyn, a son of a street-car conductor. I was taken to the Southern states when very young, and from there I went to Mexico to teach. Instead, I became interested in the *corrida*, as does every young man there. After 1924 I spent as much time as possible on bull farms, participating in those fights in which *becerradas*—calves—are used. My début into big-league bullfighting took place in Spain in 1930, after I had made a fairly successful tour of many South American plazas.

"Bullfighting in Spain is a most difficult art. Every day it demands the most dangerous risks, as well as the greatest artistic development. If the retired Juan Belmonte, still the king of *matadors* in the popular fancy, returned to the ring with all his former ability, his audiences probably would be disappointed in him. He scarcely could endure comparison with the famous *toreros* of to-day—Marcial Lalanda, for instance, whom I consider the best of all."

Sidney Franklin believes sincerely that Hollywood is justified in presenting the spectacle of bullfighting as one of the newest of movie attractions. He is confident that nothing objectionable will be found in the portrayal.

"I do not believe," he continued, "that pictures in which the *corrida* is shown or exploited should justify the wrath of the S. P. C. A. This afternoon the good ladies of that organization showed more concern over my person than that of the bull. The playing of the cape, which is the game I performed to-day, does not harass the animal, but serves as an incentive to him to perform to greater heights.

Says Americans Are Interested

"AND after all," concluded Franklin, "these pictures can be made in Mexico without interruption at the expenditure of a very few more dollars. When the producers realize the enormous interest of the American people in this latest diversion, they will not hesitate longer. I am confident that if bullfighting is a horrible and demoralizing spectacle, the enormous success predicted for 'The Kid from Spain'—which cost almost a million dollars—would never be realized. Hollywood, at least, has always been interested in a minor way in things pertaining to bullfighting, as witness its enthusiastic approval of Charlie Chaplin's pantomime bullfight which he has performed on rare, but memorable occasions."

After Franklin emerged from the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital with new facial contours, the matter of his being used in other bullfighting pictures was brought up. He failed to come to terms with Universal, which studio has since imported a Mexican *matador* for its own use. Paramount plans to use him in a picture, "The Trumpet Blows." Valentino's famous vehicle, "Blood and Sand," was considered and then discarded in favor of the other. Incidentally, Valentino's modern counterpart, George Raft, may be starred in the new picture.

Radio has purchased "Death in the Afternoon" and two other stories with bullfighting sequences—"The Sun Also Rises," also by Hemingway, and "The Kingdom of God," in which play Ethel Barrymore starred on Broadway some years ago. Sidney Franklin says that he will play with Constance Bennett in one of these two pictures.

It would appear that the S. P. C. A. is going to be in for several very active afternoons, particularly since many of the members, according to Franklin, are interested in seeing the inner workings of a motion picture studio. However, when Universal started the production of "Men Without Fear," that studio sent a cameraman to Spain and Mexico to photograph the action in some of the real *corridas*. The original star assigned to this picture was found to be unsuitable, so the spot was given to George Lewis, a screen juvenile of four years ago, seen in the College Boy series. Ramon Novarro is also to play a bullfighter in the near future.

In Favor of Screen Bullfights

NORMAN TAUROG, director and Academy prize winner, has the following to say of bullfighting pictures:

"Of course, I believe that these pictures can be filmed in a manner harmless to both the bulls and the public. The sport interprets a form of reality and carries with it enough artistry to make it universally appealing. I see no reason why Hollywood should not take advantage of it for picture-making purposes. We must express on the screen life as it is, not life as it might be or should be. Personally, I think that the Spanish fiesta of the bulls constitutes an excellent background for screen stories."

Fredric March, awarded the Academy prize for the best performance of 1932, says, "If I were a bull, I would rather be given an even break in the bull ring than a broken neck in a slaughter house. But, then, who would want to be a bull?"

Dorothy Mackaill enthusiastically indorses the *corrida*. Says she, "The magnificent spectacle of such bullfights as I have seen in Spain are sights never to be forgotten. Surely, there can be nothing wrong in such a marvelous display."

As a matter of fact, every studio worker in Hollywood who has been fortunate enough to see a *corrida* performed, either for the screen or in actuality, has only words of praise for the traditional spectacle. That is, with the possible exception of one stout directorial assistant. This gentleman was unfortunate enough to attract the attention of the bull during the filming of "The Kid from Spain" on an occasion when the animal in question was wandering around the arena free from leash or bonds of any description. Although the incident was fraught with possibilities, the efforts of the stout one to escape a horn's thrust were more comic than tragic to witness.

Bullfighting has come to Hollywood with a vengeance. Stars who used to intersperse their conversation with such terms as "chukker," "foot-faults," "approach shots," "double wing-back formations," "air pockets," and "three-gaited horses" now speak as authoritatively of *suerte de capa*, *espantas*, *corniveletos*, *toreros*, and *veronicas*. The true bullfight fan has learned, among other things, that notwithstanding the famous aria in "Carmen," there is no such thing as a *toreador* in Spanish-speaking countries. Men of the bull ring are all *toreros*, whether they are *capeadores*, *banderilleros*, *picadores*, or *matadores*.

Did You Know That—

Spain has an Animal Protective Association, modeled along much the same lines as the S. P. C. A. in this country, and that it is striving for the same thing—namely, to have bloodless bullfights, if there must be bullfights? And that the number of bulls killed in Spanish bull rings has decreased thirty-five per cent since 1930?

about YOU? shall men say "SHE IS LOVELY--- SO EXQUISITE!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON

The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment.* Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you.* Some one says, "She *is* lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—*not* meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment.*

"So Lovely, so Exquisite!" How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background,* yes. But as to these, men see *dimly.* Only women are *critical.* Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up *so* clever, *so* artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural.*

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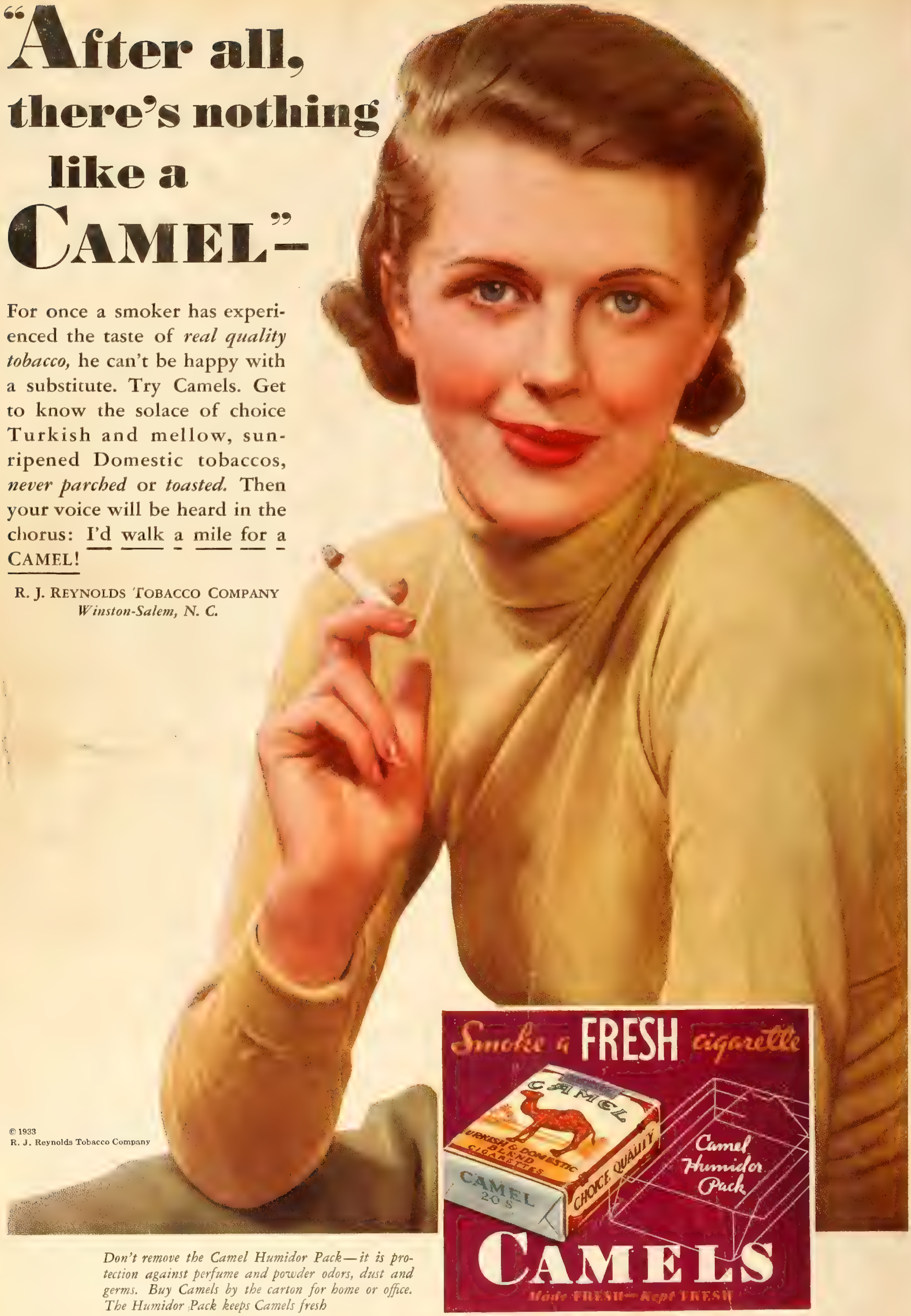
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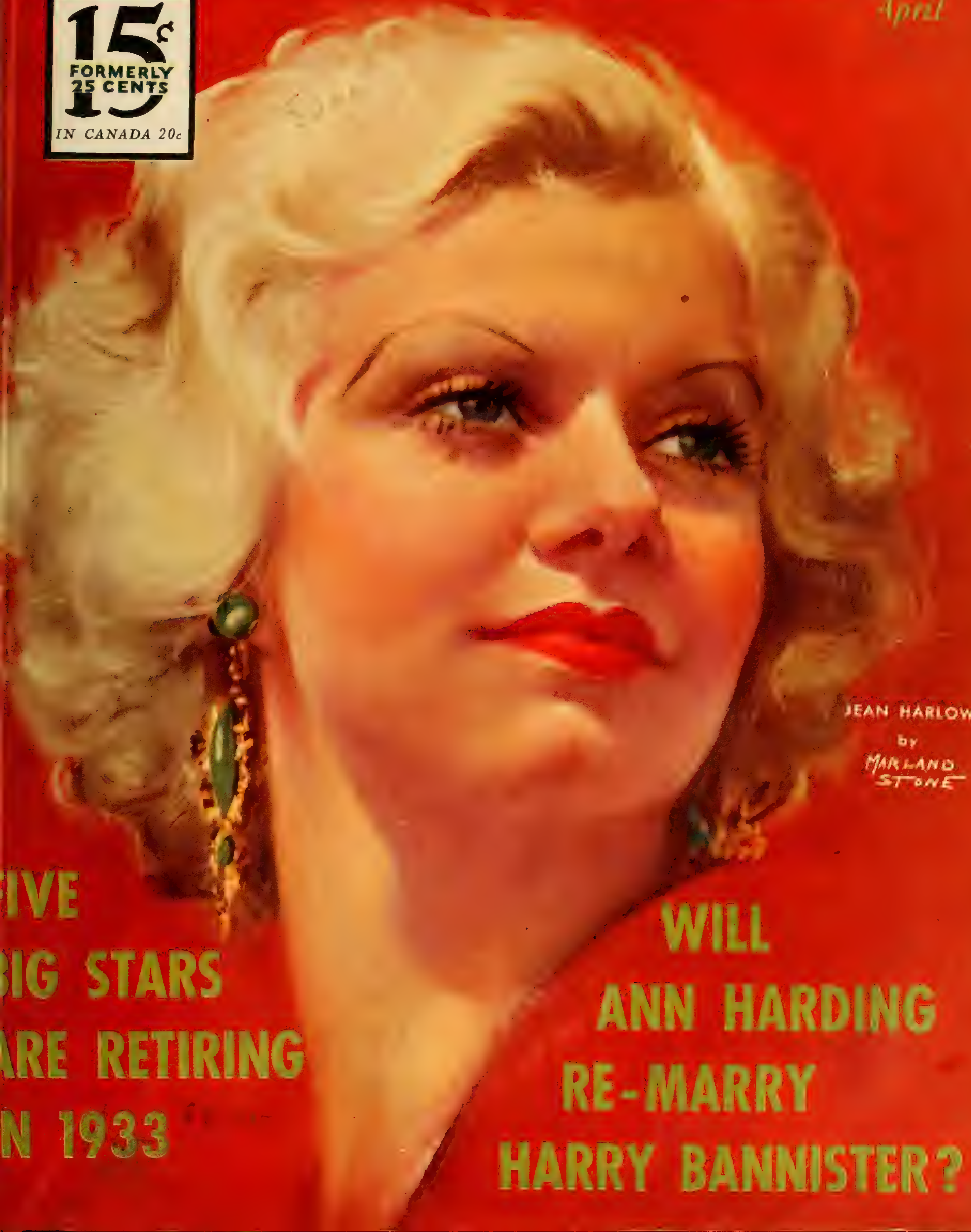

JEAN HARLOW
by
MARLAND STONE

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IG STARS
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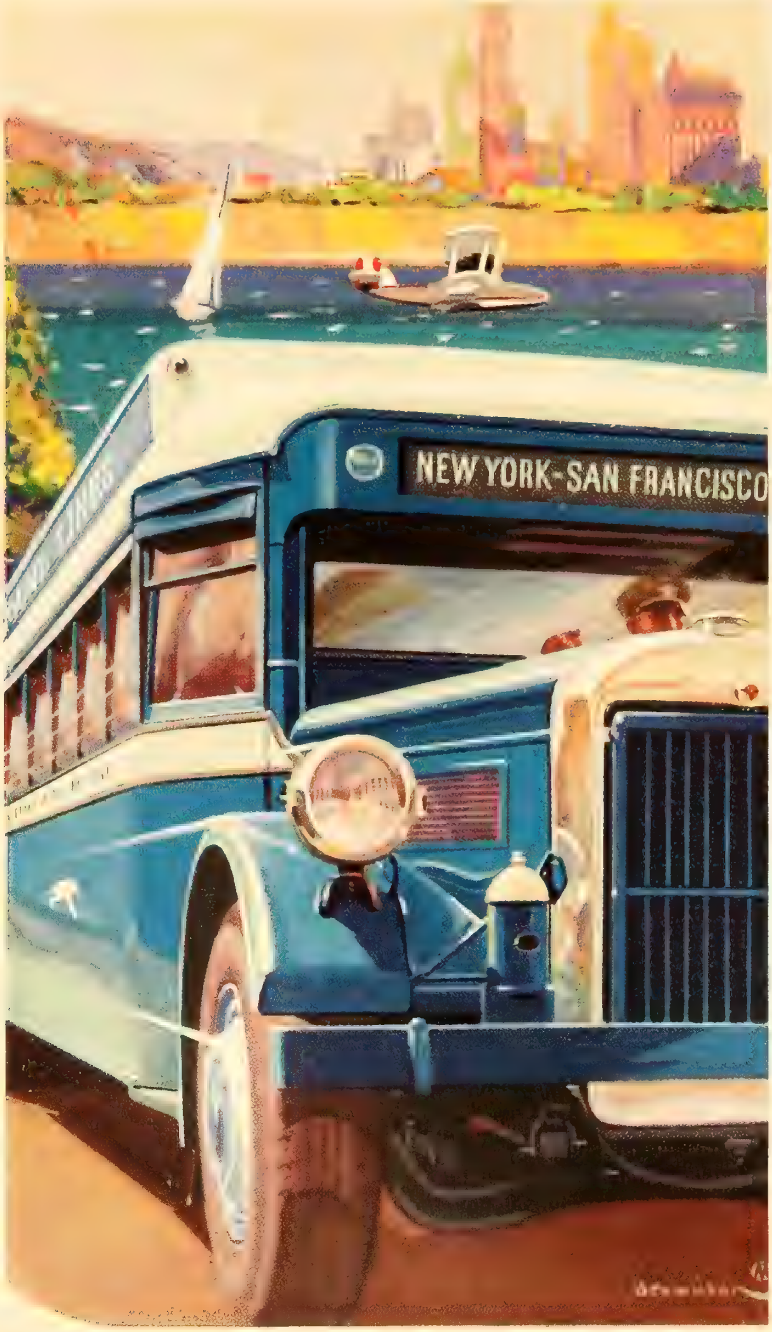

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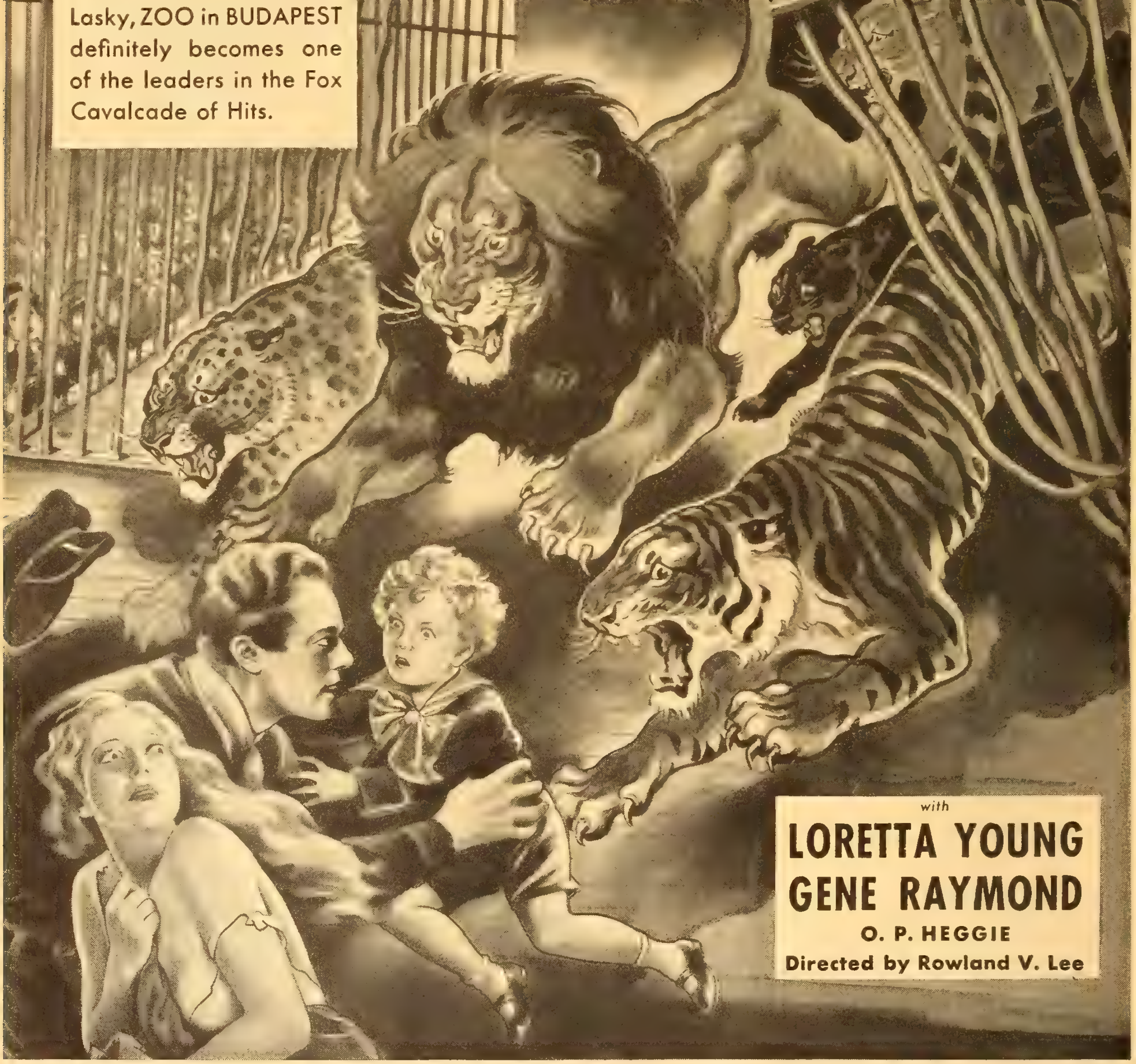

with

LORETTA YOUNG
GENE RAYMOND
O. P. HEGGIE
Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Motion Picture

APRIL
1933

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLV, No. 3

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Cover Design of Jean Harlow Painted By MARLAND STONE

JEAN HARLOW Faces the Future

On March 3, Jean celebrates her twenty-second birthday. She has come to the end of a year that brought her stardom—and a year that brought her tragedy. The long road of the future lies ahead, and Jean is facing it without misgiving—now.

Between the completion of "Red Dust" and the start of "Bombshell" (which is about movie life), she has built a new home, has been working on a novel, has sought privacy. And that privacy has given her time to consider what she hopes the future will bring her.

In this issue, you will find an exclusive interview with Jean—in which she reveals those hopes, and answers all the questions you have been asking about her in your mind!

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*
DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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MIDOL

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

A BRAHMIN'S DAUGHTER So you don't think Hollywood appreciates any kind of music but jazz? See "A Brahmin's Daughter" and think again! You couldn't do better if you stayed at home and listened to a broadcast of the opera, "Lakmé." In fact, you couldn't do as well. For here you not only hear a condensed version of Leo Delibes' opera; you see it, as well. And it is a rare treat for both eye and ear. An Englishman enters a Hindu High Priest's sacred garden, and there falls in love with the High Priest's daughter, *Lakmé;* but the price of his adventure is death, and *Lakmé* kills herself in grief. Esther Coombs is a memorable *Lakmé.* (Educational)

THE GAY NIGHTIES Someone must be making a good living by thinking up punny titles for short comedies—there are that many of them. And Clark and McCullough, Broadway's most comical team, must be making a good living by playing in some of the punniest (and funniest) ones. For, certainly, they have the knack of making an audience smile, snicker and crackle with laughter. Their latest nonsense has Clark as a politician, and McCullough as his manager—who gets the idea of dressing like a female and vamping their rival to his ruin. A sleep-walking beauty and a gang war in a hotel complicate matters—but not a bit seriously, it is needless to add. (RKO)

CHALK UP After you see this short, you'll probably revise your opinion of billiards. Maybe you thought it was a game. But it seems that sometimes it is one of the fine arts. As when Willie Hoppe, long the world's champion billiard player takes his cue and starts to make those balls go places, very special places, just the places where he wants them to go. Even if you never played billiards in your life, you can see that some of the shots he aims to make are impossible—until he makes them. It's uncanny, the way he never misses. And watching him is like watching a magician at work. You are fascinated by the man's dexterity. Here's a real novelty. (M-G-M)

THE HITCH-HIKER Harry Langdon looks so innocent that you'd never suspect him of making anyone hysterical. Which only proves how looks can fool you. For his face is practically all that he uses to make this one of the most hilarious comedies that ever glorified his inimitable pantomime. In this, he contracts a terrific cold—in Hollywood, of all places—and tries to Get Away From It All by the hitch-hike route. Through an error, he gets aboard a big airplane, where his sniffles, sneezes and coughs drive his fellow-passengers into a frenzy, make his face perform some of the world's funniest contortions, and give audiences hysteria. Harry's back to stay! (Educational)

AS THE CROWS FLY This is the first two-reel comedy made by Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows. And after a look at this sample, I'd say that they're funnier in two reels than in five or six. They don't run the danger of overworking their brand of comedy—which can be overworked very easily, depending, as it does, on ivory-headedness and on maltreatment of the English language. Mack, who has the yen to be an aviator, goes for a ride in a radio-controlled 'plane, and comes down with the idea that he is a pilot. So he and his pal get a 'plane from a mail-order house to make a non-stop flight to Africa. Their first and only flight is funny. (Educational)

MY OPERATION This is a hilarious take-off of gangster pictures—and it features Vince Barnett, who made a name for himself as the tragi-comic "secretary" of the gang leader, in "Scarface." Vince used to be a professional prankster, who hired out to practical jokers to embarrass their friends; now, on the screen, Vince is always the one embarrassed. Here, for instance, as a thick-headed gardener for a surgeon (Walter Catlett) he puts on the doctor's white coat to see if he can't impress nurse June Clyde—and gets kidnaped by gangsters to operate on their leader. It's a question which suffers more—Vince or the perforated racketeer. (Universal)

MOTORCYCLE MANIA You've seen trick motorcycle riding in the news-reels until you're as fed up with it as you are with those shots of horse races. But don't get up and start walking when this little comedy-thriller flashes on the screen—or you'll miss some healthy chuckles and some really exciting stunts. You'll see a cyclist play circus rider on his machine; you'll see a rider play cowboy and do a shooting stunt at high speed; you'll see a cyclist race toward the end of a high pier, supposedly for a dive, and change his mind right on the brink—and then repeat his act in slow motion for a real thrill, while Pete Smith, unseen, wisecracks him on his way. (M-G-M)

HEAVE TWO Another comedy with a punny title and a pair of gifted comics. Harry Gribbon and Harry Sweet, both big heavy boys, combine their weights and their talents and turn out one of the lightest and most hilarious comedies that ever made theatres rock on their foundations. They're a threat to Laurel and Hardy if they can keep up the pace, and no doubt about it. In this little effort, they are two American sailors on the loose in a Havana café. On the verge of crying into their beer over the entertainment provided, they decide to liven up things. So they put on a show all their own, which practically brings down the house—especially with Gribbon singing. (RKO)

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By J. E. R.

Air Hostess—A Western in disguise—with the hero and villain as fliers, instead of cowboys, and using airplanes instead of horses. Evalyn Knapp and James Murray have the principal rôles (Col.).

The Animal Kingdom—Intelligent comedy, intelligently acted by Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Myrna Loy and William Gargan. All about a chap who married the wrong girl and did something about it (RKO).

The Big Drive—A pictorial record from the official archives, telling for the first time the real story about what the late War was like. Will appeal more to men than to women (First Division).

The Billion-Dollar Scandal—A sly Wall Streeter makes a pal out of an ex-convict (Robert Armstrong), and the ex-convict later tells on him. A comedy that starts well, but sags toward the end (Par.).

The Bitter Tea of General Yen—Barbara Stanwyck, captured by revolutionaries, attempts some missionary work on a romantic Chinese general (Nils Asther) in a melodrama that is colorful, but slow (Col.).

Cynara—Ronald Colman, who loves his wife (Kay Francis), discovers, tragically, that it is all too possible to love another girl (Phyllis Barry), too. A tense love story, beautifully acted (U. A.).

The Death Kiss—Murder mystery in a movie studio, worked out briskly and excitingly. The cast includes David Manners, Bela Lugosi and Adrienne Ames (World Wide).

Employees' Entrance—Warren William, who runs a big department store, also tries to run the lives of employees Loretta Young, Wallace Ford and Alice White. Some more suave villainy by William, with less of a story this time (F. N.).

A Farewell to Arms—Ernest Hemingway's semi-ironical study of war emotions becomes a love saga on the screen, with Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper as the tragic, war-weary lovers. Fine acting makes it memorable, with only a hokumish ending to mar it (Par.).

Frisco Jenny—Ruth Chatterton again plays an unmarried mother who has to make sin pay, has to give up her child, and, in later years, finds him the agent of her doom. Hardly a new story, but Ruth is convincing (F. N.).

Handle With Care—Romance in the tenements, involving James Dunn and Boots Mallory, who are taking care of an orphan. The orphan (Buster Phelps) runs off with the picture, which is sentimental to the saturation point (Fox).

Hard to Handle—As a press-agent who can talk fast, make money fast, and get into trouble fast, James Cagney will make everybody cheer that his movie rebellion is all over (W. B.).

Hot Pepper—*Flagg* and *Quirt* (Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe) again are battling, but their rivalry, which once expressed something, has fallen into sexy, slapstick ways. Each is trying to steal Lupe Velez this time—and Lupe, without trying, steals the picture (Fox).

Hypnotized—Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, return to the screen in a comedy about hypnotism that takes a long time to get hilarious—and then Ernest Torrence, as the hypnotist, supplies most of the hilarity (World Wide).

Once pals, a crook and a star—played by Hugh Williams and Esther Ralston—cross paths again in "Rome Express"

Fredric March and Claudette Colbert play a little game of Pierrot and Pierrette in the fantasy, "Tonight Is Ours"

The Island of Lost Souls—One of the best of the new horror tales—a tale of animals that have been turned into half-humans by a mad doctor (Charles Laughton). Chief of them is a Panther Woman (Kathleen Burke), who makes life exciting for shipwrecked Richard Arlen (Par.).

The Kid from Spain—Eddie Cantor brings musical comedy back to the screen—playing an insanely, musically comic bullfighter. It's as amusing as the law allows. And you should see those Goldwyn Girls! (U. A.).

Ladies They Talk About—They are women convicts, as portrayed by Barbara Stanwyck, who goes blonde and defies the world to break her spirit. Another good Stanwyck picture (W. B.).

Laughter in Hell—Jim Tully's version of chain-gang life has some forceful moments, but goes sentimental. Pat O'Brien and Tom Brown are the chief victims of society (Univ.).

Lawyer Man—William Powell turns in a colorful character study as an East Side lawyer who helps the downtrodden and takes up sharp practices in self-defense. Joan Blondell is his amusing secretary (F. N.).

Lucky Devils—A melodrama about Hollywood's "stunt" men, who dodge death for a living. Bill Boyd also tries to dodge romance. A good yarn, and it has some breath-taking scenes (RKO).

Madame Butterfly—The famous romance of the little Japanese girl and the American naval officer again comes to its tragic ending, in an excellent production—with Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant as the lovers (Par.).

The Match King—A fast-paced exposé of the cruel cleverness of a bluffer who talked in millions and hoodwinked whole nations. Another smooth portrayal by Warren William, aided by Lili Damita (F. N.).

The Monkey's Paw—Whoever owns this talisman will be granted three wishes, but each will be accompanied by disaster. A horror tale that shapes up well, except for an ending that lets you down. It features Bramwell Fletcher and C. Aubrey Smith (RKO).

The Mummy—Boris Karloff, in one of his weirdest make-ups, rises from an Egyptian tomb and seeks the reincarnation of the girl for whom he died, ages ago. More romantic and less chilling than the usual Karloff epic (Univ.).

The Mystery of the Wax Museum—A dead girl disappears, and later her image is seen in a wax museum owned by a hideous madman (Lionel Atwill). Then a live girl vanishes—and, well, you come out of the theatre with a spine like an icicle (W. B.).

No Man of Her Own—Clark Gable, as a suave city gambler, retreats to the country, where he surprises himself by falling in love with the small-town belle (Carole Lombard). Amusing and warmish (Par.).

No Other Woman—When wealth comes along, Charles Bickford thinks he wants to marry Gwili Andre, but Irene Dunne refuses to divorce him—and, in the end, he's glad. Little suspense, but a fine performance by Irene (RKO).

The Parachute Jumper—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays an ex-stunt flier who can't find work except with a gangster. A bit far-fetched, but amusing comedy-melodrama just the same (W. B.).

Rasputin and the Empress—Lionel Barrymore as the *Mad Monk*, Ethel Barrymore as the *Czarina*, and John Barrymore as *Prince Paul*, the royal avenger, give you your money's worth of acting in a vivid, crowded melodrama about the rise of a peasant and the downfall of a czar (M-G-M).

Rome Express—Some suspenseful happenings board a train bound from Paris to Rome, involving Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston, among others. On the order of "Shanghai Express," but more realistic (Univ.).

The Savage Girl—Rochelle Hudson gives a feminine version of Tarzan, with Walter Byron as the explorer who teaches her love. Not much (Monogram).

Second-Hand Wife—Ralph Bellamy divorces his wife to marry Sally Eilers, and Sally has a bit of difficulty foiling the first wife's plots to get him back. Just skims the surface of emotions (Fox).

The Sign of the Cross—Cecil De Mille goes spectacular again, and retells the story of the downfall of Rome and the rise of Christianity—with notable help from Charles Laughton, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March and Elissa Landi. Worth your time (Par.).

The Son-Daughter—Helen Hayes again runs into tragedy as a Chinatown belle auctioned off to the highest bidder, though in love with Ramon Novarro. It lacks reality, but Helen may stir up your emotions despite that (M-G-M).

Lionel, John and Ethel Barrymore make "Rasputin and the Empress" a melodrama that you'll remember

So This Is Africa—Wheeler and Woolsey invade the Dark Continent and, figuratively, kid the knee pants right off the dude explorers. Raquel Torres replaces Dorothy Lee as their girl-friend. Bursting with wisecracks—if you like wisecracks (Col.).

Strange Interlude—An abbreviated version of Eugene O'Neill's lengthy study of an idealist who let life cheat her of real happiness—with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as the frustrated lovers. Told slowly, but in novel fashion (M-G-M).

They Just Had to Get Married—Zasu Pitts is starred at last, in a feature-length comedy with Slim Summerville, who's another excellent comic. It's a little silly, yet they'll probably make you laugh (Univ.).

Tonight Is Ours—Claudette Colbert, as a gay Princess, and Fredric March, as a romantic commoner, do their best by a light and frothy fantasy. A sparkling team in a trifling story (Par.).

20,000 Years in Sing Sing—Now you learn about the other side of prison life—the square deal that Sing Sing prisoners get, and sometimes abuse. Persuasive melodrama, with Spencer Tracy memorable as a convict (F. N.).

The Vampire Bat—Mysterious murders in a German village, which the villagers believe were committed by a vampire bat, provide considerable suspense—well-executed by Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas (Majestic).

Whistling in the Dark—A hilarious comedy-thriller, in which Ernest Truex, newcomer from Broadway, is a writer of mystery stories and is kidnaped by gangsters to think up "the perfect crime" for them. A refreshing novelty (M-G-M).

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Arlen, Richard—playing in *I Cover the Waterfront*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—playing in *The Adopted Father*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *King Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *The Little Giant*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—latest release *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Barrymore, Ethel—latest release *Rasputin and the Empress*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—playing in *Reunion in Vienna.*

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Sweepings*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *Central Airport*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—recently completed *Dangerously Yours*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beatty, Clyde—recently completed *The Big Cage*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Beery, Noah—recently completed *She Done Him Wrong*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Soviet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bellamy, Ralph—playing in *Beneath the Sea*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—recently completed *Our Betters*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—latest release *Me and My Gal*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Birell, Tala—recently completed *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—recently completed *Broadway Bad*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *My Lips Betray*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—latest release *Call Her Savage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, George—playing in *Lilly Turner*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brian, Mary—recently completed *Girl Missing*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brook, Clive—latest release *Cavalcade*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—playing in *Elmer, the Great*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brown, Tom—recently completed *Destination Unknown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—playing in *The Mayor of Hell*—Warner Bros, Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Lilly Turner*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *A Bedtime Story*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywd, Cal.

Clarke, Mae—playing in *Parole Girl*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *I Cover the Waterfront*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—recently completed *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Today We Live*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—playing in *Lost*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Dead Reckoning*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *Today We Live*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lili—latest release *The Match King*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Hard Times Square*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Davis, Bette—playing in *The Adopted Father*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *The Great Jasper*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Douglas, Melvyn—recently completed *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Clark Gable and Helen Hayes, who co-star in "The White Sister," went to the opening of "Cavalcade" together. But—don't worry!—Mrs. Gable and Helen's hubby, Chas. MacArthur, went along, too!

Dressler, Marie—playing in *Tugboat Annie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Sailors Luck*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *No Greater Love*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Durante, Jimmy—playing in *What! No Beer?*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Sailors Luck*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart—recently completed *The Crime of the Century*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—recently completed *Pig Boats*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Narrow Corner*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—latest release *Tess of the Storm Country*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Glenda—playing in *The Mayor of Hell*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Foster, Norman—latest release *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—recently completed *The Keyhole*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *The White Sister*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Adorable*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *Rivets*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Grant, Cary—playing in *The Woman Accused*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Grant, Lawrence—recently completed *Clear All Wires*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—latest release *Fast Life*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Silk Express*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Declasse*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Bombshell*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—playing in *The White Sister*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—playing in *The Great Desire*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—recently completed *The Crime of the Century*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—recently completed *What Women Give*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Fever*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *The Story of Temple Drake*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—recently completed *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Gabriel Over the White House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—recently completed *Auction In Souls*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Jolson, Al—recently completed *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Karloff, Boris—playing in *The Invisible Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kennedy, Merna—recently completed *Laughter In Hell*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keeler, Ruby—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—playing in *The Silk Express*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Knapp, Evalyn—recently completed *State Trooper*—Columbia Picture Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—playing in *What! No Beer?*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

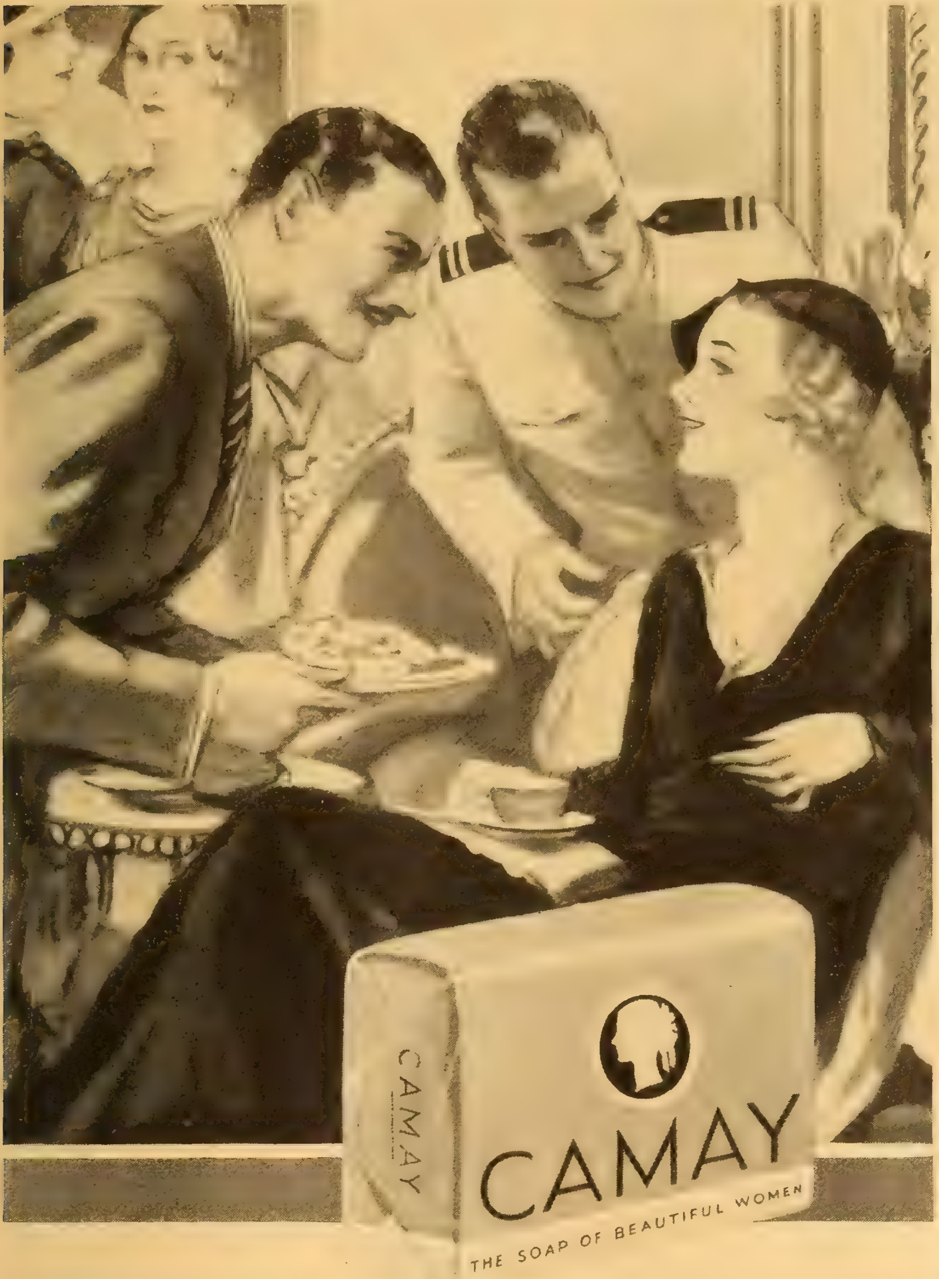
* * *

Landi, Elissa—recently completed *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 15*)

◆ Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here ◆

You against the Rest of Womankind your Beauty • • your Charm • • your Skin!


CAMAY
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Alone, your looks may not seem so important to you. But when you must hold your own, in competition with other women, you realize that life is a Beauty Contest. Someone's eyes are forever searching your face, comparing you with other women, judging the beauty of your skin.

Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see . . . to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your skin's best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN

Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

- *To have a skin of clear, natural loveliness, apply a lather of Camay and warm water to your face twice a day. Rinse thoroughly with cold water.*

- *Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!*

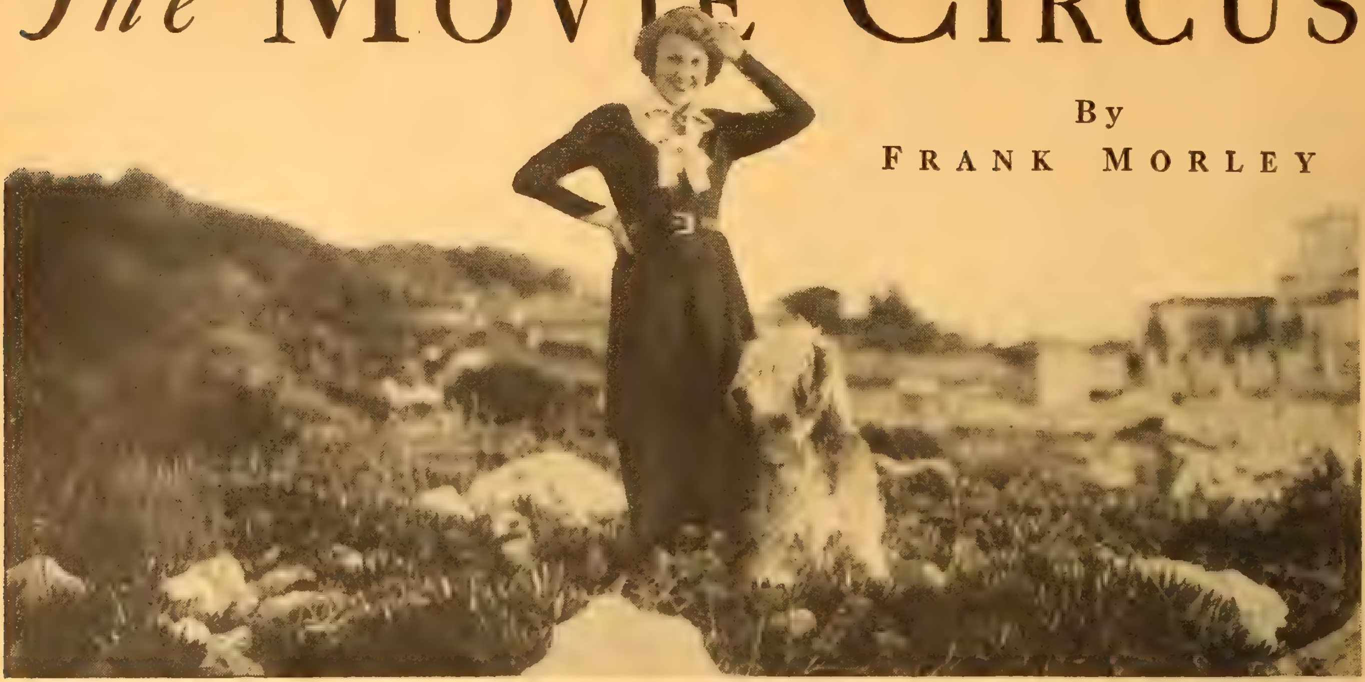
Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The MOVIE CIRCUS

By
FRANK MORLEY



©Keystone

Jeanette MacDonald writes from abroad, "Captain likes the Riviera"—Captain being her huge sheep dog. And so does Jeanette, who's staying in Europe to make a concert tour and then a movie or two

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

FIRST place this month we award to none other than Mickey Mouse. Sweepingly, the Mick has ended all this discussion as to the ten most beautiful words in the English language. "Those ten words are," according to M. Mouse, "as follows: Roquefort, Tillamock, Cheddar, Stilton, Edam, Limburger, Camembert, Brie, Liederkranz and Gorgonzola."

CLOSE upon the tail of our rodent friend, however, comes the selection of the silent master, Harpo Marx. Harpo breaks his quiet with these ten as his preference: hello, loco, studio, scenario, lingo, presto, ego, gusto, hero and blotto.

HARPO'S pal, Jimmy Durante, has a streak of sentimentality, of which we think you should know. Witness the sustaining note he sent to Norman Taurog upon that worthy's being given the assignment to direct the new Chevalier film. Taurog's last job, it will be recalled, was handling Jimmy in "The Phantom President."

Jimmy's note ran: "Sorry to hear that you are going to direct Chevalier. It's an awful drop—from Durante to Chevalier. Well, you can't stay up all the time. Yours in regret. Mr. Jimmy Durante."

JIMMY has been having troubles of his own, however. The first day he worked in his new comedy with Buster Keaton, he had to stuff a salt fish in a taxidermist shop. "And now wherever I go, I smell of herring!" he screams. "It has destroyed my social prestige somethin' awful, because nothin' has less social prestige than a herring."

ANOTHER comedian we like lots is Mrs. Tracy's boy, Lee. Lee has just done a war picture "Private Jones," and it so happened that a part of the costume issued him was a pair of creaky Army shoes. Noting the squeaks whenever Lee walked across the scene, Director Russell Mack inquired what was making the noise.

"Just a new note in footwear," Lee Tracyed him.

TRACY was a bit of a trial to Mack. Arriving on the "No-Man's-Land" set, he looked over the long line of trenches with a dubious expression. "Are these left over from 'All Quiet'?" he wanted to know.

"Oh no—all these were re-made for our picture."

"I get it . . . a depression set, eh?"

Mack looked puzzled.

"Retrenchment," Tracy explained, and wisely ducked for safety.

MAYBE it's the new year or something, but even Jackie Cooper is getting that way about puns. During a ride out to the studio, he noticed an office sign reading "Real Estate Broker."

"What's a broker, Mumsy?" he asked.

"A man who buys and sells things," Mrs. Cooper explained.

"Oh," remarked Jackie, "I thought maybe he was a guy who made people broke." Out of the mouths of babes, my fellows!

YOUNG Mr. Robert Young, like young Mr. Cooper, it would seem, keeps up with the times. Bob found his new car using too much gas. Asked why he had ceased to use it, the depression-wise youth answered: "I left it at the garage to get weaned."

MOST of the picture folk are far more careful financially than they used to be. Naturally, there will always be exceptions—such as the open-hearted and free-handed Marie Dressler. Returning from New York, Marie made a remark that does much to explain why she spends as much money as she does. "This time I went there with a retinue—anyway, a secretary and a maid. Every other time I arrived in New York, all I had was a cinder in my eye."

MARIE may be careless with her cash, but there is one man in Hollywood who is a whole lot more careless with his life—and that's the wild-animal trainer, Clyde Beatty, who is making animal pictures for Universal.

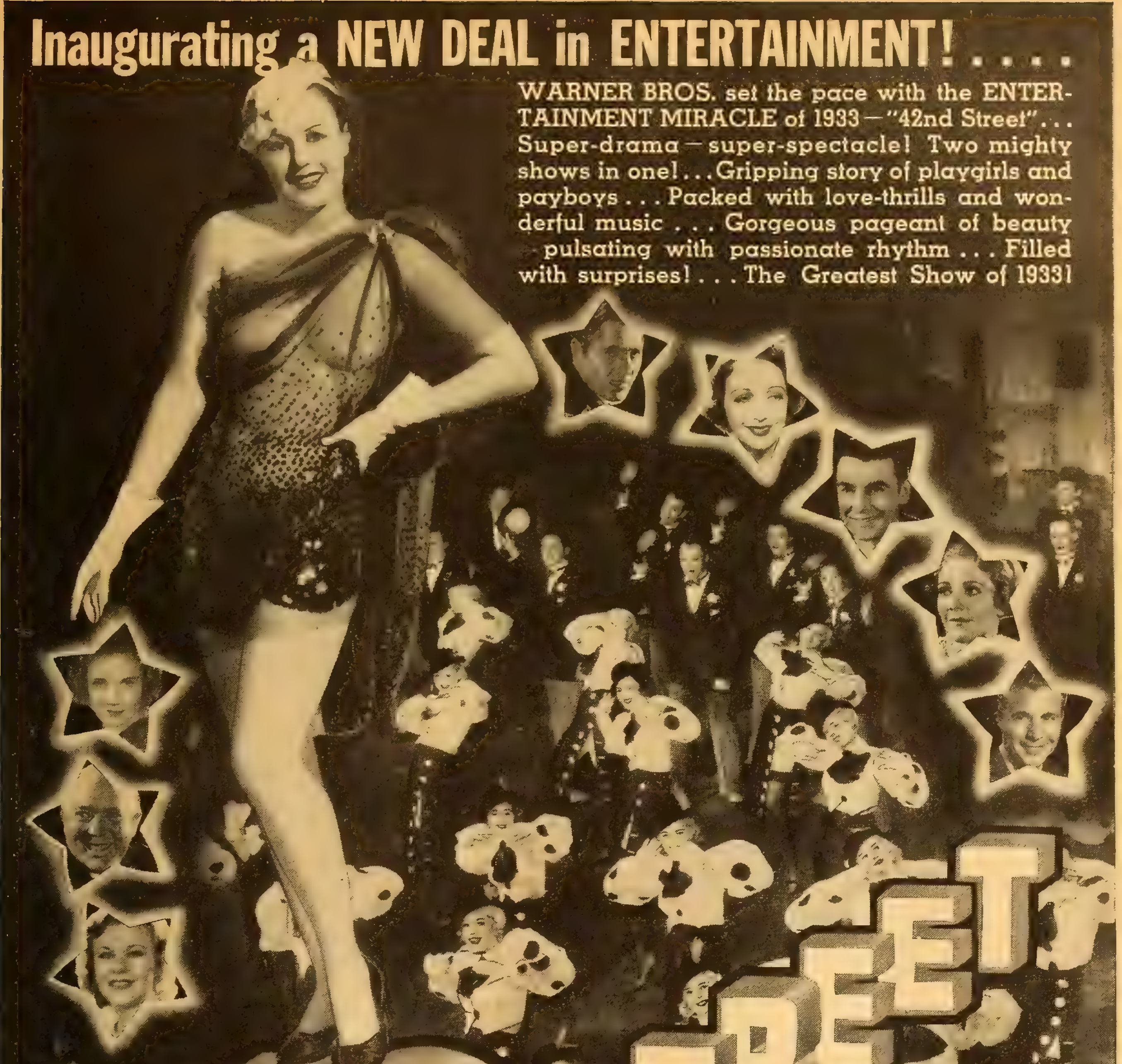
Beatty has been attacked many times by the forty-four animals in his troupe, so we got a laugh the other evening at a party where a buffet supper was being served in the dining room. The host approached Clyde soon after he appeared and said: "Clyde, go in the next room and have a bite."

AND a little later, to show you that Hollywood does things in its own cute way, this fearless handler of savage beasts, this skilled trainer of ferocious lions 'n' tigers, went home with a long gash in his thumb from the teeth of the host's eight-months-old Scottie puppy!

BUT Beatty isn't the man who is doing the crabbing during the making of his "The Big Cage." The fellow with the squawk is Bob Murdock, Universal's property man. "How is it," Bob demands hotly, "that when an elephant is satisfied with a peanut, I have to spend the day chopping 750 pounds of meat for a bunch of growling cats?"

MR. MURDOCK should remember that you can't tell much from size. Do you know who it is that Hollywood considers among the top flight of its Men-Most-Successful-Among-the-Ladies? No, it's not a

(*Continued on page 94*)



Inaugurating a NEW DEAL in ENTERTAINMENT! . . . .

WARNER BROS. set the pace with the ENTERTAINMENT MIRACLE of 1933—"42nd Street"... Super-drama—super-spectacle! Two mighty shows in one!...Gripping story of playgirls and payboys... Packed with love-thrills and wonderful music ... Gorgeous pageant of beauty—pulsating with passionate rhythm ... Filled with surprises! ... The Greatest Show of 1933!

42ND STREET

WARNER BROS.' Sensational Musical Hit!

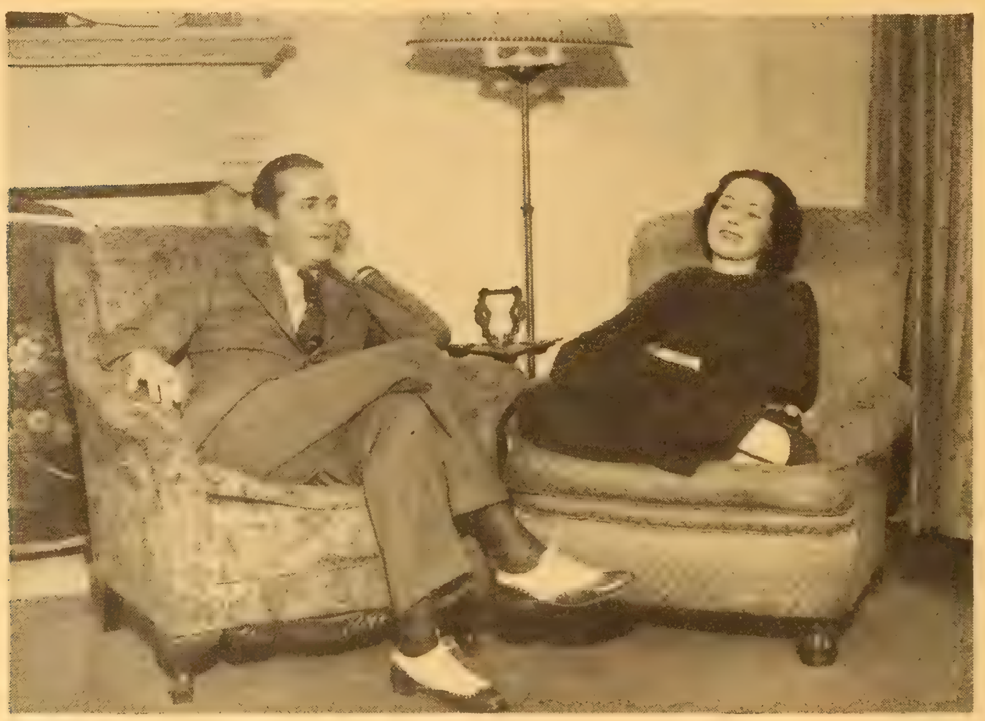
Coming to your theatre soon ... Don't miss it—it's going to be the most talked-about picture of the year

14 STARS

WARNER BAXTER
BEBE DANIELS
GEORGE BRENT
RUBY KEELER
UNA MERKEL
DICK POWELL
GINGER ROGERS
GUY KIBBEE
NED SPARKS
GEORGE E. STONE
EDDIE NUGENT
ALLEN JENKINS
ROBERT McWADE
H. B. WALTHALL
and
200 GIRLS

Directed by LLOYD BACON

YOUR GOSSIP TEST



International

By MARION MARTONE

1. How good are you at identifying the two movie personalities pictured above?

2. Can you name the movie actor whose recent marriage lasted less than three months?

3. Who is to be credited with having started the new Hollywood fad of women wearing men's clothes?

4. What well-known blues singer was wed to a Municipal Court Justice recently?

5. The once-famous brother of which motion picture star died recently?

6. Who are the latest Hollywood couple to be visited by the stork?

7. Do you know what movie marriage, once said to be a real love match, has hit the rocks?

8. Who is the film star whose jewels, which were daringly taken from her in her own home, were returned to her?

9. Do you know why Thelma Todd's name was removed from the cast of "Love Birds," the Slim Summerville-Zasu Pitts comedy?

10. Why was Mitzi Green's father fined $50.00 for permitting his daughter to appear on the vaudeville stage?

11. Can you name the retired motion picture actress who filed a bankruptcy plea recently?

12. How was the divorce of a certain screen comedian settled, in view of the fact that both parties demanded the divorce?

13. Who are the two motion picture stars who have been busy denying divorce rumors circulated about them?

14. Did you hear about how the baby for Maurice Chevalier's new picture, "A Bedtime Story," was selected?

15. Do you know the motion picture executive who has been seriously ill?

16. Has Anita Page's screen contract been renewed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

17. Now that the romance between Dorothy Jordan and Don Dilloway is definitely over, who has taken Don's place?

18. Who has earned for herself the title of "Hollywood's Most Beautiful Pinch Hitter"?

19. One of Hollywood's prettiest blondes wore a red wig when she made her marital vows. Who is she?

20. Are you familiar with the popular screen star who is planning to appear on the concert stage shortly?

(*Answers to these questions on page 93*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

What the Stars Are Doing

(*Continued from page 10*)

Laughton, Charles—latest release *Island of Lost Souls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lightner, Winnie—recently completed *She Had To Say Yes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *From Hell to Heaven*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Man on the Nile*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *The Kiss Before the Mirror*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

March, Fredric—playing in *The Eagle and the Hawk*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *Clear All Wires*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Miljan, John—playing in *What! No Beer?*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—playing in *Lost*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morley, Karen—playing in *Gabriel Over the White House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—recently completed *Auction In Souls*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marion—playing in *5 Cents a Glass*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Man on the Nile*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Edward J.—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *From Hell to Heaven*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Pichel, Irving—playing in *The Woman Accused*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—recently completed *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *Private Detective*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *Parole Girl*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Pick Up*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—playing in *Zoo In Budapest*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Big Shot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Will—latest release *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruggles, Charles—playing in *Murder at the Zoo*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott, Randolph—playing in *Murders at the Zoo*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shannon, Peggy—recently completed *Girl Missing*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—latest release *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Pick Up*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—recently completed *Baby Face*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *The White Sister*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—playing in *The Kiss Before the Mirror*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Talbot, Lyle—recently completed *She Had to Say Yes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—recently completed *She Had To Say Yes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—playing in *Clear All Wires*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *A Bedtime Story*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—latest release *Hot Pepper*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Walthall, Henry B.—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

West, Mae—recently completed *She Done Him Wrong*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—recently completed *Picture Snatcher*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *Beneath the Sea*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wynyard, Diana—playing in *Reunion In Vienna*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Zoo In Budapest*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Today We Live*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

"SCRAP OLD IDEAS ABOUT DIETING

sugar *helps* you reduce!"

SAYS SYLVIA

World's foremost authority on the care of the feminine figure

MME. SYLVIA

Once in a great while I find it harder to rid a Hollywood star of a silly idea than to banish a brace of extra chins. And the silliest idea of them all is the idea that sugar has no place in a reducing diet.

But thank goodness, my clients usually listen to me when I tell them that there is a certain "sugar secret" which will actually help them reduce faster. I am going to give you that "sugar secret" here. But first I want you to read my three simple slenderizing commandments.

FIRST: Get sufficient exercise. Walk at least two miles a day in the open air.

SECOND: Shun fat, rich foods, gravies or sauces—*and by all means liquor!*

THIRD: Now get this right—*don't starve yourself on sugar!*

Why you reduce FASTER *with my "sugar secret"*

Sugar is the one food element that most quickly and safely melts away body fats. Why? Because fats are fuel . . . *sugar is the flame.* Late dietetic discoveries prove that. You actually lose that excess poundage faster with the right sweet at the right time . . . But what is the best sweet for slenderizing? That's the secret . . . and its name is "Life Savers."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *Beautiful Paramount star now featured in "The Sign of the Cross."*

I prescribe Life Savers to all my clients, because they are the *purposeful* candy for reducing.

In the first place, Life Savers give quickly assimilated sugar energy—without a lot of fat-building bulk. Being hard, they dissolve slowly and deliciously on the tongue, thoroughly satisfying the normal hunger for sugar. Slip one on your tongue as often as you have that sweets hunger—*and don't worry about putting on weight!*

Let's Not Fiddle Around!

I'm in earnest about this reducing business . . . Prove that you are, and I'll make you a wonderful gift. This gift is a booklet that sums up information I usually get hundreds of dollars for. Buy two packages of Life Savers and send me the two wrappers with the coupon below . . . and my book comes to you free.

Mme Sylvia

There are many enticing kinds of Life Savers . . . the new Spear-O-mint . . . Pep-O-mint . . . Wint-O-green . . . Cryst-O-mint . . . Cl-O-ve . . . Lic-O-rice . . . Cinn-O-mon . . . Vi-O-let . . . and the fruit drops . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape.

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON . . . IF YOU DON'T; *Don't!*

MADAME SYLVIA, c/o Life Savers, Inc.
Dept. MP-4-33, Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. and possessions, or Canada, include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ *State* __________

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

Movie Star Calendar

Dating Them Up Through Past Events

APRIL, 1933

By JOSÉ SCHORR

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
 Spencer Tracy's birthday is April 5	 Virginia Cherrill was born April 12	 Walter Huston's birthday is April 6	 Wallace Beery's birthday is April 1	 Mary Pickford's birthday is April 8	 Harold Lloyd's birthday is April 20	1 MICHAEL FARMER thinks he will marry MARILYN MILLER, but he hasn't met GLORIA SWANSON yet. (1930)
2 The New York courts decide it was no libel to call DORIS DEANE "FATTY ARBUCKLE'S latest lady love." (1925)	3 LILLIAN GISH and GEORGE JEAN NATHAN announce that they will marry soon; but soon never comes. (1925)	4 NATALIE TALMADGE KEATON arrests BUSTER for taking the children up in an airplane. (1932)	5 BERT LYTELL stocks up on more sex appeal. Has his nose lifted. (1930)	6 Jury orders Adam-Black Co. to pay JACKIE COOGAN 6c for using his picture on their handkerchiefs. (1925)	7 BETTY JANE YOUNG takes a cut. Changes her name to SALLY BLANE. (1929)	8 TOM MIX refuses to pay $3500 for his portrait because there can't be that much paint in it. (1932)
9 MARLENE DIETRICH brings her trained legs to America. (1930)	10 CONNIE BENNETT wires PHIL PLANT to stop playing and come to Paris or she'll divorce him. (1928)	11 INA CLAIRE is off to Hollywood where she'll marry JOHN GILBERT though she doesn't know it yet. (1929)	12 NORMA TALMADGE beats FANNIE HURST by two. She and hubby live in *four* separate apartments. (1928)	13 JEANETTE MACDONALD plans to save commissions and wed manager, BOB RITCHIE. (1931)	14 PHYLLIS HAVER is leaving the movies to marry a big food and can man. (1929)	15 BEBE DANIELS agrees to go to jail for ten days for speeding. Her press-agent gets a raise. (1921)
16 BETTY COMPSON and JAMES CRUZE separate because he likes his home so much he never takes her out. (1929)	17 WILL ROGERS speaks to West Indian diplomats; says soft shirts are more comfortable for evening wear. (1931)	18 CONNIE BENNETT wires PHIL PLANT he needn't come to Paris—she's having a grand time. (1928)	19 CONNIE TALMADGE says: "I'm tired of being a grass widow. The next man gets me for keeps." (1928)	20 DOT MACKAILL and NEIL MILLER get license in Honolulu but do not marry for months. (1931)	21 DOLORES DEL RIO asks for divorce. "I am only excess baggage," explains Mr. Del Rio sadly. (1928)	22 West Coast editor goes to jail for writing ungentlemanly things about CLARA BOW. (1931)
JOAN CRAWFORD is in a convent. (1914) 23/30 LITA GREY CHAPLIN wants $1,000,000 alimony (1927)	24 SUE CAROL faints in police station as she tells of $30,000 jewel theft. Police are convinced. (1931)	25 RAMON NOVARRO changes his name from Samaniegos because people call him "Salmon eggs." (1925)	26 GRETA GARBO'S friend, Bill Sorenson, hears rumor she will marry him; gets nervous breakdown. (1932)	27 DOUG FAIRBANKS JR. enters the movies, but insists he won't kiss too often because he's "got a girl." (1923)	28 Doting MARY HAY BARTHELMESS develops tonsillitis so she can join Dick in hospital. (1921)	29 Mlle. Mistinguette begs King Alphonso to get her CHEVALIER out of German prison camp. (1916)

HAVE YOU HEARD *about* OUR OPERATION?

Read the March number of COLLEGE HUMOR and Sense and see this old friend with its face lifted . . . smarter, zippier, funnier than ever. But also with a touch of new sobriety, hot-topic campus thrills from the pens and brushes of such famous writers and artists as these:

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

LOWELL THOMAS

O. O. McINTYRE

RUSSELL PATTERSON

JOHN HELD, Jr.

and others. And . . . in keeping with the times . . . this big package of fun, fiction and fact, for only **fifteen cents.** Yes, that's it! A sensational new price for a magazine well-established in the curriculum of youth . . . a price for every pocket-book whether Sister Sally's or the Absent-Minded Professor's. Costs no more than a package of cigarettes, three packages of gum or coffee and sinkers.

College Humor and Sense in its new spick and span tailoring, now more than ever reflects Young America, its gaiety, its problems, its sports and its fashions.

The Editors.

15¢

With the New March Issue

College Humor and Sense

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

If it's bad, you won't be welcome... Play safe... use Listerine

● How's your breath today? If it is bad, it will keep you out of things . . . it may mar friendship . . . kill off a romance . . . or jeopardize a business chance. *Don't let it do any of these things.*

Play safe . . . use Listerine, every morning and night and before social or business contacts. Listerine instantly renders your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable to others. It is the one reliable remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Everybody Has It

Fastidious as you may be, do not make the mistake of thinking that your breath is never bad. Halitosis spares no one, because it springs from such common causes as tiny bits of fermenting food particles on the teeth, unhealthy teeth or gums, and temporary or chronic infections of the nose, throat, and mouth. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never realize when you have it.

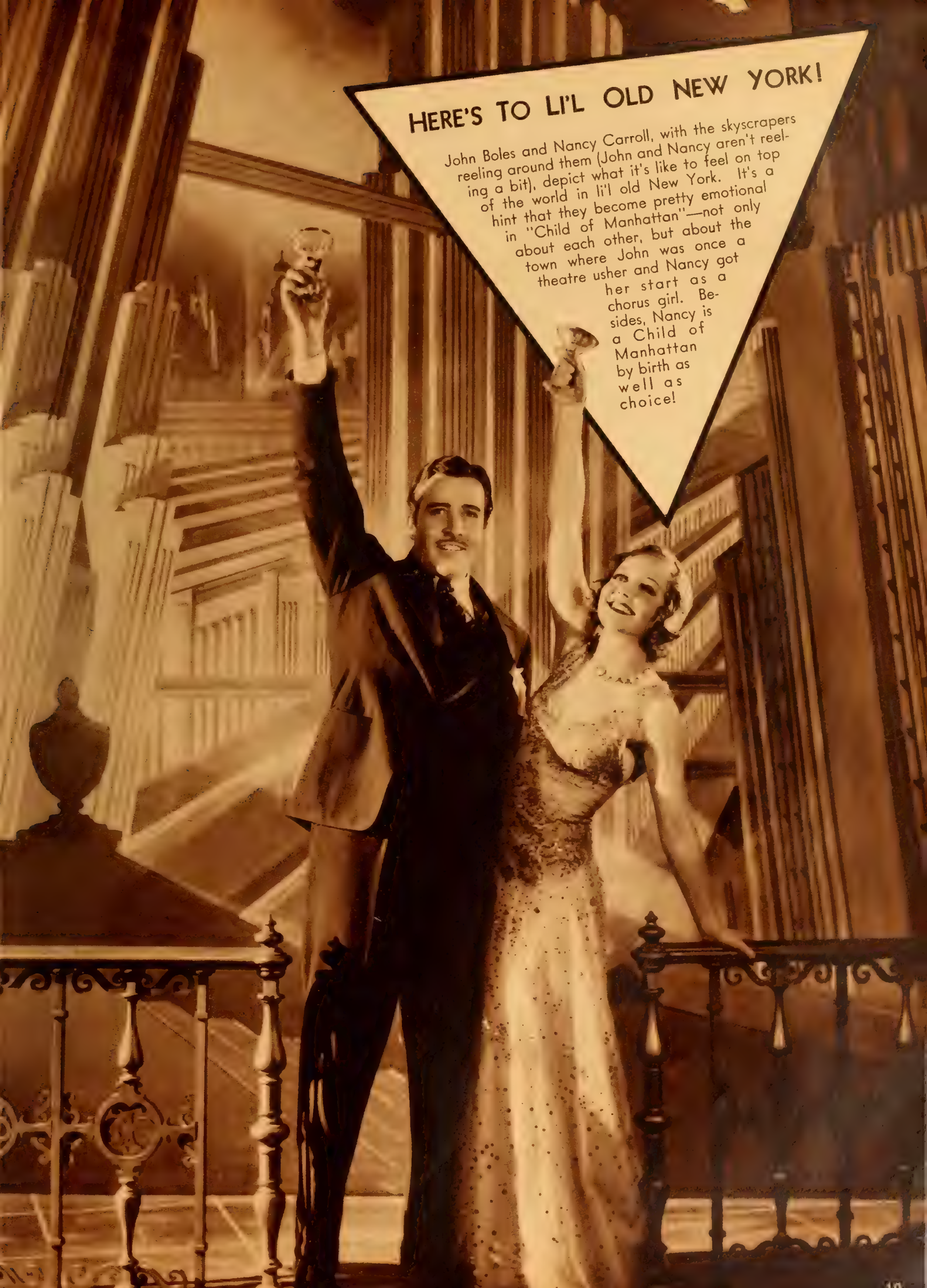
Only Listerine Succeeds

Only by using Listerine can you be certain that your breath will not offend others. Cheap, ordinary mouth washes fail in 12 hours to conquer odors which Listerine gets rid of instantly. That has been shown again and again by strict laboratory and clinical tests.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Rinse the mouth with it before social and business engagements. It cleanses and invigorates the entire oral cavity and leaves you with a feeling of confidence and assurance. *You know your breath is right.* Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

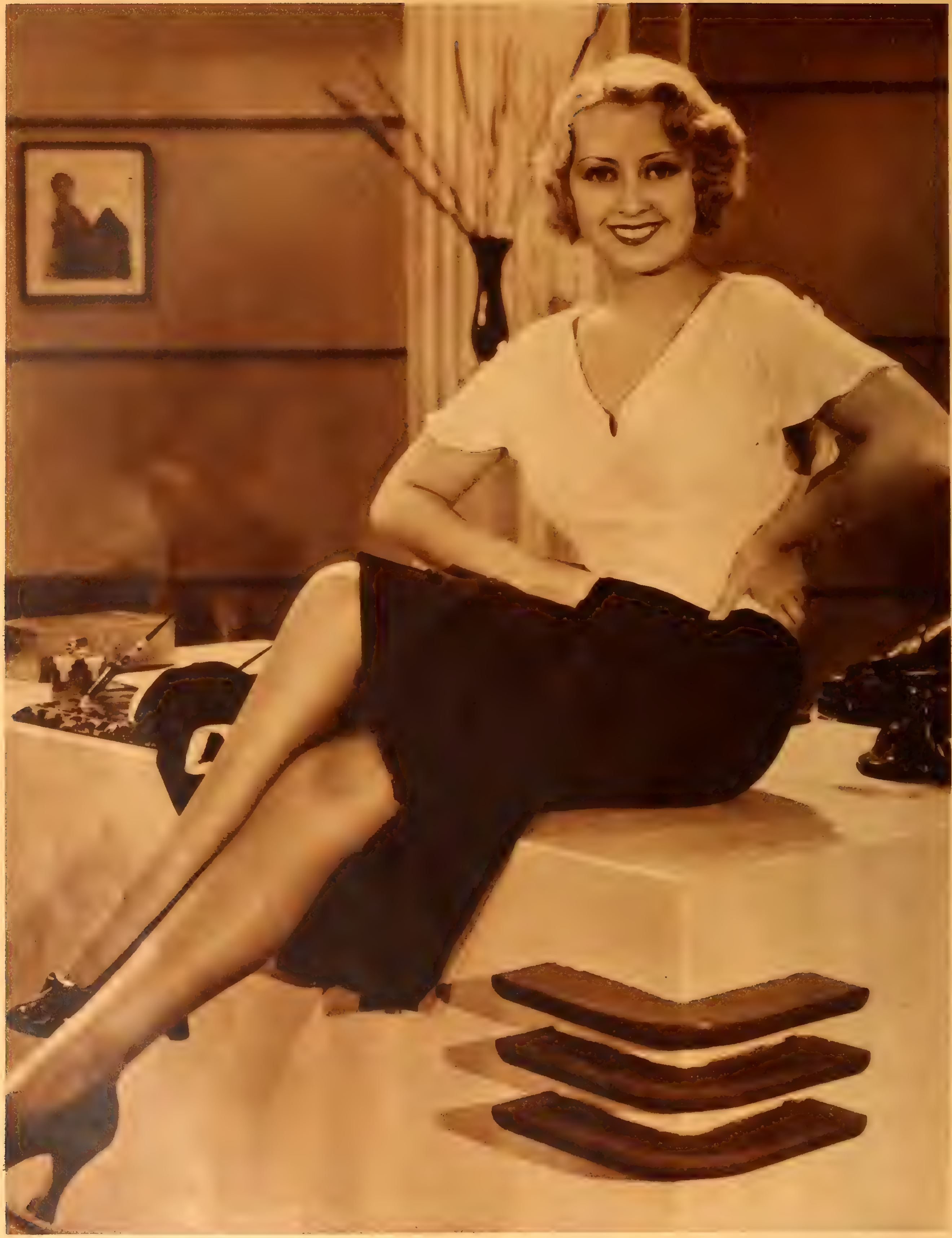
LISTERINE

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS... ***(BAD BREATH)***



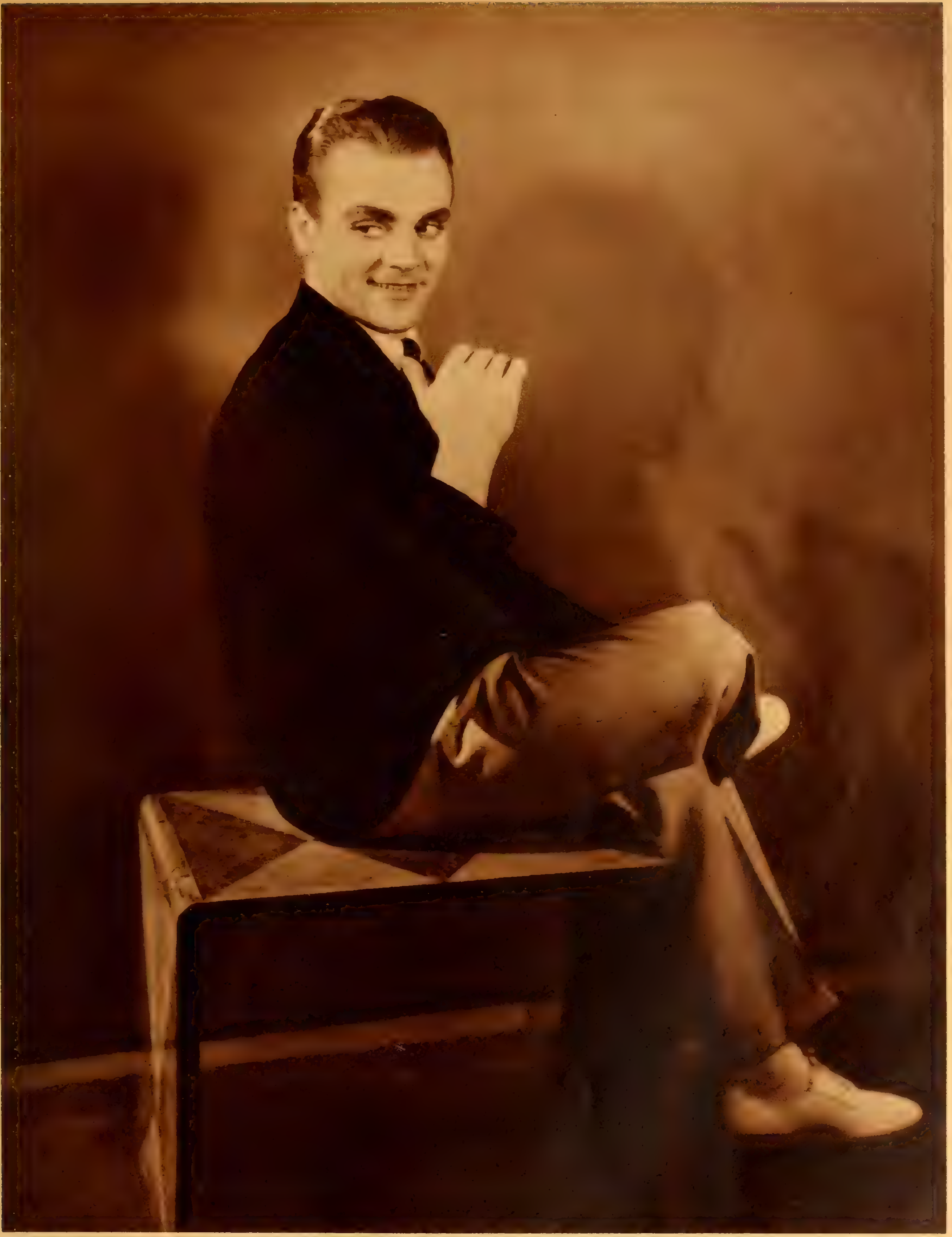
HERE'S TO LI'L OLD NEW YORK!

John Boles and Nancy Carroll, with the skyscrapers reeling around them (John and Nancy aren't reeling a bit), depict what it's like to feel on top of the world in li'l old New York. It's a hint that they become pretty emotional in "Child of Manhattan"—not only about each other, but about the town where John was once a theatre usher and Nancy got her start as a chorus girl. Besides, Nancy is a Child of Manhattan by birth as well as choice!



Here is a portrait to prove that Joan is just as natural on the screen, as she is off it. For this is the way she greets the newspaper photographers in "Broadway Bad." And if you've been keeping up with the papers lately, you've seen pictures of Joan looking like this in real life. Only, seeing that she is on her honeymoon, George Barnes has been appearing in them with her!

JOAN BLONDELL



Longworth

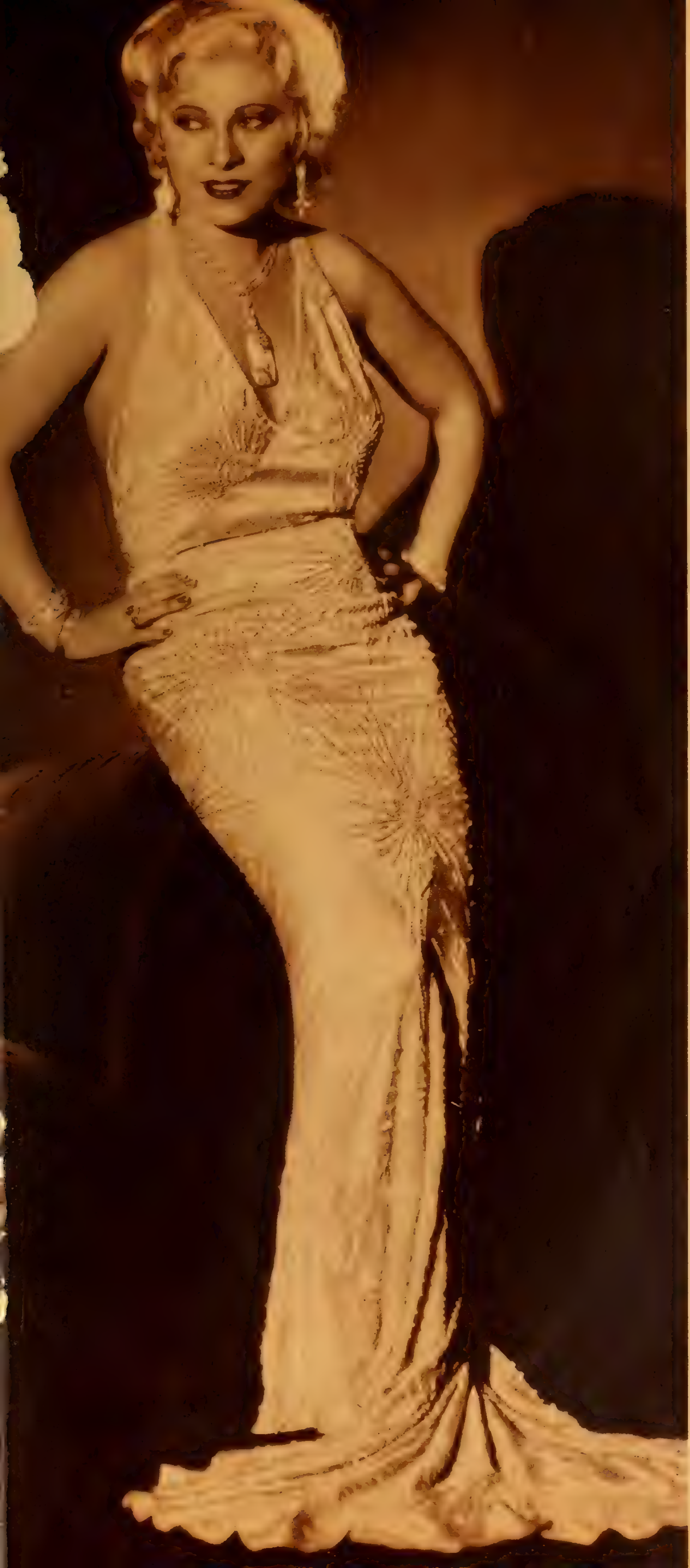
JAMES CAGNEY

With a jab of his thumb over his shoulder, Jimmy points out, "She used to be my screen sweetie." As if you could forget! But it doesn't look as if they'll be teamed again right away. Sure, they still get along—but it has been decided that they're both too pert to contrast with each other. Right now, Jimmy is making "Picture Snatcher"—which title fits him like a bantamweight boxing glove!

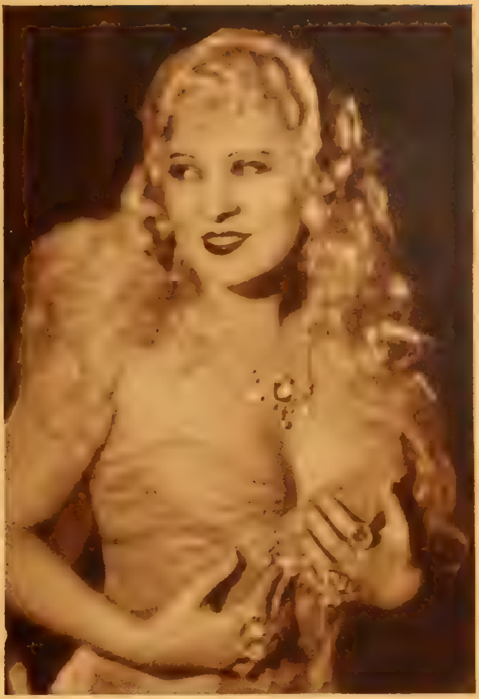
C. S. Bull

"Buy British" is John Bull's new slogan—and Hollywood seems to think it's bully. For the studios are buying up all the best players that England still has. One of the latest to arrive is bright-eyed Benita—who is not exactly a stranger, having played opposite Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies" (filmed abroad). Just off the train, she steps into "Clear All Wires," with Lee Tracy

BENITA HUME



MAE WEST



And while Broadway gets the hotcha Velez girl, Hollywood gets Mae West, who is Broadway's idea of a daring damsel. The movies really captured her first for "Night After Night," to play a wisecracking night-club hostess (left)—but when she stole the picture from George Raft, they wouldn't let her go. For she's that rare kind of "find"—and exotic with a devastating sense of humor. So now she's playing *Lady Lou* (above) in "She Done Him Wrong"—with Cary Grant the not-altogether-unfortunate "Him"

Bachrach

Ever since "Bird of Paradise," they've had a hard time getting Joel into What-the-Well-Dressed-Man-Will-Wear. They did manage to get a sport suit on him here—but he vetoed the idea of a shirt and dived into a turtle-neck sweater. He also vetoed the idea of playing opposite Connie Bennett in "Our Betters"—because it meant "dressing up again." He wants an outdoor story. (P. S. With La Hepburn!)

JOEL MCCREA

Only a friend could ask a young widow if she thought she would ever marry again—and only with a friend could she be as frank and honest as Jean is in this interview. Marriage has no place in her immediate plans—but she hopes that some day she will again find romance. Meanwhile, the screen has all her affection and attention

Russell Ball

"I Shall Marry Again," Says JEAN HARLOW

By JAMES FIDLER

"WILL you marry again?" It was a cruel question to put to Jean Harlow, a widow of six months—as cruel as the frost that kills early flowers, as cruel as sorrow. But, nevertheless, a question that her millions of followers wish answered—a question that Jean Harlow is glad was asked, that she might answer.

"Yes. I shall marry again."

As briefly as that, Jean stilled the tongues that have whispered that her two disappointments in marriage have disillusioned her with love.

"Of course, I can only voice a hope; I cannot be certain that I shall ever marry again," she supplemented. "No human being can be sure of what the future holds. However, I am a perfectly sane, normal woman. I possess all the natural feminine desires and ambitions. I want a home. I want a husband. I want children—at least two, a boy and a girl in that order.

"At present, I am wrapped up in my motion picture career. In that, I have more than a selfish interest; I want to be wealthy, but not alone for my own comfort. I am accumulating money in order to provide for my children, when I have them.

"And something you may remember, and expect: When I do marry and children come, I shall place my home-life before my career. I do not mean that I shall discontinue my work in motion pictures; even if I should, I would find something else. I think every woman, married or single, should have an interest outside her home. But nothing I may do after my babies are born will precede them in importance."

What Will He Be Like?

WHAT type of man will Jean wed? Will he be like her first husband, Charles F. McGrew, II, the wealthy young Chicago broker for whom she has only kind words? Probably not; Jean married him when she was only sixteen years old. "It was a hastily-agreed-upon, hastily-arranged, hastily-consummated marriage," she said.

(Continued on page 88)

Five Big Stars Are *Retiring* in 1933

Ramon Novarro is going abroad for the next three years—to study music and make a concert tour. Ronald Colman feels the need of a two-year "breathing spell." So does Clive Brook, who would like to return to writing—perhaps for the rest of his life. Ruth Chatterton and George Brent feel that they would be "foolish" not to retire and enjoy life, now that they have enough to do so. And Constance Bennett, planning for 1934, feels the same way!

By Dorothy Manners

Dyar

Ronald Colman (above) craves a rest—and perhaps a return to the stage. Clive Brook (right) wants not only to rest, but to write. Ramon Novarro (below) wants to sing

CONSTANCE BENNETT, who has denied so many "retirement" rumors, now announces that it won't be long until she makes her last motion picture! There are no "if's," "but's" or "maybe's" about it. There are no loopholes whereby she will allow herself "one or two pictures a year if I feel like doing them." Connie is quitting; she will be completely finished with the movies at the completion of her present RKO contract! Officially, the contract ends in June, 1934. But with Connie announcing her retirement plans so early, Hollywood gloomily feels that she may be preparing everybody for an earlier departure, like five other stars!

"The Masquerader" is the last picture starring Ronald Colman that you will see for two years—or longer!

Clive Brook is leaving the screen for a period as long as Colman's—and he may never return!

The end of her contract with Warner Brothers will see Ruth Chatterton leaving the screen, and, according to a remark made to a close friend of Ruth's, George Brent is leaving with her!

Ramon Novarro will be departing any day now . . . his screen career completed . . . his whole ambition turned toward Spain and Italy, where he will devote his whole time to music for the next three years!

I know it all sounds like something out of a press-agent's handbook—like "positively their final appearance" or "this is the farewell tour of the great artist." How often have you heard those phrases and laughed over them? For years, great names of the theatre, the musical world and the movies have announced "farewell appearances" that have really amounted to a series of them, all highly lucrative at the box-office. Are any of these new announcements of this type?

Many Plan to Quit, Yet Never Do

I SAW Sarah Bernhardt in two of her last three "farewell tours." Mary Pickford told me eight years ago that she was retiring from the screen with the completion of the picture she was then making. Gloria Swanson announced at the height of her De Mille fame that she was going to quit when she reached "the pinnacle of her film career." There have been others who have said it . . . and have never done it. But a peculiar set of conditions in the movies right now makes these newest and latest "retirement" announcements of at least five of Hollywood's biggest stars carry an authenticity that the "wolf cry" has never had before.

Have you heard the latest Hollywood prophecy that the day of the gilded Star-of-Stars is over in the movies? . . . and that the next era of Hollywood will see the studios as giant stock companies, among which players will be traded back and forth? . . . and

Ball

that salaries will be about one-tenth of what they are at the present moment?

There is talk that the day of the privileged star player, with all its glory and trappings, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. There is also talk that Hollywood producers are merely biding their time for "high-salaried contracts" to expire and that already they are grooming new stage and foreign talent to take the places of the former golden film names—the idea being that plays, and not players, will soon be the thing. Already several studios have discovered that the one-time "big names" do not draw crowds as they once did and that it is now necessary to co-star two or more of them to fill theatres as one of them used to do in "the good old days."

To many big stars of the old régime, such a comedown from the caliber of stardom that they have known would be unbearable. Already there have been arguments and debates over this "star-trading" from studio to studio to "bolster up" picture casts.

Dissatisfaction over rôles and billing . . . competition from newcomers . . . a feeling that "I have made mine while the making was good—and why should I remain when conditions are no longer so happy?" . . . a new contract at one-half of the old figure, with none of its privileges . . . any of these *might* be the authentic reason back of several of these new announcements of retirement plans.

Connie Has the Travel Urge

BUT in the case of Constance Bennett, as she explained it to me, herself, none of these things lies back of her decision. At first it was difficult for me to believe her when she announced so casually over a luncheon table that she was quitting the screen at the end of her present contract. "Why should I say it if it isn't so?" inquired Connie. "It isn't a habit of mine to make statements that I don't mean. And I do mean it when I say that I am quitting!

"No, it isn't that I am not happy with my contract or that I have any fears of any other contract

(*Continued on page 81*)

Coburn

Ruth Chatterton (top), who set new standards of acting for the screen, says that, having won financial freedom, she now wants to enjoy it. (And that goes for George Brent, too!) Constance Bennett (above), though happy on the screen, thinks she (and the Marquis) would be even happier in "the sunny South of France"

Now! It's MAURICE

CHEVALIER

....Ask Him a Question

So there is something you want to ask the gayest screen lover of them all? Well, right here and now, MOTION PICTURE gives you the chance of a lifetime! He'd like to know what's on your mind about him—and he'll gladly satisfy your curiosity. Read about it and rush in your query!

MAURICE CHEVALIER has such a gay, friendly personality that you feel that you really know him and know just how he would wink if asked, "Maurice, are you really the gay Don Juan that you seem on the screen?" Not, of course, that you would ask him such a question!

But there is some question that you *would* like to ask him—and MOTION PICTURE is giving you the chance to do so, and have him answer, personally, in our pages. It may be some question you have had in mind ever since you first saw that rakish straw hat and debonair grin of his on the screen in "Innocents of Paris." Maybe you would like to know if he buys those hats by the gross. Or how he, himself, pronounces his name. Or if he studied singing, or if singing just "came naturally" to him. Or if he exaggerates his provocative lower lip for screen purposes. Or your curiosity about him—still unsatisfied, despite all the Chevalier stories you have read—may be centered on some "human interest" angle that interviewers have not yet touched upon.

To ask Chevalier your question and to have him answer it, simply write your query on the coupon at the bottom of the page and mail it to the address indicated—making sure that it will reach us ON OR BEFORE MARCH 20. Remember this date. We have to set this deadline to have ample time to sort the hundreds and thousands of questions, and then go to Chevalier for his answers. You will find Maurice's answers in the June MOTION PICTURE.

Chevalier has promised to answer any and all questions — except about his marriage or recent divorce. Naturally, he feels that these matters are his own private concern. Certain other questions are barred by studio policy—questions relating to his salary, his own preferences in fellow-players, and other studio "secrets." Also, of course, your questions must be within the bounds of good taste—questions that you would not hesitate to ask him if you should ever actually meet him.

On pages 56 and 57 of this issue, you will find Clark Gable's answers to the questions asked him by readers of the February MOTION PICTURE. Read them to the end and discover how much they reveal about Clark. Next month, Constance Bennett will answer the questions that readers of the March MOTION PICTURE have asked her. (And how the questions have been rolling in!) And next month, also, you will have still another chance to have a famous star answer *your* question.

INQUIRING REPORTER,
c/o MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California

Dear Sir:

THE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK **MAURICE CHEVALIER** PERSONALLY IS THIS :______________________________

____

____

This question is sent in by:

*Name*______________________________

*Street*______________________________

*City and State*__________________________

Will Ann Harding *Remarry* Harry Bannister?

Harry Bannister is now a stage producer

By JACK GRANT

For several months, Ann Harding has declined all interviews and has refused to see all writers, with the exception of one or two whom she meets as friends, not as interviewers. Jack Grant, the author of this story, has long been honored by Ann's friendship.

In quoting her here, he seeks to refute the constantly circulated reports that she and Harry Bannister are planning to marry again. In January, Ann told him, "I haven't the remotest idea at the moment that Harry and I will remarry."

We publish what Ann Harding said at that time, even in the face of the contingency that she may change her mind. We publish it because it is at least her last word; and, certainly, it gives an accurate picture of the life she has led during her months of silence.—*Editor.*

"WHY can't Harry Bannister and I just be friends?" Ann Harding asked me. "Why must the rumor persist that we plan to marry again? Why is it impossible for us to behave like normal human beings in a friendly relationship without having a thousand tongues start wagging?

"Of course, we *are* friends, and we hope to retain our friendship. We correspond with one another, and even talk by long-distance telephone when occasion arises. A man and a woman who have enjoyed such a happy marriage as Harry and I enjoyed have no reason to become enemies merely because of a divorce decree. We were divorced to preserve our friendship, and I shall do all in my power to preserve it.

Marriage a Different Matter

"MARRIAGE is another matter entirely. If the world prefers to believe that we plan to remarry, the world has a right to its belief. And we have a right to conduct our affairs as we see fit."

There, I've done it—quoted Ann Harding for publication. During the past several months that Ann has refused all requests for interviews, I have respected her wish to keep out of public print. Upon several occasions, she has told me things that would have made excellent copy. But, deferring to her desire not to be quoted, the stories were never written.

In the present case, however, I feel that her silence must be broken. Her hecklers must be answered if she is ever to be free of them. And only she can answer them properly, however loath she is to do so.

Unless you live in Hollywood, you have no conception of the life that Ann Harding has led since her divorce from Harry Bannister. She has been literally a prisoner in her house on the top of a hill—the house she and Harry built, once known as "the happiest home in Hollywood." It could not be more of a jail to her now if every window were barred and the armed guards who stand by the gates were there to keep her in, rather than for the purpose of keeping unwelcome visitors out.

Ann has been held prisoner by gossip. Her crime against society has been the crime of exhibiting good taste and avoiding publicity.

She and her husband came to a parting of the ways. The separation was announced

Longworth

When this photo was taken, Harry Bannister and Ann Harding had just built their home where Ann now lives with their little girl

This is the first time since last May, when she and Harry were divorced "for the sake of his career," that Ann has been quoted about what she thinks of the rumors that have toyed with their names. It is her answer to the gossips. She talked with the writer in January, and she was then in a mood to ask, "Why can't Harry and I just be friends? Why must the rumor persist that we plan to marry again?"

with dignity in the manner of well-mannered people. But Hollywood refused to accept the dignified announcement, that they were parting only because, as "Ann Harding's husband," Harry was hampered in his career. To accept this explanation was to be cheated of a sensation—a Roman holiday. And Hollywood, sensation-mad Hollywood, will not easily be turned aside.

Two Versions of Break-Up

IMMEDIATELY, the town was divided into two opposing camps. Those who believed the separation temporary and the participants extremely foolish children, really deeply in love but willing to sacrifice love to an ideal, allied themselves against another and larger group, who were equally positive that ALL had not been told and that there were more contributing causes to the divorce than appeared on the surface. These secrets, of course, must be unearthed. No one has right to even the tiniest secret in Hollywood. The stories, suppositions, rumors flew thick and fast—in print, by radio, by word-of-mouth.

Something that had once been simple and sane suddenly became complex and insane to Ann and Harry. They had no recourse against the gossipers. To fight back was an obvious absurdity, the odds being so overwhelmingly against them. They could only retire from the fray to await a time when the Roman holiday might end.

So Harry went away, first to London to buy a play, then back to New York to produce it. Ann remained behind, held by a studio contract that she could not honorably break. She sought a haven of solitude in her own home. "Let me remain alone," she requested, "until they forget about me."

For almost a year now, she has kept to herself, waiting for the tumult to subside. But it hasn't subsided. They haven't forgotten her. To-day Ann's every movement is as closely scrutinized as ever. Ulterior motives are attributed to everything she is known to do and many things that she is supposed to have done. She cannot be seen talking to a

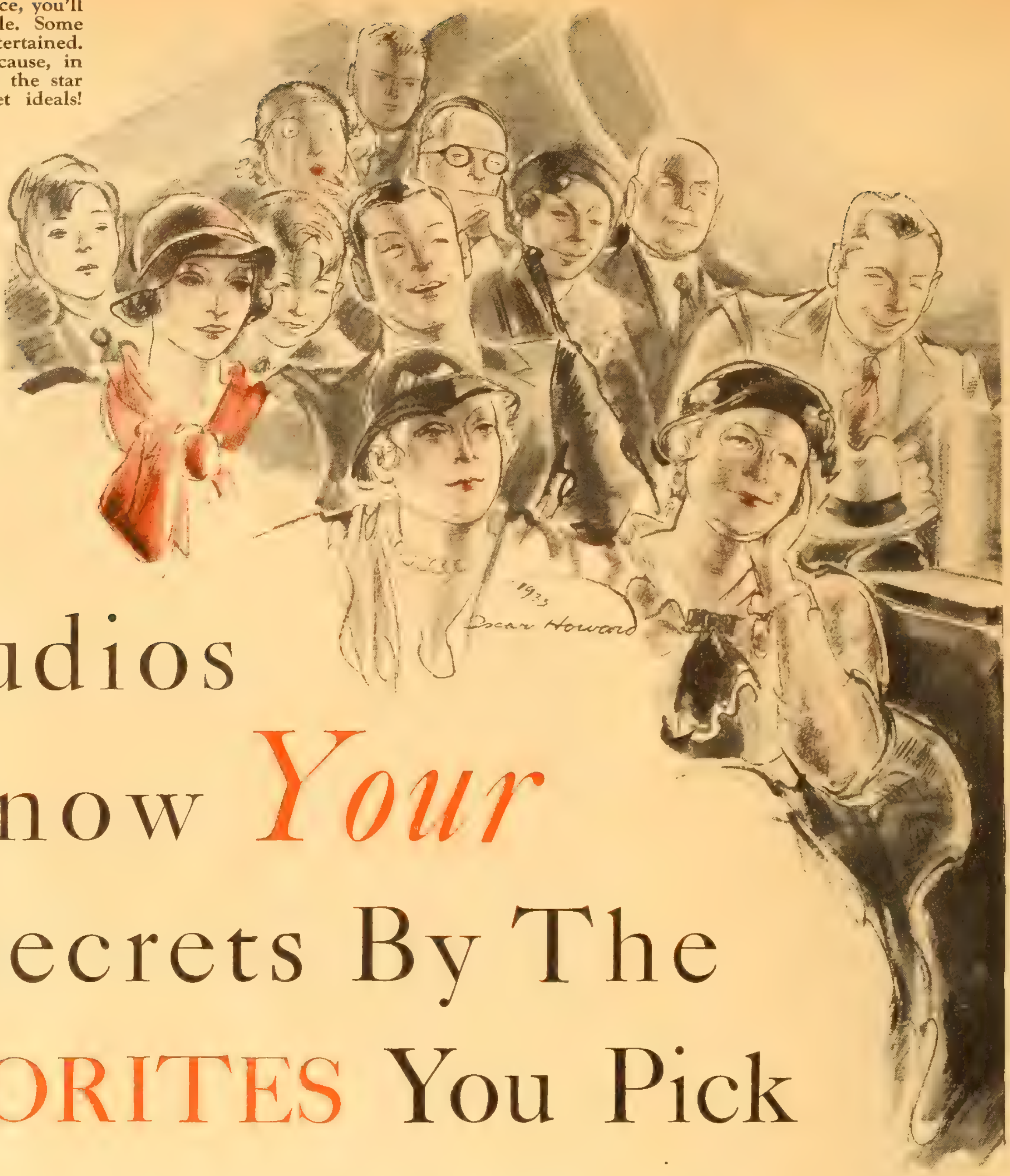
(*Continued on page 82*)

Bachrach

Acme

Gossips anticipate that Ann Harding and Harry Bannister are on the verge of again becoming "Hollywood's happiest couple" (as they were at the left). But Ann says that they want to remain "just friends"

In any movie audience, you'll find all types of people. Some are there just to be entertained. Others are there because, in one way or another, the star expresses their secret ideals!



The Studios Know *Your* Secrets By The FAVORITES You Pick

Marie Dressler appeals to practically everybody—but she's an exception. Most stars appeal to very definite types, and YOU are one of those types. If your idol is Garbo, for instance, producers can make a pretty good guess as to your sex, age and secret ambitions. And the same is true about your preference for any star. The mail they get has given studios the tip-off about what kinds of people like which stars. Read this story and see if they're guessing right about YOU!

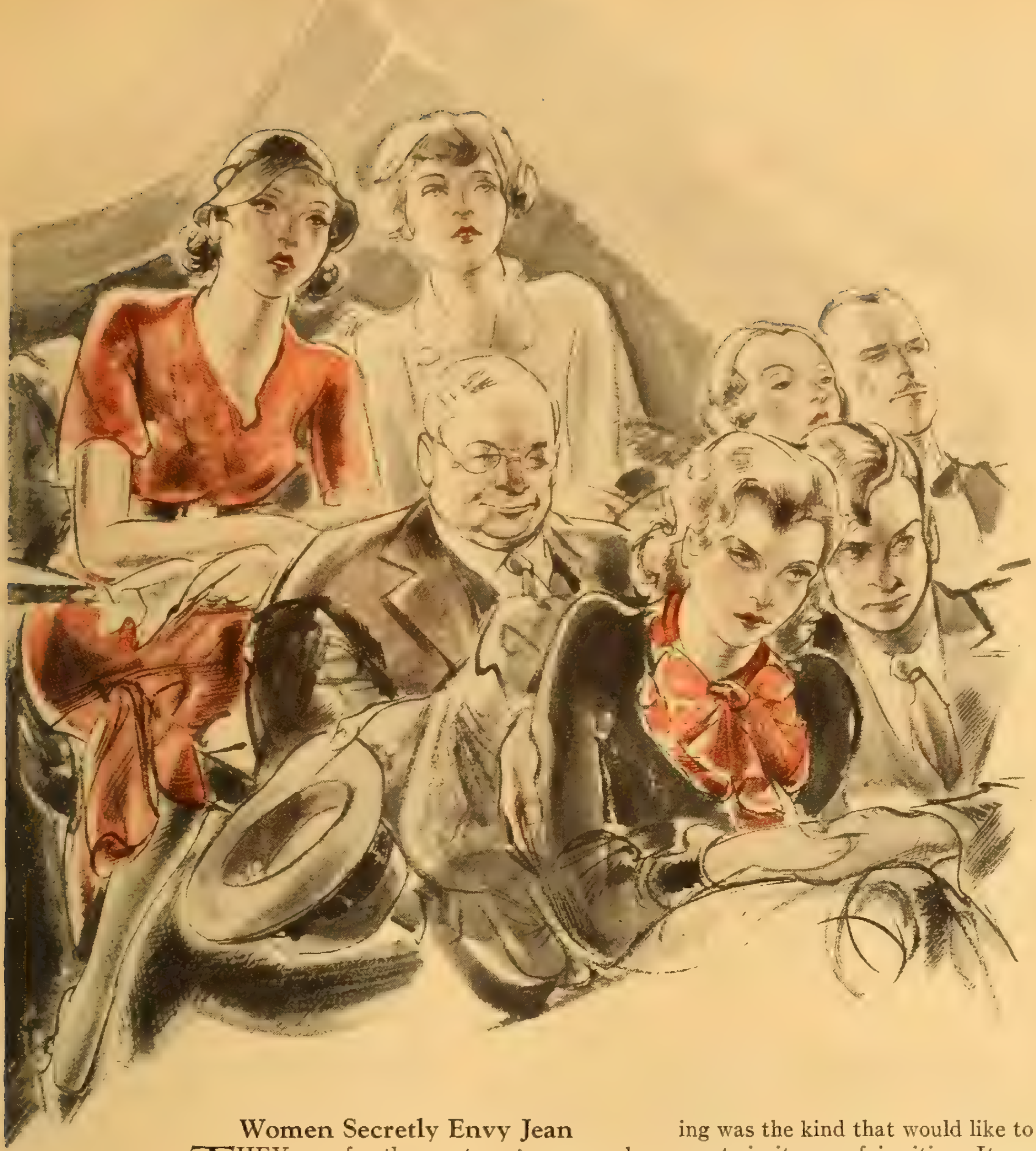
IF Joan Crawford is your favorite actress and you never miss one of her pictures—then the studios know what *kind* of person you are. If you write letters to Gary Cooper or send little presents to Ramon Novarro—then important studio executives are paid a half-million dollars each year to know how your mind works and whether or not you are a happy person. They can even tell your sex and your approximate age! They know whether or not you have been disappointed in love, how old your children are, what kind of clubs attract you and whether or not you are interested in the Higher Things in life. (If you *are*, I might add, their interest in you is pretty languid because you don't do much for them at the box office.)

Each actor, you see, has his own personal audience and he is paid in direct proportion to its numbers and its enthusiasm. Whose audience, now, are *you?* And are the studios guessing right about your reasons?

Had Jean Harlow's public been a different one, the tragic death of Paul Bern might have had a devastating effect upon her career. But Jean's audience is made up of the people who enjoyed her in "Hell's Angels" and "Red-Headed Woman." They are neither surprised nor shocked if Jean, herself, has a tempestuous time of it in life. They are accustomed to thinking of her as that sort of person.

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Illustration by **Oscar Howard**



Women Secretly Envy Jean

THEY are, for the most part, repressed women who would enjoy a little tempest from time to time in their own lives—and to whom tempests have been denied. They are also men in drab jobs, with drab responsibilities—the sort of men who thrill a little now and then to the adventure of sneaking off with boon companions of their own type to see a burlesque show. There are also in Jean's audience intelligent—and therefore tolerant—people, who admire her in an impersonal fashion for one or two excellent performances. Nothing that could happen to Jean in her private life could affect the attitude of that portion of her audience. So long as she gives an excellent performance, those people do not care, probably do not bother to know, about her private life. Jean is fortunate!

When Lita Grey Chaplin sued Charlie Chaplin for divorce some years ago, amid much gossip in the headlines, the wise boys said, "This will finish Chaplin in pictures!" But they reckoned without Chaplin's intelligentsia following. And the following of that following, if you know what I mean. It had been thoroughly proved and established by that time by the literary lights that Charlie was an Artist, even a Genius. What was more, he was "poignant" even in the most *utter* of slapstick situations. He could fall down in a sitting position, lose his pants at an Ambassadors' ball, be the bewildered recipient of all sorts of sticky food in the face—and there would still be something cosmic, as well as comic, about him, an undertone of pathos. Once an actor achieves that cosmic quality, nothing can hurt him. Like Chaplin, and you show a sense of humor; rave about him, and you are a sophisticate.

They Put Ann on a Pedestal

ANN HARDING was not so fortunate as either Chaplin or Jean Harlow. Ann's following was pretty sedate and set in its ways. Ann was the darling of the Women's Clubs. She was probably invited to be guest-speaker at more gatherings of feminine culture-seekers than any other actress in pictures. Her following knew all about the idealistic Hedgerow Theatre, to which Ann devoted her youthful energy and enthusiasm. Her following was the kind that would like to start Little Theatre movements in its own fair cities. It used to call up its best friend and say, "My dear—I'm afraid we can't play bridge with you this evening. That *dear* Ann Harding is playing down at the Bijou. Of course, we don't patronize the movies as a regular thing—but an actress like that who *stands* for something . . . who shows such lovely ideals both in her work and in her life. . ."

Well, when "dear" Ann Harding's much-publicized domestic bliss suddenly exploded in their faces—and for what looked like pretty commercial reasons, too—those staid patrons and patronesses of the arts were hurt. They were downright hurt and disappointed, although numbers of them blamed it all on that awful Hollywood and retained their loyalty. "It just goes to show that you never can tell," they sighed to one another. "She looks like such a sweet thing—and so *good*. But . . . divorce . . . oh, *dear!*"

Irene Dunne has much the same type of audience. And Irene had better continue on her wholesome, golf-playing, artistic way!

The Women That Garbo Dazzles

GARBO, despite her much-vaunted sex appeal, is exciting mainly to women. Even in New York, which is "a Garbo town" in exhibitors' parlance, it is mainly women who fill the theatres for a Garbo picture. Women whose lives lack glamour,

(Continued on page 86)

COAST FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

When Franklin D. Roosevelt is inaugurated as President on March 4, a carload of stars will be on hand to cheer—namely, James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, William Powell, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., George Brent, Warren William, Bette Davis, Joan Blondell and Bebe Daniels, among others. They'll accompany their boss, Jack L. Warner, friend of Roosevelt.

AND Hollywood is wondering just how the change in administration will affect the investigation of foreigners in the film colony, recently started by Murray W. Garsson, special assistant to Secretary of Labor Doak. Will the successor of Mr. Doak continue the inquiry?

The investigation is part of the new Federal drive to deport aliens who are in the United States illegally—and was given impetus by the recent conviction of Duncan Renaldo, the young lover of "Trader Horn," on charges of falsely claiming citizenship—the government contending that he is a Roumanian. It is estimated that there are five hundred aliens—players, directors and writers—in Hollywood. Most of the better-known ones have permanent residence permits, but many others have only visitors' permits, which expire every six months and may not have been renewed.

AND will the Roosevelt administration recognize Russia? If it does, you will see an avalanche of movies with Russian settings. Just to be prepared, M-G-M is now concocting one to co-star Wallace Beery and Clark Gable.

Helen Twelvetrees, back from her old home-town, Brooklyn, with her new baby, has signed up with Paramount—and will play opposite Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story." Helen says, "Certainly, I'm not going to refuse to have my baby photographed. He's so beautiful, I want him photographed all the time." She even had him tested for the baby-rôle in the picture!

MAURICE CHEVALIER won his divorce from Yvonne Vallée, but at the same time she won her divorce from Maurice. Both had sued in Paris for the decree—and, after due deliberation, the Paris tribunal decided that both had grounds for divorce. Maurice claimed that Yvonne was "extremely jealous," and Yvonne testified that Maurice "refused to live with her after his return from Hollywood." Meanwhile, Maurice is playing guardian to Marlene Dietrich during the few remaining weeks of her stay in America—with the official approval of her husband, Rudolph Sieber.

MARY KEEPS TO HERSELF, IN A GREAT BIG WAY

In "Secrets," Mary Pickford wears a gown that covers not only the ever-youthful Pickford figure, but the bench on which she is sitting, as well—allowing no room for even Leslie Howard. It's the new year's "biggest" fashion note (to date)

YES, Marlene has announced her intention of quitting Hollywood with the completion of "The Song of Songs," which she refused to make until her studio started suit for $185,000. This climaxed a long series of quarrels over stories, casts and directors—and Marlene professes to be Tired Of It All. One rumor has it that she and Josef von Sternberg will make films together in Germany. But it's just a rumor.

STARTS NEW FILM CYCLE

Bill Boyd is making Hollywood daredevil-conscious in "Lucky Devils," a thriller about "stunt" men in Hollywood

SEVERAL players are following the lead of Marlene and Tallulah Bankhead in departing from the Hollywood scene, at least temporarily. Melvyn Douglas is embarking on a world cruise with his stage-famous wife, Helen Gahagan. Lupe Velez has responded to the lure of Broadway's bright lights again to play in the revue, "Strike Me Pink," starring Jimmy Durante, who's plain homesick for his old stamping ground. Diana Wynyard, following the example of Charles Laughton, is briefly returning to London for a stage play. Herbert Marshall, who left Hollywood last December with the same motive, is remaining abroad to co-star in an English picture with Jeanette MacDonald, who is now making a European concert tour. Producers are trying to interest Ronald Colman in a Broadway play. And Helen Hayes, the one and only, is said to have an attack of footlight fever, too!

# of the Studios

LATEST
BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

THE parting of Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck was announced as she finished "State Fair." And right upon the heels of this announcement came Lola Lane's admission that she and Lew Ayres (Janet's lover in the picture) had decided on divorce. But there is no connection between the two divorces, except that both were caused by "differences in temperament." There hasn't been even a whisper of an off-screen romance between Janet and Lew—and, besides, the Ayreses date their rift from last November 5. Lola, in filing suit, claimed that Lew no longer cared for her and considered marriage "a millstone around his neck." And it was only a few weeks ago, when Lola was in the East, that they kept the telephone wires humming—talking about a reconciliation!

COUPLE MATCH NOTES

Robert Young and Diana Wynyard—both recently Nominated for Stardom by MOTION PICTURE—compare reactions between scenes of "Men Must Fight"

WHEN Joan Blondell and George Barnes eloped, the first reports erroneously had it that Mr. Barnes was the one who wore the red wig for disguise! Besides the crimson thatch, Joan also wore black glasses. No wonder they were spotted! George, in explaining why they ended the suspense just when they did, said, "We were going to New York, and passed through Phoenix. It looked like a good place to get married in, so we got off the train and were married!"

THE long friendship of Evalyn Knapp and Donald Cook has almost passed from Hollywood's mind lately. Rumor had it that it was "off." But it's very much "on." Indeed, they now announce that they're engaged. At this rate, they may get married one of these days. Susan Fleming is wearing a huge diamond on the proper finger, and everyone is wondering if Harpo Marx put it there. Mae Clarke ditto, with Leon Waycoff being the gentleman in question. Lila Lee is wearing an even more blinding sparkler—put there by director George Hill. Lila insists that she is leaving the screen permanently, when she starts on her honeymoon. And John Wayne is all ready to enter into the sea of matrimony with Josephine Saenz, pretty daughter of a South American diplomat.

IS JIMMY "MORTIFIED"?

Jimmy Durante meets a "boid" in his new beer comedy whose schnozzle dwarfs his own. Both, as you see, are speechless!

POISED

That's Betty McMahon, passing her camera test with A plus, and winning an Educational contract

THE funeral of Jack Pickford was held in one of those rare Southern California torrential rainstorms. But despite the downpour, his old friends were all on hand to pay homage to the memory of Mary's younger brother, who was a star in silent days. He died at 36, of multiple neuritis, in Paris—in the same hospital where his first wife, beautiful Olive Thomas, died in 1920, from the effects of poison taken by mistake. He had been married and divorced twice since then—Marilyn Miller being his second wife, Mary Mulhern his third. Old-time moviegoers will remember him in the silent version of "Tom Sawyer."

Maureen O'Sullivan, suddenly homesick, was credited with the desire to leave the screen and return to Ireland "to lead a normal life once more." The announcement followed closely the report that she and James Dunn had "broken up"—again. Then came a report that she faced deportation as an alien who had overstayed her permit. But reporters guessed wrong twice. Maureen is staying, break-up or no break-up!

IN "A Bill of Divorcement," Katharine Hepburn supported Billie Burke. Now, in "The Great Desire," Billie supports Katharine. That's Hollywood!

THEY'VE JUST ARRIVED

Lilian Harvey, Europe's best-known woman star, has just arrived to start her Hollywood career in "My Lips Betray"

Lona Andre, runner-up in the Panther Woman contest and new Baby Star, starts her career in "The Mysterious Rider"

VICTOR McLAGLEN has just taken out his final American citizenship papers. Ivan Lebedeff has just taken out his first. Fifi Dorsay is now an American. John Warburton has announced his intention of becoming one. The new slogan, besides "Buy American," is "*Go* American!"

Well, and doesn't it seem good to have Garbo back again—even if no one knows just what her plans are? First, you hear that she is signed up for years; then you hear that she is still biding her time about a contract. There's also a rumor that she is planning other surprises besides talking for publication. We'll have a surprise story about her next month. It's a promise.

LILIAN HARVEY, who's gazing at the New York skyline at the left, is the most important European capture that Hollywood has made in some time. Here is a girl who is a star in three languages—English, German and French. Born in England, she grew up in Germany and became Germany's foremost screen charmer. She has one of those gilt-edged contracts—three pictures a year, with a guarantee of three months' vacation. She will make her own foreign versions of her Fox pictures, which, she hopes, will be musical and gay, like "Congress Dances," which brought her those big offers. Among her many accomplishments is the art of walking a tight rope. There's one thing that Garbo can't do!

Still another newcomer from Germany who is likely to add glamour to the Hollywood scene is Dorothea Wieck, who played the lone sensitive teacher in "Maedchen in Uniform." Paramount is the studio that won her—and they're hoping she'll make them dry their tears at Dietrich's departure.

An English newcomer with charm and a fascinating name is Heather Angel, who is a good friend of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She has her work all laid out for her at Fox for several pictures, the first to be "House of Refuge."

And last, but not least, another newcomer to the talkie scene is Peggy Hopkins Joyce, America's most famous off-screen siren. She's to be in "International House" at Paramount. Peggy confesses that her biggest worry about appearing on a sound stage is that she may find it a drafty place. She claims she isn't looking forward to any new romance rumors.

ACCORDING to their close friends, the Bing Crosbys (Dixie Lee) will have a silver spoon to buy early this summer. Edward G. Robinson is rushing work on "The Little Giant" so that he can get back East in time to be with Mrs. Robinson (Gladys Lloyd) when old Dr. Stork leaves his Precious Package. The Herbert Marshalls (Edna Best), over in London, are shopping for Tiny Things. And all the movie couples who aren't "expecting" seem to be adopting.

Some Hollywood marriages end in a hurry, but that of Elinor Fair (former wife of Bill Boyd) and John Daniels, young broker, shattered all records. They parted a few hours after their elopement, and just three weeks later a Mexican court set Elinor free again. "It was all a mistake." She was to have wed Frank Daniels, film stunt flier, but they had quarreled.

AND Alice Joyce used originality in suing James B. Regan, Jr., for divorce in Reno—craving her freedom because her husband wasn't more like his late father, the famous host of the old Hotel Knickerbocker in New York. "If Jim had been as ambitious, how different things would be!"

TOM MIX AND TONY, JR., DEPART

Tom Mix has "sawdust fever" again, and is leaving the screen for the circus. Ken Maynard will replace him at Universal

Acme

SUN-KISSED Mozelle Britton, the studio stenographer who got a screen chance, but is keeping her old job, too, acquires a very private sun-tan in one of the ultra-violet ray cabinets at the El Mirador Hotel Palm Springs

MINNA GOMBELL admits that she doesn't know much about the more expensive kinds of fur coats. Just before she went to New York recently, she indulged the ambition of a lifetime and bought a mink coat. She was perfectly happy until she dropped into a famous Fifth Avenue fur shop to look at a white ermine evening wrap.

The furrier gazed coldly at the coat she was wearing, felt it between his fingers and snorted, "Hm—weasel!" Minna, who had paid mink prices for the coat, was indignant. She bought the ermine wrap.

When she returned to Hollywood, her local furrier called her up. "How about the evening wrap you vere talking about before you vent avay?" he asked. Minna explained that she had bought one in New York and would bring it in to him to be shortened. When she did so, she displayed her Fifth Avenue ermine wrap with a flourish. The Hollywood furrier sniffed, fingered a corner, and grunted, "Ach!—veasel!"

THESE Hollywood jewel robberies are certainly a new departure in crime. Betty Compson, after calling in the police when a gentleman variously described as "dressed in a messenger's uniform" and "wearing a dark gray coat and hat" took some $35,000 worth of jewelry, changed her mind and decided not to press the investigation. "I am told that if I don't talk, I'll get my jewels back," said Betty evasively. The gag is that if stars who are robbed will pay in cash a fifth of the value of the stolen goods, their property will be restored. But the Compson case grows "mysteriouser and mysteriouser," as Alice said in Wonderland. She got back her jewels after receiving an illiterate letter, saying, "If you want your jewels, call at the S. P station with the enclosed check." Now, the police would like to know if Betty paid anything to recover them.

And the Compson case has given at least a dozen scenario writers the idea of a movie about a screen star who was really robbed, with police thinking it a publicity stunt.

George Raft, too, has just been robbed—of $1,000 worth of clothes.

Mary Pickford believes that players who have given most of their lives to the movies shouldn't be forgotten by producers as the years take them out of the leading-rôle class. And, in producing "Secrets," she has practised her belief—for in the cast are such old-time favorites as Bessie Barriscale, Ella Hall, Flora Bramley, Ethel Clayton and Huntly Gordon.

TWELVE years ago, according to a startling newspaper article in a Boston Sunday paper, a young American actor told an interviewer that, since Americans wanted foreign stuff, he was going to give it to them. The article names a well-known foreign actor as having fooled Hollywood for years. Pictures of the two show a certain resemblance. But if any American had been able to give as consistent a performance as a foreign aristocrat as that, he would be the greatest actor who had ever hit Hollywood. You can fool some of Hollywood all of the time, and all of Hollywood part of the time, but not all of Hollywood all of the time. (Who was it that first discovered that, anyway?)

Edwina Booth, who had the chance of a lifetime as the heroine of "Trader Horn," but has been a semi-invalid ever since, has just had a serious relapse. She is suffering from a condition brought on by exposure to the fierce tropical sun, according to doctors familiar with tropical diseases. Her return to the screen is problematical.

BUT another girl who was once seriously ill and whose return to the screen was problematical is now healthy and making rapid strides in her comeback. We mean Mae Clarke. She's in "As the Devil Commands" and in the title rôle of "Parole Girl"—and now she's scheduled to play opposite John Gilbert in "Rivets." Her chances are coming so fast she can't take them all.

TEAMED FOR FIRST TIME

Longworth

Joan Blondell has not only a new husband (George Barnes), but a new co-star in "Blondie Johnson"—Chester Morris

BEFORE she departs, Marlene Dietrich is giving Hollywood something to remember her by—namely, her masculine wardrobe. At Palm Springs recently, before her husband (Rudolph Sieber) returned to Germany, she put on a free show for the guests of the biggest hotel. She lounged on the edge of the pool in masculine attire, with eyelashes several inches long, it seemed, combing out her hair, rubbing her husband with oil, chatting with Maurice Chevalier, and being

(*Continued on page 85*)

"SWEEPINGS" *thru* Hollywood's

This story takes you behind the scenes of Lionel Barrymore's new picture, in which he first appears as a youth in his twenties! It gives you a close-up of Lionel at work and a panorama of a big picture in production—"inside" glimpses that outsiders rarely have!

By JACK GRANT

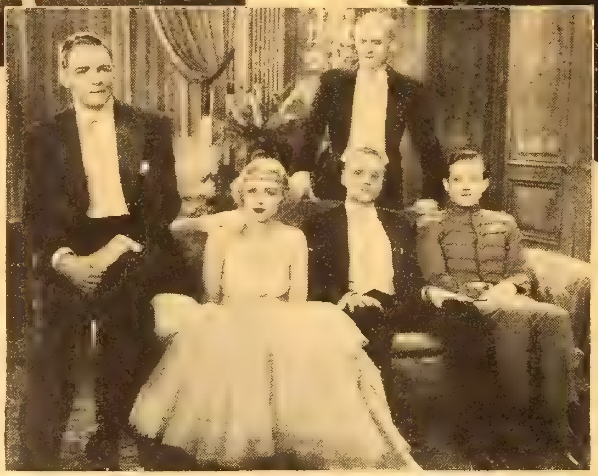
To see a picture like "Sweepings" through Hollywood's eyes is to see the drama within a drama, to realize the painstaking devotion to tiny details, to feel the romance, the behind-the-scenes humor and pathos, the imaginative, tense and grueling work of acting. Seeing a picture as Hollywood sees it, you will find that your enjoyment will be keener, your appreciation of picture-making more acute. To give you this new pleasure, MOTION PICTURE is publishing a new series, revealing the "inside" stories of big pictures in production. This is the third of the series—"Cavalcade" and "42nd Street" having preceded it.—Editor.

Above, John Cromwell directs Gregory Ratoff in a rehearsal while the camera crew gets set for action

MANY eminent authors mutter unprintably under their breath when the name of Hollywood is mentioned. Their brain children, they say, their precious brain children have been murdered, simply murdered, by the dread scourge of the movies. Why, look what was done to . . .

No such charge can be hurled at Hollywood by Lester Cohen, author of "Sweepings." For here is one gentleman from the ranks of best-selling novelists who has written his own screen treatment for his own book. If he quarrels with the completed picture, he quarrels with himself.

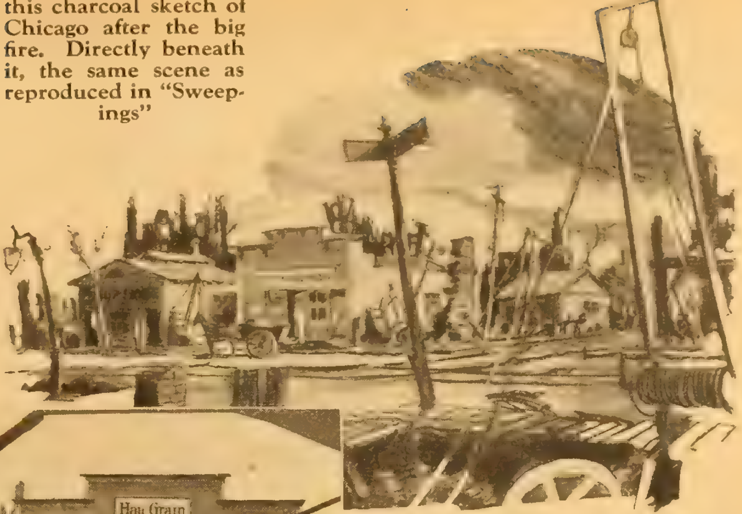
The theme that was to become "Sweepings" was suggested to Cohen when he read an old will. He was an editorial writer at the time and, for the next four years, he mulled the idea over in his mind. He had no time during this period to write the novel; so finally, despairing of the possibility of finding time, he resigned his position to shut himself up in a hotel room where he labored for two full years on his manuscript.



Lionel Barrymore (standing in rear, above) has four children in "Sweepings," and all of them disappoint his hopes. Left to right, they are: William Gargan, Gloria Stuart, George Meeker and Eric Linden

—Seen

Eyes



An artist of 1871 made this charcoal sketch of Chicago after the big fire. Directly beneath it, the same scene as reproduced in "Sweepings"

Hay Grain
FEED

Below, the story comes down to the present day, and *Daniel Pardway's* oldest son (William Gargan), finding life easy, goes the easy way of wine, women and song. At bottom, *Daniel* and his wife (Nan Sunderland) are welcomed to Chicago in 1871 by his brother (Alan Dinehart)

CHILDREN'S
5¢
A PAIR
5¢

A milling mob storms the *Pardway* store for the big sale after the Chicago fire—and starts the *Pardway* fortune. Many socks vanished during the filming of this scene

That his work was well done is attested by the fact that his novel attained immediate popularity. It is fortunate that it did, for every cent of Cohen's savings had been gambled on the venture. RKO Studios purchased "Sweepings" and engaged its author to adapt it to the screen. Two months later, Cohen completed the script.

Meanwhile, the numerous rôles were being cast. Rarely has so large a production offered so few casting problems, although several loans from other studios had to be negotiated. In nearly every case, one screen test sufficed for each part. The unusualness of this situation is apparent when you recall the hundreds of tests that preceded the casting of Irene Dunne in "Cimarron," Diana Wynyard in "Cavalcade" and other actresses in similar dramas that had to do with a span of years. Nan Sunderland, in private life the bride of Walter Huston, was the first to be tested for the rôle of *Abigail Pardway*. She won the unanimous approval of RKO executives and, of course, there were no further tests, much to the disappointment of a score of candidates.

Lionel Barrymore, borrowed from M-G-M, was assigned the starring rôle of *Daniel Pardway*. The part of his brother, *Thane*, fell to the capable hands of Alan Dinehart. The four *Pardway* children are played by Eric Linden, William Gargan, George Meeker and Gloria Stuart, the latter on loan from Universal. Gregory Ratoff, as *Abe Ullman*, Lucien Littlefield as *Grimson*, Helen Mack as *Mamie*, and Ivan Lebedeff as *Prince Nikolaz* completed the casting of major parts. Borrowing John Cromwell

(*Continued on page 96*)

We Nominate for Stardom

RUBY KEELER

WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL

RUBY KEELER may be Al Jolson's wife in private life (and is), but she is going to be Somebody on the screen on her own account. Wait and see! She may have been the star of six of New York's biggest musical comedy hits (and was), but she's going to be an even greater hit in pictures, the Warner Brothers think. And after seeing that piquant personality of hers in "42nd Street," we are inclined to agree with them.

Counting a year to each show that Ruby has appeared in since she left the Professional Children's School in New York at thirteen, and then allowing four years of retirement as Mrs. Jolson, you will figure her to be about twenty-three. She has enormous Irish eyes and a pointed, elfin face. And can she dance?

Darryl Zanuck met her at the fights with Al, and his second remark to her, right after "How do you do?" was "Don't you want to go in a picture?" Joseph Schenck had already asked her that, but Ruby figured that to start her screen career in her husband's picture wouldn't be so good. This was different. So Ruby became a movie player—a bit frightened "because nobody knows me."

We Believe in Her

Because not only is she a great little dancer, but she can ACT. *Because* she is not just a pretty girl—she is, photographically, a find. *Because* she was a Ziegfeld star—and Ziegfeld could pick 'em. *Because*, after six years on Broadway, she was self-conscious before movie stars when she started "42nd Street." *Because* she stole the picture. *Because* she would sign for only one picture, until Warners saw how they liked her—and now they have her tied up for seven years!

TOM BROWN

UNIVERSAL

TOM BROWN, like Ruby Keeler (and Gene Raymond, Anita Louise and Lillian Roth), received his first dramatic training at the Professional Children's School. Tom gives his age as twenty, but—hist!—we hear on very good authority that he has added on a few years! We are usually a bit shy of these precocious youngsters. We have to be sold on them. But after seeing his work in "The Famous Ferguson Case," "Fast Companions," "Tom Brown of Culver," "Hell's Highway," "Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown," who wouldn't be willing to risk a reputation as a good prophet on Tom?

He has been on the stage since he was eighteen months old. When he was ten, he appeared in "Is Zat So?" with the Gleasons and stayed in the part for three years. Between times, he rescued a few people from drowning, went to school, and broadcast over the radio.

He has freckles and a good grin. He's at the in-between age—too big to play "kid" parts and not big enough to play young lovers. Even so, they are writing in parts especially for him. He likes the girls, but cannot understand why he cannot stay in love for more than two weeks at a time.

We Believe in Him

Because his mother is a former actress and has taught Tom "the ropes." *Because* whenever he has shown a sign of egotism, she has known what to do. *Because* other studios are constantly trying to borrow him. *Because*, at his age, he has a formidable list of both stage and screen rôles to his credit. *Because* he has few of the juvenile mannerisms that have annoyed audiences in the past. *Because* boys of his own age say that he is "regular"—a high compliment from them.

SERIES NUMBER 12

In making these prophecies about Ruby Keeler and Tom Brown, MOTION PICTURE rounds out a full year of nominating newcomers for stardom.

Our previous Nominees, in order of selection, have been: Tala Birell and George Brent; Ann Dvorak and Randolph Scott; Gwili Andre and Bruce Cabot; Lyda Roberti and Robert Young; Gloria Stuart and George Raft; Dorothy Wilson and Dick Powell; Aline MacMahon and William Gargan; Katharine Hepburn and Lyle Talbot; Diana Wynyard and Preston Foster; Glenda Farrell and Buster Crabbe.

Several of these have already fulfilled our prophecies of stardom for them. (The only new stars of the past year have come from this group.) The others are on their way in increasingly big rôles.

Watch for their names in the casts of coming pictures. And check up on our prediction of stardom for Ruby Keeler by seeing her in the backstage drama, "42nd Street"; and for Tom Brown by watching him in the rum-fleet drama, "Destination Unknown."—Editor.

MOTION PICTURE Presents the Coming

TOM BROWN

At 20, he is the only screen hero who has had a picture named after him—namely, "Tom Brown of Culver." And with eighteen and a half years of stage experience behind him, he knows his acting. Still growing, he's attaining star stature!

RUBY KEELER

She doesn't look as if she'd ever have camera-fright, does she? But Ruby did—when she started "42nd Street." And then stole the picture! She attended the same school that Tom Brown did and, like him, was a Broadway prodigy. At 20, she was Ziegfeld's star dancer. And Mrs. Jolson can also act!

Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites

CLOTHES GOSSIP from HOLLYWOOD

Here's the sassy little henna hat that Claudette Colbert wears in "Tonight Is Ours"

Who's Wearing *What* and *How* Is Revealed in MOTION PICTURE'S New Department of Advance Fashion Tips from the New Films

BY *Marilyn*

The ever-popular black-and-white combination is featured in "A Lady's Profession," by Sari Maritza (upper left), and by Kathleen Burke (above) in a scene in "Murders in the Zoo"

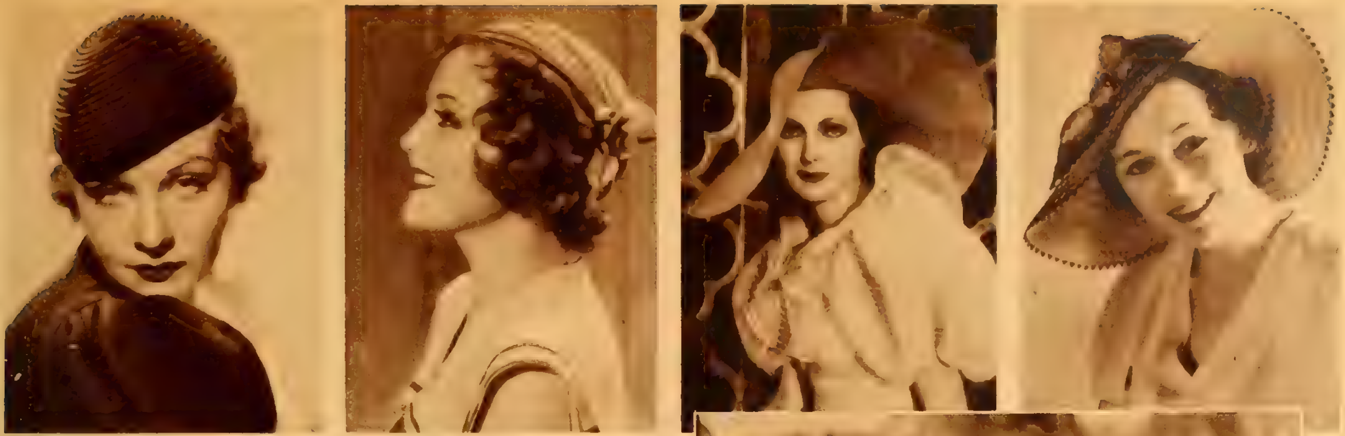
For the third month, *Marilyn* is telling you, through MOTION PICTURE, the "inside story" of what new styles the new pictures are setting — and, like these new pictures, she has some fashion surprises for you. Not only this month, but every month. Keep up with *Marilyn*, and then watch for the pictures she has seen in production — and you won't miss a thing in the fashion line from Hollywood!—Editor.

"IN the Spring a lady's fancy turns covetously to the thoughts of a NEW HAT. . . . " And if you are one of the millions who are guided by Hollywood's preferences in hats, what a HAT you will be wearing this Spring!

Hats have been perky, and just a bit silly for more than a year now. But if you can believe what you will see in the new pictures of Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Nancy Carroll, *et al*, hats are going to be almost ridiculous in their cuteness this Spring! "Perky" is no longer the correct adjective to describe Hollywood's fashionable headgear. They're sassy . . . they're impudent . . . they're downright fresh, the way they cling to the side of Milady's head, if they are small. And they're exaggerated into the most adorable turns and twists if they are large!

There are no "in between" hats to be glimpsed in the movies they are making right now. They are either perfectly enormous, or so small that they can be pushed down into a coat pocket.

Wait until you see Joan Crawford's *Sherlock Holmes* cap from the sports sequence in her new picture, "To-day We Live"! *Adrian* designed this for Joan as the latest possible model in a sports hat. It is gray tweed, the same material as Joan's suit, with an enor-



The angle of Sari Maritza's black corded silk skull-cap is very important. Next to her is Nancy Carroll in a less extreme model of the small hat in blue silk crêpe. Next in line is Adrienne Ames with her Leghorn hat, which goes to the other extreme in size, as does Maureen O'Sullivan's, which is made of Baku straw and rick-rack braiding

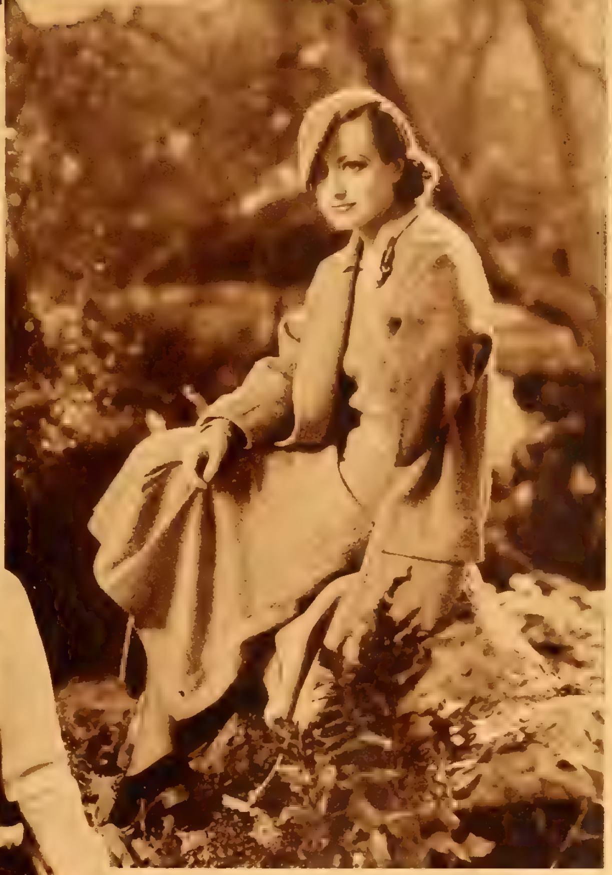
mous "visor" that completely obscures one of the Crawford eyes, so that the left eye never knows what the right eye is doing. It's extreme, but also extremely attractive.

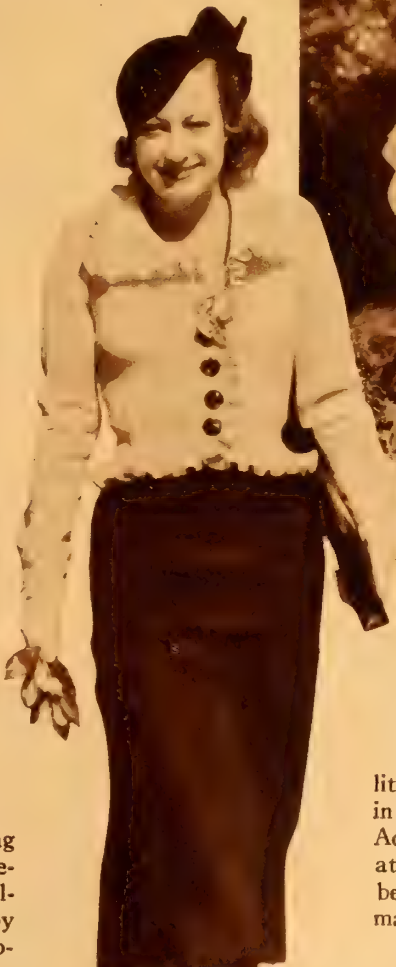
Will Use It for a Sunshade

"IT'S swell for those sunny days," laughed Joan when she first tried on the amazing chapeau. "I can, at least, keep one side of my face shaded!" When Howard Hawks, the director of the picture, saw THE hat, he said, "I can't tell whether I think it is the most ridiculous hat I ever saw—or the cutest." It may be either . . . or both . . . but something tells us that it is going to start a new fad in hats, just as Joan's attire in "Letty Lynton" started a new sleeve fad.

Travis Banton, the Paramount designer, got his inspiration for the fresh little hat worn by Claudette Colbert in "Tonight Is Ours" from our old friend, the Overseas Cap of the late World War. Just how it manages to cling to the side of Claudette's slick coiffure is another one of those fashion mysteries. Maybe the material has something to do with it—the hat is of henna crêpe with a henna cock-feather perched impudently right on the top of the crown!

But *Banton's* pride and joy among the latest millinery that he has designed is a brimless black silk skull-cap, heavily corded, which is worn by Sari Maritza in "A Lady's Profession." The hat, itself, is a mere handful of material no bigger than a handkerchief, but the smartness lies in the way it is worn. You've heard of hats coming far down over one eye—well, this one comes so far over the eye that it completely obscures one *eyebrow!*



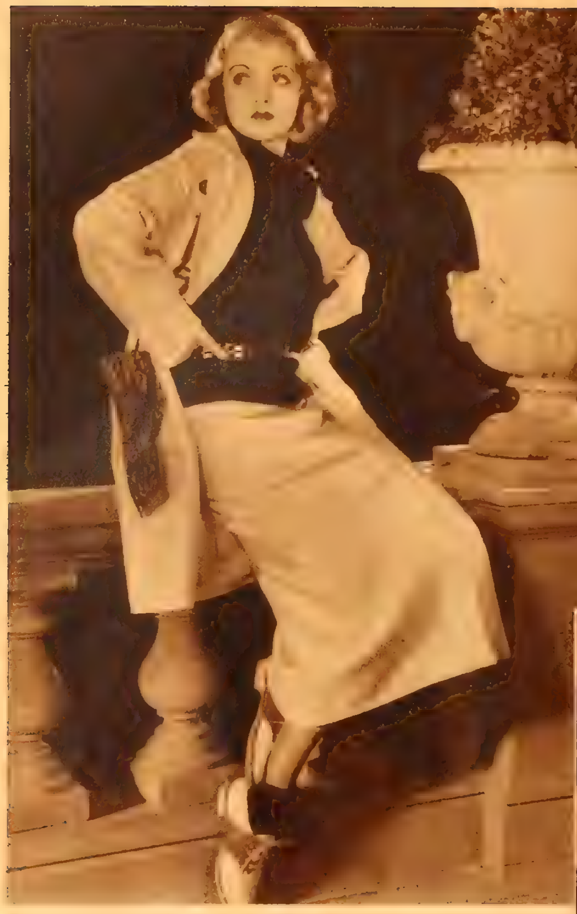


The gray tweed sports hat *à la* Sherlock Holmes, worn by Joan Crawford (above) in "To-day We Live," is made of the same material as her suit. Left, Joan in the stunning black-and-white outfit of quilted angel-skin from her own wardrobe

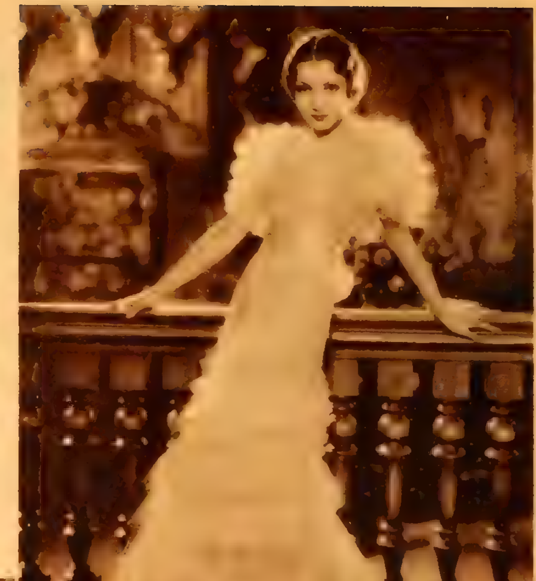
Far less exaggerated is the almost-normal-sized little silk crêpe hat of blue with a self-material bow in the back, worn by Nancy Carroll in "The Woman Accused." In case you just can't wear the exaggerated models worn by Joan, Claudette or Sari, you may be equally modish in the hat that Nancy wears in so many close-ups with Cary Grant.

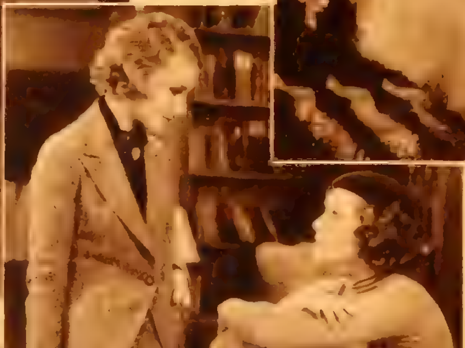
Big Hats Still Flattering

AND here's a little tip: Don't let these funny little hats frighten you away from at least one very large hat for your late Spring or early summer millinery! Say what they will about the staccato fashion charm of these pee-wee hats, there is nothing more flattering to a woman's face than the large-brimmed hat! You may not look so smart, but you will look a

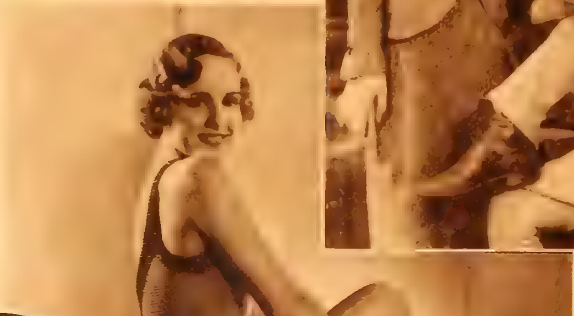


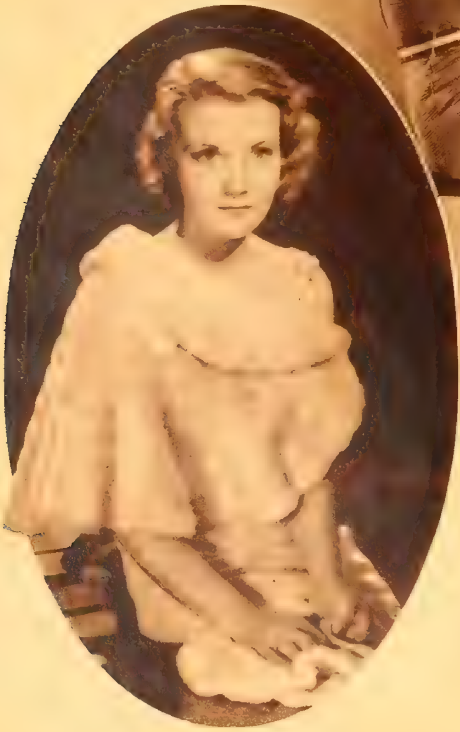
Constance Bennett (above) shows the striking white corduroy and brown wool sports costume that she wears in "Our Betters." Her kerchief is white and brown, too



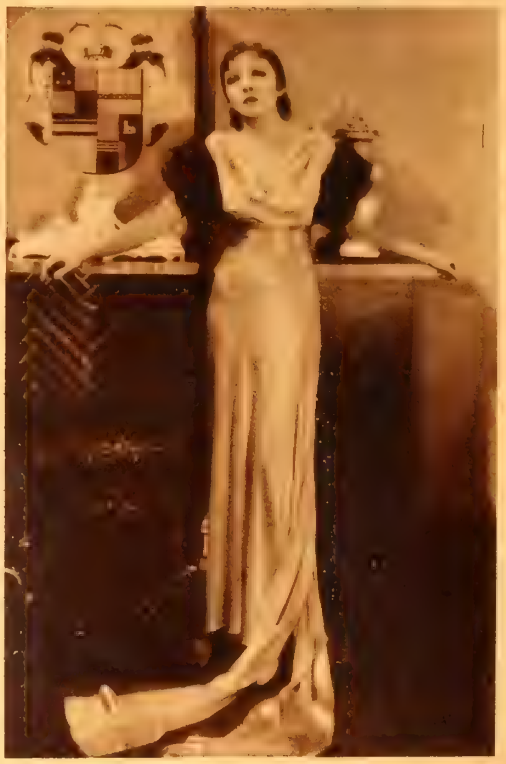


Two of the gowns that Claudette Colbert wears in "Tonight Is Ours" go from one extreme to the other. Above, you see the very girlish ruffled dress and, below, the slinky and more sophisticated one of the two. Katharine Hepburn and Helen Chandler (left) in "The Great Desire," Katharine wearing a smart riding habit and Helen a mannish suit





Brown and white are again combined in the checked bathing suit worn by Madge Evans (above). The cute little one-sided white ermine cape that Helen Chandler wears in "The Great Desire" is pictured at the left



great deal prettier in the model worn by Adrienne Ames. Notice the stunning eye-dip that *Banton* has given this untrimmed natural Leghorn straw.

Another girl who prefers a large hat for her newest is Maureen O'Sullivan, who models her latest purchase for her personal wardrobe. Maureen's hat is a Borel model of rick-rack braiding on large-brimmed Baku straw. The colors are natural straw and brown. The bow gives a youthful effect, which makes this an adorable model for the girl in her teens.

Getting away from the fascinating subjects of hats for a moment, let's stop and consider what Hollywood is doing with color combinations in the latest pictures. As usual, the most effective combination for the camera (so far as photography goes) is that old stand-by, black-and-white! Hollywood isn't going to get in any argument about whether black and white are the very latest combination, or not. The Paris designers may have thought up something a little more novel for this Spring—but Hollywood is sticking to her story for effectiveness . . . black and white forever!

Joan's "Angel-Skin" Outfit

HAVE you ever seen any Spring ensemble more effective than the costume worn by Joan Crawford the day she reported to the studio to have make-up tests for "To-day We Live"? The Basque blouse is of quilted angel-skin (yes, it is something new), with ruffled edges and four shiny, black buttons as the only trimming. Joan's tailored black skirt is of the same material—angel-skin; her pumps and bag are of patent leather; and the smart black hat is velvet. *Adrian* liked Joan's outfit so well that he begged her to wear it for a certain street scene in "To-day We Live," in which, by the way, Gary Cooper is her co-star. Perhaps she will—but we got a picture of it anyway, just in case something comes up to make her change her mind. We just had to let you see this stunning black-and-white combination.

Another effective use of black and white is shown in "Murders in the Zoo," when Kathleen Burke appears in her black crêpe gown, most startlingly collared-and-cuffed in rough white crêpe, which has been heavily braided. And still another black-and-white dream of a dress is worn by Sari Maritza in "A Lady's Profession." When you see Sari's black crêpe gown in the picture, don't mistake the white satin covering, which extends from the elbow to the wrist, for something new in long gloves. Those, if you please, are the sleeves. And how do you like that large black stripe down the center of the white collar? Do you wonder that Hollywood cameramen clamor for more combinations of black and white from the studio fashion designers?

The scene above is from "To-day We Live" with Joan Crawford and Robert Young, in which Joan wears the adorable white mousseline-de-soie dress. Left, Constance Bennett gives you a glimpse of the gown with the train that she wears in "Our Betters"

If it's sport clothes you're waiting to glimpse in the new pictures, you are going to hail with delight the stunning sports outfit worn by Constance Bennett in the garden scenes of "Our Betters." The knee-length coat and the skirt of the ensemble are of white corduroy, and the sweater is of dark brown wool.

Connie Brings Back Socks

NOTICE in particular the enormous white buttons that are "piped" in brown. And the handkerchief that dangles so effectively out of Connie's pocket is brown and white silk. You don't have to wear the metal belt with the sweater, but Connie likes it that way. Somebody said not so long ago that socks were passé. But Connie, in portraying an American girl married to a title in "Our Betters," has elected to wear socks with her

(*Continued on page* 80)

CAROLE LOMBARD

You get the impression that Carole has cleared away a mist from before her eyes and sees clearly at last just what she ought to do—and will certainly do it. Once content to be one of the screen's best-dressed women, she must be on the move now—and go places in an acting way. That's what it does to a girl to play opposite Clark Gable, as Carole did in "No Man of Her Own"! And she may bridge the gap to stardom as quickly as she goes "From Hell to Heaven" in her next!

Dyar

"I'd Make a Terrible Husband!" Says LEE TRACY

By GLADYS HALL

Bachrach

In other words, Lee is trying to squelch that rumor that he is one of the screen's most eligible bachelors. Not kidding a bit, he says he doesn't need a wife, doesn't long for a home of his own, and doesn't crave a little Lee Tracy, Jr.—and gives his reasons. Don't miss them!

I'VE had a day as *was* a day. I interviewed Maurice Chevalier at eleven, and at noon I met Lee Tracy on the Metro lot and lunched with him, while he told me about the armor he's wearing against Dan Cupid's well-known arrows.

I said, "I'm still under the French influence—I've just left Chevalier."

Said Lee, "How'd you get here so fast—bounce off his lower lip?"

And that's that boy from Atlanta, Georgia, for you. As breezy, as snappy, as quick on the comeback off the screen as ever you have seen him on. More than a little tired, withal, having made nine pictures in an incredibly brief span of time, one following on the heels of the other so rapidly that he has occasionally found himself calling the character of one picture by the name of the character in the picture before. Of them all, "Blessed Event" is his favorite to date. Recently, he signed a gilt-edged, long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and plunged immediately into the production of "Clear All Wires," the comedy-melodrama about American newspaper correspondents abroad. He feels that he has skimmed the cream off the free-lance field and is glad for a "steady place."

"I'd make a terrible husband," Lee told me, at the luncheon table. "The way I work alone is enough to class me with the perennial bachelors. And then, I have a sort of passion for being by myself. We're on good terms, me and myself. A while back I drove out here from New York, all by my itty self. People said to me, 'Drove across the continent *alone?* Why, you must be nuts! What's the idea?'

No Wife, No Strife

"THE idea is that I have a swell time when I I am enjoying my own company. I never get into arguments with myself. I am so self-sufficient that I even enjoy my own conversation. And every stop I made on the way out, I took time off and patted myself on the back *because I didn't have a wife with me.* I could go to any little ol' hotel I had a mind to, in any town, at any time. If I'd had a Missus Tracy with me, she would certainly have said, 'Oooh, do we *have* to stay at this awful little hole? Can't we go on to the next town? I'm sure I won't like the rooms or the bed-linen or the carpet on the floor or the way they scramble their eggs.' Things like that. You know . . . don't pretend that you don't . . .

"Alone, I could eat anywhere I liked, as well as sleep anywhere I liked. I could drive all night if I was night-minded, or I could sleep all day and what the hell. I could stop along the way whenever I felt the urge and talk to hoboes or the cattle on the ranges, if I felt we had anything in common, which I frequently did. I could burn up the road, and there was no back-seat driver to remind me, hysterically, that Eternity might be just around the corner—and was I ready for it?

(*Continued on page* 84)

When Ramon Novarro leaves Hollywood in the Spring, he may find that "there's no place like home." For Ramon drew the plans for his new modernistic home, himself. Left, you see him on the breakfast porch

All photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Ramon is sending a younger brother through college to be an architect—to be, in others words, what Ramon, himself, might well have been. He designed his new home for privacy, as well as modernistic beauty. Above, the entrance—against which all visitors are silhouetted

Ramon built a home for himself because he wanted to be able to play the piano whenever the mood struck him. Above, from an unusual angle, you see a corner of the music room. Left, the music room terrace—with Ramon on the breakfast porch above it

"I'll *Never* Fall in Love," Predicts RAMON NOVARRO

About to leave the screen "for at least three years," Ramon says, "There will never be an Only Girl for me. I shall never marry. I never will be in love." Sounds like a drastic prophecy, doesn't it? But the secret is that Ramon, who hasn't had time for romance in Hollywood, expects to have even less time when he takes up music in a serious way!

BY FAITH SERVICE

Ramon Novarro has built a new home to have privacy. And he dodges romance to keep that privacy

C. S. Bull

RAMON NOVARRO, now about to give up the screen, has changed. Within the space of one year, he has become an entirely different sort of person. He now believes absolutely that he will never fall in love and will never marry.

One year ago he was living with his family and would have vehemently rejected the idea that he would ever live apart from them. To-day, he *is* living apart from them, alone, in a house of his own.

A year ago, Ramon was very young, an idealist, a visionary. To-day he is not so young. He is tired. He is less the visionary idealist and more the practical business man, somewhat overburdened with cares, worried about his work, harassed with responsibilities.

Even as recently as a year ago, credence was still given the familiar story that he planned, some day, to enter a monastery, to lead the monastic life. Ramon says, now, very emphatically, that he does NOT plan to enter a monastery—that the largest part of that story was "colorful publicity."

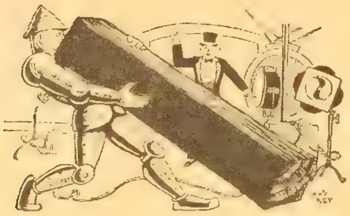
"This doesn't mean," he says, "that I have lost any part of my religion. It means more to me now than it ever has. I feel that we need God in the world now as we have never needed Him before."

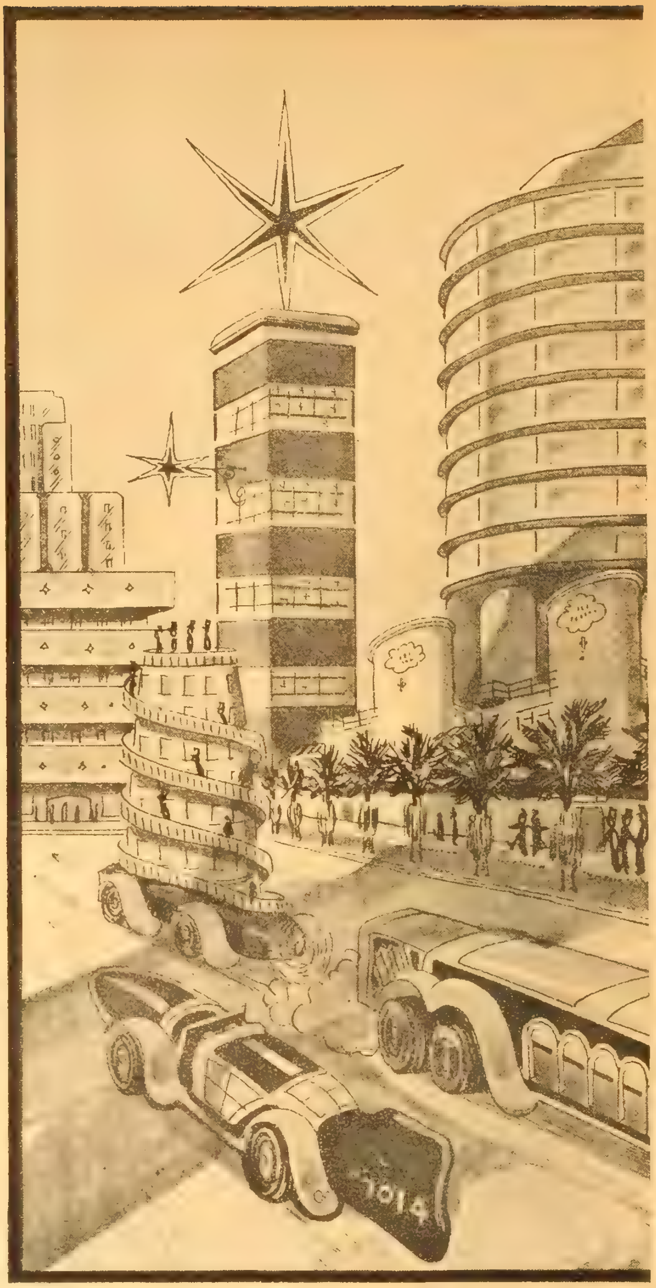
The other stories written about Ramon a year ago had to do with his love and self-sacrifice for his family—his mother and father, his eleven brothers and sisters. And, occasionally, a semi-romantic story would appear, describing the Ideal Girl that Ramon hoped to meet and marry some fair day.

Ramon's devotion to his family is as fervent and faithful as it ever was. But he has found that he must have privacy, seclusion, a place where he can be by himself, lead his own life, with his own thoughts. He found that he could no longer go on under the pressure of so many other lives being lived, so many other problems being faced, so much activity about him. It was for this reason and no other that he bought his own

(*Continued on page 78*)

How Would TECHNOCRACY Change HOLLYWOOD?





The Technocrats predict that, in ten more years, the science of Energy will remake the world. Machinery will do most of the work, people will have time to enjoy life, and wealth won't be measured by money. And if this happens, what will Hollywood be like in 1943? James Cagney, Edmund Lowe, Fredric March, Douglas Fairbanks, Boris Karloff, Robert Armstrong and Lilyan Tashman give you a composite picture from their imaginations!

By JOHN L. HADDON

THIS is the year 1943. Technocracy reigns supreme. Super-machines, directed and controlled by mechanical men or robots, are performing the world's toil. Man stands emancipated, free from the driving necessity of hoarding wealth, ready to divert his energy to the gaining of culture, health, and happiness.

An impossible Utopia? Perhaps. A dream more fantastic than the futuristic cities of "Just Imagine"? Yes, certainly.

This story does not attempt to argue for Technocracy—that plan, to date, is too nebulous, too much inclined to overlook the difficulties that lie in its path. This story merely *supposes* that Technocracy is actually perfected and in operation, and asks: WHAT WOULD HOLLYWOOD BE LIKE UNDER SUCH A SYSTEM?

Remember that this Hollywood of ours has been money-mad—a city of show and bluff, boastful of its million-dollar salaries, its million-dollar production costs and the fabulous luxuries of the stars. Remember that it has been dominated by one of the most rigid caste systems ever known, with an aristocracy based on salaries.

But this is the year 1943. The "Price System" has been abolished. Debts and profits are out of date. *Every* person in Hollywood, from "extra" to star, has been guaranteed a spending power equal to twenty thousand dollars a year, a chance to show his worth, and about nine months of leisure.

WHAT WOULD HOLLYWOOD BE LIKE?

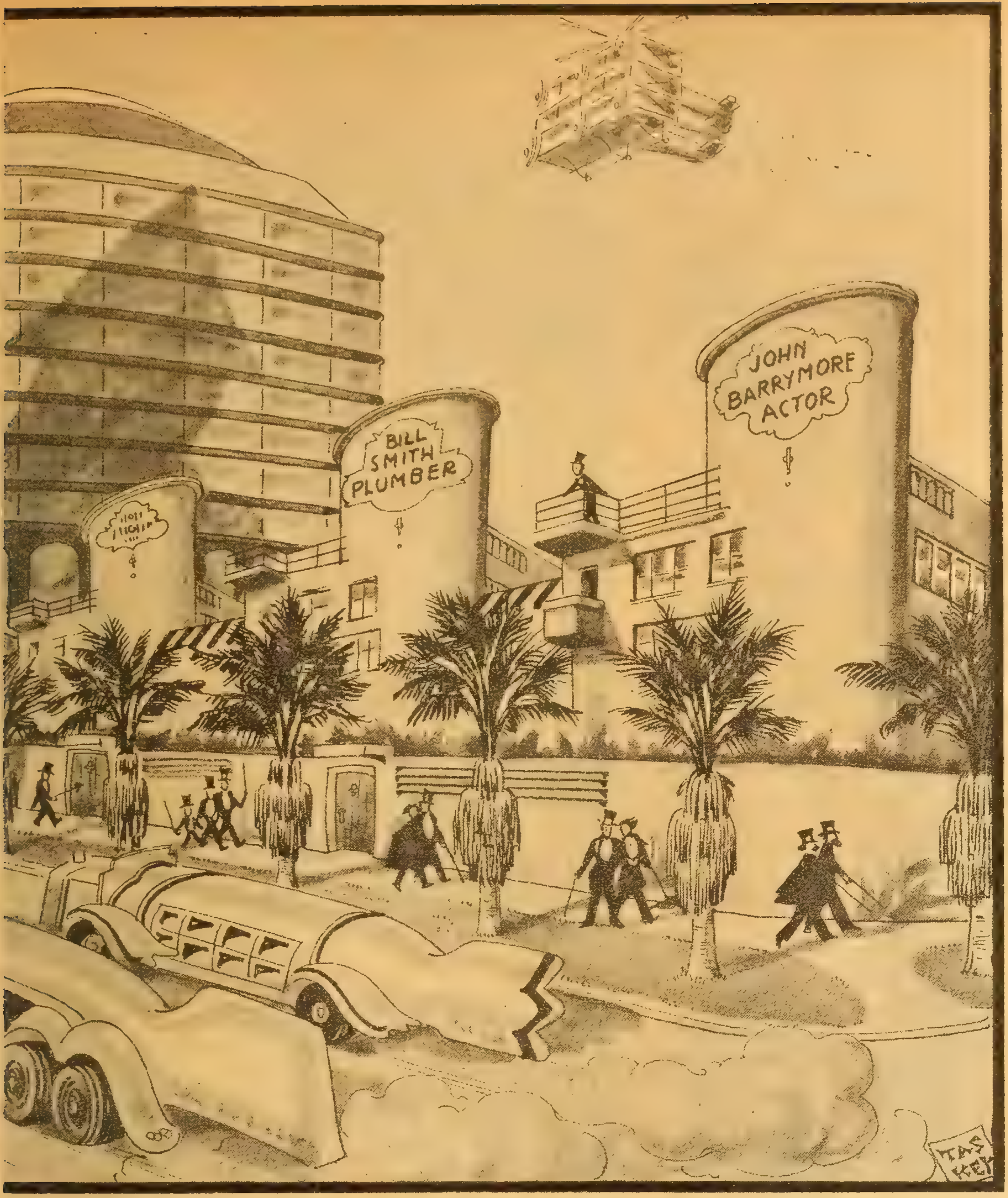
I asked *James Cagney* that question and found him dubious at first, unable to disregard the impediments that lie between the proposal of so revolutionary a plan and actually putting it into effect.

"Forget the obstacles," I prompted. "We're supposing that they've all been met and overcome. Technocracy *is* in force." He began to warm to the subject. . . .

Cagney Foresees an Art Center

"THEN I see a startling new Hollywood," he said. "Instead of considering machines a natural enemy of 'art,' we would welcome new and highly-developed mechanical aides. Hollywood is already a center of artistic activity. It has attracted a tremendous number of artists because motion pictures employ every branch of art—architecture, music, literature, photography, acting, and even sculpture and painting. It would attract still more under the reign of Technocracy.

"These artists would be free from all money worries, for the government would guarantee each worker's income. They



Left, Hollywood in the Technocracy Era—with space ships sailing the skies, speed cars roaring along the streets, actors seldom working but never poor, stars and plumbers living alike

would think of the merit of their work, rather than its price. Hollywood would become one of the few great art centers of the world, just as Pittsburgh, with its steel mills and nearby coal fields, would continue to be an industrial hub.

"Here in Hollywood, we would have one of the world's great television broadcasting stations. Probably it would be located somewhere in the San Fernando Valley. It would broadcast pictures in both sound and color, and its programs would feature the world's greatest musicians, actors and writers. Because profits would be outlawed, the consideration would be to produce the finest entertainment possible. There would be no gang pictures or sex picture cycles, no sensational exploitation gags, and no 'star system.' Dramas would be cast without reference to an actor's 'fan following'— for the only important point would be: 'Does he fit the rôle and is he capable of playing it?'

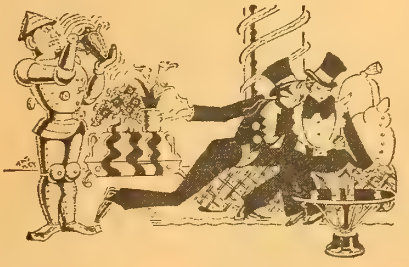
Possible Revolutions in Studios

"TELEVISION would never entirely replace the screen, but the development of scientific marvels by the engineers in charge of the government would completely revolutionize the studios. Sets would be replaced by natural backgrounds, projected in three dimensions on a gigantic screen before which the actors would work. Stenographers, transportation crews, carpenters, electricians, bookkeepers and gatemen would be replaced by machines. Some of them would become movie stars.

"Everyone, of course, would have a vast amount of leisure in which to follow his own desires, and I think that the majority of Hollywood's workers, being naturally creative, would soon tire of aimless pleasure. With thousands of artists gathered in one colony, the social changes in Hollywood would be greater even than the industrial.

"People would be judged by their character and ability, instead of by money standards as now. It would no longer be hard to 'get into the movies' and a new crop of actors would spring into the spotlight. There would be room for thousands more actors because each would work only eight hours a week."

Edmund Lowe, while admitting that he has not the faintest idea how the Utopia pictured by the Technocrats could be reached, drew a fantastic picture of Hollywood under its régime and sought to imagine what part he would play in it.



Technocracy's cocktails would be shaken by robot servants, who would never, never testify in divorce suits

Lowe Sees More Leisure, More Art

"JUST to be radical," he said, "let's suppose that a governing council said to me: 'Edmund Lowe, as an actor you're not an energy producer; consequently, your work has no place in the fundamental program of a mechanized world. You're to drive a tractor, grow oranges and produce energy. Entertainment will be subsidized by the government. If, in your leisure, you wish to act,

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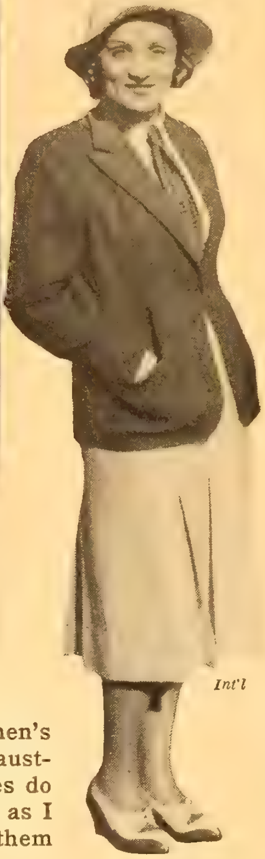
MARLENE DIETRICH Tells

No, she says, she doesn't wear them to be sensational. And she isn't trying to start a revolution in feminine attire—though she says that if other women tried them, they'd never go back to skirts. Marlene says she just followed the pajama-and-slacks idea to its logical conclusion—and adds that she has never been more comfortable or felt better-dressed in her life!

MARLENE DIETRICH says: "The public is always getting excited over something, anyway. First, I uncovered my legs, and people were excited over that. Now I cover my legs, and that excites them, too . . . I am sincere in my preference for men's clothes—I do not wear them to be sensational . . . I think I am much more alluring in these clothes. . . . Wearing such clothes, too, there is a sense of perfect freedom and comfort. I never was comfortable in one single dress that I have worn in all my life. . . . Women's clothes take too much time—it is exhausting, shopping for them. Men's clothes do not change; I can wear them as long as I like. . . . I only hope other women try them and find the comfort I enjoy in them, free from all the constrictions of the conventional women's wear."

These are a few of the highlights gleaned from the first interview given to a screen magazine by Marlene Dietrich since she first startled Hollywood, and the world, with pictures of herself in men's clothes, with appearances at places about town in



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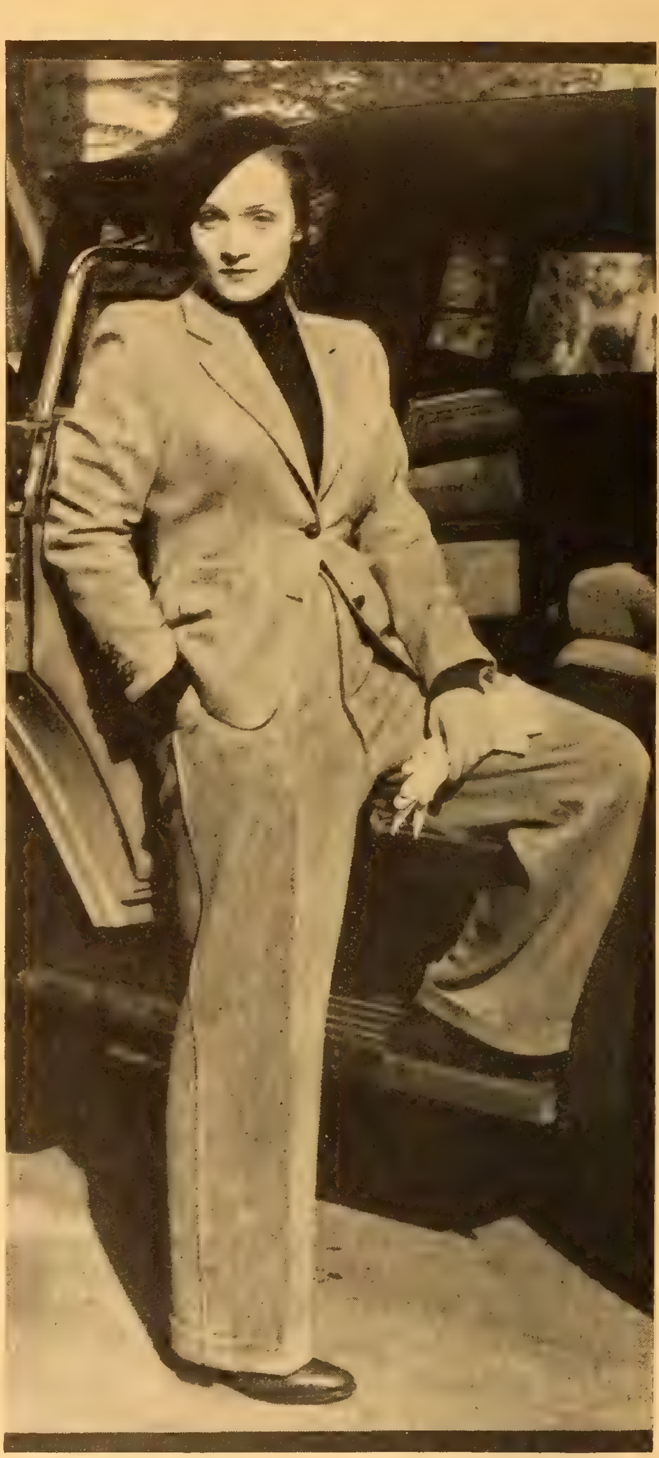


International

Mannish clothes aren't anything new for Marlene. A year ago, for instance, she was wearing shirts, ties and mannish coats, as at left. In "Blonde Venus," far left, she wore a white dress suit. Above, how she goes to work to-day

Why She Wears Men's Clothes!

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

June Estep

Above, the Dietrich of the famous legs (now hidden off the screen). On her last visit to Germany, she donned trousers to pose as "Blue Boy" (far right). Now she has ten trouser suits. Right, how she dresses for a première

men's clothing, appearing nonchalant and looking comfortable.

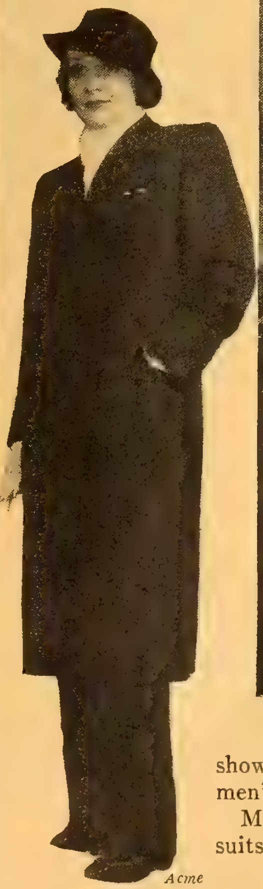
Marlene caused something of a sensation, when she did her first American-made film, "Morocco," by appearing as an entertainer in a café, in a full-dress suit and top hat. People gasped, said "How continental!", and let it pass. Then came her latest film, "Blonde Venus," and again Dietrich was in a dress suit—a white one, however, trimmed with stripes of brilliants. Now she's wearing mannish attire off the screen, and onto the very streets of Los Angeles. Since Marlene is fortunate enough to have a limousine and a chauffeur, she is spared the mobs that would greet an ordinary woman in such extraordinary garb—but even so, she causes a furore on every appearance.

Will She Remake Woman's World?

ARE the struggling women of the world to have a Joan of Arc come out of Hollywood in the person of Marlene Dietrich? Are the fashion-creators of Paris to be defeated by the lovely Marlene in her one-woman Battle of the Century? Is Marlene's fashion ultimatum going to be the "shot heard round the world" and are Marlene's breeches a new banner of freedom for the women who spend their lives and their money, trying to keep abreast of the styles, which change every three months?

These are some of the questions that thinking people in Hollywood have been asking themselves of recent weeks, since Marlene Dietrich has gone Garbo one better by appearing at shops, cafés, and even premières, clad in men's garments—daintily tailored to show the provocative Dietrich curves, but men's garments, nevertheless.

Keystone



Acme

Marlene has a wardrobe of ten tailored suits, with trousers, in her very modernistic

(*Continued on page 70*)

GABLE

Answers Your Questions!

The February MOTION PICTURE gave everybody a chance to ask Clark a question—and practically everybody grasped at the opportunity! And Clark's answers tell more about him than any story ever has!

By *MOTION PICTURE'S* Inquiring Reporter,
ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

AS your Inquiring Reporter, his voice a mere whisper of its former self, fired the last one of your questions at Clark Gable, he filled his beloved pipe for the twentieth time and sighed with relief.

"Now," said Clark, decisively, "I know what it feels like to be put on the spot!"

The mountainous pile of questions that I received from Gable followers—after they read, in the February MOTION PICTURE, of the chance to ask him a question—covered his past, present and future, sought his opinion on every subject under the sun, and left him gasping for breath.

Fortunately, many of the questions were duplications. A great number of you wanted to know "how to get into the movies." In the question of duplication of questions, one answer will serve for all.

Unfortunately, there were some questions that studio rules prevented Clark from answering. A few were beyond the bounds of good taste—but very few. And there were literally hundreds of queries that requested a personally autographed picture of the star. Such requests should be addressed to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, not to the Inquiring Reporter. Also, a number of you applied for a job as Clark's chauffeur. Several hundred questions were received too late to qualify, and because of that I urge you to send in your future questions promptly, so that they will be received on or before the twentieth of the month.

So here goes! William Clark Gable is on the witness stand, giving a complete, revealing account of himself! Your questions are in light italics; his answers are in heavy Roman type:

Watch For THEIR Answers!

Questions, questions, questions. Bagful after bagful of them. Thousands upon thousands of them. As we began the tremendous task of sorting them, it began to look as if EVERYBODY had a question to ask Clark Gable. And Clark thought so, too, when he started to answer them. But our work and Clark's work, we feel, was well worth the effort. You will KNOW what Clark Gable is really like after reading all the questions and his answers. *You will know him as you never have before.*

Last month, we gave you the chance to ask Constance Bennett a question. This month (on page 31) we offer you the opportunity to quiz Maurice Chevalier. In the May MOTION PICTURE, you will read Connie's answers. (And what a deluge of Bennett questions has flown into our Hollywood office!) In the June MOTION PICTURE, you will read Chevalier's answers. Hurry along your Chevalier question before March 20, to be sure it will reach us in time to have Maurice answer it!

What books do you enjoy most, and who are your favorite authors? **I like detective and adventure stories best, I think. Arthur Conan Doyle, S. S. Van Dine and Jack London are among my favorite authors.**

Who is your favorite poet? **Robert W. Service.**

Did you graduate from college or university? **No, I'm sorry to say, I didn't. I attended Akron University night school for about a year.**

What would you like to do if you were not in the movies? **I would try to become a mechanical engineer, for I like anything connected with machinery and I think that profession has a mighty fine future.**

Who do you think is the prettiest woman movie star in Hollywood? **Really, I can't answer that question. Hollywood has so many beautiful women, it would be impossible to make a fair decision.**

If you ever visit France, will you go to Biarritz? **One of my keenest ambitions is to travel. I've never had the opportunity, you know. If I visit France—and I certainly want to—I'll not overlook Biarritz.**

What story would you like best to make into a picture? **A stage play, titled "Blind Windows." It would make a great picture.**

Were you, on July 4, 1925, measuring timber in Clinton, Montana, with a group of boys from St. Paul? I have two snapshots of the boys and one is like you in every detail. **I'm sorry, but I couldn't have been in your snapshots. I was in Los Angeles at that time.**

For a young actor wishing to gain experience, which would you advise—the stage, stock or "extra" work in Hollywood? **A good stock company. It will give you wider experience and more versatility.**

If you were making a personal appearance tour, would you consider coming to Paterson, New Jersey? (There were many questions like this, and in answering one, Clark replies to all.) **When an actor is on a personal appearance tour, his route and theatre appearances are arranged by the studio and the exhibitors.**

You like the wild life very much, don't you? **If you mean life in the wilds, yes. Hunting is one of my favorite recreations.**

Is it true that your parents were Pennsylvania Dutch? **Yes, my name is an Americanization of Goebel, and my mother, who was born in Pennsylvania, was named Hershelmann.**

Is it true that you stick your ears to your head with adhesive tape while being photographed? **No, that isn't true.**

Why is it that you never wear a ring in your pictures? **I don't like jewelry, either on the screen or in real life.**

Do you speak any foreign languages? **No, I'm sorry to say.**

What is your real name and what year and month were you born in? **William Clark Gable. I was born on February the first.** (The studio prohibits its contract players from giving their ages.)

Are the articles written about you in the different magazines authentic and true? **With a few exceptions, all I've read have been very accurate when quoting me.**

Why do your kisses take so long? (Now there IS a question!) **I guess I'll have to give the director the credit for that.**

Did you ever, as a youth, live in New York City? **No.**

Do you remember going to school with Jake Stahl? **I certainly do. Please ask him to drop me a line in care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. I'd like to hear from him.**

Don't you believe that solitude sometimes is one of the greatest things a person can have? **Yes, most decidedly. Everyone needs solitude now and then for the purpose of self-analysis.**

Don't you think that you owe much of your success to Greta Garbo? Your part in "The Painted Desert" was very small and you were fading. Then came "Susan Lenox." **Of course, I'm grateful to Miss Garbo and I'll frankly admit that she helped me greatly in "Susan Lenox." But "The Painted Desert" was my first real picture and between it and "Susan Lenox," I played in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul" and "Night Nurse."**

What are your favorite sports? **Golf and hunting. It would be hard to choose between them.**

Would you rather play opposite a young girl like Dorothy Jordan, or an older woman, such as Norma Shearer? **That depends entirely on the picture and which is more suited to the leading feminine rôle. Personally, I have no choice.**

Do you play bridge? **Not very well, but I try to, occasionally.**

A man of your apparent intelligence would not continue in pictures if he were not working towards a definite goal. What is that goal? **Financial security and all it means, primarily.**

How often do you make pictures and how long do you work on each picture? **The actual shooting time averages about six weeks on each picture, but that does not include the time spent on rehearsals or possible added scenes. I played in nine pictures during my first year on the screen, but now I'm expected to make only four or five pictures a year.**

What is the most difficult rôle you have ever played in pictures? **The doctor in "Strange Interlude," because of the age transition.**

Did you work at the Firestone and Miller Rubber Company plant in Akron, Ohio? **Yes, about 1916.**

(*Continued on page 72*)

When you see the number of questions Clark Gable has answered, you'll appreciate his remark, "Now, I know what it feels like to be put on the spot!"

World-Explorer Discovers HOLLYWOOD

Oggiano-Mitchell

A close-up of Richard Halliburton

Richard Halliburton, who has made a fortune by seeking the unusual, doing the unusual, and then writing about them, finally is tempted to Hollywood—and discovers that it is "a tremendous experience." There is no other place like it under the sun, he says. And he also discovers that acting is like exploring—"hard work, but swell fun." The hard work part was news to him!

IF you had roamed the world, had seen most of the places worth seeing, had had all sorts of unusual experiences, and then had landed in Hollywood, what would you think of the movie colony? Richard Halliburton, world-famous young author-explorer, who has done just that, says, "Hollywood is unique. You really can't make comparisons. They're not fair."

He goes on to explain: "Hollywood is too glamourous for comparisons. It has a special charm and deserves special adjectives. It is a place of amazing contradictions. A movie première is like no other spectacle in the world—with the parade of stars, the blinding lights, the crowd that has waited from early morning to see its idols. On the other hand, Hollywood Boulevard resembles the Main Street of any small town in America!

"Again, at a party the other night, I met an erudite psychologist, possessor of several university degrees. Sitting beside him was a famous actress whose schooling was received in a Broadway chorus. They were talking about Technocracy, and she seemed the more intelligent on the subject, certainly the more amusing. The professor, incidentally, has worked, to his intense delight, in several films.

"There are many other contradictions. An actor-friend of mine took a day's vacation in the hills last week and told of throwing snowballs, in sub-zero weather. That same week-end another friend left for her ranch in the desert, within a few miles of Hollywood, to sun-bathe beside the swimming pool in sub-tropical weather. Another chap and his wife went yachting. There isn't another spot in the world where such a variety of amusements would be possible!

"I've been lucky enough to meet many of the stars. Close contact did bring some disillusion. I never stopped to realize, when I sat in my comfortable seat in a movie theatre with an *Amuse me, damn you!* attitude, just how much grueling hard work the making of a picture cost. I thought innocently that they enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed watching them! But he who plays on the screen must also work."

Above, the explorer invites Ramon Novarro for a flight in "The Flying Carpet"—just as he invited a Borneo head-hunter. The chief, very grateful, gave him the human heads that he's holding at arm's-length at the left

The young chap who broke into headlines a few years ago when he swam the Hellespont, and later the Panama Canal, is something of a contradiction, himself. Other young men fresh out of college have "bummed" their way around the world, but few have made a fortune doing it! As he did, when he published his first travel book, "The Royal Road to Romance."

He has boundless enthusiasm. Among people who haven't read his books, he has raised a storm of arguments and criticisms. Slender, boyish, he seems to possess no great physical endurance. Yet he climbed Mt. Fujiyama in mid-winter when even the guides refused to risk it, and snapped a picture of the crater, with snow clinging to the rim, to prove his feat to the skeptical. A Hollywood press-agent tried to persuade him to compare a location trip to this climb up Mt. Fujiyama. Halliburton laughingly coined an epigram: "No actor lives up to his press-agent!"

In Hollywood (where he is assembling reels of travel film into a feature-length picture), he wore

By MARK DOWLING

Halliburton first saw Hollywood from the air, as at right. And in Hollywood, he was amazed to find a double for a Hindu girl he had met in the Shalimar Gardens (above). She acts with him in "India Speaks"

Spence Airplane Photos

rough corduroy trousers during the day and at night attended some of the colony's swankiest parties. He has a cultured voice and manner—from an explorer, one might expect a contradiction of accents—but a hard handshake. His books have sold more copies, publishers estimate, than any other non-fiction material of this century—and he isn't yet thirty. He has a reputation—it annoys him—of being a women's-club speaker. Actually, he hasn't addressed one in four years.

Left, Halliburton with a youngster who'll be a head-hunter in Borneo some day

Knows All of "The Big Three"

"MEETING Mary Pickford—now I'll break that comparison rule—was one of my happiest experiences," he relates. "Just as exciting as when I met the Queen of Persia or the Empress of China. Not because Mary is a movie star, but because she's a woman with a great mind, heart and character.

"Charlie Chaplin delighted me with his easy friendliness. We had met before in Singapore, on our respective travels around the world, he by steamer and I by airplane. His arrival in Singapore caused the biggest excitement of the year.

"At a party at Gary Cooper's the other night, Charlie, Doug Fairbanks, and I had a three-sided discussion about our voyages and adventures." (These hardened explorers agreed, in case you're planning a trip, that the far-off island of Bali is the most beautiful and romantic place in the world.) "Doug and I, by the way, have followed in each other's travel paths for a number of years.

"A funny incident occurred last year, while I was the guest of Dick Barthelmess and his charming wife in Singapore, when

(*Continued on page 87*)

The Strange Case of DUNCAN RENALDO

The young lover of "Trader Horn" is Hollywood's "man without a country." Just convicted of falsely swearing to American citizenship, he faces deportation to Roumania. That country, however, says he was not born there. He claims Camden, New Jersey, as his birthplace—but has no written proof. The government claims he is Roumanian—but he contends there is no proof of that, either. What will happen to him if his appeal fails?

Top, Duncan Renaldo to-day, worried about what will happen if his appeal fails. Center, as a private in the National Guard in 1923. Above, he is second from the left in a group of privates at the same training camp

By HAL HALL

SUPPOSE someone suddenly informed you that you were to be given a featured part in a million-dollar motion picture at a salary you never dreamed of, and added that you would have to leave for Africa within seventy-two hours. Could you prove in that time that you had been born in the United States, so that you could get a passport? And if you could not prove it, but were convinced that you were a citizen—what would you do?

That is the situation in which Duncan Renaldo found himself when Metro executives informed him that he was to go to Africa to play the young lover in "Trader Horn." He had to have a passport, and as he could not produce proof of citizenship, he took the oath of allegiance, secured an affidavit from a friend who had known him for years, and declared he was a citizen.

And now the United States Government has charged him with giving false information in applying for that passport, he has been convicted in Federal Court, and he has been sentenced to pay a fine of $2,000 and serve two years in a Federal penitentiary. His opportunity in "Trader Horn" brought him movie fame—and personal ruin.

Although Renaldo is convinced that he was born in Camden, New Jersey, on April 23, 1904, and has been accepted as a United States citizen by the National Guard, the civic authorities of Camden, and the Roumanian Government, the United States Immigration authorities declare that he was born in Roumania.

"A Man Without a Country"

BUT Renaldo is in a peculiar position, for the Roumanian Government declares he is not a citizen of that country and was *not* born there. Out on bail, pending an appeal, he wanders about the streets of Hollywood, a man without a country. He cannot prove where he was born; he cannot even prove what his name is, for he says he is Renault Duncan, while the American Government declares he is really "Vașilie Dumitreu Cucghianaes."

Roumania refuses to allow him to be deported to that country; America refuses to allow him to remain here.

I asked him, "If you should lose your appeal and have to

(*Continued on page 77*)

Palmolive now at lowest prices in history

Nothing is changed but the price. The same amount of olive oil goes into every cake . . . the same generous-size cake . . . the same true cosmetic effect that has made Palmolive the voluntary choice of more than 20,000 beauty experts

WITH beauty at stake—you must choose soap bargains carefully. Beware—lest you pay too dearly for so-called bargain soaps which dry, irritate, age the skin. You—and millions—who know Palmolive quality—Palmolive reputation—Palmolive results—will recognize in these new-day prices a genuine, worthwhile beauty bargain.

To be sure there are cheaper soaps—but what are they made from? Do you dare use them on your skin? You know what Palmolive is made from. Below we show you the generous quantity of olive oil we put into every cake. We show you the reason why Palmolive is not just another soap—but a genuine, provable beauty treatment.

A real complexion soap bargain

Palmolive is not an all-purpose household soap. Palmolive makes no claims for laundry purposes. The Palmolive formula embodying time-tested cosmetic oils is too valuable for that. Palmolive is a skin soap—a complexion soap—made to preserve youth—to foster and promote true natural skin beauty. It is the only leading soap that reveals its ingredients.

Now—supply your household with Palmolive generously! Use this fine beauty aid for face—for shampoo—for bath—for the whole family. At these low prices you need never let any soap but Palmolive touch your skin.

THIS EXACT AMOUNT
Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

3 famous Stars of the Screen · LORETTA YOUNG ·

Complexions that fascinate—*even in a snapshot*

Why don't YOU try Hollywood's Beauty Care

THE Hollywood screen stars are lovely *always*. Even a snapshot shows them radiantly fresh—youthful!

Snapshots are not *kind* — every woman knows that. But the stars face even this test fearlessly! How charming is the trio above—Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane — snapped by John Boles in an informal moment at the popular Cocoanut Grove!

How alluring they are—these beautiful stars! What is the secret of their matchless charm?

"Above everything else," says lovely Sally Blane, "we take exquisite care of our complexions. I started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio, and find it helps keep my skin smooth and glowing."

Loretta Young, and Polly Ann, too, like scores of other fascinating stars, use this gentle care to keep their skin always youthfully alluring.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap regularly!

Not only at home in their own

LUX Toilet

POLLY ANN YOUNG · SALLY BLANE ·

Snapped by
JOHN BOLES
at the
Cocoanut Grove
in Hollywood

enlargement

luxurious dressing rooms, but in their studio dressing rooms as well. Because the stars' preference is so well known, this fragrant white soap has been made official by all the big film studios.

Why don't *you* try the Beauty Soap of the Stars — guard *your* complexion as the world's most beautiful women do? Buy several cakes of this gentle soap. Begin at once to give your skin the care that will keep it always temptingly smooth and fresh.

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Soap — *The Beauty Soap of the Stars*

Lee Miller

Germany Sends Us *Another* BLONDE VENUS!

Ten thousand Germans wept when Lilian Harvey left Berlin for Hollywood. This 23-year-old blonde Venus was a movie queen in three languages abroad; she was at the top of the heap. But, once she reached the top, there wasn't anywhere to go—except "to a new country, to start a new career." So here she is, all ready to say "It" with music!

By CRUIKSHANK

EUROPE'S movie queen wept when she left Berlin to become a movie princess in America. In fact, take Ernst Lubitsch's word for it, the pavement of the station was wet with her tears and those of the myriad followers who journeyed from far places to bid her "Auf Weidersehen." For Lilian Harvey, with Europe at her dancing feet, was starting on a new adventure, and the world that was to be conquered was a strange one, different in modes and manners from both Continent and Isles. It was a big step, a daring one, a sad one for a five-foot-three, hundred-pound damsel. And it's no wonder that she sobbed into microphones a final plea for the affections of the Vaterland.

"Please do not forget me!" she whispered, and, take Herr Lubitsch's word for it, ten thousand of the faithful pledged tearful allegiance.

But when Lilian Harvey arrived in Hollywood, she greeted the climate with a smile that warmed all hearts. It was a happy landing, and a regal one. For Lilian's entrance was that of a real movie star. There were the forty trunks—well, twenty anyway—the French maid; the low, rakish, specially built, glistening white foreign racer; the smartly uniformed chauffeur; and Josef Strassner, designer-by-appointment-to-Milady, who creates all that she wears from shoes to hats.

Lilian is sufficiently the star to regard such an entourage as all-in-the-day's-work. There's no swank about it. She has been a Grade A celebrity too long, despite her scant twenty-three years. Years, incidentally, that she doesn't look.

For Lilian has poise, but no pose. She is utterly natural, yet in odd contradiction to her seeming self-sureness, she possesses an ingenuous quality of wide-eyed innocence and surprise. Those wide eyes, by the way, are set at the slight suspicion of angle, which might suggest Garbo, except for the piquant oval of her face. Her eyes are a clear, corn-flower blue, and the special blondeness of her fluffy hair is a natural blondeness.

(*Continued on page 92*)

COLGATE DOLLAR VALUE

ALL FOR 49¢

AT ALL dealers' now . . . as long as they last . . . 2 full-size tubes of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, a tooth brush guaranteed equal in value to any 50-cent tooth brush on the market . . . all three for 49c!

Economy on strictly standard merchandise—two packages of the world's largest-selling tooth paste—a guaranteed 50-cent tooth brush all at less than half price.

Get a package for each member of the family *now.*

Two 25c Tubes COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM	**50c**
★ A Real 50c Colgate Tooth Brush—Quality Guaranteed . . .	**50c**
VALUE . .	**$1.00**

COLGATE'S
RIBBON
DENTAL
CREAM
ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
We guarantee this tooth brush is equal in quality to any 50c brush on the market.
This tooth brush has been sterilized. It is not advisable to put any tooth brush in boiling water.
THESE TWO TUBES OF COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM TOGETHER WITH THIS 50c COLGATE TOOTH BRUSH GIVE YOU THIS $1.00 RETAIL VALUE AT A SAVING OF AT LEAST 50%

THESE ARE THE THREE ARTICLES INCLUDED IN THE SANITARY PACKAGE

★ This tooth brush guaranteed the finest bristles, the best handle material that can be put into a tooth brush . . . equal in value to any 50-cent tooth brush on the market. Your choice of 5 pastel shades. Colgate's reputation is back of this guarantee.

This is how this bargain comes to you—in a sanitary, Cellophane-wrapped package.

The PICTURE PARADE

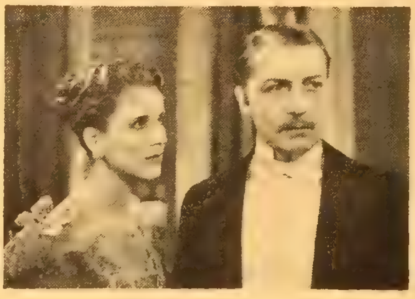
REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

42nd STREET

Real Hit—Ruby Keeler Scores: Once in a blue moon we get a screen picture of a theatrical performance which is not only a good picture, but a good theatrical performance. The chorus numbers and songs, especially the honeymoon pullman car set, would be a hit in any Broadway musical show, and Ruby Keeler's dancing has already been proven on Mazda Lane.

The story itself, built around the backstage lives of the principals in the show, is filled with incidents and excitement, and the suspense when, at the last possible moment, the unknown and shy little chorus girl is pushed into the place of the leading lady (Bebe Daniels) is real and gripping.

Warner Baxter does a superb piece of work as the sick director, flogging himself and his cast mercilessly to put the show across but it is to little Ruby Keeler of the miraculous feet and shining eyes that the big hand goes. We'll be seein' ya Ruby! Guy Kibbee amuses as the show's "angel."



CAVALCADE

To See It Is A Memorable Experience: "Cavalcade" is the talkies' greatest achievement. It is THE ONE picture that anyone who sees it will never forget, no matter what his nationality.

It is British in characters and settings, but it tells a universal story: a story of a sensitive, strongly-knit family whose lives, for better or for worse, are bound up with their country's life—in war, in peace, in happy times, in sad times. It unfolds against a vivid pageant of English history since New Year's Eve, 1899. It contains every mood, every emotion; it creates moods and emotions. It tears at the heart with its beauty.

From beginning to end, the large cast is British; and, from beginning to end, they live their rôles. Chief of them all are Clive Brook as *Robert Marryot,* and Diana Wynyard as his wife, *Jane,* both of whom age gradually over the thirty years that the story covers. Miss Wynyard, in particular, inspires with an inspired performance.

THE KING'S VACATION

Fine Picture—Human and Appealing: Witty and elegant is this latest Arliss opus, though hardly calling upon the artistic abilities of the star. A king, who did not expect and has never enjoyed his kingship, is convinced that his people would be better off under a republican rule. He abdicates joyfully, is divorced by his understanding queen and returns to the romance he was forced to renounce eighteen years before.

What he discovers about the effect Time has on romance, and about his own heart, the picture proceeds to tell in charmingly sentimental episodes that have both smiles and tears.

Mrs. Arliss does a beautiful piece of work as the woman who, through eighteen years of court ceremonials and a queen's duties, had always longed to do her own shopping and pour tea at a quiet fireside. It is a delightful picture of charming people. But why not give Arliss, who is a great actor, some acting to do?

NAGANA

Fantastic—But Has Thrills: A crazy quilt but, oddly enough, good entertainment. The story of the beautiful and silken woman who follows Love into the African jungles is so incredible that it verges on the ridiculous at times. Causing the suicide of one lover, the death of a native king, and a stampede of wild animals, the heroine—played decoratively by Tala Birell—is finally rescued from the crocodiles by the doctor, who has risked his life in the wilds to discover a cure for Nagana (sleeping sickness).

The plot risks comparison with a recent picture built around a physician's sacrifice for science. The wild animals furnish the thrills, not the human actors. Before our very eyes a lion is killed, a puma speared, two crocodiles engage in mortal combat, leopards fight and beasts leap on men. Theatrical—and not very good theatre—still it will hold you.

Melvyn Douglas helps Tala to prove that she has considerable promise.

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE

Old-Fashioned—Maybe You'll Go For It: As old-fashioned as the 1890 costumes that she wears, is the plot of this drama, which furnishes a new excuse for the much-abused Irene Dunne to suffer through seven reels of trouble. Its greatest virtue is the revelation (in the scenes where the heroine is an actress) that Irene has a glorious voice, heretofore hidden.

As for the plot, it is filled with cruel parents, secret marriages, a betrayed girl and a chee-ild without a father. Even though she wears bustles, puffed sleeves and Merry Widow hats, we know that the heroine as she stands in the prisoner's dock, self-accused of murder to shield the son who doesn't recognize her, is none other than our old friend *Madame X.*

But the director has managed to photograph more than the outworn behaviorism of a bygone day. He has also photographed the prejudices and priggishness, and the social standards of only a few years ago.

(*More Reviews on page 68*)

BLONDIE JOHNSON

Gangster Story Of Gal Bandit Has Its Moments: We had thought that every variation of the gangster theme had been worked, but here is a new one, a female Capone who bosses her gang of masculine and feminine racketeers with a surprising flow of language and a toss of a blonde head. Joan Blondell keeps things alive while she is on the screen, but without her the action drags.

Chester Morris, as the boy-friend who tries to doublecross the lady gangster and is coolly put on the spot by her, has a familiar rôle, and Allen Jenkins is funnier in every picture.

But the promising situation doesn't quite jell into a convincing story. Perhaps it is because, despite the novelty of a girl gangster, the machine guns, pent-house rendezvous and patter are all vaguely familiar, so that one often has the sense of having seen the picture before.

Wonder if they're trying to make Joan into a feminine version of Cagney?

Even the sophisticated Parisienne

WON A LOVELIER COMPLEXION THROUGH THE HALF-FACE BEAUTY TEST

Dr. Joseph Pierron,

prominent dermatologist of Paris, declared of Woodbury's Facial Soap: "It achieved improvement in every case, frequently a complete cure of all the faults of the skin."

Jeunes filles, femmes de familles, femmes de commerce, femmes du monde—took the Half-face Beauty Test under the supervision of **Dr. Joseph Pierron,** of Paris, who reported: *"All the women subject to my supervision expressed such opinions as the following: 'Woodbury's Facial Soap makes the skin very soft and smooth'."*

Since the days of the *Roi Soleil,* the genius of France has been at the service of the Parisienne, devising seductive soaps, creams, lotions, *laits de beauté,* to enhance her loveliness!

Yet even sophisticated Parisiennes experienced a shock of delight, a *coup de foudre,* when recently they came from all parts of Paris and from many different social groups and occupations at the call of the eminent skin specialist, Dr. Joseph Pierron. For thirty days they made the Half-face Beauty Test, using what they ordinarily employed to cleanse and care for the left half of their faces, Woodbury's Facial Soap for the right half.

Only one was free of every blemish. Blackheads, large pores, dry skin, excessive oiliness, sallowness—these were the main faults which 8 different brands of French soap and 17 creams had utterly failed to correct.

When the test was over, the Woodbury sides of those faces *bloomed,* were freshened, cleared—relieved of sluggish sallow tones, blackheads, pimples, coarse pores. Dry skin grew supple and fresh. Oily skin lost its disenchanting shine. "Fabuleux!" cried the doctors. "A merveille!" echoed the subjects.

Dr. Pierron's report, among other words of praise for Woodbury's, said: "Acne and blackheads were uniformly improved, oiliness of the face and scalp ultimately yielded to the treatment. Woodbury's Facial Soap tones not only the epidermis but the tissues beneath the surface of the skin. Causing no irritation, it is the ideal product for the care of healthy skins, the best remedy for skin ailments."

So, even to the sophisticated Parisienne, Woodbury's Facial Soap brought a lovelier, clearer, smoother complexion than all the cosmetics of the Rue de la Paix and the Faubourg St. Honoré!

Woodbury's Facial Soap is not just a complete cleanser for keeping the normal skin in good condition. It is also a healer and corrector of habitual skin defects. Give *both* halves of your face the benefit of this simple, bland, invigorating care! The cake lasts so well that its daily use will cost you less than a penny a day!

AN INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM
Woodbury's
FACIAL·SOAP

What The Figures Told!

Of all the troublesome conditions found, 15% were entirely cured, eliminated; 75% were improved or helped; only 10%—and most of these were cases of extremely deep wrinkles—failed to respond at all to Woodbury's Facial Soap. Cases of blackheads, 48% helped, 41% greatly improved, 11% cured; of large pores, 56% helped, 25% greatly improved, 13% cured; of wrinkles, 33% helped, 27% greatly improved; of sallowness, 25% helped, 37% greatly improved, 37% cured; dry skin, 30% helped, 30% greatly improved, 40% cured; oily skin, 100% cured!

●

FREE SAMPLE Send this coupon now for liberal cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap FREE. Or send 10 cents to partly cover cost of mailing and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

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MORTON DOWNEY — DONALD NOVIS — and LEON BELASCO and his Orchestra—on Woodbury's new radio program over station WJZ and N. B. C. network every Wednesday evening at 9:30 E. S. T.

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 66*)

GRAND SLAM

Novelty Should Appeal To Bridge Fans: It was probably because we ourselves do not play bridge that we found this little comedy only mildly amusing. Talk of "systems" and "bids" and the spectacle of two experts battling with clubs and spades while a radio broadcasts the championship battle to a breathless world will undoubtedly appeal to bridge players—and therefore to most audiences.

Advertised as the "Sweethearts of Contract Bridge," the heroine, Loretta Young, and the hero, Paul Lukas, are obviously patterned after a certain famous bridge-playing couple in real life. The husband, knowing nothing about the rules of bridge, invents a system of his own which works with amazing success—until it almost loses him his wife. Then he confesses himself as a fake to the world—and runs away from Bridge with her to the Arctic, where they are about to start a game of contract as the picture ends. Pleasant, if unimportant.

SHE DONE HIM WRONG

Mae West—And A Vivid Picture: Sex that makes all other sex pictures seem puny and pale! Mae West's unabashed performance of a mistress of the Nineties is one of the most startling characterizations seen on the screen this year. She does not play a lady of dubious morals. There is not the slightest doubt about the morals of *Diamond Lil*, who lives in a bedizened apartment over a saloon, and has a nude painting of herself hung above the bar below. She sings frank songs in the beer garden revue, and nearly every line she speaks has a double meaning. Yet with all the bravado there is something honest and vital about this picture which robs it of offense. And whatever you may think of the sensational career of the heroine with her gowns, parasols, jewels and drooping glances you will cheer the presence of Mae West's colorful personality in the movies.

Cary Grant, Gilbert Roland, Owen Moore and Noah Beery all help nobly.

STATE FAIR

Colorful Comedy-Drama, With All-Star Cast: "State Fair" is the talkies' first big attempt to paint the rural American scene of to-day. And to see it is like going back to the soil for a rest. That's how refreshing it is to get away (at least briefly) from skyscrapers and underworlds, underdressed sirens and overdressed racketeers. It is amusing, colorful *and* restful.

What you do is to follow the fortunes of *Abel Frake* (Will Rogers) and his family (wife Louise Dresser, daughter Janet Gaynor and son Norman Foster), when they go to the big Iowa fair to exhibit a prize hog. At the fair, Janet meets Lew Ayres; Norman meets Sally Eilers—and there, in short order, Romance looms up. And then they return home, to which Will's crony (Frank Craven) has wagered at least one of them will come back unhappy.

Rogers, Craven and Blue Boy (the hog) are bound to get laughs. And the Gaynor-Ayres romance measures up to Gaynor-Farrell standards.

LUXURY LINER

Worth Your While—See It: Against the background of a luxurious steamship the tangled loves of two men and two women work themselves out in the words and actions of pure melodrama. George Brent makes a gallant effort to make the doctor who follows his runaway wife aboard plausible, and Zita Johann is effective as the nurse fleeing from the memory of great tragedy, but inept dialogue and lurid situations bring them perilously close to the ludicrous at times.

Far better are the secondary characters—C. Aubrey Smith as the ex-millionaire and Alice White, as the little gold-digger, who coaxes and cajoles her way from tourist third to first class only to find that she belongs down below after all. This White girl is a nugget. Her cuteness and tricks, and the always glamourous background of life aboard a luxurious liner make the picture worth while.

Zita Johann, one of the screen's few brunettes, is a striking new personality.

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES

Well Acted—Worth Seeing: Hampered at the start by competition with "The Goose Woman," this newer version may not receive credit for being as good a picture as it is. Beglamoured recollections of Louise Dresser as the degraded ex-opera star, and Jack Pickford as her son will probably obscure the excellent work of Helen MacKellar and Eric Linden.

The distressing squalor, which forms the background for most of the scenes, persists in the onlooker's mind in spite of a rather hasty and unconvincing happy ending. While the transition of the dirty, slatternly goose woman into the radiant likeness of her former self, under the stimulus of publicity, is a trifle unconvincing, yet the picture sustains the interest throughout.

Miss MacKellar is definitely a screen find, though the question inevitably rises, why send to Broadway when we still have Louise Dresser?

In this picture, Jean Arthur makes a notable return to the screen.

HELLO, EVERYBODY

For Kate Smith Fans Only: This simple tale of the farm girl whom everybody loves for her goodness of heart was woven to fit the plump personality and talents of the radio songbird, Kate Smith, by that expert in heart throbs, Fannie Hurst.

But Fannie must have written it on one of her off-days, because it doesn't do much for Kate except to give her a chance to sing and be good-natured.

The Pride of the Village fights a power trust which wishes to buy up her home valley and submerge its farms and homes under a huge dam. Discovering that her voice, which has been heard by a radio scout at a rural picnic, is worth money, Kate goes to the great city and sings the mortgage off the old farm and licks the power trust. Randolph Scott and Sally Blane carry the romance—Kate having to struggle along without a love-life.

Her joviality is contagious and she can certainly sing. But she doesn't act. She's just herself—Kate Smith, in person.

IN 3 DAYS

Red, rough hands

made soft, white, alluring...

Her beauty whispered
"ROMANCE"
but her hands screamed
"scrubwoman!"

Painful chapping relieved instantly

"That's the girl I've been looking for all my life!" he thought as she entered the room—beautiful, poised, exquisitely gowned . . .

A murmured introduction . . . he asked her to dance.

Quickly he glanced at her hands to see if she wore a wedding ring. What a shock! Coarse, red hands that cried "Scrubwoman"—not "Romance." He finished the dance—interest gone.

It's tragic, when only 3 days of Hinds care would make those hands soft, white, baby smooth . . . the kind of hands men love.

Why hands get rough, coarse

Housework means putting hands in and out of hot water, using harsh alkali cleansers. This dries out the natural skin oils. Then cold weather roughens, chaps and cracks open skin. Hinds *puts back* these precious oils. And thus ends chapping pain . . . restores youthful softness and smoothness.

TODAY
TOMORROW
NEXT DAY

Hinds is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. Not a thick, gummy jelly that just goes over the top of the skin. Hinds is an *ultra-penetrating lotion.* Thus is absorbed more *thoroughly.* That is why it can do in *3 days* what other creams *may* do in weeks.

What the "second skin" is

And then, Hinds leaves an invisible *"second skin"* that *protects* hands from chapping. This *"second skin"* is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated so deeply through the rough skin that water won't wash it off. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting.*

Use Hinds after exposure. After hands have been in water, and *always at night.*

A 7-day trial bottle for you—FREE

(Also special trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by return mail. The minute the postman hands you your bottle of Hinds open it, smooth this famous lotion on your hands—your children's hands. See how it heals chapping . . . how soft and lovely it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

Women! Here's real beauty news!

Now! A new expensive-type liquefying cleansing cream for only 40c the small jar—65c the large! The kind of cleansing cream women were glad to pay $2.00 for in good times! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. HK-4, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also new Hinds Creams.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

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HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

Marlene Dietrich Tells Why She Wears Men's Clothes

(*Continued from page 55*)

cedar closets. She has street suits, tuxedos, as well, and a dinner coat for special occasions. These suits are no cheap jersey or flannel slacks, no flannel sports coats made to look mannish. They are expensively tailored, padded-shouldered, men's-wear suits, with only this difference—the coats are fitted to Marlene's feminine curves, and the trousers are closed to one side, as a tailored skirt would close. Otherwise, in every detail, they are men's suits.

What's Astonishing About It All

THE most astonishing thing about this one-woman dress reform movement is that it should have originated with a beautiful film star, famous for her femininity, and especially for her beautiful legs, which she now conceals with the wide, long trousers of the male mode. If it had been launched by some homely or aging freak, some reformer, some feminist seeking to claim all men's rights, or some girl-athlete, long on muscle, but short on sex appeal, it would not have been so unexpected.

But for such a movement to be started by the lovely, languishing Dietrich—the old-fashioned mother Dietrich, who had to have her little girl with her before she could begin to be happy in Hollywood—the wife Dietrich, who loves to cook for Herr Sieber those delectable German dishes, the concocting of which is the pride of the German *hausfrau*—the Dietrich who can take a yard of feathers and look like the most ravishing *Lorelei* ever put on the jumping celluloid—well, it's just too much.

There has been a storm of gossip, not all of it nice, that has surged about those trousers of Marlene's. When Marlene appeared at the première of "The Sign of the Cross" in regulation tuxedo suit, with a man's felt hat with a wide brim pulled over one eye, and a long black topcoat, gloves in hand, also mannish, and accompanied by Maurice Chevalier, Hollywood's breath stopped entirely for a few seconds.

As the couple went to their seats, there was some discussion between them as to whether Marlene would occupy the seat on the aisle, the man's seat. Chevalier insisted that she take the inside seat. At intermission, Marlene, nothing abashed, went into the foyer, and graciously posed for the photographers, even doing a few high, wide and handsome kicks in the spirit of fun, to demonstrate the freedom of the knees bestowed by the trousers she was wearing.

Close-Up of New Dietrich

IT was a most feminine and disconcertingly charming Dietrich that greeted me the following day in her dressing-room at the studio, where she was preparing for "Song of Songs," her first venture in films without the direction of her mentor, Josef von Sternberg. The large, beautifully-formed eyes were accented by long sweeping lashes, plentifully mascara-laden, and shadowed. The mobile lips were carefully rouged. Long fingernails, carefully kept, were carmined, accenting the graceful droop of the soft white hands. Blonde hair, carefully waved, snug to the head, disappeared under a neat black tam worn over one eye.

All utterly feminine—and then, for contrast, the square, padded-shouldered masculine suit, the white wool sox, worn like a man's, with high tops, and soft kid, square-toed oxfords, with a small flat heel and entirely bereft of feminine embellishments. A man's shirt, four-in-hand tie—and that was Dietrich.

"Are you aware of the gossip going around, concerning your wearing of men's clothes?" I popped, waiting for the Olympian frown and the lightning bolt, with what stoicism I could summon.

"I do not hear gossip, so you see it is easy for me to ignore it. I go about very little—always with a few friends, who are used to my clothes. I have been to four parties in the last three years. Yes, I know there have been some articles in the papers. The public is always excited over something, anyway. First, I uncovered my legs, and people were excited over that. Now I cover them, and that excites them, too."

Director and Husband Approve

"IT has been said and printed that Mr. von Sternberg, your director, has quarreled with you because of your wearing trousers. Is this true? Does he disapprove of them?"

"This is very silly. It is not true. Mr. von Sternberg adores them. He thinks them more feminine on me than dresses. Von knows I am sincere in my preference for men's clothes, that I do not wear them to be sensational."

"And Herr Sieber—how does he feel with two pairs of trousers in the family?"

"Of course, he likes my clothes. After all, we have been married for nine years, and he knows that I have always preferred such clothes. In Europe this is not unusual—there are many tailors there who specialize in such clothes for women. I have worn full-dress suits to parties before now."

"You are such a feminine type of woman—do soft, rich fabrics, and furs, have no lure for you?"

"No, I never liked such things. I must wear them on the screen—but even my negligées have always been tailored, for my own use."

"Do you—er, if we may be so personal—don't you ever wear fussy underthings—you know, with lace and things on them?"

"With these suits, I wear no underwear but tailored, mannish silk shorts. That is one of the wonderful things about wearing such clothes, too—there is a sense of perfect freedom and comfort. I never was comfortable in one single dress that I have worn in all my life. If you should ever wear these clothes, you would always prefer them for the comfort they give. Your movements are freer in them, you are fully clothed in any posture, without fear of having to pull down your skirts, or of having a 'run' start in your stocking. It bestows a feeling of poise, of well-being. You are not conscious of clothing."

"In your life, do you feel that there is any time or place for feminine garments?"

"No—except on the screen."

Finds Trousers "More Alluring"

"DON'T you feel the urge to be alluring, to dress up sometimes in fluffy ruffles?"

"I think I am much more alluring in these clothes." Here Miss Dietrich pulled out a snapshot of herself in her mannish garb. "I never can look like that in women's clothes," she said, eyeing the snap fondly. "Here is another one—they tell me this is I, but I am sure I can never look like that," she said, laughing, as she held out a most unflattering newsprint purporting to be of herself, in men's clothes.

"Women's clothes take too much time—it is exhausting, shopping for them. Then there are hats, there are shoes to match, there are handbags, gloves, scarves, coats, all those accessories." She shrugged her dainty, but padded shoulders. "I could never find the time nor the interest for all of that. Those things require so much study, such discriminating selection, with all that matching that is required—no, for me it is impossible.

"Then the styles change—and it must all be done over again, every few months. It is very extravagant to dress as most women do. Men's clothes do not change; I can wear them as long as I like. People say that it is because I am economical that I buy these things. That is not exactly true. I like to be extravagant sometimes. If I want something, I have it. But I do not like to have so much of my time and energy taken up with something in which I have so little interest, as clothes. These clothes that I wear just suit me. I have a fanatical love for modern things. I will only live among modern things in my home.

"Yes, it is true that I have similar suits made for Maria, my daughter. I find that at the beach, and in fact anywhere that she is playing outdoors, she is so much better protected in trousers than in skirts. With dresses, there is the worry of sweaters, and coats and all the rest of it. Her bare legs are likely to chill. In trousers, she is free and protected. Of course, she enjoys them—and she has a child's delight in dressing like mama. She also has other clothes—conventional little-girl clothes—when she wishes them.

Trousers a Sequel to Pajamas

"I HAD no idea when I started wearing my tailored trousers that I was starting anything for other people. Many women have been wearing slacks, and before that, pajamas, so it seems to me that my clothes are a logical conclusion to these. I started wearing these clothes for my own satisfaction. I do not believe that they suit every woman. I think that a woman must be the feminine type, and she must be tall, preferably with square shoulders and narrow hips, to wear men's clothes well."

Whether Frau Sieber thought she was starting something or not, the fact remains that she has. The smartest women's shops are now featuring just such suits for Spring wear. The suits come with both trousers and tailored skirts; sometimes with a mannish topcoat as well. Mannish shirts and ties are worn with these suits; also, sweaters.

Dietrich's own wardrobe includes a tailored skirt for every trouser suit, just in case. Some of them are divided skirts, some simply the conventional tailored skirt. Her preferences lean to grays in hard-finished serges and herringbone weaves.

"I started wearing these men's suits in public places last summer," said Marlene. "It was purely a matter of convenience. I live at the beach and would dress in them for the day. After dinner, often my husband and Mr. von Sternberg would wish to go up to the Boulevard to see a show or a picture. I would be tired, and plead that I did not wish to go, because I would have to change all my clothes and dress and be uncomfortable. They urged me to come as I was—and so it began. Well, the public is always excited about something, always seeking something new to discuss. I don't mind. I only hope other women try them and find the comfort I enjoy in them, free from all the constrictions of the conventional women's wear. I know they'll never go back to skirts."

She Compromise?

..NEVER!

Nor did she need to

● Among the three million users of Listerine Tooth Paste are thousands upon thousands of women of this type—well educated, well informed, critical of values, and with ample means to fulfill their wants. Such women would never compromise with quality for the mere sake of economy. Clearly, their rejection of older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste was based, not upon the latter's price, but upon the brilliant and satisfying results it gave them.

If you have not tried this remarkable new dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Buy a tube. Try it for a week or more and then note the improvement in your teeth.

See how clean they are—how clean they feel, both in front and in back.

Note the absence of repellent tartar and the unsightly stains of food and tobacco.

Observe the flash and brilliance that this tooth paste gives to teeth.

They are due to those swift-acting, fine-textured, cleansing and polishing agents that make Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding.

Look for the delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this paste—the taste you associate with Listerine itself. And of course you know it makes your breath sweeter.

In case you're interested, the price of 25¢ saves you about $3.00 a year over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class. Not a staggering sum, but a welcome one in these times. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
25¢

. . it makes the breath sweeter

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

Wise Girl!

35¢ saved her many a friend many a dress

Time was when she wasn't so wise! Perspiration-ruined dresses were common to her wardrobe. And *former* friends sometimes whispered about underarm odor.

But *now* she uses Odorono. She saves dollars and dollars on her dress bill. And underarm odor is banished . . . completely.

You can only prevent stained dresses and offensive underarm odor *by preventing the perspiration itself*. Odorono is a doctor's prescription—used and recommended by nurses and doctors—that *does* prevent it, harmlessly and surely.

Greasy creams, temporary powders, soaps, perfumes, cannot save you. For if this perspiration goes on, odor will surely follow. You still need Odorono—to protect your dresses, to protect your charm.

2 kinds

ODO-RO-NO REGULAR for use before retiring—gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection. 35¢, 60¢, $1—with the original enclosed sanitary applicator.

ODO-RO-NO
REGULAR

INSTANT ODO-RO-NO is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection. 35¢, 60¢, $1—with applicator.

INSTANT
ODO RO-NO

ODO·RO·NO

Gable Answers Your Questions!

(*Continued from page 57*)

Where did you find such a charming wife? Mrs. Gable and I met in New York City and were married there.

To what do you attribute your success in motion pictures? Largely to lucky breaks.

Do you ever read movie magazines? Yes, I read almost all of them.

What do you plan to do after your life of ten years as a movie star is over? Do you plan to go into any other type of work? Yes. I don't think I could be happy as a loafer. The kind of work I take up will depend on my age, the amount of money I've been able to save, and business conditions at the time.

What feeling do you experience when you see yourself on the screen? The sensation is very strange. I feel detached, as though I were watching another person.

What is your favorite pet? A dog. I own an Irish setter named Queenie.

Do you make a hobby of collecting anything? Yes. I have so many pipes, of all kinds, that they clutter up the house.

How long do you plan to stay in movie work? Just as long as there is a demand for my services. I don't know of anything that will pay me as much money or give me as much real enjoyment.

Do you have a secretary to open your mail? Yes.

What do you think personally of some of the things the reporters and publicity men say about you—"Hot-Cha Gable," "What-a-Man Gable," etc? Sometimes I'm amused, sometimes I'm amazed.

What kind of rifle do you prefer for deer shooting? A .30-caliber rifle with high velocity and great shocking power, because I think any real sportsman should try to avoid the chance of wounding game and leaving it to die of starvation. A .250-.300 or some of the .270-calibers are also very satisfactory.

Why do you wear those turtle-neck sweaters? Don't you know they're frightfully unbecoming to you? Perhaps they are, but I think comfort is more important than appearance.

What color clothes do you like? Grays and blues.

Do you really enjoy the love scenes you enact, or would you rather take an active he-man's part without any love-making? Love-making is a normal part of an active he-man's life, isn't it?

Of all the pictures you have made so far, which did you enjoy working in the most? "Hell Divers." One of the most interesting experiences of my life was working with the naval fliers at North Island.

What type of rôle would you like to play and what kind would completely satisfy you? I'm especially anxious to do a light comedy rôle. No one rôle would 'completely satisfy' me for I want diversity.

Which is the best picture you've ever played in? In my opinion, it's a toss-up between "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul" and "Possessed."

How much does Joan Crawford weigh and what are her measurements? I guess Miss Crawford will have to answer that one.

If a young fellow came to you and asked for advice, meaning life in general, what are the points you would particularly stress? A strong will, ambition and plenty of courage.

Were you ever on Broadway? Do you like it? Yes, I played in "Machinal," "Hawk Island," "Gambling" and "Blind Windows" on the New York stage. I like New York.

Did you enjoy playing opposite Joan Crawford in "Possessed"? I certainly did. I think Miss Crawford is one of the screen's finest dramatic actresses.

What is the real color of your hair? Your eyes? My hair is dark brown. My eyes are gray.

When will we have another Clark Gable-Joan Crawford picture? The studio has no definite plans for one just now.

Is it true that Mrs. Gable has a granddaughter old enough to be a college student? No.

Who was your first wife, and when were you married? Josephine Dillon. We were married soon after I went on the stage.

How do you like California? California would be an Eden if a person had time enough to enjoy it.

One so often hears the saying, 'It gave me the biggest thrill of my life'—and I want to ask you what incident gave you the biggest thrill in REAL life, as compared to your biggest thrill in REEL life. The biggest thrill of my REEL life was an explosion that occurred during the making of "The Painted Desert" when a whole mountainside was dynamited and the entire picture troupe escaped only by a miracle. The biggest thrill of my REAL life, I believe, was the day not long ago when I shot my first deer. Always before, I had stood by amateurishly while others bagged the game, but on this day, in the mountains South of Los Angeles, I brought down a fine buck.

What is your idea of "It"? It's a certain indefinable personal magnetism. And it doesn't depend on beauty, either.

Did you fall in love with Jean Harlow while making "Red Dust"? No. I admire Miss Harlow, but I didn't fall in love with her.

What is your conception of a good stock company to join? One that has a wide repertoire and presents a new play every week or so.

Harry Cooper, famous golf pro, gives Clark Gable some pointers. Clark is in his uniform for "The White Sister"

Are all the actors and actresses of the screen highly educated? No. We have our quota of college graduates, but most of us have only the most ordinary educations.

What is the easiest and quickest way for a girl to get into the movies? Via the stage. Motion picture scouts are always watching the legitimate theatres for new talent.

How did you become an actor? I had a job as call boy in an Akron theatre and the director gave me a chance to play a bit.

Who is your closest friend? I consider Joe Sherman, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, my closest friend.

Are you eager to welcome old acquaintances—those whom you knew before you became famous? Always. Some of the happi-

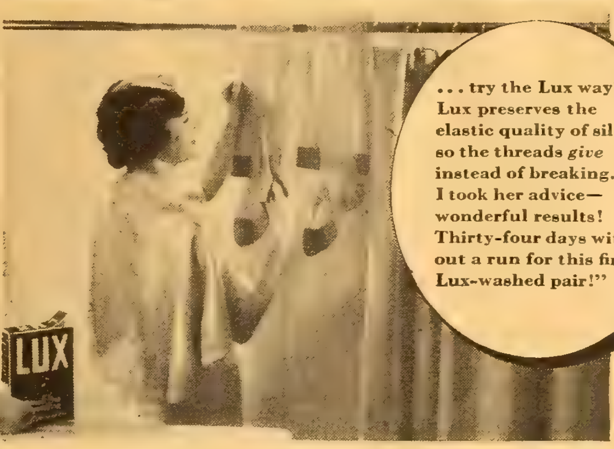
(*Continued on page 74*)

"34 Days without a Run*"

"This pair of stockings was worn 34 days without a run! They still look like new! That's a record—especially for me, because I'm terribly hard on stockings. This is how I learned the secret of preventing constant runs . . ."

"I used to get runs all the time. Just when I wanted to look especially nice, a thread would pop and there was an embarrassing ladder right down my leg! My stocking bills were *ruinous.* One day . . .

. . . a friend said: 'Madeleine, most of those runs are your own fault! I've noticed you rub your stockings with cake soap. You destroy the *elasticity* of the silk, so the threads break easily. Why don't you . . .



. . . try the Lux way? Lux preserves the elastic quality of silk so the threads *give* instead of breaking.' I took her advice—wonderful results! Thirty-four days without a run for this first Lux-washed pair!"

* *Madeleine Ingalls, above, tells the story of her discovery about stocking wear.*

IT TAKES ONLY 2 MINUTES to Lux your stockings each night! You'll find that it more than *doubles* their wear. Keeps them so elastic they *fit* better, too. And Lux protects the color as well. Many girls say it's the best stocking economy known!

LUX
For all fi
laund

"All these 445 items washed with one box of Lux," says Mrs. Robert Hughes:

36 pairs silk stockings	173 children's undies
38 pairs children's socks	60 towels and washcloths
38 pieces silk lingerie	20 children's sheets
40 children's dresses	40 diapers

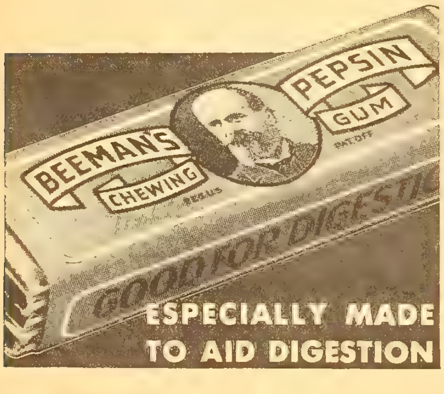
LUX *saves stocking elasticity*

police!

"Hold back the crowds". That's what you almost expect. You feel so radiant—so beautiful. You have so much pep when your digestion is good.

But lots of people have a little indigestion without knowing it. They don't realize what makes them feel tired and restless. That's why so many chew Beeman's regularly. It's a delicious chewing gum that helps keep your digestion "just perfect". Chew it every day.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM



Gable Answers Your Questions!

(*Continued from page 72*)

est moments of my life have been spent renewing old friendships.

Did you know Gladys Bozlee, the dancer? No, I don't believe I've ever met Miss Bozlee.

What do you think of the publicity given Marjorie Miller Sharpe as your first sweetheart? I think it is fine and I'm glad and proud that Marjorie remembers me.

How do you spend your week-ends? When I'm not working, I usually play golf or go to the desert or the mountains.

Why is it that you are the only man in the world I have any desire to kiss or to be kissed by? Well, really . . . .

Is married life happier than a single one? Yes, certainly. Although I guess there *are* exceptions to that rule.

Who was "Poppy" that played opposite you in "Shanghai Gesture" in Chicago? I never played "Shanghai Gesture" in Chicago.

How would you like to put on the old togs and sneak up on a big, scrappy trout at Buck's Lake? That sounds mighty good to me.

Who are your friends, off the screen? Mrs. Gable and I are very friendly with Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sherman and Howard Strickling.

Do you remember me? (This query is signed by Mary Culver of Hondo, California.) Of course, I do.

Do you remember Wilson and Ray Hoover and Zeke and Bill Wenner, whom you knew when you lived at Hopedale, Ohio? Yes, I remember them very well, but as I remember, Wilson and Ray were named Hoopler, not Hoover.

Do you get a kick out of kissing a movie actress playing opposite you? No, I can't say I do. After all, an actor is working when he is in front of the camera, you know.

Why don't you play in a picture with Constance Bennett? Miss Bennett is under contract to Radio Pictures, while I'm under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, an entirely different studio.

I read in a magazine that you do not like pictures in which you have to wear evening clothes—is that a fact? Not necessarily. I don't object to evening clothes now and then, but I don't want to be typed as a drawing-room actor.

Really, Clark, do you have to be pretty to get into the movies and is it hard to get in? It *is* difficult to break into pictures, but beauty is not a necessity. Few great stars have been perfect beauties and there are all sorts of parts, you know.

Do you see the pictures you play in and do you go to many picture shows? I see all my pictures, and I never miss an outstanding movie. I enjoy pictures and I can always learn by watching my own mistakes and other actors' work.

Do you play the pipe organ? No.

Do you remember Mr. and Mrs. Runyon, Andy Means and his mother, Dr. Parkhill, Frank White, the Laceys, the Williamsons and Charles Smith? We all lived on Getz Street in Akron. (Signed by Mrs. Mary Runyon, with the note that she was Clark's landlady.) Of course, I remember you and I hope that some day we can have a grand reunion—in Hollywood, if not in Akron.

Do you remember a druggist from Akron named Louie Grether, the one you left your mother's pictures with? Certainly, I remember Louie. Please tell him I'm writing to him immediately.

Did you ever work on Carl Stiewer's farm near Salem, Oregon? Yes, I worked there about nine years ago.

What is your favorite color? Wine red.

Have you any objection to playing rôles in costume? No, but I wouldn't want them as a steady diet.

When taking the part of a lover in your pictures, does it have any effect on your personal emotions? No.

Why do you prefer your pipe and working around your car to social activities? I'm just not socially inclined, I suppose. Even as a boy in school, I wasn't.

Do they give you much time for rehearsal before starting a picture? No, unfortunately. They do whenever possible, but things move so fast in Hollywood that sometimes I learn from the papers on Friday that I'm to start a new picture the next week.

Which do you like best—blondes, redheads or brunettes? Each type has its own fascinations.

Why don't you answer your fan-mail personally—no alibis but the straight truth? It would be a human impossibility. I receive an average of at least one thousand letters a week. Even if I devoted all of my time to it, I could not read and answer that many letters.

Do you read all your fan mail? I've answered that question.

Do you have the privilege of choosing the pictures you play in? No, the studio executives decide that question.

What do you do at a Hollywood party? Just about the same things you do at your parties. Hollywood parties are not very different from those anywhere else.

Are you really a cave man or are you a quiet husband who likes to stay home of evenings with your wife? I spend most of my evenings at home—in my own cave.

Do you really enjoy playing rôles such as you played in "Red Dust" and "Possessed"? I enjoyed both of those parts.

Did you have a motorcycle 'way back in 1915 or 1916 in Hopedale? One day we had a blowout at the triangle in Hopedale (my home is in Steubenville) and I think it was you that the boys called "Gable." Even after all these years I still remember that blowout in Hopedale, when we all tried to help. That motorcycle was the pride and joy of my heart.

Do you brush your teeth three times a day and see the dentist twice a year? I brush my teeth more than three times a day and see the dentist more than twice a year.

Why do you wear Jodhpurs?—I thought they were only for girls. Really, I'll have to look into this.

What is your personal idea of Greta Garbo? I think Miss Garbo is one of the great actresses and a very magnetic personality. Personally, she is charming.

Is it necessary that your most intimate feelings and the most trivial things about your personal life be dragged into publicity? I don't think so. But I'm grateful for the interest that prompts such publicity and I try to cooperate.

When and how did you learn to swim and dive? When I was a boy on the farm near Hopedale. In the "old swimmin' hole."

If your stepsons were girls, which type would you want them to be—quiet or full of pep? I would want them to be normal—in other words, a combination of thoughtfulness and pep.

Have you been chosen to play the lead in "The White Sister"? Do you think you're the type to play the gentle Italian officer? Yes, I'm playing the part. I think I am, as I'm assigned. I feel the part keenly and hope that I won't seem miscast.

Do you feel that you're rewarded for all the effort you put into your pictures?—I don't mean financial reward entirely. Yes. Putting aside all financial consideration, I've been richly paid. I like my taste of success.

(*Continued on page 76*)

★ CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *in Paramount's* "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS" *and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Using Max Factor's Face Powder*

MAKE-UP *in Color Harmony*

is Hollywood's Secret of Attraction

Any girl can now double her beauty with make-up in color harmony... face powder, rouge and lipstick, created by Max Factor to beautify each type of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead.

In Hollywood, we've found that the magic secret of attractive beauty lies in make-up . . . a new kind of make-up created for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

Face powder, rouge and lipstick are now harmonized in color to accent the personality and the charm of various types of blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads.

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone blended of chromatic colors in scientific balance. You will note how this perfect face powder, even and soft in color tone, actually enlivens the beauty of the skin, indetectably creating new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen . . . and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Remember, screen stars prove it perfect daily under motion picture lights and reveal its magic in every picture released from Hollywood... so that you know your make-up will appear beautiful under any close-up test.

Now the luxury of Max Factor's Face Powder, originally created for the screen stars, is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony, Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover now what Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

Like a screen star, have your complexion analyzed and your make-up color harmony chart suggested for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. ***Mail Coupon.***

★ *How to Make Up Your Lips to Last all Day*

WYNNE GIBSON *in Paramount's* "Crime of the Century."

1. *Dry the lips. Make up the upper lip first. With Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with the lipstick or finger.*
2. *Trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together.*
3. *Fill in and blend lipstick on lower lip. Now moisten the lips . . . and your lip make-up will remain perfect all day, permanent in color value, smooth in texture.*

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Without obligation send my complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart; also 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up."* I enclose 10c to cover the cost of postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade. *Fill in the chart below with* ✓

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CITY ____________________
STATE ____________________ 2-4-60

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
FAIR........	BLUE.....	BLONDE	DRY........
CREAMY........	GREY.....	LIGHT.....DARK...	OILY........
MEDIUM........	HAZEL...	BROWNETTE	NORMAL...
RUDDY........	BROWN...	LIGHT.....DARK...	LIPS
OLIVE........	BLACK...	BRUNETTE	MOIST.....
SUN TAN........	LASHES	LIGHT.....DARK...	DRY........
	LIGHT..	REDHEAD	AGE
	DARK.....	LIGHT.....DARK...	

Girl's figure carved out of Ivory Soap. Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in its quickest dissolving form

Keeps silk stockings spruce and sprightly

If you want your silk stockings to do their best for you, use Ivory Snow suds. Ivory Snow is the speedy dissolving form of Ivory Soap. Silk stockings couldn't ask a nicer bath than Ivory—the pure soap doctors advise for bathing little babies!

Dissolves completely without hot water. Ivory Snow is made in the most modern way—not cut into sharp, flat flakes, but BLOWN. Its soft *round* bits turn to suds at the touch of *lukewarm* water. Not a flat particle anywhere to flatten onto stocking mesh in an undissolved soap spot!

Ideal for all silks and woolens. Washing tests made by manufacturers of silks and woolens have convinced them of the safety of Ivory Snow. "*A perfect soap for silks*" say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu, and "*ideal for woolens*" agree the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills. There's this happy point to remember, too—the BIG box of Ivory Snow costs only 15c!

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Gable Answers Your Questions!

(*Continued from page 74*)

What is the name of your horse? I don't own a horse just now. The one I usually take from the rental stables is named "Thunder."

Now that you have money and fame, don't you sometimes wish for a life away from the crowds? I've not yet reached the degree of money or fame which would be stifling or monotonous. I'm anything but bored.

Do you take in the night-life of Hollywood? Only occasionally.

Which kind of part do you prefer—that of a gentleman or a roughneck? I like as wide a variety of parts as possible.

What else have you done besides work in pictures? I've been timekeeper in a factory, an oil field laborer, a lumberjack, a stage actor, and a farm hand.

Are you ever coming back here where you used to live as a boy? I hope to visit there as soon as I have an opportunity.

Where do you spend your summer vacations? I don't have a regular summer vacation, but I usually spend my leisure between pictures fishing, playing golf or hunting.

Would you like to play the part of "The Sheik" that made Rudolph Valentino famous? No, I don't think I'm the type, and there can never be another Valentino.

How can I sell a scenario I've just written? I can't advise you on that. The studios do do not read unsolicited scenarios.

How did you happen to get the idea to become a movie star? I was on the stage—naturally, pictures seemed a logical step as they offered more money and wider opportunities.

Where did you spend your boyhood? Most of it was spent in Hopedale, Ohio.

Do you find motion picture work a nervous strain? Yes. When we work, we are on a terrific tension.

How does it feel to be famous? I have no real fame as yet, and what I have is too recent to give me enough perspective to answer such a question.

What effect do you think television will have on the screen? I'm not qualified to answer that one, but it's my opinion that it will be used in cooperation with pictures and will never entirely replace them.

How did you get into the movies? I was playing on the Los Angeles stage in "The Last Mile" in 1930 and was offered a screen test and a small part in "The Painted Desert."

How does Mrs. Gable feel about it all? I trust that she feels as any good wife would—anxious for her husband to succeed and overjoyed whenever he takes a step forward.

Why have the singing films gone? They haven't gone, entirely. When talkies first came in, they were overdone and the public tired of them.

Do you remember Harvey and Merle Parks, the boys you used to go hunting with and play basketball with when they were kids in Hopedale, Ohio? I'm certainly glad to hear indirectly from Harvey and Merle. If you have time, I'd be happy for further news about the boys.

And there you are. If there is anything left to be known about Clark Gable, it's just an oversight. What a third degree! Your Inquiring Reporter felt like a Father Inquisitor before he was through firing question marks at his hapless victim. But Clark seemed to enjoy it, which all goes to prove that his pals are right when they talk about his golf game and call him a glutton for punishment.

Remember, next month it's Connie Bennett who's on the spot. And her replies ought to make very interesting reading.

The Strange Case of Duncan Renaldo

(*Continued from page 60*)

serve the two-year sentence, where can you go afterward?"

Renaldo flung out his hands, desperation in the gesture: "I ask you!"

Heading for possible stardom, when he found the law weaving a net around him, he is penniless to-day. And if his appeal fails in May, he faces prison and deportation—and a new start far from the studios where he has worked so hard to succeed. How did he get in his difficulties? What is his story?

"I was born in Camden, New Jersey, April 23, 1904," Renaldo says. "My father was a Scotchman named Francis Duncan, in the produce business. My mother was a Roumanian. I do not remember her, and my father is a blurred figure as I look back. The first I recall is living in a little village in Roumania with a family named Couyanos.

Says He Was Called "American"

"MY earliest memory is of wandering around the village, trying to talk to the other children. They called me 'The Little American.' I cried when they jeered at me in a strange tongue. The members of the Couyanos family explained to me that they had brought me from America at the age of five after my parents' death. They told me where I was born and who my parents were. But they did not have a birth certificate for me.

"And then war broke out between Roumania and Bulgaria and our village was under fire. The villagers fled in confusion. I found myself separated from the Couyanos family and became an apprentice shoemaker in the village of Galatz.

"In 1917 I decided I was coming back to my own country—America. I managed to get to the port of Constantaza and stowed away on a boat to Constantinople. From there I stowed on other boats and finally worked as a coal loader, hoping to earn enough to get to the United States. Not until 1921 did I reach America.

"I applied for permission to land as a native of the United States," says Renaldo. "The Immigration authorities asked for my birth certificate. I told them I was born in Camden, but had no certificate. They refused to let me land as a citizen. So I landed as an alien. Surely, as soon as I went to my birthplace, I could prove my citizenry. So I called myself a Greek and was given a sixty-day landing permit as Basil Duncan Couyanos. I was back on my native soil again—and I headed at once for Camden to try and find proof of my birth. I found the house in which I was born at 217 Federal Street. But the Court House had burned down and if there was a record of my birth, it must have burned with it. So I started hunting people who might have known my family.

"My money was soon gone and I went to New York to get a job. I could paint, so I applied at a picture studio for a job as scene painter. And there I met Tommy Atkins, now an assistant director at RKO Studios in Hollywood. Tommy had known my father."

Renaldo was a good-looking chap and soon found his way into the acting profession. Hope Hampton gave him a part in one of her pictures in 1923. Before long he was directing short subjects for Colorart Productions, and was well on the way to success. And then he met an actress named Beth Varden, and in 1925 they were married. And that led to Renaldo's making another error. In applying for a marriage license he said that he was a Roumanian. He was young and in love; to have come from a far-off place, even though not born there, seemed romantic, he explains.

(*Continued on page 79*)

NOW

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half-hour nose!

The nose that is powdered with Pompeian will retain its loveliness for hours

But how often ordinary powder leaves the nose looking like this after half an hour

Of course you're lovely when you leave your dressing table! But how long do you stay that way? How many times in an evening do you have to look in a mirror to be sure that you're even presentable?

For certainly few things are more disconcerting than a nose that has shed its powder, and stands out from a beautiful face like an unkind and ugly beacon light. Can you even count the number of times you have to powder during the day?

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It comes in a variety of flattering skin tones, expressly created to complement and enhance every complexion type. It has a refreshing and very feminine perfume. And a box you'll be proud to have on your dressing table.

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Seventeen

"I'll Never Fall in Love," Predicts Ramon Novarro

(*Continued from page 51*)

home in the Hollywood hills, furnished it himself in the most modern fashion, and now lives there alone, with a couple to serve him.

There has been no breach between Ramon and his family because of his departure from the family roof-tree. His mother, he told me, is the rare type who asks no questions, of her children, who does not feel or exercise the awful possessiveness of the Silver Cord. And when Ramon moved away from her home, for the first time in his life, he knew that she understood his need for privacy, for space to think and breathe. And it is because of his family and his love and care for them that Ramon will never marry.

"There have been stories," he told me, in his sadly tired voice, "to the effect that when I meet the Only Girl, I shall marry. But there will never be an Only Girl for me. *I shall never marry.*

"*I have never been in love. I never will be in love.* I might not have presumed to make such a statement five years ago. There is a time in life when we are emotionally insecure, when it is not safe, or possible, to predict what we shall feel or do tomorrow. That time, for me, is gone. I am adult enough now to hear the warning approach of the amorous god. And if ever I hear him coming—as I may—I shall *run.* Even if I have to run half-way around the world.

Would Have No Other Choice

"IT IS, you see, the only fair thing I could do. I have eleven people to support—eleven people of whom I am the *sole* support. My mother and father, my five brothers and four sisters. Financially speaking, alone, marriage would be impossible for me. My two younger brothers are just completing their educations. One has just finished college. The other finishes in June. They are my 'children,' and my pride is in them.

"My youngest brother wants to be an architect. I have a great belief in him and in his ability. I plan to take him abroad with me when I go in the Spring—after my next and, for a time at any rate, my last picture. It will be of great benefit for him to see the beautiful buildings of Europe. Then, when he returns, I hope to form a small company for him, equip offices, see to it that he is started.

"*I was never intended to marry.* That is my belief. That has always been my belief. If God had intended me to marry and have children of my own, He would not have given me these ready-made 'children.' He would not have placed me in a position of so much responsibility.

"Nor is it only for financial reasons that marriage is impossible for me. It is, even more, the moral and emotional responsibility of so many lives depending upon me. An individual has only so much of himself to give. I give all that I have to give to my people. I feel no sense of self-sacrifice about this; please do not misunderstand me. On the contrary, I feel a great joy that I was called to do what I have done and that I was given the power to do it. But I have nothing left to give to others.

Has Never Had Time for Love

"*THAT is why I have never fallen in love.* I know there has been some comment and conjecture about this. It seems curious to the majority of people that a young man, placed so advantageously among so many young and beautiful women, does not fall violently in love once, if not oftener. It seems curious for a young man never to become engaged to be married, never to marry. But I haven't the time or the energy. And love requires energy and the power of concentration. I know enough about it to know that. I simply haven't had either the time or the power of concentration.

"From my earliest recollection, I have been absorbed in some interest or some compelling necessity every single instant of my time. The necessity to earn money came first. Which meant my work in pictures. Then there was my little theatre, my family my music, my books. There has been no *space* in such a life as mine for romance.

"I have met girls I have thought I could care for, of course. But before I had time to draw the second breath, something has come along to take up every bit of time and energy I had to give. And the thought has quickly died.

"Of course, I am exceptionally tired now. I feel empty and, in a sense, discouraged. Not about my picture work as a whole, but about the pictures I have had to make this past year or two. I couldn't see myself in the football picture, for instance. I am weary of the stereotyped young *Galahads* I have had to play. I enjoyed doing 'Son-Daughter' with Helen Hayes and under the direction of Clarence Brown more than any picture I have done in a very long while. Playing the part of the Chinese youth gave me something to *do,* something to work with. It wasn't a terrifically important part, but it satisfied me.

"I have one more picture to make, in the early Spring. I believe the title is 'Man of the Nile.' It sounds interesting. After that, I am going immediately to Europe and begin my concert tour. It will be a long-dreamt dream come true—and I am in the mood right now when fulfilled dreams are an imperative necessity. I feel that I have, perhaps, 'been around' too long. I need new fields. I need to drink at fresh springs.

"I am working on my concert program every spare minute of my time. I hope to be gone for at least three years. My voice may not warrant such long engagements, but it is possible that curiosity about a picture star will be sufficient to attract a sufficient number of people.

Feels an Urge for Escape Now

"THE urge to Get Away From It All has never before descended upon me. I have heard others talk about it and do things about it, and I have always felt that they were being a bit hysterical. I know better now. I *had* to get away from home, to live alone in a house of my own. I had to cater to whims and notions of my own that would be impossible for others to live with.

"For instance, I am frequently seized with a sudden desire to play my piano when I am somewhere en route between my bath and my bedroom, clad as God made me. Now, living alone, I can gratify this desire.

"I like to eat and to sleep when I feel like eating and sleeping. And well-organized, large families must eat and sleep on some sort of schedule. I eat and sleep, now, when and where I feel inclined. I am frequently disinclined to talk, to say anything. A mute individual is not a very courteous member of a family. The four quiet walls of my own house do not care whether I speak or keep silent. . . .

"And so, it is better for me to go it alone, you see. It was better for me to move away from my family for the time, at any rate. It is better for me to go to Europe for a few years. It is infinitely better for me to go through life alone—my family for my 'children' and my music for my 'wife.'"

The Strange Case of Duncan Renaldo

(*Continued from page 77*)

Renaldo then went to Hollywood, where he was given a big rôle in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Immediately, he was a hit and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives decided on him for "Trader Horn." They told Renaldo to get ready to leave for Africa in three days' time.

How His Difficulties Began

"THEN came confusion and the start of my troubles," says Renaldo. "I had to get my clothes, sign my contracts, as well as make some retakes on another picture, and be inoculated against African diseases.

"At the same time, I was seeking passports. I asked Bob Roberts at the studio how to do it. He told me to secure an affidavit from Tommy Atkins, who had known my father. I took the oath of allegiance, the studio officials gave the necessary information on the application.

"As soon as I came back from Africa, I dashed to Camden again. I had been spending most of my earnings on a detective firm, who promised to trace my people and did not. This time I found a ninety-year-old woman, a Mrs. Riceman, who knew my family, but I had to rush back to Hollywood and could not go on with my hunt.

"Three days before 'Trader Horn' had its première—which I had hoped would mean so much to me—I was arrested by the Federal authorities. They wanted to deport me to Roumania. I went to Washington and appeared before a board of review of the Department of Labor. There seven judges of the board decided that I was born in Camden and was entitled, as a United States citizen, to stay in America. That was in 1931.

"My troubles seemed ended," says Renaldo. "I was about to start a picture and had a contract. And then—I was arrested by the Immigration authorities on the charge of perjury—

Gives His Version of Case

"ALL my mistakes of the past were dragged out. Then a birth certificate was produced, saying that Vasilie Dumitreu Cucghianaes was born in Roumania. But they did not produce anyone to prove that I was Cucghianaes. They brought a witness on from New York to identify me as his nephew. He testified, instead, that he was not my uncle and did not know me. Yet the jury found me guilty of making false statements in my passport application. For that I was sentenced to serve two years in prison. And I was fined two thousand dollars for calling myself a citizen of the country in which I was born.

"When I was living in New York in 1923, I joined the National Guard, the Seventy-First Regiment, and was assigned to Company I. They accepted me as a citizen. I wore the uniform of this country two years. I have an honorable discharge from the U. S. Army. The Department of Labor accepted me as a citizen. But twelve men on a jury wouldn't accept me.

"After I was sentenced, an application was made to the Roumanian Consul to deport me. Speaking for his government, he refused, saying that his government had no proof that I was born in Roumania. So there I am. I have no country. I have spent my life and all the money I have ever earned in trying to prove my birthplace. Now my freedom and my future both go. I am living on the charity of friends, with only prison walls ahead—and when I have served my sentence, if I have to serve it, where can I go? Roumania won't have me. America says I don't belong here. *Where do I belong?*"

Film GOT IT!
and a million dollars couldn't put it back!

Caution: To save lovely teeth—fight film

FILM . . . what is it? A soft, sticky mass that stains teeth an ugly yellow. Food particles cling to it. The mineral salts in saliva combine with film and form hard, irritating tartar that makes gums bleed.

Film's greatest damage is done through tooth decay. In film are tiny, rod-shaped germs . . . *Lactobacilli.* These germs produce strong acid. This acid eats away the tooth enamel just as other acids eat into cloth or wood. Deeper and deeper goes the acid until the nerve is reached . . . the root canal infected . . . and unless repaired, results may well prove tragic.

"What can I do to fight decay?"

To fight film use Pepsodent *instead* of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because Pepsodent contains a special film-removing substance that is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film-stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in common use has gained wide recognition.

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use Pepsodent twice a day and see your dentist at least twice every year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth

These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

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permanent waves

Clothes Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

sports outfit—and plenty of people are going to like it.

Before we left RKO the day we saw Connie in her grand sports idea, we were invited onto "The Great Desire" set, where Katharine Hepburn and Helen Chandler were engaged in a close-up, wearing two of the cutest sports outfits you'll be seeing on the screen this Spring. Helen's very mannish suit is of heavy gray tweed, but the effective note of the entire ensemble is the red patent-leather scarf that she wears in place of a blouse and tie. There was very little dialogue in this particular close-up. In fact, the girls appeared to be merely glaring at one another over something or somebody. It couldn't have been an argument as to which looked the "sportiest," we hope?

La Hepburn had an unfair advantage because she was wearing a riding outfit with long tan flannel trousers, an enormous leather belt, a brown beret, and very slick and shiny boots. Which, put together, is just too much "sportiness" for any one suit to compete with!

Brown and white, and brown and tan are still the most popular color combinations for sports. Madge Evans is even sporting a brown-and-white checked bathing suit of knit wool, especially designed for her!

Some Girls Can Be "Trained"

IF you are the "clothes type"—that is, if you wear the extreme things with a certain flare—what a grand time you are going to have with the graceful trailing trains that are featured on the evening gowns worn by Constance Bennett in "Our Betters" and by Claudette Colbert in "Tonight Is Ours." These are real honest-to-goodness trains—not just the train-illusion that was partially a vogue for evening gowns last season.

Connie, for instance, wears a stunning evening gown of white unfinished crêpe, with the entire neckline, both front and back, outlined in sable; and the train, if you please, starts at the natural waistline and falls in graceful fullness far out upon the floor. The train of Claudette's white satin gown, sleeved with silver fox, is a slightly different idea. About Claudette's waist is wrapped a sash—and the long streamers of this satin sash are what form the divided train effect of this beautiful formal gown. However, in appropriating these ideas for your own wardrobe, Claudette is portraying a Queen in "Tonight Is Ours" and Connie a titled lady in "Our Betters."

A far more girlish and youthful model is worn by Claudette in the romantic garden scenes of the same picture. It is an adorable blue organdie with a ruffled skirt of blue maline crusted with brilliants and pearls.

If you're looking for tips for a bridesmaid's dress or something very youthful and charming for graduation, you can't afford to overlook the adorable white mousseline-de-soie frock with its fluted ruffles worn by Joan Crawford in "To-day We Live." Watch for that scene in which Joan bids her childhood sweetheart (Robert Young) "goodbye" when he is called for service on the North Sea. The sash is of brown velvet, and so is the little bow at Joan's throat.

One of the most "different" evening wraps of the new pictures is worn by Helen Chandler in "The Great Desire." Worn over a dress of blue unfinished crêpe, the flaring ermine cape covers one shoulder completely and fastens with a large ornament about the other, which is partially covered.

Next month, Marilyn of Hollywood will continue her "inside story" of the fashion hints in the new pictures, including an account of the newest and most startling things worn by Norma Shearer in her new picture.

Five Big Stars Are Retiring In 1933

(*Continued from page 29*)

that might be offered me. It is a purely personal reason. You see, the movies have never been my entire life, as they have been to many other women on the screen. I have proved through actual experience that I can be very happy away from work—even the fame-bearing work of Hollywood. I believe I did prove it when I quit the screen for four years during my marriage to Phil Plant.

"In the first place, I have made a good deal of money out of my stardom. I no longer have that financial incentive to keep on. On the other hand, I adore travel and a life of calm leisure. I enjoy having time to devote to my friends, which a career before the camera does not permit. Why, then, should I hang on to the hard work of being a movie star, when I am in a position to lead the sort of life I want to lead?

"At the completion of my contract, Henri (the Marquis de la Falaise) and Peter (their small adopted son) and I are going to the South of France to live. I know that it would be impossible for me to remain in Hollywood and not want to work in the movies. I do not even know if I could continue to live in America and not work.

"I suppose, at first, that I shall miss it. Habit can be a strong tie. But I know that, once I have broken all ties here, nothing shall tempt me to return to a career. I'm not even leaving a mental loophole and thinking that, perhaps, I might make just one or two pictures a year! When I leave at the completion of my contract, I am not coming back to Hollywood or the movies!"

Ronald Wants "a Breathing Spell"

RONALD COLMAN is not nearly so definite in his retirement plans as Connie. His announced two-year vacation, as Ronnie explained it to a friend, is merely "a breathing spell, a chance to catch my breath after years and years of the movies." Like the glamourous Miss Bennett, Ronald Colman, too, wants a rest. But the gossips will tell you that this is not entirely the reason why Ronnie is leaving Hollywood for so long a time.

One very popular guess is that he may be planning to "sit out" the duration of his contract with Samuel Goldwyn. It is no particular secret that Colman and his producer have not been on the best of terms for the past year. In fact, it has been proved that Ronnie's two-million-dollar suit against Goldwyn, for a publicity statement which, he claimed "reflected on his character," was not a press-agent stunt at all (as first suspected by Hollywood), but an authentic peeve between star and producer. There is every indication at the present that Colman is going through with this contemplated suit.

Hollywood damage suits have been known to drag out over very long periods. Can it be that Ronnie is merely seizing this expected "hold up" of his screen activities as a most opportune occasion for a vacation? Besides seeking a "rest," it is entirely possible that he will return to the stage for a time.

Clive Brook is abandoning his motion picture career at the completion of his present contract for several good reasons, at least to the British Mr. Brook. To an interviewer, he recently said: "In the first place, I never intended to remain in Hollywood as long as I have. To be frank, I was tempted here by movie gold. I figured that when I had enough of it to live comfortably in leisure for the rest of my life, I would quit my acting career and devote myself to several other hobbies in which I am equally

(*Continued on page 83*)

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Ruth Chatterton in Paramount's "Once a Lady"

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Will Ann Harding Remarry Harry Bannister?

(*Continued from page 33*)

man but that talk starts. "Who is the man Ann Harding is interested in?" the gossipers ask.

You see, Ann, your plan has failed. Avoiding publicity has only whetted curiosity. Perhaps you will forgive me, after all, for breaking your silence. You told me so much about yourself when we last met—things that your admirers who read this story will really be eager to know. All of the people who are interested in what you do are not seeking scandal.

Longed to "Get Away"

LET'S begin at the beginning from the time I drove up the hill to your home and saw you through the window. You were knitting, if you remember.

"It's a hug-me-tight," you explained, holding up the woolen shawl. "Grand for reading in bed these cold nights. I'm taking orders. Do you want one?"

"I'd rather know what problem you were frowning over just now."

Your tone grew slightly more serious. "I was wondering when I am to have a parole. Ever since we finished 'Animal Kingdom,' I have been trying to get out of town for a rest. Twice the studio has promised me two weeks, then story conferences have interfered. If the studio could only decide what I am to do next, I could go away for a little while. I think I deserve a parole, don't you? I've been a model prisoner and, therefore, should have some time off for good behavior."

It was your calling yourself a prisoner that made me realize just how much of a prisoner you have been.

"The hours hang heavily on my hands when I'm not working," you continued. "Jane, of course, takes up most of my days, bless her. A growing daughter demands more than a little time.

"The evenings, though, are sometimes a problem. I read a good deal—all the new plays and novels that might have a picture somewhere in their contents. I don't see very many people. The few really intimate friends I have live quite far away. Occasionally, they drop in for a while and we have a game of chess. I've taken up the game, you know.

"Then there are other games—anagrams, ping-pong and jig-saw puzzles. Bridge, however, is barred. People are too serious about bridge. It is an occupation, not a recreation. And it makes bad blood. I have enough enemies in Hollywood, if the stories that are circulated about me are any criterion, not to want to make more by becoming a bridge addict.

Knows All About the Gossip

"BEFORE you ask, I'll answer. Yes, I hear almost all of the gossip that goes on about me. Folks at the studio seem to take keen delight in retailing to me the very latest about Harding. If they don't tell me, they show me what has been printed, apparently carrying the clippings for weeks for the sole purpose of bringing gossip to my attention.

"Sometimes these reports are amusing. The story about my huge telephone bill is the latest. It seems that I run up a monthly bill of between seven and eight hundred dollars for long-distance calls to Harry in New York. 'It would be cheaper to remarry,' advised the columnist who published these figures.

"Just how that columnist obtained accurate information about my bills remains slightly obscure. Less than a dozen people know my private telephone number. I have it changed every month, at least. Not even the studio has it. When they want to communicate with me, they telegraph. The 'phone isn't in my own name and I, personally, pay all bills. So how anyone can pretend to know the amount of my long-distance charges is beyond my understanding. Needless to say, the rumor is a gross exaggeration.

"I do telephone Harry and he calls me, sometimes for no other reason than to talk to Jane, who is, you must remember, as much his daughter as mine. I 'phoned him on New Year's Day, for example, to ask how the play he was producing in New York had gone over. It was scheduled to open New Year's Eve, but Harry postponed the opening in order to polish it up a bit.

"Naturally, I was interested to know the reception afforded his initial production. That was the reason I called. To my mind, there is nothing unusual about such interest. I would feel the same way about any dear friend, anxious regarding his success. It is a normal attitude and I can't understand how it points to the pursuit of a man. Certainly, I have no intention of pursuing anyone.

Must She Avoid New York?

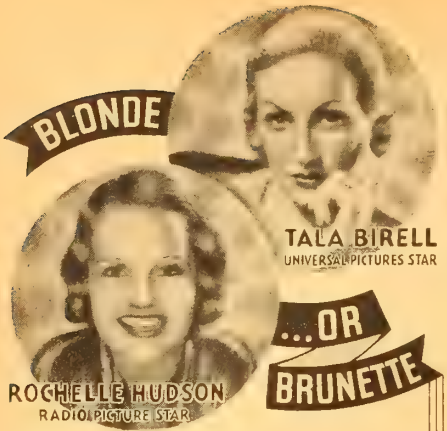
"UNDOUBTEDLY, if maidenly pride should cause me to attempt to avoid the reputation of chasing after Harry, I must never take a trip to New York. I had intended to go recently, you know, and had even booked transportation on an air line. My plans were changed when the studio called a story conference. But the news of my trip was broadcast just the same.

"One obliging writer sent me romantically flying to Harry's side. Then, possibly discovering that I hadn't really gone, the same writer found an easy way of repudiating her own false report. She simply wrote of an imaginary return trip. Nice of her to bring me home again, wasn't it?

"It seems a shame to destroy the romantic illusions so many gossipers hold for us. I haven't, however, the remotest idea at the moment that Harry and I will remarry. I believe it will be better to remain just good friends."

Since the day that Ann said this, she has been able to "get away" before starting work on "Déclassée," and has visited her old friends at the little Hedgerow Theatre (one hundred and sixty seats) in Media, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia. It was there, under the director of Jasper Deeter, that Ann made her theatrical début just twelve years ago in Susan Glaspell's "Inheritance." In honor of her visit this time, the Hedgerow Players again put on the play, with Ann in her old rôle—and this event increased Ann's desire to return there when she leaves the screen, to live and "to act in plays that really matter."

Her presence in the East, so near Harry Bannister, led columnists to "play a hunch" and predict that they will remarry "at any moment." Against these prophecies you have Ann's own statement. Also, some of the couple's close friends point out, you have a contradiction in the fact that Harry's post-divorce effort to be successful in his own right has been temporarily frustrated—his play having closed after one disheartening week. From a romantic viewpoint, this would hardly be an auspicious moment for remarriage. But let Harry produce one hit or star in one hit, which would "justify" their divorce—and then Ann might quickly claim "a woman's prerogative to change her mind" about their being "just friends."



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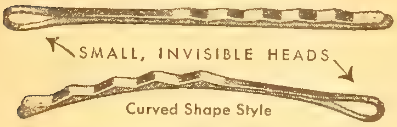

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Five Big Stars Are Retiring In 1933

(*Continued from page 81*)

interested. Writing, for instance. I was a journalist and short-story writer for years before I became an actor.

"Several years ago, I achieved that nest-egg figure I had set for myself as a tidy sum to keep the wolf from the Brook door. But I did not quit. I signed another contract and kept on, in spite of the fact that I was no longer deeply interested in my work. Perhaps I have only grown stale. Perhaps I am just plain tired, and a rest of a year or two will see me anxious to resume my screen work. But at the present moment I feel that I can remain away indefinitely. The only way, really, to find out is to take a long vacation from Hollywood. Two years or more—it will need that much time to launch myself in any other line of work I may decide upon."

Ruth Wants "a Calm, Sane Life"

RUTH CHATTERTON'S ideas about leaving the screen are very similar to those of Constance Bennett. Ruth's big contract with Warner Brothers over a period of three years will earn her more than enough to permit her to live without financial worry for the rest of her life. Like Connie, she has many friends and associates outside the movies. Just before Ruth sailed for Europe last year, she said to me: "I am departing for just a short vacation this time, but not so far away will come the day when I shall be leaving Hollywood for a long, long time. I can hardly wait to get to England. It will be heavenly to meet and talk with old friends again—people who have heard little and care even less about the movies. Don't misunderstand. I am really grateful for the success I have been permitted to make on the screen and I deeply appreciate all the friends a screen career has made me, but my real love always has been, and always will be, the stage!"

Lately, however, as the Chatterton contract has only a picture or two more to go, Ruth's retirement plans have also included the screen departure of George Brent, who married Ruth last August. "Both of us have worked for the privilege of enjoying life calmly and sanely for so long," she remarks, "wouldn't we be foolish not to take advantage of the opportunity?"

For years Ramon Novarro has made no secret of the fact that the movies have taken a bad second place to a musical career in his interests. A year and a half ago, at the completion of his eight-year contract with M-G-M (the longest contract any star has had with any one studio), Ramon announced that he was leaving immediately for Europe to prepare himself for the concert stage and perhaps grand opera.

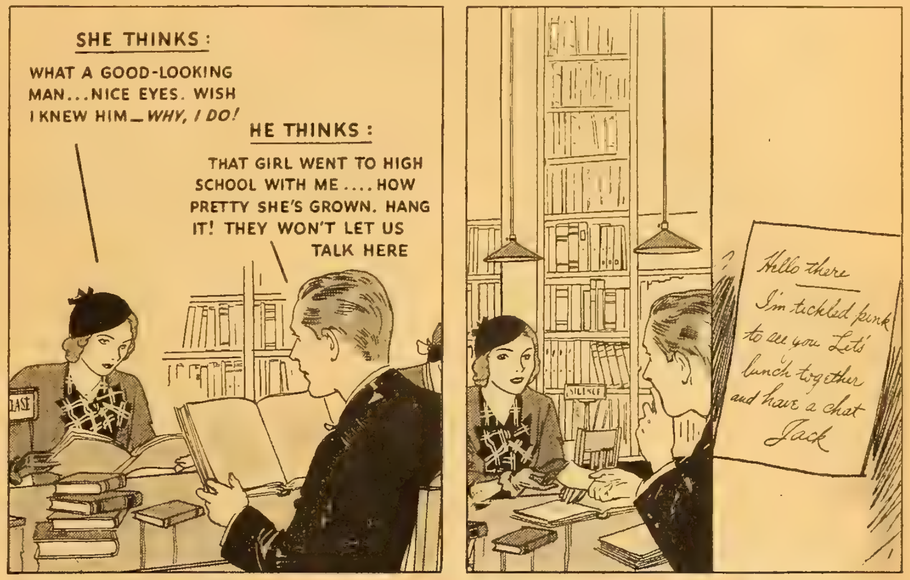
Ramon Wants to Sing

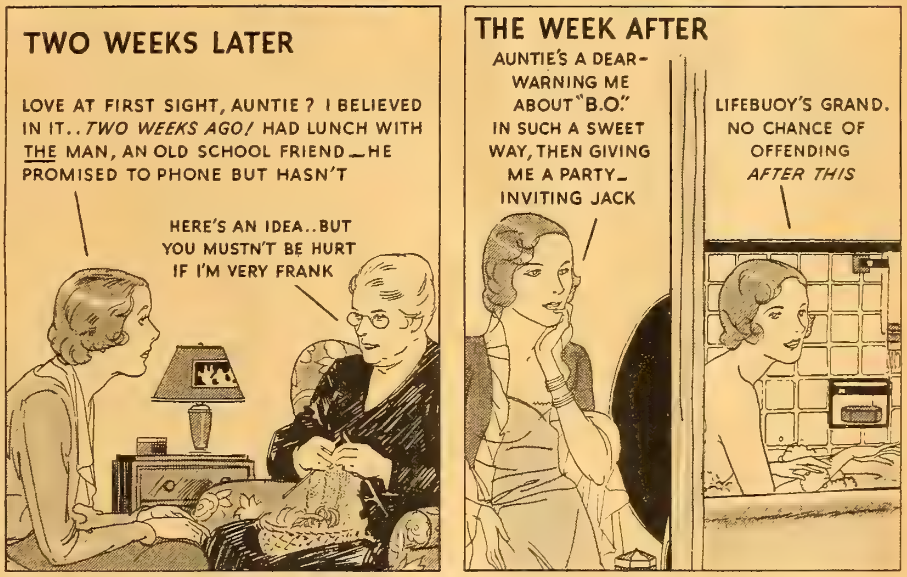
BUT at the last minute he decided to remain in Hollywood under contract to M-G-M for one more year. His close friends believe that Ramon was guided chiefly by the money involved, and that he was anxious to secure the financial independence of his family, as well as himself, before he definitely abandoned the movies. Now that year is up and Ramon has announced that, after finishing "The Man of the Nile," he is leaving for Europe. There he will devote himself to the study of music until he is ready to appear before the public in a new medium, as a star of the concert and opera stage. Ramon's days of being a movie star are definitely over!

"I have had a delightful career," he remarks. "I am looking forward to a new love, which I can only hope will make me

(*Continued on page 85*)

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT UNTIL . . . by Timmins


SHE THINKS:
WHAT A GOOD-LOOKING MAN...NICE EYES. WISH I KNEW HIM_WHY, I DO!
HE THINKS:
THAT GIRL WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL WITH ME....HOW PRETTY SHE'S GROWN. HANG IT! THEY WON'T LET US TALK HERE
SILENCE
Hello there I'm tickled pink to see you. Let's lunch together and have a chat Jack


TWO WEEKS LATER
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AUNTIE? I BELIEVED IN IT..TWO WEEKS AGO! HAD LUNCH WITH THE MAN, AN OLD SCHOOL FRIEND_HE PROMISED TO PHONE BUT HASN'T
HERE'S AN IDEA..BUT YOU MUSTN'T BE HURT IF I'M VERY FRANK
THE WEEK AFTER
AUNTIE'S A DEAR-WARNING ME ABOUT "B.O." IN SUCH A SWEET WAY, THEN GIVING ME A PARTY_INVITING JACK
LIFEBUOY'S GRAND. NO CHANCE OF OFFENDING AFTER THIS

"B.O." ENDED_ JACK'S FALLING HARD!
YOU'RE LOOKING SIMPLY SWELL TONIGHT! HOW SOON CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN?

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THEY just can't seem to make friends. And the pity of it is they seldom suspect the reason—"B.O." (*body odor*). Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps—gives *extra* protection. Its gentle, purifying lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

Complexions aided, too

Lifebuoy's rich, abundant lather *deep-cleanses* pores of clogged impurities. Makes dull, sallow complexions freshen—glow with health.

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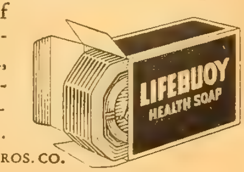
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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HARMLESS

YES, WE KNOW—you've read many claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only to have an evening ruined because a tear smudged your mascara and the resultant smarting spoiled your make-up—one of life's little tragedies! But it need never have happened! It can't happen when you use our NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara. Quickly and easily applied, it instantly makes your lashes appear longer, darker and more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-to-be-desired natural appearance of eye beauty—the color, depth, and expression of the eyes are intensified by the soft, dark fringe of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons that millions of women are using the NEW MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratifying results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!

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Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER

The
PERFECT
Mascara

MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO

"I'd Make a Terrible Husband!" Says Lee Tracy

(*Continued from page 49*)

"I must have a phobia on the subject. Perhaps it comes from being an only child with no dear little brothers or sisters to 'give in to' or to share my all-day suckers with, or to scrap with. I never got the taste for a family scrap, I take it.

"D'you know, back in New York, whenever I felt low or depressed, I used to get on the subway and go down to the Long Island station and watch the commuting husbands, with that strained and anxious *husband* look in their eyes. And then I'd feel better, all pepped up and elated and pleased with myself and everything. I'd go back to where I'd come from, a happy man."

I said, "But don't you want children?"

And Lee snapped back, "*What for?*"

His Idea of Paternal Pride

HE added, "Men want children—sons, preferably—because they think they are pretty damn good guys, themselves, and they know they have to die someday, and they think that when they die their sons will carry on their name and, if blessed by the gods, something of their looks—and so the world will not have a good chance to forget them. They figure that, being pretty good themselves, their sons, being *their* sons, will be even better.

"Of course, there must be *something* to it—I admit that. I know a whale of a lot of married men, with children, and they do seem to get more pride and joy out of them than can be described in words. I have seen the wildest Indian that ever scouted Broadway turn into a church deacon with the birth of his first son. Yeah, there must be something to it—but I doubt that I shall ever know, from personal experience, what that something is.

"I suppose, as I've mentioned, I feel the way I do partly because I was an only child and partly because being an only child made me almost completely self-sufficient. And I figure that self-sufficiency, if it isn't carried too far—to the point where a man is oblivious to the needs and feelings of others—is about the greatest asset a human being can have.

"Then, there is my mother. And she is perfect. Perfect, with all of its connotations, is the only descriptive word. She understands me. She sympathizes with me. She loves me. I don't know where, in what wife, I could find the equal of what she gives me—or why I should want to start a search.

"Funny little thing, here recently, on a Thursday afternoon, my picture 'Washington Merry-Go-Round', opened in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, where my mother is living now. And she wrote me that she had missed the matinée but had gone Thursday night, Friday night, Saturday afternoon and evening, and Sunday night and that she was 'taking some of the ladies' to see it on Monday night. Can you beat that?

His Parents Couldn't Object

"AND, at that, neither my father nor my mother cared much about their only son becoming an *actor*. I can understand that to have your only son announce that he is about to put greasepaint on his face would not exactly swell the parental chests with pride. But they didn't raise any objections—they couldn't. And they couldn't because they had told me, all my life, that when the time came, I should be whatever I wanted to be and they would never interfere.

"My father had hoped that I would follow in his electrical engineering footsteps. My mother hoped for one of the professions carrying the dignity of letters after the Tracy name. I had my eye on an M.D.—but having flunked every exam I ever took in German and finding that German was a mighty important part of a medical course, I decided that the writing of prescriptions was not for ol' Doc Tracy.

"And I am glad I am an actor. I am proud of it. I have none of those Olympian yearnings to do Other Things. This is an odd growth to come out of my bean, perhaps, but I believe that every person should have a Mission in life. And an actor has one—he lightens the weight of woe in the World. He has as good a mission in life as the doctor, the preacher in the pulpit, the lawyer.

"Apart from the mission angle, actors are *happy* people. You take the most hopeless down-and-outer of an actor and give him just one skinny, anemic ray of hope, one tiny break, and it's enough to put him in Seventh Heaven, enough to keep him happy for days. It takes so little to make an actor, *any* actor, happy. That's the reason why so many actors are liable to be poor, never know the meaning of saving. For them, there is no Tomorrow because To-day, any old rainy To-day is enough."

Will Never Be Homesick

"BUT about this husband business," I said, dragging this particular, hard-working young actor back to a contemplation of the altar from which he shies. "Don't you ever want a home, a home of your own?"

"God, NO!" Lee exploded. "I'd never live in anything but hotels and rented apartments, even if I married triplets. I always live in hotels or in furnished apartments and the more transient I feel in 'em, the better I like 'em. I wouldn't own a stick of furniture, not even an ash-tray—and that is probably a relic of my childhood, too. My father's being an engineer meant that we were on the road pretty much of the time and my roots never had time to dig down, and never will."

"But," I persisted, "suppose you should fall—as men do—very deeply in love. What then?"

"Then," said Lee, "I should hope to have the good fortune of falling in love with a very modern young lady. A young lady modern enough to believe that she could go on living happily without children, at *least*, being indispensable to her happiness. I realize the difficulty of this. There are so many modern young women to whom children are indispensable, while a husband is not. But I might find the combination. And if I did not, if this thing called Love actually caught me by the coat-tails, I suppose I would do what others of my free-minded brethren have done before me. But it will never be fast enough to catch up with me—and even if it does, I'll *still* make a terrible husband!

"I think there's too much importance attached to sex, anyhow. Especially, here in Hollywood. It's the most sex-conscious spot I ever hit. Sex has its place, of course, but every time a man looks at a woman, he doesn't have to forget that she may have a brain, too."

"When you are old," I said, "when you are fiftyish—sixtyish—when the fever of fame has gone and you are alone—won't you wish then, that you had married, had a home, had children?"

"I've told you that there is no Tomorrow for an actor," Lee reminded me. "Besides, what's the matter with the fireplace and the old carpet slippers?"—and then the director called him to "Clear All Wires."

Five Big Stars Are Retiring In 1933

(*Continued from page 83*)

as many friends and well-wishers!"

Tom Mix chose Christmas Day of 1932 to announce his permanent retirement from the movies. "I haven't any fancy reasons," explained Tom. "After all, none of us can remain movie stars forever. There are always newer and younger attractions coming up. It's only right that we should move out and make room for them! Besides, I have a sneaking hunch I'm really just an old circus horse. I've got the smell of the sawdust in my nostrils again."

Lila Lee is retiring from the screen in marrying George Hill, the director, and plans to keep in touch with the movies "only second-hand." Lila's reason is that she aches for a vacation that won't end until she wants it to end. "You see," says Lila, "I have been working since I was a child."

Marlene Dietrich is abandoning her Hollywood screen career in the Spring, as soon as she finishes "The Song of Songs." She is returning to her native Germany, where her husband, Rudolph Sieber, is a director, and where, she has often said, she wants her little girl to be educated. She will make her future pictures in Germany—under the guidance of either Josef von Sternberg, her discoverer, or of her husband. In Marlene's case, her decision to leave Hollywood is dictated by homesickness and by a long series of disputes during her American stardom over stories, leading men and directors. There is talk, however, that Marlene will return to Hollywood under contract to another studio, after a brief vacation in Europe.

And if George Arliss is knighted by King George this year, as it is reliably reported he may be, "the grandest actor of them all" will very likely go back to his little country place in England for the rest of his days, with every ambition fulfilled.

Now, indeed, "the old order changeth". . .

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

very maternal with Maria. (She poses for news photographers in trousers of various hues.) However, at the dinner dance at the desert hotel, her costume was a tight black skirt, very short, with the regulation masculine tuxedo coat and shirt. Well, the newspapers say that women's styles for Spring "show a distinctly masculine trend!" And Carole Lombard, who has the reputation of being one of Hollywood's best-dressed women, is taking to trousers, herself.

At the opening of "Cavalcade," Will Rogers announced that he wasn't going to pull any boners as he did at "Grand Hotel," when he hinted that a great Swedish star would appear—and then introduced Wallace Beery, garbed as a Swedish maid, who fluttered, "I tank I go home now." Drawled Will: "I've only got one unexpected guest to introduce tonight—the Prince of Wales."

Hollywood's newest game is to collect *Marquee-grams*—funny combinations of names of pictures and stars on the marquees of motion picture theatres. For instance, here's a honey: "Two Kinds of Women"—Phillips Holmes and Miriam Hopkins. Here's another: Two Superb Features—Jean Harlow. And another: To-day Connie Bennett and Mickey Mouse.

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Pimples and blemishes?
Headaches?
Fatigue? Losing your charm?

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You will like Yeast Foam Tablets. They have a pleasing, nut-like taste and they are scientifically pasteurized. Thus they *cannot cause gas or discomfort.* Remember, this yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States Government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Five cents a day! Get one today. Enjoy the health that comes when you correct constipation in this scientific way!

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I'd like a generous trial package of Luxor Powder and Rouge. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing costs.
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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

The Studios Know Your Secrets by the Favorites You Pick

(*Continued from page 35*)

women who want adventure and love and mystery, women who copy her eyebrows, her clothes, who mimic her slow, significant drawl—these are the women whose imaginations are stirred by Garbo. There is a sureness of allure about her that any woman would give her all to possess.

Dietrich, on the other hand, is a man's woman—soft, deliberately provocative, utterly feminine. Yet girls in high school "adore" her, sensing not only her beauty, but the things they can learn from her about clothes, about posture—about *men*, for goodness' sake! Young, feminine America knows where to look—to learn!

Clark Gable is an audience-made player. He did not create a public. His public created him. His sudden, spectacular rise was due to one of those strange and unpredictable bursts of mass emotion. Suddenly, overnight, a million women discovered that he was what they had been looking for all their lives. Strangely enough, these women were not only hysterical adolescents, who thought he was "simply too *marvelous*," but they were also women between twenty-five and thirty-five—women, perhaps, who were old enough to be a trifle discontented with the docile, commuting, polite, average American male.

Older women are not included in Clark's public. When a woman matures, she looks a little for safety, tenderness, comfort. And the Gable we see on the screen would insure a lady of none of those things. He is a creature of emotional upheavals. Men have never resented Gable as they have the other Great Lovers of the screen. There is something honest and unassuming about him, something primitively masculine, that men admire.

Both Young and Old Love Marie

OLDER people, especially women, love Marie Dressler, because she gives them hope. Her courage and the fact that she achieved spectacular success at an age when most women are folding their hands—these things are inspiring to mature people. Her hearty comedy endears her to the younger fry, of course. But her fanatical fans are among people of her own age, people who used to see and love her years ago in musical comedy and vaudeville, when they and she, alike, were younger and spryer.

Sometimes actors outgrow their audiences and must make efforts to acquire new ones. Colleen Moore was the flappers' dream of something or other a few years ago—and a tidy sum of money that audience earned her, too. Buddy Rogers was adored by the immature, and by old ladies who thought he was a dear boy and who used to knit washcloths for him. Both of them, growing a little older (and showing it in their two faces), must reach for a new audience now. A more mature and more acute audience, expecting *them* to be more mature and acute.

Colleen says that Jean Harlow inherited some of her audience—flappers grown a little older—and Colleen wants it back! (Colleen, you know, *almost* got the part in "Red-Headed Woman." Wonder what that would have done for her?) Buddy thinks that his new-found friends of radio land will help him in pictures. We shall see . . .

Mary Pickford passed through the same phase when she bobbed her hair, ceased to be "America's Sweetheart" and made "Coquette"—bidding for a mature and sophisticated audience. It hasn't been easy for Mary . . .

Clara Bow was always the darling of the high-school youngsters, as the flaming, captious redhead who "got away with things." Clara is acquiring a new audience now. And is she wholesome!

Joan Changing Her Public, Too

JOAN CRAWFORD is attempting a transition, too. Joan has always been a perfect "date" for an evening for any two young people in search of entertainment. Young men were thrilled with her, wishing that their girls were a little more starved and big-eyed and vital. Girls liked her, too, taking a friendly and somehow un-jealous interest in her clothes, her figure and her dealing-with-men technique. But Joan is growing up. She has essayed some dramatic and important rôles in the past year and a half, arousing the interest of the critics, who may or may not establish her in the ranks of those who are interesting because they act.

That audience, if she achieves it, will be smaller than the one she has enjoyed until now. Remember Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "The Guardsman"? Well—in a certain, fair-sized, fairly-sophisticated middle-Western city, exhibitors refused to show that picture. They didn't care if the critics said that it was one of the finest bits of work released in years. They were convinced that they could not fill a theatre for one night—much less two!—with all the Lunts and Fontannes and the entire Theatre Guild thrown in free.

The Lunt and Fontanne audience, however, was not to be frustrated so easily. They rented a small, outlying house, rented the film, and turned out *en masse* to applaud their idols. That picture was considered by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for its annual award of merit. But it didn't make much money! Most of the pictures that come "up" for artistry awards don't. Which is significant, I suppose, of something or other.

To get back to audiences, Ramon Novarro tells me that he receives almost no fan letters from love-sick maidens. Most of his mail is from older women, women who say, "I should like to have a son like you!" One old lady wrote to him once a week from the time he first started to work in pictures. At last Ramon became so interested in her that he sent for her to come and visit him. He paid her expenses from her New England village to Hollywood and invited her to be his guest in his home for a week. Entertaining his public!

There is something sinister about the dark good looks of George Raft that appeals to romantic maidens who long for a little danger in their lives—maidens who would be "just too thrilled for words" if they could meet a real gangster. George typifies, to them, the romantic, schoolgirl conception of the modern bad man.

Paul Lukas is dangerous, too. He was typed in a dozen pictures as a home-wrecker, the understanding friend of misunderstood wives. At one time Paul was actually much upset over his fan mail, which came mostly from resentful males who called him names because, they thought, he was a menace to peaceful homes! Those who like Paul are women past the first excitement of youth, whose children are old enough to be "out of the way" and who feel that life still owes them a thrill or two. They thrill to Paul's way of kissing a lady's hand, his soft accent and his suave, flattering manner.

Will Rogers and Wallace Beery are men's stars. Their best audiences are mature men—in business—with homely ideals and work-a-day notions about the primitive virtues and the elemental idea of masculinity, men who, on occasion, "talk politics" in loud voices, laugh heartily, and sometimes bore their plump wives! Nice, solid public!

The Marxes Baffle the Girls

WOMEN, they tell me, do not appreciate the Four Marx Brothers as men do. There is something about that mad humor that is too much for the average, prosaic lady to comprehend. The Marxes are called "a mental vacation." Maybe most women don't need one!

An audience made up of children is, perhaps, the most profitable of all. Certainly the most enthusiastic. When Tom Mix was ill some time ago, one hundred thousand small boys sent him letters and telegrams, begging him to get well—for their sakes. Money or no money, that warms an actor's heart!

Johnny Weissmuller is a boy's idol, too. Older boys than those in Tom's audience, boys who are just becoming conscious of the possibility of spectacular physical development, boys who are interested in muscle and agility and physical strength—these are Johnny's following. Women may rave about his physique, but it's the young boys who will keep him going!

Conrad Nagel is beloved of solid, civic-minded family groups. Anita Page, Lois Moran and Mary Brian are "prom girls"—admired by college boys. Karen Morley, the acid, young sophisticate, is the idol of a certain section of modern young people. Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff, strangely enough, are idolized chiefly by children—since it is the childish mind that derives the most pleasure from "being scared." Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman arouse the maternal instinct in a certain type of women—both old and young. Their public would like to pat them on the head and coo over them a little.

Well—whose audience are *you?*

World-Explorer Discovers Hollywood

(*Continued from page 59*)

they were on their world tour. The three of us took photographs of each other in rickshas. I was highly amused, when the prints were developed, to find that Dick, for years one of the brightest stars of an industry based on photography, had taken excellent snaps of his wife and myself—with the trifling error of leaving off our heads!"

How Hollywood Tempted Him

MORE seriously, he says, "Hollywood is a tremendous experience. That's why I came. That and—I'll be honest—because of the money that producers offered me. But I think I'd have done it for nothing. My life creed has been to seek a variety of experiences. And Hollywood certainly offers them!

"I had never been an actor before. I don't count the reels of film I have taken with my portable camera all over the world. That wasn't real studio acting. Hollywood has been hard work—but swell fun!"

Modestly, he fails to mention the most startling points about his visit. For one, he's a famous author—one of the few whose every single book has reached the top of the national best-seller list and the very first, undoubtedly, to attempt the very different art of acting before the camera. That's a news angle! In a film, moreover, that was written, directed, and acted by himself.

He has climbed the Matterhorn—not particularly proud of it, since other tourists have done the same feat; has visited the penal colony at Devil's Island; has made his

(*Continued on page 89*)

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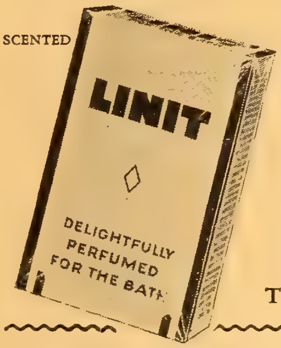

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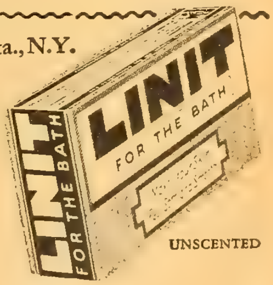

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"I Shall Marry Again," Says Jean Harlow

(*Continued from page 27*)

Will he be like Paul Bern, motion picture executive, whom she wed last summer and lost a few months afterward to Death? Perhaps; Jean says her next marriage will be based on friendship and comradeship, as well as love.

"I really have no idea what my future husband will be like," she declared. "I have been twice married to men who were as different as *yesterday* and *tomorrow*. I have no dream image, no little-girl-pictured Prince Charming.

"In fact, I have had little opportunity to discover what is romance. I was married at the age of sixteen. Immediately after my divorce, I turned to motion pictures because I had to work or starve. Ever since, I have been too busy to experiment here and there with love. To be honest, I am not the experimental type; I could not be happy if I devoted myself to many men simultaneously. Mr. Bern and I were married after a companionship that existed for longer than three years."

Will she wed soon?

Ambition Will Delay Romance

"I DO not believe I will," she answered. "One reason is that I have a singleness of purpose; I like to accomplish things I set out to do. In a glass-topped case in my bedroom rests an unfinished handkerchief—the only thing I ever began and did not finish. I keep it in plain view to caution me against quitting a job before it is done. At present I am a motion picture actress, and I am aiming at great stardom and wealth. I will not permit anything to interfere with my progress."

Ergo, if she will not play, she will not meet playboys. From this may be deduced the fact that if she marries in the near future, her husband will be a man whom she knows or will meet in her own business world. Was this not true of Bern?

"Yes," admitted Miss Harlow. "Paul and I took our problems to each other for years before we became such fine friends, and long before love came to us."

Does Jean regret the lack of youthful, or schoolgirl, romance in her life?

"Yes," slowly, thoughtfully spoken, "I think I do. Not having known it, I cannot be sure. I cannot say I like chocolate cake if I have never tasted it."

Will her own children be given more opportunity to know the world?

"Emphatically, yes!" There was no hesitation preceding this answer. "And there is another thing I will endeavor to bring into my children's lives that was not included in my own. As a child, I was always provided for; I never had to do anything for myself. *My children, whether they are girls or boys, will go to work when they reach the age of seventeen or eighteen.*

"Of course, should they wish to pursue professional careers requiring further study, they may do so. But I do not intend that they shall, after they finish school, have idleness suddenly thrust upon them at an age when idleness may misshape their young lives. I want them to have purposes in life, and I think purposes may be lost too easily in *Good Times Land*."

Must Jean's next husband be rich and successful?

"When I fall in love again, such things will not matter. I believe I will be more likely to be attracted to a successful—but not necessarily wealthy—man. I make this statement because, being ambitious myself, I have great admiration for men who accomplish things. I do not connect money with accomplishment—a penniless artist whose paintings may become immortal is at least as successful as the millionaire who leaves only money to posterity."

What of his physical attractions?

He Will Have Brilliant Mind

"I HAVE no physical specifications as to my future husband's coloring, size or nationality," Jean said. "The two men I have married were very dissimilar. I will seek, above all, brilliant mentality; I do not believe I can be attracted to a man otherwise. If I marry within two or three years, I hope he will not be an actor, because I fear our careers might conflict and bring unhappiness. Otherwise, I will not care what his business interests may be."

People who know Jean Harlow intimately realize that she does not choose her friends, nor her husbands, for what they may be able to accomplish in her behalf.

Following both her marriages, people who do not know her gossiped that she had bettered her position. McGrew, they pointed out after her first wedding, was very wealthy. But when Jean separated from her first husband, she did not ask for or receive a penny of alimony. That was why she had to go to work, and she chose motion pictures.

After her marriage to Bern, a producer and executive, there were cruel rumors that "Jean had bettered her screen position." She was wise enough and inherently refined enough to ignore such gossip, to treat it with the quiet contempt it deserved. Long before Bern's death, Hollywood understood that she married him because she loved, admired and respected him; and that she might have married a far wealthier, far more powerful motion picture executive.

And her present friends?

Her Friends To-day

"I KNOW only a few men intimately," she answered, and then enumerated: "A studio publicity director, the West Coast head of a national advertising company, two motion picture magazine writers, and one or two other charming gentlemen. In these friends I have found boon companionship, not too serious."

Not until very recently has she appeared publicly. She is perhaps the only case of a Hollywood widow who kept mourning for her deceased husband, during which period she remained at home and saw no other men, except at quiet dinners around her own table. During the several months of her mourning, she devoted herself to the building of her comfortable new home. It is a house of many rooms—sufficient to provide room for a man and wife and children.

Might she not marry one of her present friends?

"Perhaps, if we fell in love, and he asked me," Jean answered, laughing.

But would she wed one of these comparatively unimportant men, if she were privileged to choose between him and a powerful, rich motion picture producer?

Again she answered, "Yes. It will be the man, and not the money or position, I marry. But there is no one man now. I have no romance at this moment. And because I have a steadier head on my shoulders, thanks to experience, I am not likely to repeat my sixteen-year-old, hasty marriage of five years ago. I expect I will remain single for at least a few years to come.

"Not for much longer than that. I am as emphatic about marrying again as a person can be, while not believing that humans may forecast the future. But if my hopes count for anything: I shall marry again."

World-Explorer Discovers Hollywood

(*Continued from page 87*)

living for a month in a foreign land with the help of a trained monkey and a hurdy-gurdy—and reported his exploits in a fresh and novel literary style. They assign his books in schools for required reading—and that's fame! His "Royal Road to Romance" was first published seven years ago, when he was barely twenty-one. Fox has purchased the screen rights to it. For, if Halliburton has discovered Hollywood, he has also *been* discovered.

Recently, he published "The Flying Carpet," a record of his flight in a 'plane of that name from France to and around Mt. Everest, Borneo, Timbuctoo—points he visited for no saner reason than that they sounded far away and mysterious. Then a producer suggested making a picture of the reels of travel film he had accumulated.

"India Speaks" is a composite of his own film, with added scenes to give continuity and dramatic form. It is one of the few times, incidentally, that a fledgling actor has been permitted to play the rôle of his own life history!

"A swell break," Halliburton calls it. "I've heard actor-friends on all sides wailing about miscasting. At least, I can't complain of that!"

He was the first man ever to swim the Panama Canal, with the great locks lifting tons of water for the lone swimmer just as they would have for the biggest ship. He doesn't take himself too seriously. He swam the fifty miles in daily stages. He laughs over the small number of miles he accomplished each day. (And emphasizes the fact in his books.) But for the skeptical who call him a tea-party adventurer, it is on the record that he *did* swim thirteen miles in one day. He wishes some of his critics would try it!

And adds that he never pretended to any great physical endurance, anyway. That's one of the criticisms that annoy him. "I'm no flagpole-sitter," he protests.

Reel Adventures vs. Real Ones

WORKING in pictures, however, is as difficult as anything he ever tried. In Kashmir, for instance, had occurred an episode with a beautiful Kashmiri maiden. Halliburton spoke no Hindustani and the girl no English. They sought a means of communication—oblivious to everything but each other—when a sudden rainstorm drenched the romantic Shalimar gardens where they stood.

Naturally, his camera had been absent on this occasion. When they repeated it, in Hollywood, for inclusion in "India Speaks" (he already had shots of the maiden, the garden, everything but the rainstorm), they used a length of hose and the local water system. The original version took five minutes. The Hollywood repetition, with retakes, lasted all afternoon. The intrepid explorer retired immediately afterward to a Hollywood hospital with the "flu."

That's a story he tells on himself. (It's a nice commentary on our versatile town that a perfect double for the Kashmiri girl was discovered with ease!) What he fails to mention is that he got up out of bed a few days later to go to Yosemite, in ten-below-zero weather, to make additional shots.

That's the sort of thing he means when he says that you get so darned interested doing things that you forget the hardships. That's how he accomplished deeds that people would consider impossible. That's why it is now, at boys' schools and colleges, rather than women's clubs, that he is a favorite speaker. And that's why you'll enjoy getting a glimpse of him on the screen!

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How Would Technocracy Change Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 53*)

that's your privilege—but you'll be paid only in public acclaim and self-satisfaction. And if the producers want to produce, they'll be paid in the same fashion.' Let's suppose they said that to every actor . . . "

"Well," I urged.

"Why," said Eddie, thoughtfully, "of course, I'd act—and so would nine-tenths of all the actors I know. And perhaps we'd be better actors, too. A pay-check has its charms, but it doesn't always make for good work. I never worked harder in my life than I did to win my letter in college, and all it ever paid me was a broken leg and a little glory.

"Hollywood would be one of the world's most beautiful cities, a Capital of Art. If our architects were freed from financial worries, they would produce here an art center distinguished by an ideal civic planning system, ultra-beautiful public and private buildings. Almost all actors are luxury-loving but informal, so we would have the most modernistic homes, equipped with every possible labor-saving device. We would have automatic temperature controls, and sliding panels that would change the floor plan to suit the needs of the occasion; and mechanical servants would replace our butlers to pass the *hors-d'oeuvres*, and take care of our guests' needs at our dinner parties. Every home, of course, would have its television screen."

March Visions Screen as Teacher

FREDRIC MARCH objects to actors being shunted aside as non-producers. "Under Technocracy," he suggests, "Hollywood's actors would be recognized as teachers and justly so, because motion pictures, if produced on a profitless basis, would rapidly become educational. I don't mean that they would be made dry and uninteresting. Entertainment would never be sacrificed, but a conscientious effort would be made to show social problems and depict an ideal in living.

"Hollywood would continue to be a nerve center of dramatic art. The studio doors would be open to anyone who wished to try his hand at acting. Maybe a machine would be invented to test for talent scientifically. Much of the glamour surrounding to-day's stars is based on their salaries—and that glamour, of course, would disappear.

"Hollywood's caste system, which is based on money and authority, would be abolished and in its place would be another caste system based entirely on merit. And there would be no line drawn between a star, a 'bit' player and an 'extra.' A person's standing in the community would depend entirely upon his skill as an actor, not on how many imported cars he drove or how many bathrooms he had.

"We would have great universities in Hollywood, devoted to the drama and all the other arts. Many of the faculty members would be retired actors. Instead of being 'down and out' when the screen was through with them, they would take their places as teachers and continue work. Leisure and financial security would produce a nation of discriminating theatre-goers . . . "

Doug Sees End of Weak Films

"AND leisure would change many conditions in the industry itself," argues *Douglas Fairbanks*. "I see a Hollywood in which the studios would be subsidized by the government. Great pictures would be the rule, instead of the exception—but there would be fewer pictures made. Original ideas do not come from even the most creative brains as water comes from a faucet, merely by turning a tap. *Hollywood would produce only great pictures.* Any others would be carted off with the other trash by robot garbage collectors.

"Actors could not work as the rest of the world might be expected to work under Technocracy. The human element is too strong in the production of a picture. The factory worker would labor only eight hours a week. The actor would not work more hours during the year, but his work would have to be concentrated into one given period of fifty-two days—about two months.

"During the rest of the year, he would travel, observe conditions, broaden his mind. With the development in air transportation, probably the use of 'space ships,' the whole world would be his home.

"And if reduced production costs were no longer important, the entire face of the earth would become the movie-makers' backyard. Why accept anything but the genuine article when a location trip is scheduled?"

Fear Would Vanish, Says Karloff

BORIS KARLOFF, on the other hand, sees Hollywood as the city of tranquil, artistic endeavor.

"No one would be afraid of a rainy tomorrow; consequently, the greed would disappear. 'Extras' and stars would find that their twenty thousand energy units would provide everything they needed or wanted, for the development of machinery would speed up production and make luxuries commonplace. The home of the electrician or the studio carpenter would be just as comfortable as the home of the star or producer. The only difference would be dictated by individual taste. There would be no servant problem, for the only servants would be robots developed for every purpose by Technocracy's engineers.

"There would be no temperamental displays in the studio, for such tactics would not result in increasing the pay-check. As far as that's concerned, there would be no displays of wealth. If everyone could wear diamond bracelets and mink coats, there would be no point in owning them. Those who wanted to wear jewelry would wear it, but not in an effort to impress someone with less money. Probably we would buy only the things we actually needed.

"There would be no long-term contracts and no studio walkouts. Every actor would know that his future would be secure. He would give his best while he worked, without any effort to amass a fortune for his 'retirement.'

"Styles in clothing, in cars, and in all the appurtenances of life would tend to become standardized. If the 'extra' had as much buying power as the star, utility instead of style would become the goal of both."

No More Stars, Predicts Bob

"AND because quality, instead of price, would rule, you could expect to see lunch counters replaced by the last word in restaurants," *Robert Armstrong* points out. "There would be no crowd of autograph-hunters in front of *The Brown Derby*, for stars would lose their glamour and there would be no 'fans.' A Hollywood première would offer no surging mob held back by ropes while the stars went inside to their seats. Probably there would be no formal premières. First showings would be quietly attended by those who were interested in the picture, and their cars as they drove up to the theatre would be no different from the cars of all the passers-by.

"Because no one actor would be permitted or forced to work more than a few hours a week, thousands of new faces would be seen on the screen—and Technocracy would see that the right person was given the right job. No more square pegs in round holes, for only the people who wanted to work in pictures would be present, and they would be placed according to their ability.

"With the attention of thousands of Technologists fixed on the perfection of everything mechanical, great changes would take place in motion pictures. Third dimension, natural color, odor and even stimuli to the sense of touch would be offered by the screen. Each picture would offer the audiences new life experiences.

"And in our private lives, labor-saving devices would work wonders. We would have too much leisure to spend it in pleasure-hunting, and we would turn to study and the pursuit of perfect health.

"Without a money incentive, and with the price of education reduced to zero, crime would sink to the point of disappearance. Technocratic Hollywood would need no police courts or police. Crimes of passion would continue, perhaps, but the mess of petty robberies, rackets, defalcations and 'gyp' schemes would be wiped out. More leisure might, at first, cause many of our people to get into mischief, but their sins would be private, not public. There would be no occasion for moral clauses in contracts, and no occasion for the contracts, themselves."

Lilyan Foresees Fewer Divorces

AND last but far from least, how about the feminine viewpoint? I asked *Lilyan Tashman*, reputed to be Hollywood's best-dressed woman, how Technocracy would affect the Hollywood divorce problem.

"Probably not at all," is Mrs. Edmund Lowe's opinion. "Instead of seeing one another too seldom, we married couples would see one another too often, and one evil is as bad as the other. Of course, there would be no marriages for money and no divorces for alimony. If there were any difference, it would probably be fewer divorces."

"How would it affect clothes?" I queried.

"Well, clothes have always been made a symbol of wealth and position. I understand that the Technologists have developed a new cloth and a new leather that are practically indestructible. I suppose, if everyone had enough buying power to afford the best, that utility would become about the only thing to consider. There would be style changes, but they would be in the line of comfort and they wouldn't come so rapidly. The 'extra' girl, of course, would adopt them just as soon as the star. Probably we would all dress much alike, though not in uniforms, since people never can agree on color."

And there you have it—Hollywood in 1943. Utopia. Robots doing the manual labor, everyone concerned only with art, a caste system based on merit, and no "fans." The producers assured of plenty, but stripped of profits; the "extra" driving the same super-automobile as the star. Great television stations, modernistic homes, universities of the drama. Space ships carrying student actors in search of an idea to the far places of the earth at dizzy speed, and our theatres offering us a San Francisco fire so real that we will be singed by the heat. Premières without masters of ceremonies, no temperamental stars, and Lilyan Tashman and Judy O'Grady dressed alike.

Allah Akbar, if only I can keep that wolf from devouring me for another ten years! Paradise looms just ahead.

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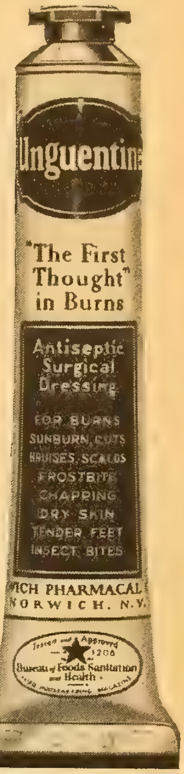

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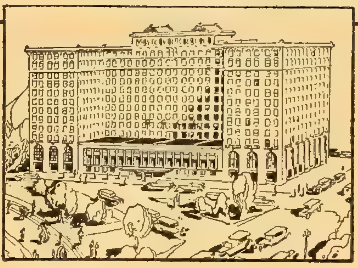

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Germany Sends Us Another Blonde Venus

(*Continued from page 64*)

A Close-Up of the Newcomer

HER mouth is properly petite, and improperly provocative. The curve of her lips is merely accentuated by a delicate rouge, and doesn't depend upon artful lipstick work for its being. When she smiles, even rows of "baby" teeth gleam like matched pearls—tiny seed pearls. And somehow dimples are suggested, although none is present. Perhaps her distinguishing characteristic is an ethereal grace—the grace of a field of flaxen-topped wheat bowing, yielding, before some vagrant summer breeze.

This gracefulness is even more pronounced in her daintily slender hands (unornamented, by the way), which she uses most expressively; and likewise in her slim, well-shod feet and the delicate turn of her ankle. Her svelte figure, her manner, her entire being all personify grace—the light-hearted kind. Yet her mien is serious and wistful, rather than buoyant. In repose, her face betrays a melancholy, belied by the vivacity of her smile in animation. She gives the impression of being a girl with memories. And she is most decidedly, just that. Here is how it all happened:

'Way back yonder before the War, on a certain foggy January 19, the Harvey family, dwellers in Hornsey, a London suburb, was blessed with an event. And the event was the worldly début of Lilian Muriel Helen Harvey. When she was five, which was early in 1914, the Harveys trekked to Berlin for a sojourn with relatives of her father. Lilian, of course, toddled along with Mama and Papa and sister and brother. Then, all of a sudden, someone kicked the props from under civilization, and the Harveys found themselves aliens in a land at grim and bitter war with their own country. Return to England was impossible. And so, in the course of time, it turned out that a bullet fired at an Archduke was destined to shoot this British baby into international fame as a German screen star!

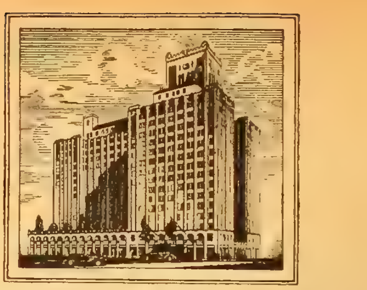
How She Got Her Start

LITTLE Lilian was sent to school at the Schoeneberg Lyceum. There she acquired a native's knowledge of German, and a smattering of French. And there, too, she learned to trip a light fantastic that eventually took her waltzing to Vienna as one of the merry-merry members of Mary Zimmerman's dancing troupe. The legend is that Lilian tumbled into the movies when, at a rehearsal of the Emil Schwarz Revue, she fell from the stage and bounced from the big bass-drum into the arms of director Robert Lord. But such things seldom occur, and the truth makes equally interesting reading.

The fact was, says Lilian in her clean-clipped, ever-so-faintly accented English, that the director was wandering about the Viennese Rialto, and happened to loiter before the theatre displaying stills of the Revue beauties in its lobby. He saw the piquant, oval face, the slender shapeliness of figure, the poised grace, the filmable loveliness of this youthful, dancing Venus. And, like all good directors, being obsessed with a passion for "discoveries," he visited the girl backstage and became Lilian's "Columbus."

Her first picture was called "The Curse," and that's just what Lilian thought when she saw herself on the screen. There are tricks of the trade—tricks of costume, tricks of make-up, tricks of posture before the camera—and Lilian didn't know them. The result was, she says, that she looked "terrible." And when she viewed that "Curse,"

(*Continued on page 95*)



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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. James Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan, both well-known motion picture players, make up the pair pictured on page 14. Jimmy Dunn, who at one time had a reputation for having a new sweetie every week, has settled down to one girl—Maureen. They are reported engaged to be married very soon and some rumors, although denied by both parties, would have us believe they have already taken the step.

2. Norman Kerry and his wife, the former Helen Mary Wells, who were married November 2, 1932, came to the parting of the ways less than three months after they were wed. That beats some sort of a record for short marriages, doesn't it? Kerry was divorced in 1929 from Rozene Kaiser.

3. Marlene Dietrich, of all people, started wearing men's clothes and now all the Hollywood beauties are taking up the fad. We say "of all people" because, if you recall, Marlene showed her shapely legs to such good advantage that she was called "Legs" Dietrich—and to think that she is now hiding those famous legs in men's trousers! Did you read the story on page 54 about this latest fashion craze?

4. Lillian Roth, blues singer of stage and screen, was married to Justice Benjamin Shalleck on January 29 of this year. Last May, Lillian was divorced from William Scott, son of a Pittsburgh lumber man, to whom she had been married about one year.

5. On January 3, Jack Pickford, former motion picture actor and brother of Mary Pickford, died in Paris. Death was caused by multiple neuritis, according to Dr. Gros, who attended him during his illness. Jack's body was brought to California.

6. Richard Dix's lovely blonde wife, who is the former Winifred Coe, a society girl, presented him with a seven-pound-ten-ounce baby daughter on January 25. You may be sure that there has never been a prouder parent than Rich, who had everybody thinking he was a confirmed bachelor before his secret marriage on October 20, 1931.

7. Lew Ayres and his attractive wife, Lola Lane, have decided to join Hollywood's vast army of Ex's—and Lola has just won her divorce. Temperament and incompatibility were given as the causes of the break. Lola retired when she married Ayres in Las Vegas, Nevada, September 15, 1931, but she may now resume her career.

8. Betty Compson was the victim who was daringly robbed in her own home of about $40,000 worth of gems, but finally got the jewels back by following instructions received by mail. A claim check was sent to her with directions to present it at the checking desk of a nearby railroad station and get a handbag containing her jewelry.

9. Because Thelma Todd sustained serious injuries in an auto accident when the car in which she was riding skidded and crashed into a tree, Shirley Grey was substituted in the rôle originally intended for Thelma.

10. By allowing his daughter Mitzi Green, the little star of stage and screen who is only twelve years old, to appear in a vaudeville act in Cleveland, Joseph Green violated the Ohio Child Labor Law, which forbids the exploiting of minors, and was fined $50.00.

11. Nita Naldi, screen vamp of silent-picture days, filed a petition of bankruptcy a short time ago under the name of Nita Barclay, claiming that her wearing apparel and a few pieces of personal jewelry were her only assets. Shortly after becoming Mrs. Searles Barclay in 1929 she retired from the screen.

12. Maurice Chevalier and his wife, Yvonne Vallee, were given an even break and granted a mutual divorce by the French courts. The decree was granted to the two of them because both demanded the divorce and neither would take the blame for the broken romance.

13. Rumors to the effect that all is not well in the Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. household have been so persistent of late that they have upset Joan and Doug very much. Joan calls it idle gossip and Doug says such talk is ridiculous. Every so often, new divorce rumors spring up about these two, but Joan and Doug go right on being Mr. and Mrs. despite the gossips.

14. When Maurice Chevalier sent out a call for a baby to play a part in "A Bedtime Story," his next starring picture, the one requirement was that the baby have a Hapsburg lower lip resembling his. Leroy Weinbrener, eight-months-old baby, whose destitute and widowed mother found it necessary to place him in an orphanage, was selected from a group of hundreds of babies who were tested. In addition to the actual salary that Leroy's mother will receive for his services, a trust fund that will assure him of $2,000 when he is fifteen years of age has been taken out for him.

15. Irving Thalberg, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive and husband of Norma Shearer, is now on the road to recovery after a very serious illness caused by a run-down condition and severe heart attacks. Norma has been in constant attendance and her picture work has been postponed.

16. Anita Page's contract has not been renewed. Although Anita got off to a good start on the screen in 1928 and has been under contract to Metro since that time, she has always played somewhat unimportant featured rôles and has never risen to stardom. If Miss Page is fortunate enough to make other motion picture connections, we hope she will have better luck next time.

17. Dorothy Jordan's new boy-friend is Merian C. Cooper, who directed "King Kong" and all signs point to an early wedding. When Don Dilloway was Dorothy's beau, she became very angry when their names were romantically linked, but times have changed and Dorothy is so very much in love with Cooper that she doesn't care who knows it and the same goes for him.

18. Mozelle Britton, who is secretary to a casting director of a Hollywood studio, is often referred to as "Hollywood's Most Beautiful Pinch Hitter" because when a director puts in a rush call for a girl of her type, Miss Britton puts her secretarial work aside and steps into the rôle. Being young, beautiful and red-headed helps, of course. Mozelle has no intentions of giving up her secretarial position.

19. Joan Blondell was rumored married to cameraman George Barnes so many times before they really took the step that when they finally said "I Do;" they made an effort to keep it a secret. So Joan wore a red wig and Barnes wore smoked glasses.

20. Ramon Novarro is giving up his screen work temporarily in order to go to London to make a name for himself in the musical world and he plans to have Jeanette MacDonald's fiancé, Robert Ritchie, as his concert manager. As soon as "Man of the Nile" is completed Novarro will be going.

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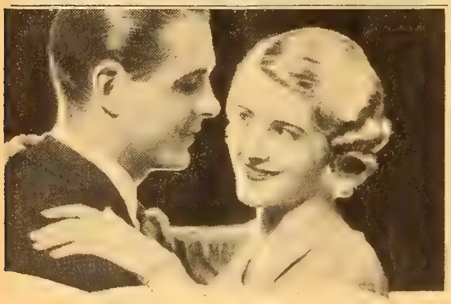

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The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 13*)

huge, six-foot-two, walking collar ad. It is a little five-foot comedian-director, Eddie Buzzell, and does he know his way around? Yeah, Eddie certainly gets around. "I don't know who your girl is," says Norman Krasna, the writer feller, "but she is sure to have been Eddie's girl first."

IT WAS this Krasna, by the way, who wrote "Louder, Please," the stage play satirizing Hollywood, and who is still at it. Just the other day he made a certain executive who did not dally long with schoolbooks a present of an X stamp—in order that the gentleman might sign his name.

BUT speaking of presents, did you hear of those exchanged by Carole Lombard and Clark Gable upon the completion of their picture, "No Man of Her Own"? Carole gave Clark a large ham with his picture attached, and he retaliated with a mammoth pair of shoes. Just in fun, of course—of *course!*

A SMART one, that Lombard, but not so smart as we gave Mae West credit for being, the other evening. Coming from a preview of one of Mae's pictures with Connie Cummings, we were held up by a change of traffic lights in front of a theatre a block from the one we just had left. And from one of its exits, suddenly and jauntily, La West emerged.

"What a wise woman," I mused, pointing her out to Miss Cummings. "Wise enough to appreciate what an ordeal a preview is, and wise enough to save herself—"

"Good Lord, I'll bet she's furious," Connie cut in. "Got into the wrong theatre!"

BUT maybe Miss West was just indifferent. Maybe she was being a bit Hepburn. Certainly that Kate girl seems to care little what happens in Hollywood, or what people think of her. Her new stunt is one that scarcely endears her to the caddies where she shoots such excellent golf. She has actually trained her Scottie dog to run to the ball and stay there until she arrives for the next shot. And the boys around the course who used to scrap about serving her aren't doing so any more.

BUT if you think that's fantastic, look at the fact that Jeanie Macpherson, who used to write all the great DeMille super-epics, is to prepare the story of the next Laurel and Hardy two-reeler!

WHAT a city of contrasts, this Hollywood! Ninety-five per cent of the sea scenes for Universal's rum-runner drammer, "Destination Unknown," were taken in the studio in a ship erected on the sound stage. Then the company went to Laguna Beach for the other five per cent—and shot the only scenes in the story that take place on land!

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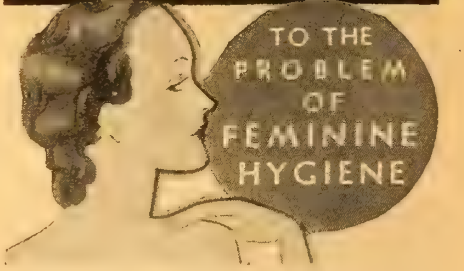
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Germany Sends Us Another Blonde Venus

(*Continued from page 92*)

she vowed that her first film should likewise be her last. But this, you know from the history of many a star, is a vow made to be broken. Luckily for Lilian, and luckily, too, for us, this particular renunciation was not the exception to the rule.

The industry still was in its days of golden silence, and Richard Eichberg signed Lord's "discovery" for a series of pictures. After the usual struggle, she finally clicked in a big way in a piece titled "The Wild Lola." It was so good that it was sent abroad, and Lilian went back to England to witness the London première of her picture. What a triumphal return it was! Never such a home-coming! In the London gardens, where short years before she had tumbled into the lily-pond to be dragged out dripping wet and properly spanked, she was entertained by lords and ladies, and hailed by England's hosts as Europe's most glamourous daughter. So great was the demand that Ufa permitted her to remain in Britain for one film. It was "One Night in London," and it accomplished the purpose of establishing Lilian as an international trouper, an Anglo-Teutonic celebrity.

Then America "Discovered" Her

HER fame increased with each succeeding picture. "The Dark Point," "A Love Waltz," "Virtuous Susanne" and others were shown throughout the world. And finally came "Congress Dances," which so impressed New York that Hollywood, personified by that twinkling, gray Fox, Winfield R. Sheehan, scampered East, over continent and ocean, with a dotted line affixed to a contract. Perhaps Lilian wasn't entirely unaware of the furore she had occasioned in the Land of the Free, but the fact remains that she continued her labors in the Ufa vineyard, and knew nothing of her Westward-ho destiny until her lawyer rushed on the set of "Happy Ever After" to announce that Lilian was a Fox star, with a two-year contract at hundreds of thousands of marks, and a two-year option calling for tens of thousands more. So, you see, although Lilian wept when she left Berlin, there was reason for her to smile upon her arrival in Hollywood!

Many a fluffy-ruffles reaches stardom by a remote and devious route. But in the case of Lilian Harvey, the old success recipe of hard work seems responsible. According to her own statement, the girl had enjoyed just fourteen days without studio make-up during the past two years, prior to her overseas journey. "Not two weeks," she explains, "but fourteen separate days—one at a time!" She continues:

"Surely, we worked on Sundays, and other holidays as well. Frequently, after a day in the studio, we'd adjourn to my house, and there rehearse the scenes for the next day. It wasn't easy—but it was necessary. Naturally, because of my odd childhood, I am fluent in both English and German—they both are my native languages. And by following up my French education by insisting on French conversation with my French maid, I have managed an additional language.

"So I am able to make talking pictures in three different tongues. At Ufa we would first make our picture, scene by scene of course, in German. When a scene was complete, French actors would replace the German cast, and a French director would come on the set. Then we'd do it all over in French, and after that we'd do the same routine with English players and an English director. In every picture I played every scene three times. And, incidentally, learned

(*Continued on page 98*)

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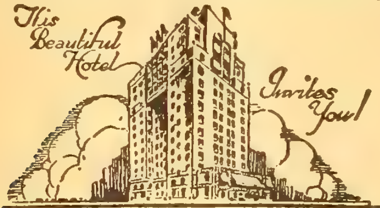

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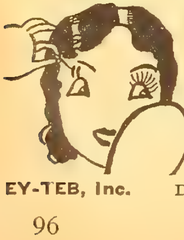

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"Sweepings"—Seen Thru Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 41*)

from Paramount to direct, the production was ready to start.

But the illness of Lionel Barrymore delayed actual shooting for several weeks. Worn out by his long and exacting work in "Rasputin and the Empress," Lionel was ordered to bed by his physician for a long rest. Impatient to get back into harness, he disregarded doctor's orders and, as soon as he dared, put in an appearance at the studio.

Barrymore Disguises Illness

THE elder Barrymore is like that. There are few people of the theatre who would not have retired permanently with half the ill health that Lionel suffers. When he believes that he is unobserved, he occasionally gives evidences of his ailments. But if he feels the eyes of his co-workers upon him, he simulates a blitheness and gaiety that belies any physical suffering. This constitutes his greatest performance in a lifetime of great performances.

Barrymore, on the set, is one of Hollywood's most amazing figures. He seems to delight in fuming and fussing about trivialities, refusing to be bothered with them. He will grumble about doing something, moving the while to do it. Yet should anyone attempt to pamper him, he rises to fiery wrath. "Am I to be treated like a baby?" he demands.

His vocabulary includes some choice and colorful phraseology. He can give cards and spades to anyone in Hollywood and win without effort in the game of plain or fancy cussing. His cultural achievements, however, are equally remarkable, for besides being a dean of actors, Lionel is a painter, an etcher, a writer, a director, a pianist, a composer and a scholar.

Early in the filming of "Sweepings," Lionel displayed his amazing range of talents and temperaments. There is no gainsaying that the mechanical crew stood in awe of him. They wanted to like him (they later grew to love him), but they were not sure just how to approach him. His quickly changing moods baffled them. He was, after all, a Barrymore.

When the "flu" epidemic spread over Hollywood, there were few absentees from the "Sweepings" set. Several were taken ill, but refused to quit work. Was not Barrymore working? Lionel's temperature ran to 103 and his personal physician was in constant attendance. The other "flu" victims avowed that if Barrymore could carry on, so could they. They forgot their own sickness in watching his courageous fight against the epidemic.

Lionel carries a gift home for Mrs. Barrymore, the former Irene Fenwick, every evening. It may be only a trinket costing a few cents. But it isn't the intrinsic worth of the present. It is the thoughtfulness displayed. And it is a nightly ritual. Barrymore is very secretive about this sentimentality, but the gang soon learned his secret.

They were dumbfounded, therefore, when he begged to work one Sunday. The only reason he would give was that he didn't want to go home. It was difficult to reconcile the devotion he displayed for Mrs. Barrymore with his wish to remain away from her on the weekly holiday. Then the truth was revealed. She was giving a Sunday afternoon tea that Lionel had no desire to attend.

All of these little incidents Hollywood will recall while seeing "Sweepings" on the screen. Anecdotes about the Barrymores are all too rare and Hollywood cherishes each and every one.

Collected an Old Train

THE opening sequence of the picture you and Hollywood will see shows the origin of the great Chicago fire in 1871, just as Mrs. O'Leary's famous cow started it. The lantern, if you care to note, is an exact replica of the original one. It was copied from photographs of the real lantern found in the smoking ruins.

Twenty-odd unsuccessful attempts were made before the cow in the picture could be made to duplicate satisfactorily the action of its illustrious ancestor. If the fire in Chicago had been as hard to start as it was sixty-four years later in Hollywood, the city would never have been laid in ruins.

Building these ruins presented an interesting problem. It was first decided to construct sets for the purpose of burning them, but the discovery of a number of photographs and etchings of the period caused that decision to be changed. Truckload after truckload of salvaged junk from local junk dealers was hauled to the RKO ranch. Working with burned wood, charred bricks, pipe and machinery, a section of Chicago's downtown district in 1871 was copied exactly to scale.

Chicago's ashes appear on the screen merely as a background. But if you see through Hollywood's eyes, the background is important.

To return to the story, *Thane Pardway* is awaiting the arrival by train of his brother *Daniel* and *Daniel's* wife, *Abigail*. Acting upon *Daniel's* telegraphic orders, *Thane* has purchased a hay and grain store on the corner of State and Madison, where, he explains, the cars from North, South and West must eventually "go 'round and 'round."

Show the Real Relics

THE scene at the railway station will arouse unusual interest in Hollywood, for it is known to what lengths Van Nest Polglase, the art director, and his staff went to obtain historical accuracy. Many of the relics being sold by hawkers on the screen are real relics of the fire purchased by the prop men, headed by John Sherwood, master of properties, who combed Illinois for such objects.

The engine that puffs into the station is also a relic, having been discovered after a national search and towed to Hollywood from Seattle. Two of the railway coaches it pulls were found on side-tracks, where they had been abandoned for thirty years. A third coach came from a Texas town, where it had been converted into a lunch wagon.

Historical research unearthed a great many facts that proved vital to an intelligent depiction of Chicago in the 1870's. Habits of dress among the men, for example, were revealed to have been fairly well standardized. But women's fashions were another question. The matter of hairdress covered a wider range than it does to-day. The "Pompadour" was favored by many, but those who wore "rats" and "switches" had distinctly individual manners of wearing them. As a result, you will see at least forty different examples of coiffures.

The Secret of Wearing Bustles

THE bustle was fashionable in the 1870's, and five hundred bustles were ordered for film costumes. Yet even though care was exercised to choose girls with curves to wear them, somehow the modern maids did not look just right. This difficulty was solved by a particularly observant research worker. She noted that women wearing bustles were apparently in the habit of hunching their shoulders forward. This must have been a forerunner of the recently popular "débutante slouch." Another style we have lately resurrected from the period with which "Sweepings" deals is the Eugenie hat.

When Lionel Barrymore descends from the train in his character of *Daniel Pardway*, you will see him as a man in his twenties. There isn't a line in his face. Hollywood will scrutinize his make-up more closely than will you, for Hollywood will be searching for the secret that enabled Ernie Westmore and Mel Burns, the make-up artists, to attain this amazing result. Their later achievement in aging Barrymore bit by bit over sixty-four years is equally noteworthy.

Taking over the hay and grain store, *Daniel* begins his job of remodeling the establishment into a mercantile business. The day of his sale arrives. He offers socks to Chicago at five cents a pair. Such a sale actually took place. And it was in reality the foundation of a great business, just as it is depicted in the story.

Seeing the sale on the screen, you will probably be struck by the absence of coins. You may deem this remarkable, perhaps an oversight. As a matter of fact, U. S. Government statistics revealed that from 1862 to 1875, gold and silver were not in circulation in the United States, except on the Pacific Coast. The painstaking historical accuracy of picture-making again scores.

"Extras" Got Some Free Socks

SUPPLYING the socks to be sold in the scene, John Sherwood purchased cheap cotton hose. This was in the spirit of the drama. Even so, the prop man bargained without the five hundred "extras" who made up the milling mob at the sale. "Extras" seem to regard the taking of small souvenirs from sets as part of the living the movies owe them. And three dozen pair of hose vanished from the "Sweepings" set. But there were more than eleven dozen substitutions—the "extras" having exchanged the old socks they were wearing for new ones from the pile, and throwing their worn hose back on the bargain table. In this way the pile did not appear depleted.

From the start that his first bargain sale gives him in the drama, *Daniel Pardway* builds a great fortune. Four children are born to him and he celebrates each birth by adding a new wing to the store. *"The Bazaar"* rises from the ashes of Chicago to become one of the city's great mercantile establishments.

Daniel plans the futures of his children in the hope that they will succeed him in the management of the store. One by one, they disappoint him. The decadence of a less hardy age takes its toll. But you must see the picture to learn how the brilliant old gentleman meets the situation.

Hollywood, seeing it with you, will recognize small points of interest, little fidelities to detail that speak of intelligence in writing, directing and acting. Hollywood will know that seventy-five men labored two weeks to build an effect of a city at night, a scene that lasts but fifteen seconds on the screen. The film fraternity will recall the story of trucking twenty tons of real snow from mountains fifty miles away for use in another scene. This is one of the few times the actual article has ever been used in the studios. It was made possible only by a spell of "unusual weather" and proved cheaper than corn-flakes, the established substitute for snow.

Although Hollywood will find enjoyment in looking behind the scenes and relishing the drama-within-the-drama, its attention will be centered upon the acting of Lionel Barrymore, the grand old man every actor is proud to honor. They will watch his every gesture as they watch few of their contemporaries. For Barrymore can teach them much about their art.

You may learn, too, when you see "Sweepings" through Hollywood's eyes.

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Germany Sends Us Another Blonde Venus

(Continued from page 95)

three different sets of dialogue, for there would be differences in each script."

Fraulein—Mademoiselle—Miss Harvey knows she'll like her new adventure.

"To progress in my career," she explains, "it was needful to come here. In Europe there was little left. They had been liberal to me there in giving me their best rôles, their finest productions, their most talented directors. They told me I had reached the top, and when one is at the top there is no place to go. So I am glad to begin all over again, to make a new name in a new country, to begin a new career, which I hope may make me as many friends in America as I hope I have in Europe. It sounds difficult. Perhaps it will be. But I shall love it."

As for Hollywood, Lilian says she is prepared to love it, too. She requires a warm climate, which accounts for the villa in Cannes, near Chevalier's home, where she was able to spend brief interludes while making location scenes on the Riviera.

When Mother Harvey joins her daughter, it may be that she will bring with her the other inhabitants of the Cap D'Antibes home—the pair of Sealyhams, the black Peke, and a variety of birds now disporting themselves brilliantly in Lilian's private aviary. There is also another expected arrival in which Lilian may be interested, for Henri Garat is reported due shortly in Hollywood.

Romance Rumor About Her

HENRI has been Lilian's hero in numerous pictures, and although she was at one time betrothed to Willy Fritsch, also her leading man, latest rumors indicate that Henri comes close to being head-man in Lilian's heart. Oddly enough, he will be on the Fox lot, too. And while Lilian is working with John Boles as her prince in "My Lips Betray," Henri will be playing prince to Janet Gaynor in "Princess at Your Order." That should be a situation worth watching!

There are some significant side-lights on Lilian's arrival. She is a dancing, singing star. And her two-year contract indicates that on the Fox lot, at least, there will be a return of musical movies—a return that will be followed by other producers. There'll be music and dancing in "My Lips Betray."

Another interesting item is the interest of director Ernst Lubitsch in the Anglo-German-American star. Ernst was on the train that carried her from Berlin to Hamburg, on the steamer that conveyed her from Hamburg to New York, on the train that took her from New York to Hollywood. And in between times it was Ernst who escorted her to Manhattan's "Mayfair," and asked via 'phone how she was "getting over" at the elaborate press luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria, with which Fox celebrated her arrival. Back in the recesses of his keen mind he has a thought that one day Lilian Harvey will be directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

Then from far-off Neubabelsberg, where Ufa makes its films, come rumors that Erich Pommer, who has just completed Lilian's last German film, will be Hollywood-bound ere long, as will Eberhard Klagemann, the producer's "right hand," and Paul Martin, Lilian's director in "Happy Ever After." It looks as though when Winfield Sheehan discovered Miss Harvey in "Congress Dances," a chain of events was started that will involve many destinies. Even that of Willy Fritsch, who was recently Clara Bow's guest at a Berlin party.

Meantime, Lilian Muriel Helen Harvey thinks America is "kolossal." (Ah there, Jack Gilbert.) And America thinks the same of her. Here's hoping neither opinion may be changed!

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Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

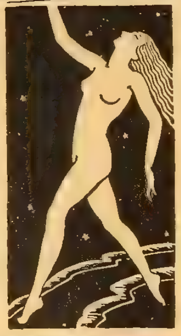
To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. Brings relief, happiness, comfort, freedom of mind. We teach Beauty Culture.

Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet.

D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 19D Providence, R. I.



New Freedom for Modern Womanhood

SCIENCE MEETS DEMAND FOR COMPLETE PROTECTION

German scientists have developed an amazing formula now presented as H. Y. G. TABLETS. Pure, safe, convenient and a reliable antiseptic for feminine hygiene, they provide the necessary protection to womanhood. Removes fear and uncertainty. Antiseptic vapor liberated by these tablets, destroys germs without harming delicate membranes. Dry, greaseless, nonpoisonous, non-irritating and stainless. No water, liquid antiseptic or cumbersome accessories needed. Comes in a small, compact package which can be conveniently and easily carried.

MAIL 10¢ AND THIS COUPON

Progressive Laboratories, Dept. D-6
228 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me sample of H. Y. G. Tablets, Directions and Valuable Booklet. I enclose 10c.

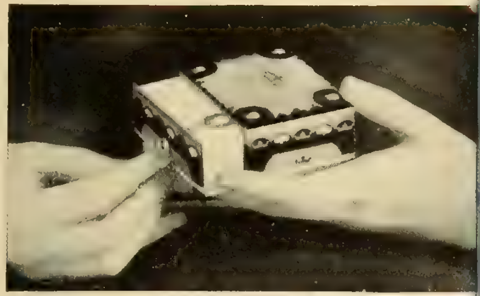
Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

if you really knew about Princess Pat powder

- - - YOU'D SURELY TRY IT



• here we shall try to give the facts—read carefully

BY PATRICIA GORDON

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of the base in Princess Pat makes it a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat face powder is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So point three in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only powder.*

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited — the almond found in *no other face powder.* You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat *is* delightful — and *different.* And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

A MAKE-UP KIT FOR ONLY 10c

● ● *This famous Introductory Kit contains rouge and lip rouge to last two weeks to a month; also a purse size, metal box of Princess Pat face powder and book of new copyrighted beauty secrets. The 10c is simply for postage and packing. An extraordinary offer; made to acquaint you with three delightful Princess Pat beauty aids.*

PRINCESS PAT ICE ASTRINGENT acts like ice to close and refine the pores. It is ideal as the powder base — cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Liquid or cream. Always use before powder.

PRINCESS PAT
Minute Make-up Kit
POWDER
ROUGE
LIP ROUGE
Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Dept.,A-2514, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
Send your famous Minute Make-up Kit containing rouge, lip rouge and face powder. I enclose 10c in full payment.

Name ....

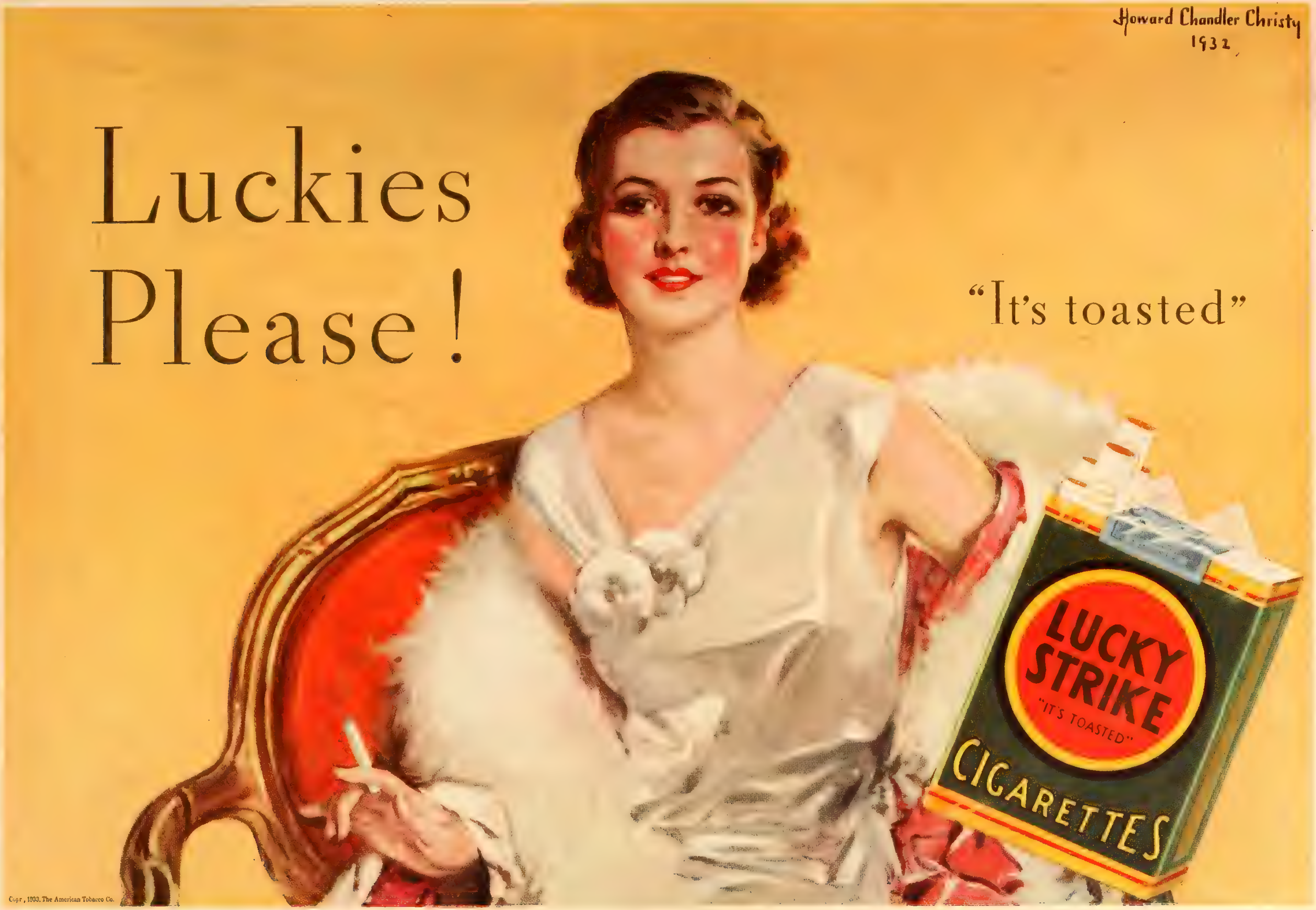
Street ....

City and State ....

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

PRINCESS PAT

LONDON . . . . . . CHICAGO

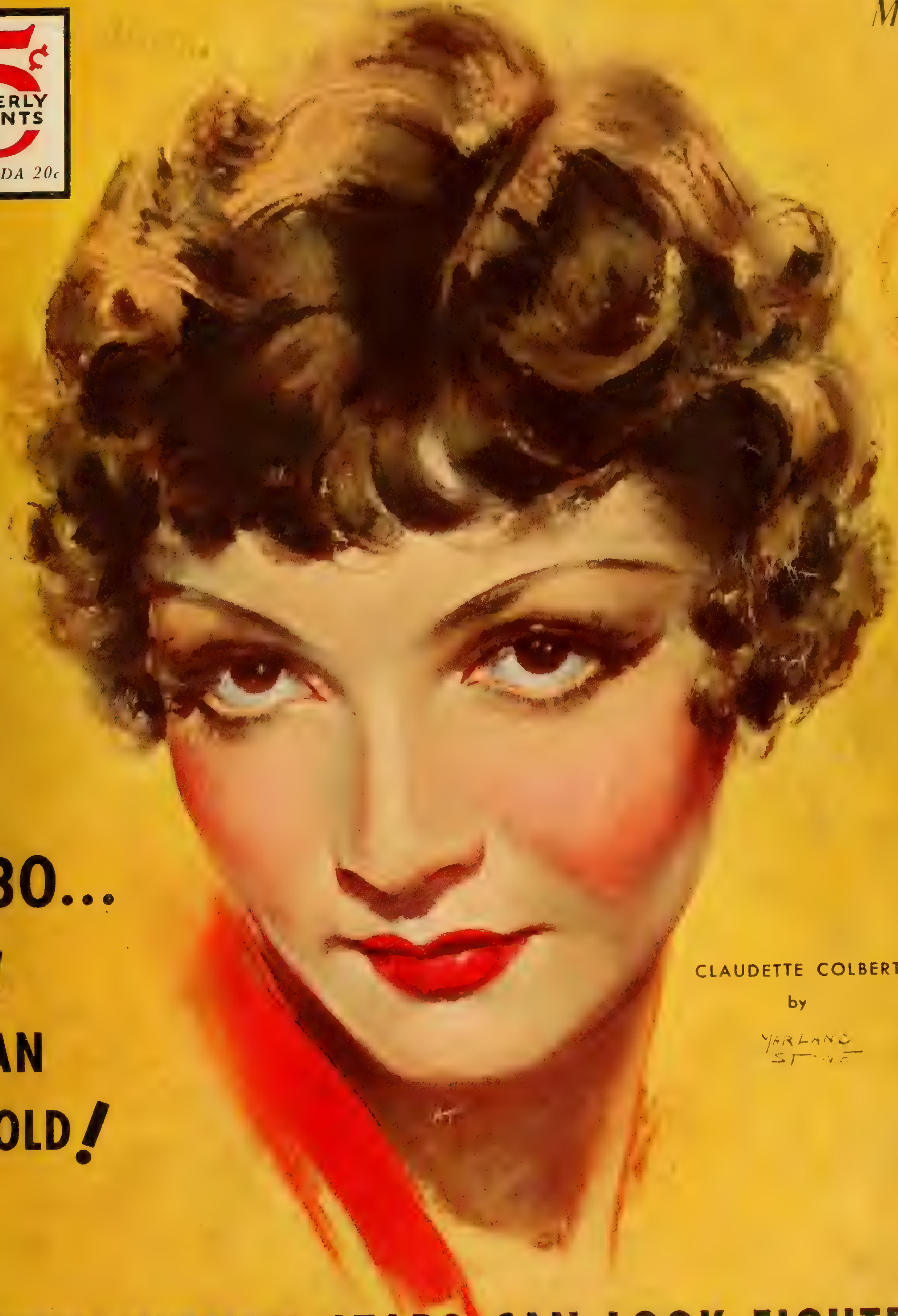

Luckies
Please!
"It's toasted"
Howard Chandler Christy
1932
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

Copr., 1933, The American Tobacco Co.

Motion Picture

May

15¢
FORMERLY
25 CENTS
IN CANADA 20c



CLAUDETTE COLBERT
by
MARLAND STONE

GARBO...
NOW
IT CAN
BE TOLD!

HOW WOMEN STARS CAN LOOK EIGHTEEN

We print this ad for MEN at the request of 1,100 WOMEN

How's your breath today?

● The burden of their complaint is: "We're sick and tired of seeing nothing but women in your ads about bad breath. It isn't fair, because men are really the worst offenders. Why don't you quit picking on the women and write a few ads that will urge men to be more fastidious about their breath?"

When these requests, coming from dancing teachers, cashiers, club women and housewives, began to get over the thousand mark, we thought it about time to do something about it. This advertisement is the result.

How's your breath today?

Whether it is because men are too busy to take proper care of their mouth and teeth, or because they smoke more than women, or eat and drink unwisely, the fact remains that men are the worst offenders when it comes to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Your common sense tells you that halitosis is the unforgivable fault in the business or social world. It is unforgivable because it is *inexcusable.*

The one way to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach is to gargle with Listerine every morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Don't waste your time and effort on questionable mouth washes with little or no deodorant effect. Tests show that Listerine instantly conquers mouth odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours. It attacks the source of odors (fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth) and destroys the odors themselves. *Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

LISTERINE ENDS HALITOSIS—INSTANTLY ATTACKS ODORS ORDINARY MOUTH WASHES CANNOT HIDE IN 12 HOURS

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Insists on the Sheerest Stockings
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

SHE *insists* on silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them. But to the glamour and loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a second thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—then the health of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

IPANA

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS Co.
NEW YORK

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. HH-53
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name...

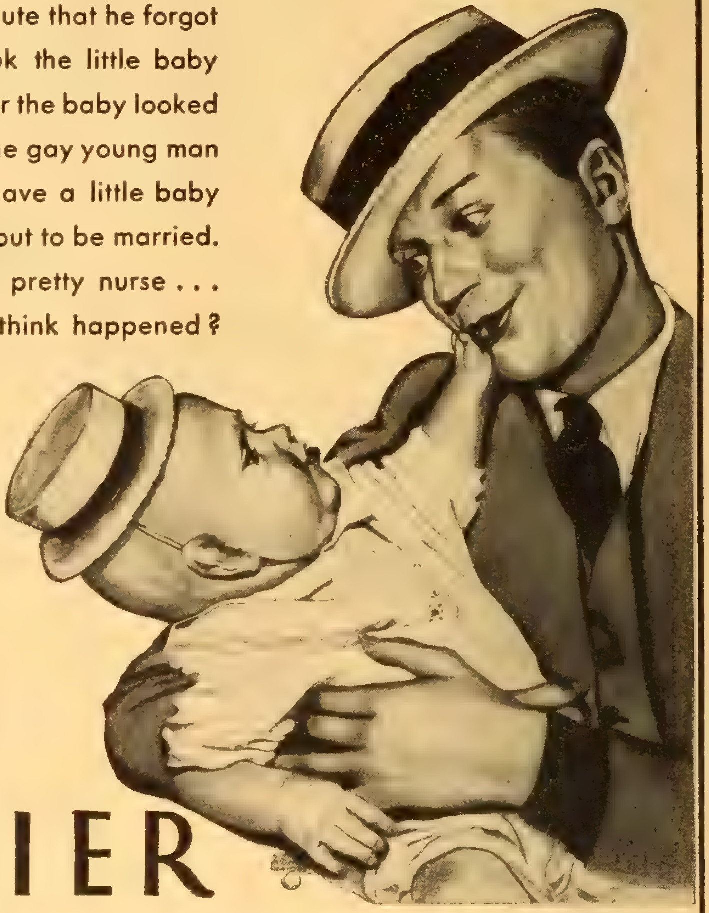
Street...

City........................ *State*................

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

THEN *M'sieur* LE BABY ARRIVED!

Once upon a time there was a gay young man who loved to play about Paris. One day just about playtime, he found the cutest little baby... so cute that he forgot about playing and took the little baby right straight home... for the baby looked exactly like him... But the gay young man was not supposed to have a little baby at home, for he was about to be married. So he got the baby a pretty nurse... ... and what do you think happened?



Maurice CHEVALIER

in

"A BEDTIME STORY"

with

HELEN TWELVETREES
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
ADRIENNE AMES and M'SIEUR LE BABY

A Paramount Picture directed by Norman Taurog

A sparkling new romance with naughty songs!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORP., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

APR 18 1933 ©CIB 186853

Motion Picture

MAY
1933

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLV, No. 4

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S Future Is As Bright As Her Eyes

For a long, long time, the movies didn't do right by our Claudette. They cast her in rôles that didn't half-reveal her vivid personality. But "Sign of the Cross" changed all that.

In her first real siren rôle, she gave the world something new in dazzling, dangerous, forceful femininity. She became a person to reckon with. But then, just to prove she had no intention of being "typed" as a sensational pagan, she went in for light-hearted fantasy in "Tonight Is Ours"—and won still another audience.

Now she is in "I Cover the Waterfront"—the big newspaper melodrama—playing a highly dramatic rôle, She offers something new in every appearance. There's no other star like her!

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Cover Design of Claudette Colbert Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*
DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

I KNOW EVERYBODY The complete title is: "I Know Everybody and Everybody's Racket," and it's a nifty little comedy starring Walter Winchell, the fast-talking columnist who's wise to Broadway. And in case you wouldn't think so, Walter knows his acting. (Weren't you aware he was on the stage for years—as a hoofer?) A sweet young thing, supposedly from the sticks, persuades Walter to introduce her to some celebrities—which Walter does, impressing upon her that he "knows everybody and everybody's racket." And the sweet young thing is working a racket right under his nose! Winchell does a grand job of kidding himself. (Universal)

ARTIST'S MUDDLES The punny title suggests that Andy Clyde gets into difficulties with some pretty models. But such is not the case—except briefly. That idea has been done over and over, and Andy likes to spring new ideas. That is the way he has built up (and kept) his tremendous following, which also appreciates clever pantomime. Always the essence of kind-heartedness, he's always landing in some new predicament. This time he saves a discouraged artist from suicide, tries to help him out by making a drawing, himself, has his canvas splotched by a monkey on a spree, and is hailed as a genius—until something else happens. (Educational)

WRONGORILLA This is one of those comedies that make you encouraged about the movies. This is one of those comedies that happen to be worthy of the comics who adorn them. The movies don't always do right by a good Broadway comedian when they get one—but this two-reeler does nobly by Jack Haley, who returns the favor. Jack, in case you haven't heard. makes a specialty of registering blissful blankness, no matter what insane hazards surround him. In this one he finds himself in a carnival show as a knife-thrower's assistant and then as a hypnotist, who runs up against a gorilla that doesn't look real and he suspects (wrongly) isn't real. (Vitaphone)

SO THIS IS HARRIS Another radio crooner, like Bing Crosby, breaks into the movies by the short-comedy route. And this particular comedy—which happens to be a three-reeler, instead of a two-reeler—has even more breeze than the comedies that first put Bing across as a screen personality. Bing may have led the way; but Phil Harris improves upon it. Like Bing, Harris hails from the Cocoanut Grove and he plays himself. Walter Catlett, a candidate for insanity because of the way his wife raves about Harris, goes off to play some golf—and encounters Harris without knowing him, until after a series of hilarious episodes. (RKO)

ALMA MARTYR As the title would indicate, this has something to do with college as the movies see it. But don't let that keep you away. For if you miss it, you'll miss one of America's classiest dance orchestras—namely, Waring's Pennsylvanians. They're smooth, and they know their novelty stunts. Here they parade several, against an alleged college background, with campus lads indulging in group singing, with co-eds going in for group dancing, and with one hot-cha co-ed doing a sizzling dance solo. College was never like this, but you will be tempted to let that pass, as you find yourself going rhythmic along with those Pennsylvanians. (Vitaphone)

BUZZIN' AROUND This is Fatty Arbuckle's newest comedy, in his much-heralded comeback—and it's a considerable improvement over his first. It has action, for one thing. It has little dialogue, for another thing—the laughs depending almost entirely on pantomime. And those are the things the youngsters like. For—make no mistake about it—Fatty is wooing the youngsters, now as always. This time he plays a country bumpkin who thinks he has discovered a way to make unbreakable china, and goes off to the city to peddle the idea. But on the way he swallows a bumblebee—and his troubles become uproarious. (Vitaphone)

THE MOUSE TRAPPER Tom Howard is long and thin, with an uncanny ability to burlesque a character who has a one-track mind. And he can do a complete job of it in less than ten minutes, as he proves in this little number, which is as original as it is amusing. Imagine, if you will, a night-watchman who has a decided distaste for the mice he meets on his nightly rounds. He even breaks in on his boss, while "in conference" with his stenographer, to state his grievances. And when some cracksmen come along, he helps them—just to take his mind off the mice. Just by accident, in trapping a mouse, he also traps the robbers. (Educational)

THROUGH THIN AND THICKET Comedies poking fun at jungle pictures have been all the rage ever since "Trader Horn." But few of them have reached the zenith of sheer nonsense and burlesque that this attains. Perhaps that's because this happens to have been made by the Masquers Club, the film actors' fraternity, which takes a fiendish delight in burlesquing some of the rôles that actors sometimes have to play seriously. A busload of tourists, no less, invades Darkest Africa—led by an absent-minded professor (Jimmy Finlayson) and a Tarzan-hunting society woman (Grayce Hampton). It's daffy. (RKO)

A HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY

A love that suffered and rose triumphant above the crushing events of this modern age ... Strong in tenderness ... inspiring in loyalty . . . it will remain in your heart forever!

NOEL COWARD'S

CAVALCADE

PICTURE OF THE GENERATION

Now YOU can see the Picture the whole world acclaims as the Greatest Ever!

LOUELLA PARSONS: Greater even than "Birth of a Nation." Drama beautifully real and splendidly told. Truly magnificent.

PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger: If your budget calls for but one film a year I recommend "Cavalcade."

ST. LOUIS Post Dispatch: The cinema triumph of modern talkies . . . a tremendous and magnificent picture. By all means see it.

ATLANTA Constitution: It stands supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

NEW YORK Herald Tribune: The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

BOSTON Herald: It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

CHICAGO Tribune: "Cavalcade" IS, unquestionably, one of the screen wonders of the age—it has everything.

FOX

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Arlen, Richard—playing in *The Beer Baron*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—recently completed *The Adopted Father*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Fast Workers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—latest release *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Barrymore, John—playing in *Reunion in Vienna*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Service*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Breadline*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—latest release *Dangerously Yours*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beatty, Clyde—latest release *The Big Cage*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Soviet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bellamy, Ralph—playing in *The Octopus*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—latest release *Our Betters*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Beer Baron*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Birell, Tala—latest release *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—playing in *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *My Lips Betray*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—latest release *Call Her Savage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, Bill—playing in *Power Man*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, George—playing in *Lilly Turner*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *The Beer Baron*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—latest release *Cavalcade*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—recently completed *Elmer, the Great*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brown, Tom—recently completed *Destination Unknown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—playing in *The Mayor of Hell*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Lilly Turner*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *A Bedtime Story*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Clarke, Mae—playing in *Fast Workers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *I Cover the Waterfront*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—latest release *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—recently completed *Today We Live*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—recently completed *Today We Live*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—latest release *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *Peg o' My Heart*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—playing in *Easy to Love*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *The Song of Songs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

WARNER BROS
42
SPECIAL
GE

Talk about publicity stunts—here's the last word! It's the "42nd Street" special—the silvery train that took stars to the inauguration (ballyhooing the picture en route). Aboard it, above (left to right), are Lyle Talbot, Bette Davis, Claire Dodd, Eleanor Holm, Preston Foster, Leo Carrillo and Laura La Plante

Dix, Richard—recently completed *The Great Jasper*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Douglas, Melvyn—latest release *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Husbands Cost Money*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *The Tie That Binds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Husbands Cost Money*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Engels, Wera—playing in *Maiden Cruise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Under the Tonto Rim*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *Made on Broadway*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *The Narrow Corner*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—latest release *Tess of the Storm Country*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Glenda—latest release *The Keyhole*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *Pilgrimage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—latest release *The Keyhole*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—recently completed *The White Sister*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Adorable*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *Fast Workers*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Grant, Cary—playing in *The Woman Accused*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Terror Aboard*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Declasse*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harvey, Lilian—playing in *My Lips Betray*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—recently completed *The White Sister*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—playing in *Morning Glory*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *The Beer Baron*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *When Strangers Marry*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *The Story of Temple Drake*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—recently completed *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Gabriel Over the White House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—recently completed *The Constant Woman*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Bondage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Joyce, Peggy Hopkins—playing in *International House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Karloff, Boris—playing in *The Invisible Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kennedy, Merna—recently completed *Laughter In Hell*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keeler, Ruby—playing in *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—playing in *Lilly Turner*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *The Warrior's Husband*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Laughton, Charles—latest release *Island of Lost Souls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Linden, Eric—playing in *The Tie That Binds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—latest release *From Hell to*

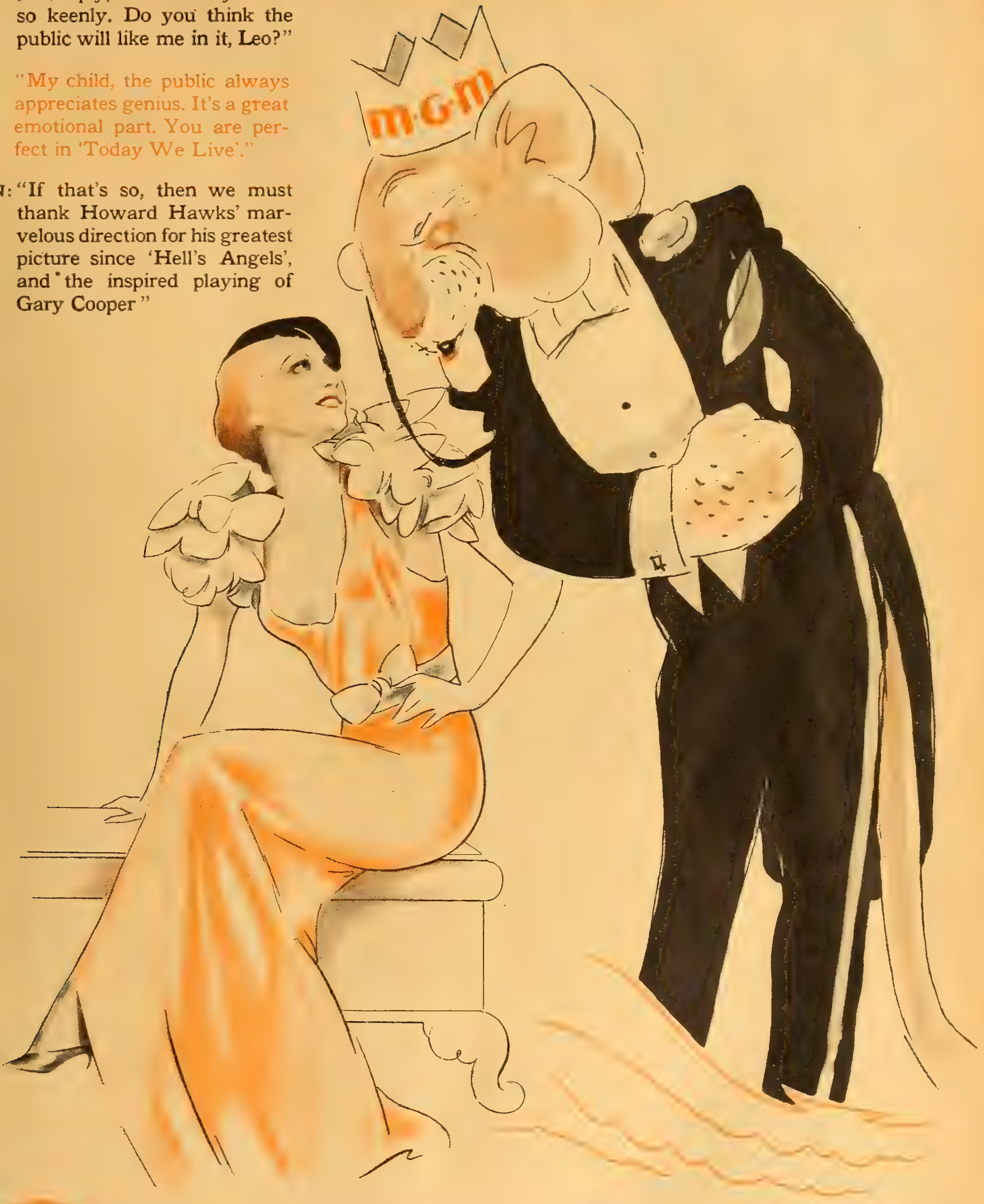
(*Continued on page 95*)

◆ Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here ◆

JOAN: "I love my role in 'TODAY WE LIVE'. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

LEO: "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'."

JOAN: "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper"



The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

With Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

$20.00 Letter

Via the Screen

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—I have just returned from a fifteen-minute journey through Bali, that island of flowers and exotic loveliness—and perhaps tomorrow I shall stride down Broadway, Bond Street or even the Via Dolorosa. My "life" is so varied, you know.

Before this, I vacationed on the island of Capri where houses are sky-blue and sails shade from rust to flame . . . I have also lingered on the soft, jewel-like sands of Tahiti . . . I have taken an over-night train from Brussels to Paris . . . I gambled a bit at Monte Carlo and have witnessed many a fight in a certain Harlem speakeasy . . . I've dined at a Venetian palazzo and while there, spied on a most indiscreet love-affair . . . I tramped a bit with the Foreign Legion under a blazing Moroccan sun and have been invited to a score of pent-house parties . . . I have been introduced to marvelous men and women whom I meet again and again. My "freedom" allows me this. I have acquired an education and have seen the world—from the screen.

Jack Henry.

$10.00 Letter

Hepburn Unaffected

McGRAW, N. Y.—Thank heaven for Katharine Hepburn. She's the most refreshing personality the films have given us in many a moon. Her amazing talent broke upon even the keen Hollywoodites before they had time to make her into a "mysterious lady," or a "platinum lady," or a "sophisticate." She isn't typed. She can be anything she wants.

And why must people insist that everything she does is a publicity stunt? Why shouldn't she rent a monkey, or wear overalls, or turn cartwheels? She's young, vibrant, unaffected. She does the things she *feels* like doing.

Sophistication in its true beauty does not start at the age of eighteen or twenty as so many girls endeavor to make it. Miss Hepburn is remaining her natural self in spite of an almost overnight success in pictures, and the inevitable publicity.

May no manager place a ban on monkeys or cartwheels when Miss Hepburn signs her long-term contract.

Mrs. E. V.

$5.00 Letter

Films Show Progress

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Every day and in every way the movies are getting better and better. The trend is towards the plain, unvarnished truth, abolishing old, moss-covered traditions and portraying conditions as they really exist. And that is just as it should be, for the screen is truly the mirror of life.

This thought was brought to me quite forcibly by several recent productions such as "Street Scene," "No Greater Love" and "Symphony of Six Million," portraying the true characteristics of the typical Jew. His tender heart which beats for all humanity; his deep reverence for parents; his all-enveloping love for his children; his tolerance, sobriety and high intelligence.

Time was when the only screen characterization of the Jew was of a penurious immigrant with a derby over his ears, speaking in broken accents; leaving an entirely wrong impression with people who had no opportunity of learning otherwise. This is truly a fine, progressive step.

Better than a thousand sermons, the movies have bared the farce of prohibition; the evils of government corruption; the power of the underworld and have corrected many other mistaken impressions. May they continue to be a pillar of truth and source of enlightenment to all.

Mrs. Joe Miller.

Praise for "Cynara"

ATLANTA, GA.—Seldom have I enjoyed a picture as much as I did "Cynara," featuring Ronald Colman and Kay Francis.

The theme of the story was one from everyday life and not something unreal and fantastic. Mr. Colman certainly lived his part from beginning to end, and the ever-beautiful Kay Francis was the perfect type for the trusting wife.

This man loved too well. However, his wife remembered that—"To err is human; to forgive divine." If this was practiced more in the lives of people, the world would be a better and happier place to live in.

My thanks are extended to the producer of this masterpiece, as well as to the entire cast of actors and actresses who made "Cynara."

Mary McGlone.

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

"The KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR"

with NANCY CARROLL · FRANK MORGAN · PAUL LUKAS · GLORIA STUART

While she was primping before the mirror, her adoring husband kissed her. *It angered her.* The primping was not for him. He realized it instantly, followed her—found her in her lover's arms and killed her.

His intimate friend, who defended him in court, found a similar situation in his own home, and promised himself that he would follow his friend's example. Did he or did he not? What happened? This picture will stir *you* to the core. It is *modern* romance and tragedy combined, *beautifully* acted by players of *more* than the average moving-picture talent.

Directed by
JAMES WHALE
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

Presented by
CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

The MOVIE CIRCUS

Bert Six

A movie circus that's equal to the real thing—that's what Clyde Beatty, straight from Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey, shows you in "The Big Cage." Here he's trying the dangerous experiment of staring down a big lion named Nero—fiddling, as it were, while Nero "burns"

IF the month has done nothing else, it has brought out into the open the World's Most Particular Guy. Here is the girl he is looking for. She must have "the walk of Kay Francis, the legs of Marlene Dietrich, Wynne Gibson's knees, the chest and shoulders of Miriam Hopkins, the hips of Carole Lombard, the hands of Sylvia Sidney, Mae West's gorgeous teeth, the lips of Helen Twelvetrees and the stately carriage of Elissa Landi. Assemble those," he concludes, "and you'll have a really attractive woman."

You're telling us, fella?

THOSE searchers for composite girls always annoy us just a trifle. But then, our annoyance quota isn't all used up. You see, we don't know Vince Barnett, the professional ribber, and perhaps the world's most annoying man.

Vince works at it after office hours, too. Just now he has a brand-new way to get reinvited to homes. Leaving, he will remove, if possible, the sign from the apartment house. And the only way the harassed host can get it back is to ask Vince to his next soirée.

WE wonder what might happen if Vince ever started to rib Lionel Barrymore, long considered one of Hollywood's most testy gentlemen. Lionel always seems to have an answer. The other day he dropped into the studio postoffice.

"Any mail?" he demanded. There was none. "Any wires?" Ditto. "Just like 'Grand Hotel'—nothing ever happens," he snapped, and started homeward.

AMONG those also quick on the comeback must be listed Miss Dolores Adell Tuma, age four, whom you saw in "Luxury Liner." In a recent film the director was trying to get the young lady into the mood with stories: "—and the bad man will get you and he'll lock your mama up in jail."

But the young lady promptly cut that sort of thing short with: "You can't scare me. My daddy's a lawyer."

DAY in and day out, however, the Chief Comebacker remains our skeptical friend, Will Rogers, who rises to point out that another guy we don't hear about any more is the chap who couldn't stand prosperity.

Motion Picture

presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By

FRANK MORLEY

The other day one of those questioners was asking Will what class of people did he think would wear the biggest crowns in heaven.

"It won't be actors," Rogers declared unhesitatingly. "It'd be impossible to find crowns big enough to fit them."

BUT there's always a Waterloo for the bright boys, and Will met his while reading a paper to a screen ingènue between scenes. "It tells here of an eighty-year-old scoutmaster in St. Louis who has just been awarded the silver beagle."

"Gee," answered the sweet young thing, "that's pretty old to get in the dog house!"

THAT crack sort of goes with the one about the well-known director who was anxious to cast a certain character-man for the rôle of an Indian in a picture he was about to make. An assistant was sent to interview him with instructions to get the thespian to name a modest figure. An hour later the director's telephone buzzed.

"He wants fifty dollars a day," reported the assistant.

"Explain to him that he's to play the rôle of a half-breed and offer him twenty-five," rapped back the director.

AND that one in turn goes with Stu Erwin's about the fellow with the long beard who, wanting $15 a day, folded his beaver in half and took the $7.50!

SOMETIMES we think this hard times stuff can be carried too far. But such was not the feeling of the envious extra girl, looking on the four lovers allotted to Genevieve Tobin in "Pleasure Cruise."

"And," snapped the young miss tartly, "they call these depression days!"

THERE certainly is no doubt about it in the mind of one "extra" boy of our acquaintance. He observes that the custom of striking matches on the soles of the shoes has almost gone out among his friends. It seems that for most of them the soles have worn so thin that the operation tickles the feet . . . And you'd be surprised at all the corn-cob pipes you can see in handsome mouths these days in Hollywood!

(Continued on page 98)

WE DON'T **DARE** TELL YOU HOW **DARING** IT IS!

Never before has the screen had the courage to present a story so frank—so outspoken—yet so true! Get set for a surprise sensation!

Introducing... filmdom's newest favorite in the stardom she earned in "Cabin in the Cotton" and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

BETTE DAVIS in "EX-LADY"

With Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi . . . Directed by Robert Florey . . . One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from **WARNER BROS.**

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

1. What does Hollywood suspect Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery will do when their divorce becomes final?

2. To whom was the girl who is known on the screen as the Panther Woman married recently?

3. Do you know the comedienne who is giving up her screen career—and what the reason for it is?

4. Who is the comedian, connected with the screen since its pioneer days, whose death has been reported?

5. Can you name the screen mother who, with her family, is facing poverty?

6. What motion picture player and director became the parents of a baby boy on February 4th?

7. Which one of the screen newcomers has denied the rumors that she is married?

8. In whom has Janet Gaynor's estranged husband been showing a great deal of interest?

9. Why was the production of Ruth Chatterton's picture, "Lilly Turner," held up?

10. What is going to become of the boy adopted by Marian Nixon and her husband, now that they are divorcing?

11. Do you know the comedian who was married January 8th, although his divorce from his first wife wasn't final yet?

12. The arrival in the movie colony of what noted beauty is responsible for Jack Oakie's giving up his famous sweat shirts and becoming a Well-Dressed Man?

13. Why is Esther Ralston disposing of her Hollywood home and its furnishings?

14. Who has been cutting in on Buddy Rogers' dates with cute little Mary Brian?

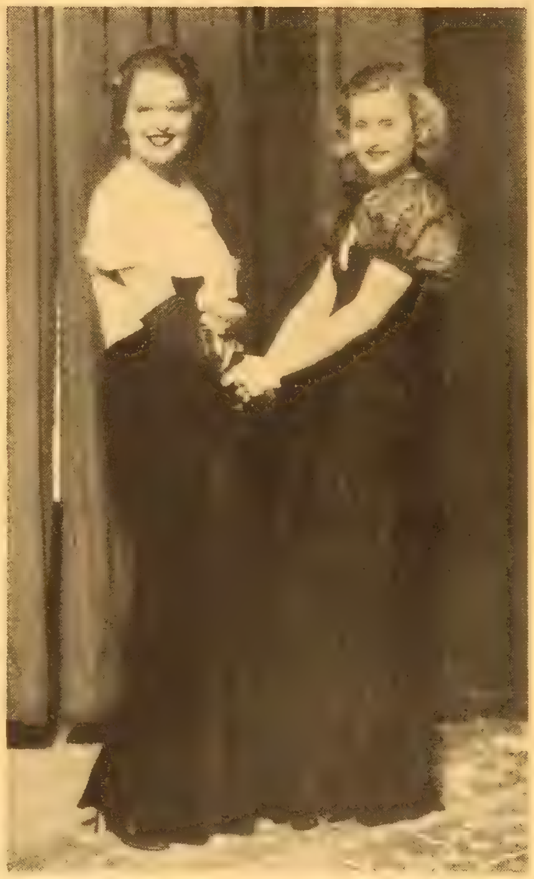
15. Who are the film beauties between whom Maurice Chevalier is dividing his time since his divorce?

16. Do you know the screen villain who has just married an attractive 21-year old girl?

17. What gossip that has been circulating about Boots Mallory has come true?

18. Can you name the pair who may be separated by the time you read this?

19. Who is playing the rôle of *Achilles* in "The Warrior's Husband," the new Fox production?



20. Do you know who these two girls are and where this meeting took place?

(*Answers to these Questions on page 90*)

By MARION MARTONE

Movie Star Calendar

Dating Them Up Through Past Events

MAY, 1933

By JOSÉ SCHORR

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
 Billie Dove's birthday is May 10	**1** Virginia Bruce's mother asks John Gilbert if his intentions are honorable. (1932)	**2** Vilma Banky leaves the screen to become a housewife. (1930)	**3** Prince Louis Ferdinand rents a home next to Lily Damita. He still hopes she'll marry him. (1929)	**4** Lilyan Tashman beats up a girl in Edmund Lowe's dressing room—but it's all a mistake. (1931)	**5** Buster Keaton breaks his ankle to get leave to see his fiancée, Natalie Talmadge, in New York. (1921)	**6** Ann Harding kisses Harry Bannister to hearten him as he leaves to file their divorce suit. (1932)
7 Tom Mix finds Europe too friendly. Returns with lame mitt, sore from handshaking. (1925)	**8** Constance Talmadge marries her third husband. Says this time it's for keeps. (1929)	**9** Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson part but in a week they'll be back together again. (1932)	**10** Lowell Sherman divorces Helene Costello because she called him a ham actor and a fat old man. (1932)	**11** Rudy Vallee marries Leonie Cauchois McCoy but he won't love her in August as he does in May. (1928)	**12** Tax ogres laugh at Gloria Swanson's attempt to exempt jewels as a business expense. (1926)	**13** Colleen Moore divorces John McCormick because he stands her up at dinner dates. (1930)
14 Pola Negri becomes a Princess. (1927)	**15** Mrs. D'Arcy divorces Roy for the second time because he throws coffee cups on the floor. (1930)	**16** The Menjous are married by same Mayor who married Gloria and Marquis—but it takes better. (1928)	**17** Doug Fairbanks becomes so engrossed in golf in London he forgets to meet Mary's boat. Denies divorce. (1931)	**18** Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster take separate apartments to make heart grow fonder. (1932)	**19** Mervyn Le Roy is impatiently awaiting his decree. He wants to marry Ginger Rogers. (1932)	**20** Betty Compson divorces James Cruze because he gave so many parties at home, it was cruel. (1930)
21 Victor McLaglen is sleeping with two detectives because gangsters threatened his life. (1932)	**22** Gary Cooper's parents rejoice to hear their son won't marry Miss Popocatapetl (Lupe Velez). (1931)	**23** Fox orders Janet Gaynor to straighten her teeth. (1926)	**24** Douglas Fairbanks Jr. signs 3 year contract. Says he does not intend to crowd out his father. (1923)	**25** Maurice Chevalier is learning English in a German prison camp, *right now!* (1916)	**26** Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Joyce won't know it for years but Peggy was born today. (1900)	**27** Clara Bow gets her first pay check.—$50. (1922)
28 Bebe Daniels goes out with her first beau, Harold Lloyd, but she is too young and he is too poor. (1915)	**29** Ruby Keeler's screams scare train robber, but soft-voiced Marion Nixon loses $10,000 jewels. (1930)	**30** Agnes Ayres is in Paris divorcing her husband because he "cramps" her style. (1927)	**31** Joan Crawford is doing high kicks in Milwaukee under the name of Mary Wentz. (1921)	 Gary Cooper's birthday is May 7	 Maureen O'Sullivan was born May 17	 James Dunn's birthday is May 1

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REDUCE
WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
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REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . or it will cost you nothing!

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TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By J. E. R.

Blondie Johnson—The old gangster theme, given a new touch by having a girl as the gang leader. Joan Blondell does a good job as the witty, cool underworld queen—but it's still just a gangster picture (F. N.).

Cavalcade—The best talkie yet made. It has every mood and emotion—and great beauty. It is a saga of time marching on, carrying with it a small British family, whose lives are bound up with their country's life, in war or peace, in sad or gay times. Clive Brook and particularly Diana Wynyard are unforgettable (Fox).

Child of Manhattan—A variation of the familiar story about the showgirl who marries the millionaire playboy for love, not money—and finally proves it. Nancy Carroll and John Boles deserve better (Col.).

The Crime of the Century—One baffling murder is followed by a second—and then the picture stops for one minute, to ask you if you can solve the mystery. You're good, if you can. Stuart Erwin stumbles on the solution (Par.).

Dangerously Yours—Warner Baxter, an amusing *Raffles*, is pursued by a woman detective (Miriam Jordan) in a clever mix-up of larceny, mystery, romance and comedy, with the comedy on top (Fox).

Destination Unknown—Perhaps the most unusual talkie of the year—a modern parable of Christ. Aboard a crippled ship, whose crew is half-crazed with thirst, appears a Stowaway (Ralph Bellamy), who miraculously heals the sick and guides the ship to harbor. Impressive (Univ.).

Employees' Entrance—Warren William, who runs a big department store, also tries to run the lives of employees Loretta Young, Wallace Ford and Alice White. Some more suave villainy by William, with less of a story this time (F. N.).

Ex-Lady—Bette Davis attains stardom as a fiery girl who tries companionate marriage with Gene Raymond—and finds that it doesn't work. The story has a familiar ring, but Bette clicks as usual (F. N.).

Face in the Sky—A quiet little romance about a cocky sign-painter (Spencer Tracy) and the girl whose face is always before him (Marian Nixon). Stuart Erwin helps out Tracy with the comedy (Fox).

42nd Street—For once, you see backstage life as it really is—and see the drama of a Broadway show in the making. It's colorful (and tuneful), with a top-notch cast, headed by Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels and Ruby Keeler (W. B.).

In her newest picture, Constance Bennett does a grand job of exposing those who consider themselves "Our Betters"

The Ghost Train—An English-made thriller about a mystery train that sometimes roars through the night. Plenty exciting after it really gets started, but the English accents are a bit heavy (Gaumont).

Grand Slam—A grand slam at the so-called bridge experts—with Paul Lukas faking his way to fame as one and with Loretta Young as his wife and partner. And—you guessed it—bridge almost wrecks their happy home! (F. N.).

The Great Jasper—Richard Dix turns in one of the best performances of his career as a fortune-telling yogi, who has a wink that is irresistible and who is unrepentant right to the end. Clever—nay, brilliant—fun (RKO).

Bette Davis rises to the star division as the companionate bride of Gene Raymond in the problem-drama, "Ex-Lady"

Hallelujah, I'm a Bum—Al Jolson, who has said goodbye to sob songs, goes in for a musical comedy about the mayor of Central Park's hobos, his pals (Harry Langdon and Frank Morgan), and his near-romance with Madge Evans. Rhythmic dialogue makes it a novelty. Entertaining, but a bit slow (U. A.).

Hello, Everybody—Kate Smith sings the mortgage off the old homestead—which is a new way of getting around that familiar difficulty. It's just a prop for Kate's singing (Par.).

The King's Vacation—George Arliss, as a king with the tastes of a commoner, has some good fun at the expense of those stories of romance in mythical kingdoms. Mrs. Arliss helps (W.B.).

Ladies They Talk About—They are women convicts, as portrayed by Barbara Stanwyck, who goes blonde and goes after the reformer who put her behind the bars. It has some good moments (W. B.).

A Lady's Profession—A nonsensical, but diverting comedy about a dowager (Alison Skipworth) who helps a befuddled English Lord (Roland Young) operate an American speakeasy. This Skipworth person bears watching, Marie Dressler! (Par.).

Lucky Devils—A melodrama about Hollywood's "stunt" men, who dodge death for a living. Bill Boyd also tries to dodge romance. A good yarn, and it has some breath-taking moments (RKO).

Luxury Liner—George Brent, Vivienne Osborne and Zita Johann run into some melodrama aboard a de luxe ocean liner—some melodrama that never gets exciting, somehow, and lacks reality (Par.).

The Man Who Won—All about a young English nobleman, who wastes his wealth, goes back to the land and finds not only himself, but romance. It lacks suspense, but has Heather Angel, who is a talented eyeful (Powers).

Murders in the Zoo—Lionel Atwill, insanely jealous of his wife (Kathleen Burke), finds a novel way to get rid of a couple of people in a zoo. It may send your blood pressure up a point or two (Par.).

Mystery of the Wax Museum—And in this little number, Lionel Atwill is a mutilated madman who likes to make wax statues—from dead models. A bit preposterous, but it has its gruesome moments for those that like 'em (W. B.).

Nagana—Melvyn Douglas, seeking a serum for sleeping sickness, invades Darkest Africa, with Tala Birell in romantic pursuit—and one thing after another befalls them. It's far-fetched and verges on hokum (Univ.).

Oliver Twist—Dickens' great yarn about a workhouse orphan turns up in the talkies, with Dickie Moore tearing your heart out in the title rôle. Irving Pichel is the crafty *Fagin*, William (Stage) Boyd the brutal *Sykes* (Monogram).

Our Betters—Constance Bennett marries an English nobleman for love, only to find that he married her for money. So Connie goes heartless—in a comedy whose wit is barbed—and does some of the best acting of her career (RKO).

The Past of Mary Holmes—The talkie version of "The Goose Woman," with Helen MacKellar, from Broadway, making an impressive screen debut as the woman who touches the depths, but rises to the heights again (RKO).

Perfect Understanding—When Gloria Swanson and Laurence Olivier marry, they vow that each will keep his freedom—but jealousy spoils their plans. A surprisingly trite Swanson picture (U. A.).

Rasputin and the Empress—Lionel Barrymore as the *Mad Monk*, Ethel Barrymore as the *Empress*, and John Barrymore as *Prince Paul*, the royal avenger, give you your money's worth of acting in a vivid, crowded melodrama about the rise of a peasant and the downfall of a czar (M-G-M).

Rome Express—Some suspenseful happenings aboard a train bound from Paris to Rome, involving Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston, among others. On the order of "Shanghai Express," but more realistic (Univ.).

Sailor, Be Good—As a sailor-boxer, Jack Oakie gets out of the hands of his manager when he spots Vivienne Osborne, but she puts him back in training. Not as funny as it should be (RKO).

Sailor's Luck—James Dunn and Sally Eilers are reunited at last in a spicy romance about a gob and a girl who's out of work and wants to be bad, but can't. Some good comedy, and a good all-around show (Fox).

Scarlet River—Here's a novelty—a yarn about a studio that makes Westerns, which kids the good, old hero-and-villain epics (and does a good job of it). Tom Keene and Dorothy Wilson are featured (RKO).

The Secret of Madame Blanche—No matter how you look at it, it's still "Madame X"—the story of a mother who has to forfeit her baby and meets him years later. Pretty heavy and gloomy, but Irene Dunne lives her rôle (M-G-M).

She Done Him Wrong—Here's a picture that is a picture! And Mae West is a personality who'll slay you—as a Belle of the Bowery in those Gay, Naughty Nineties. It's funny, it's frank, it's novel, it's for grown-ups with a sense of humor (Par.).

The Sign of the Cross—Cecil De Mille goes spectacular again, and retells the story of the downfall of Rome under Nero and the rise of Christianity—with notable help from Charles Laughton, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March and Elissa Landi (Par.).

So This Is Africa—Wheeler and Woolsey burlesque all the African pictures, in the daffiest way possible. Wisecracks crackle constantly—if you dote on wisecracks. Raquel Torres replaces Dorothy Lee as their girl-friend (Col.).

State Fair—Rural America comes into its own at last in this colorful, amusing, true-to-life story about an Iowa family who go to the State Fair. Will Rogers, doing his best work to date, heads the all-star cast, which includes Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, Norman Foster, Louise Dresser and Blue Boy, a very funny hog (Fox).

Topaze—John Barrymore, forsaking both romance and melodrama, goes in for a character sketch of a bewildered professor who tries to be honest, but can't. Here is a classic, sly piece of acting, in a sly, clever comedy. Myrna Loy wins new attention as his attractive helper (RKO).

20,000 Years in Sing Sing—Now you learn about the other side of prison life—the square deal that Sing Sing prisoners get, and sometimes abuse. Persuasive melodrama, with Spencer Tracy memorable as a convict (F. N.).

What! No Beer?—Convinced that America is going to have beer because it voted wet last November, Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton go in the brewery business—and have both Federal agents and racketeers on their trail. Jimmy's comedy causes mild hysteria (M-G-M).

The Woman Accused—After Nancy Carroll, with just cause, kills a racketeer, his pal (John Halliday) pursues her and tries to trap her into a confession. The story was written by twelve (no less) well-known authors. Wonder why it doesn't have more suspense? (Par.).

Betty Compson and Pat O'Brien are two of the passengers who see The Stowaway guide them to a "Destination Unknown"

Just a little piece of chocolate

YET what a big part it plays in the health of millions

It *looks* like chocolate. It *tastes* like chocolate. Yet millions have found it such a big thing in keeping healthy.

A little thing for a big purpose—to keep "regular"—that's Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax checks on every point you should look for in a laxative:

Ex-Lax contains a laxative ingredient approved by doctors everywhere.

It tastes like the most delicious chocolate you ever ate.

It does not gripe or disturb the stomach. Causes no disagreeable after-effects.

It is *not* habit-forming.

It is a laxative scientifically timed to act thoroughly, gently and safely.

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. In the 27 years that Ex-Lax has been a household favorite, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax is still the leader, holding old friends and winning hosts of new ones every year.

There's only one Ex-Lax!

Success breeds envy. Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations *sound* like Ex-Lax. But there is only one *genuine* Ex-Lax. See the exact spelling when you buy. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

Get Ex-Lax at any drug store—in 10c and 25c sizes.

keep "regular" with EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Smile for the Ladies

(AND POCKET THE $3 OR SO THAT YOU SAVE)

Pay less for your Tooth Paste and get better results

Let's be fair. There *are* a number of good tooth pastes—all made by reputable manufacturers, who feel a responsibility to the public as well as to their own pockets.

But these first-rate dentifrices commonly cost 40 or 50 cents a tube. There is, however, one—Listerine Tooth Paste—that is regularly priced at 25 cents for the large size.

We don't pretend that you will suffer from pyorrhea, gingivitis, or trench mouth if you go on using a tooth paste in the half-dollar class. But you *will* be throwing away about $3 a year. And you'll also be missing a chance to have a brighter, more engaging smile, with cleaner teeth and healthier gums!

Since improved methods of manufacture and a huge demand give you Listerine Tooth Paste at a quarter a tube—and since a new polishing agent makes it do a better job than costlier pastes—isn't it just plain common sense to give it a trial?

You will not be disappointed. People tell us that Listerine Tooth Paste makes dingy, lusterless teeth white and sparkling in two or three brushings—that it firms the gums wonderfully, and leaves a pleasant, invigorating after-taste in the mouth.

Those are just the results we *meant* it to give, regardless of what it would have to cost. That's why we put into it a cleansing and polishing agent so fine that it cannot scratch the softest enamel, yet hard enough to remove tartar, discoloration, and tobacco stains in record time.

Disregard that three-dollar saving, if you like, and judge Listerine Tooth Paste on results alone. We know what your decision will be! LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

Buy yourself

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TRAVELING BAG
OR A BOOK

with that $3 you save

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

ADRIENNE AMES

Just a bit like Joan Crawford, but oh, how wistful!—that's Adrienne, from Park Avenue. And, in case you haven't heard, it's something new for the well-dressed Other Girl to be wistful. She gives Carole Lombard plenty of competition in "From Hell to Heaven." And she intrigues Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," even with Helen Twelvetrees around. More power to her!

C. S. Bull

'Fess up! Haven't you always thought of Clark as "a typical American"? But you're going to have to change your mind now. Just see, for instance, what a foreign uniform and a "foreign" mustache have done for him in "The White Sister," with Helen Hayes. For his greatest romance, the Great Lover has become an Italian! And next he'll be a Russian, with Wallace Beery!

CLARK GABLE

C. S. Bull

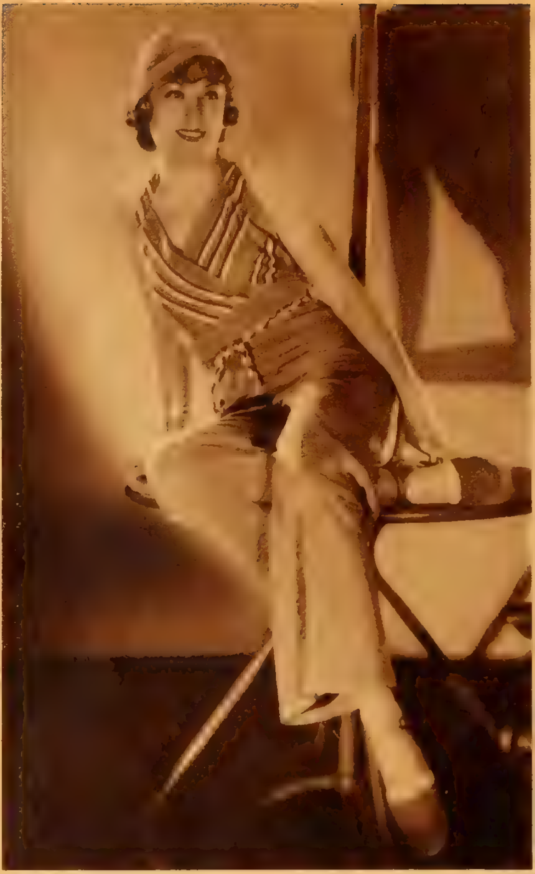
MADGE EVANS

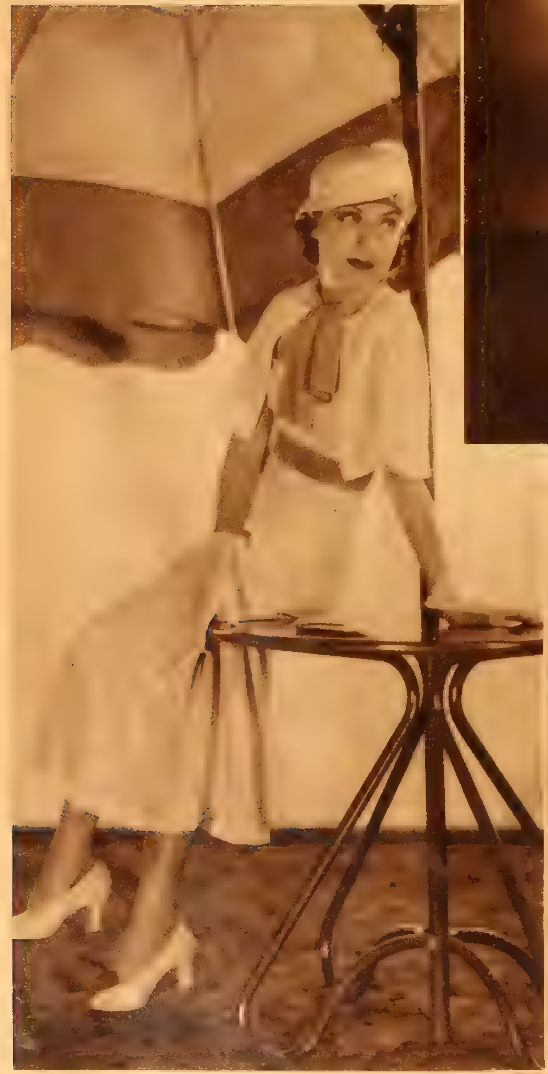
There must be a reason for Madge's looking so serious! Wonder if there's anything to that rumor that she is seriously debating whether or not she could combine marriage and a career? Or might she just be wondering when she'll get a vacation? For, really, her work is getting a bit "hellish"—what with rushing from "Hell Below" into "The Mayor of Hell" with James Cagney!

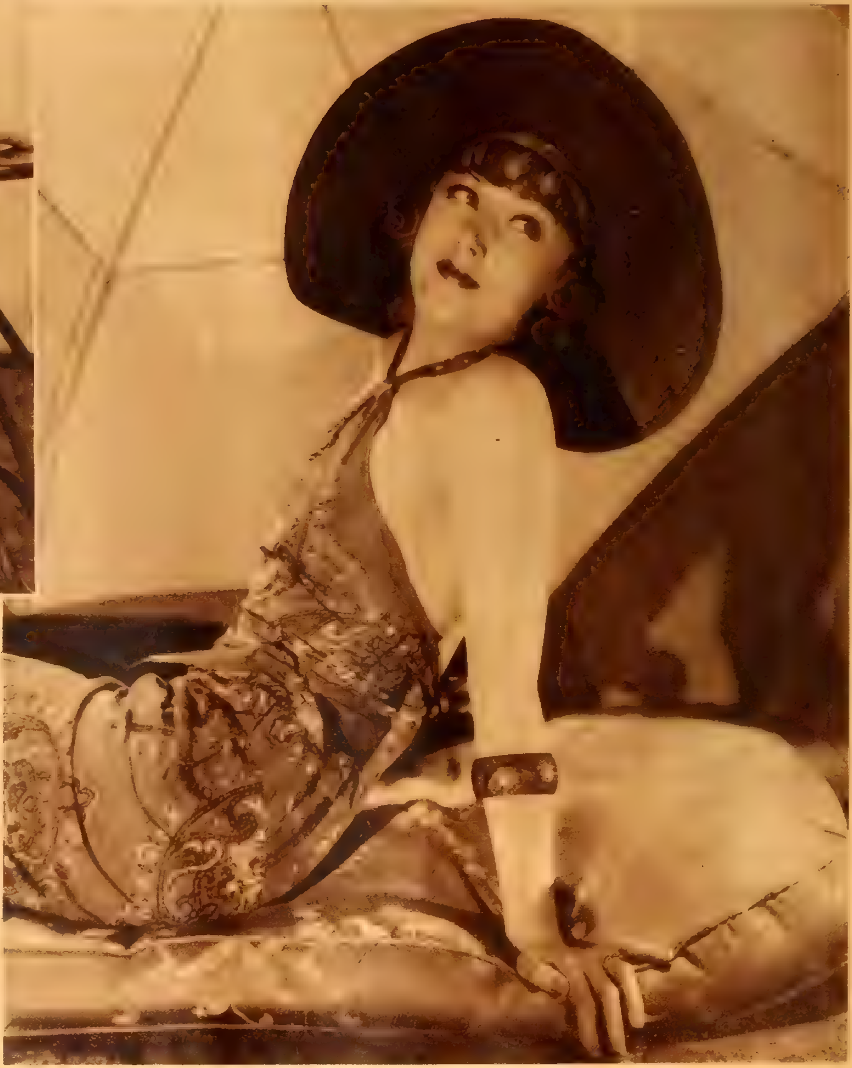
Some Are SKIRTS—
Some Are TROUSERS—
But All Are JUST THE THING FOR SUMMER

(It Won't Be Long Now!)

No Sir! Pajamas are not going out—they are coming in stronger than ever, and Fay Wray says to be sure to include a jersey pair when you are doing your Spring and Summer shopping. The trousers of the one Fay is wearing (right) reach well above the waistline to meet the striped top



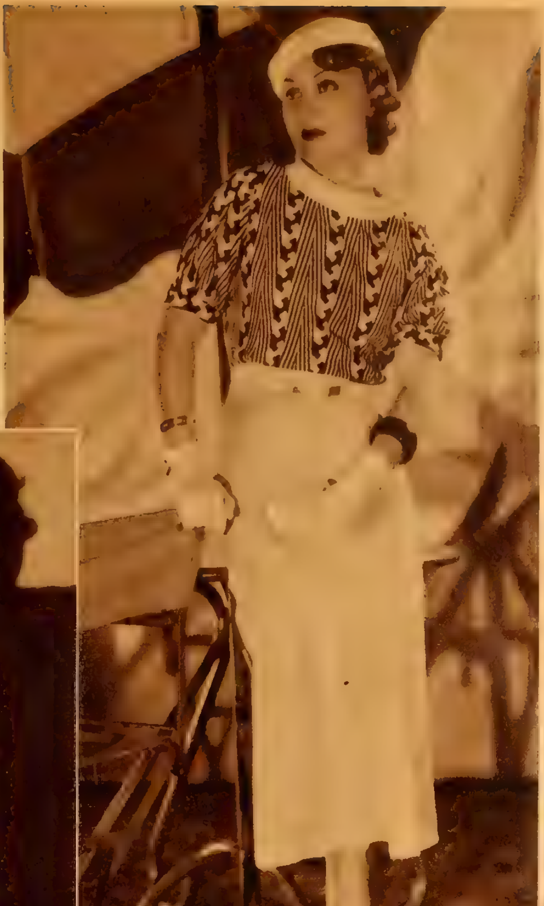




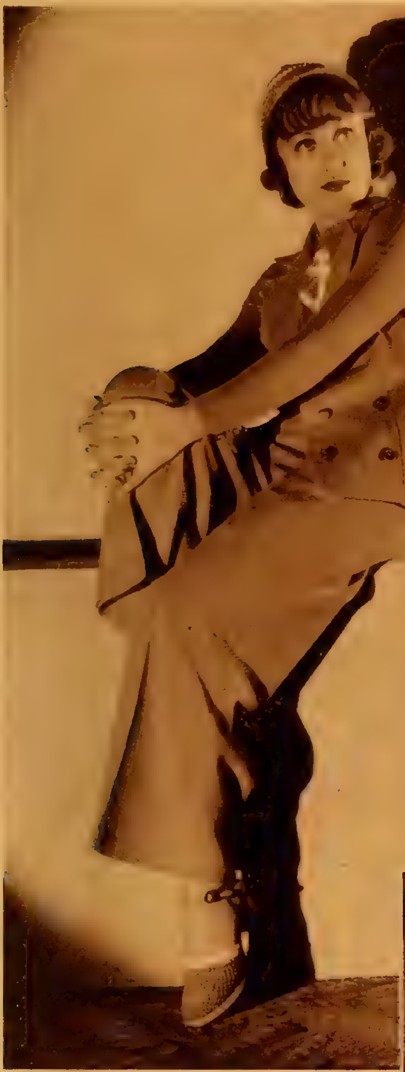
Those early Summer days will find Fay Wray in this very practical white crêpe sports dress (above) with its matching small hat. The elbow-length cape (you'll be seeing plenty of these, too) ties with a short scarf, which is of the same material and color as the belt of the dress. Would you say that Fay Wray was scarving her way to fame if you saw her wearing the creation at the right? We don't know what you'd say, but we have a hunch you'd start collecting gay scarves and make yourself one of these long lounging dresses for the beach. Be sure to notice the one Peggy Hopkins Joyce is showing on page 44

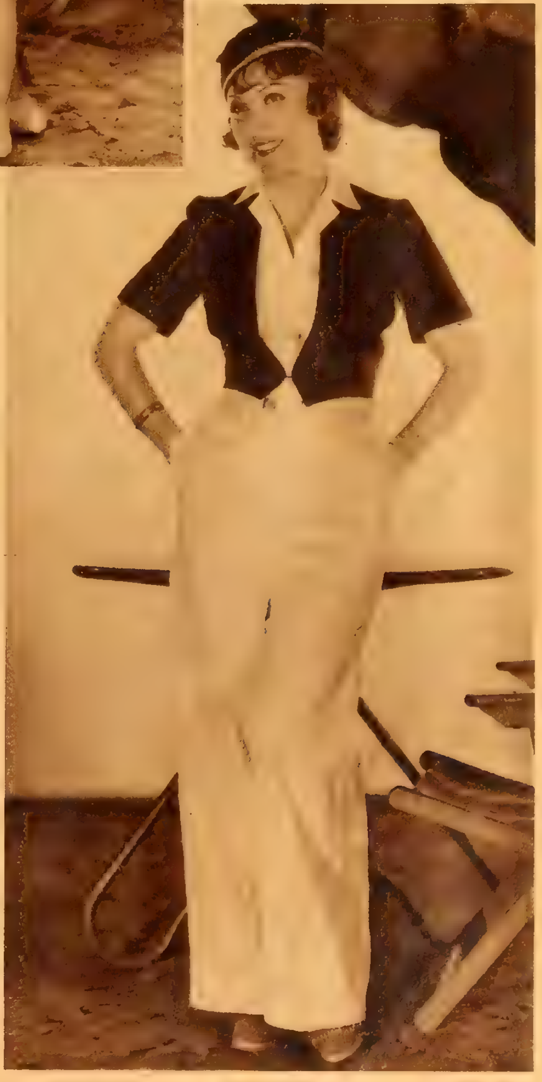
FAY WRAY

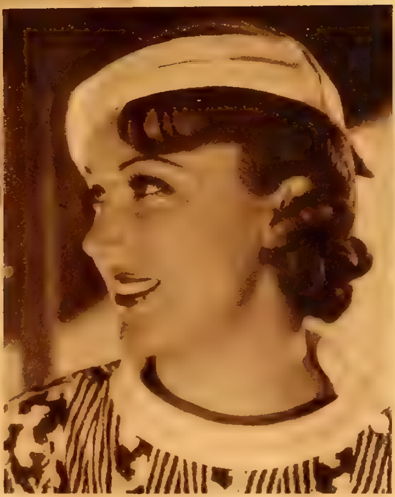
Gives Some Tips On How to Rush the Season



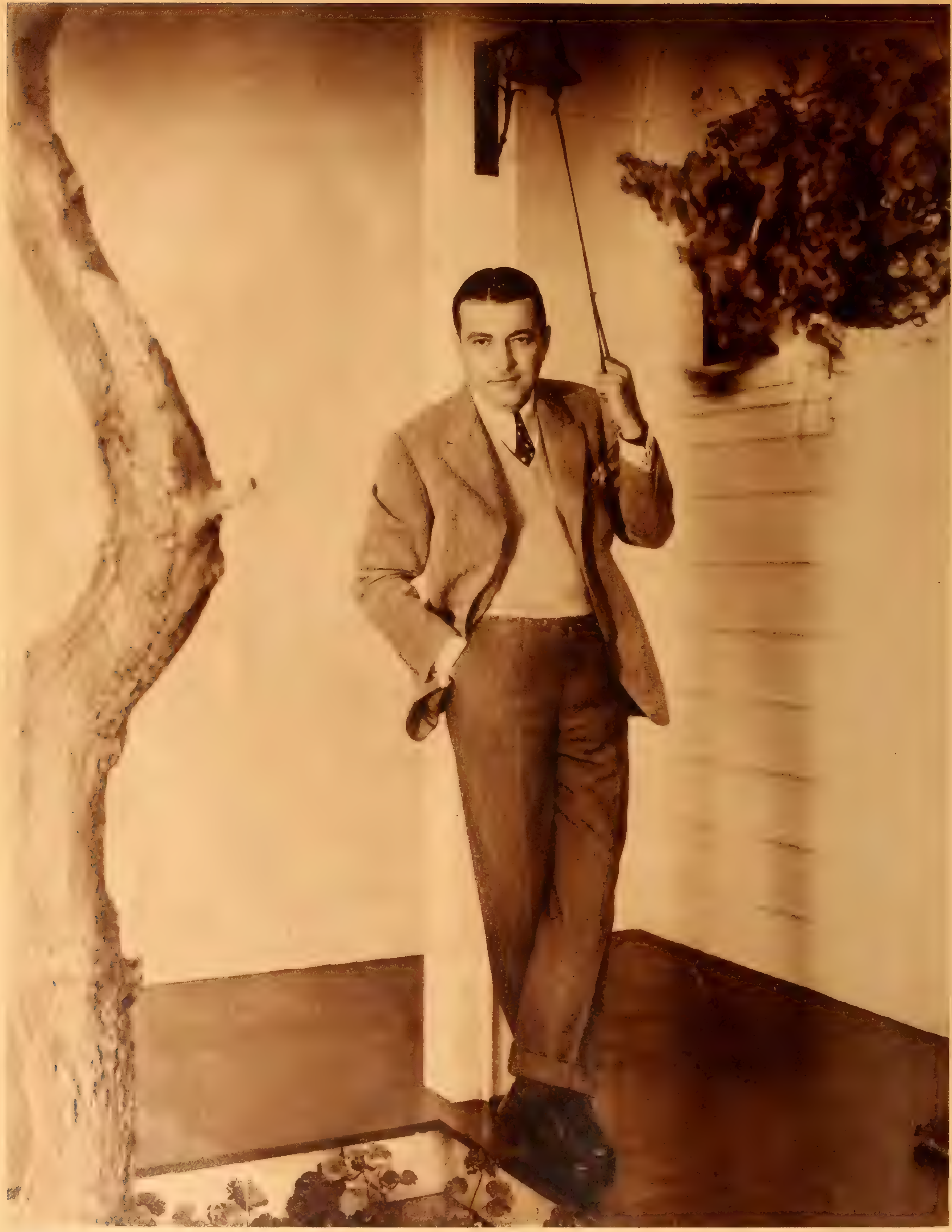
Fay Wray says you'll be wearing them, too. She means the dresses with the dark tops. One she is keen about is shown at the left. It gives the effect of a two-piece dress, but the gay patterned top is joined to the white skirt. And here's how to look as attractive on the beach as on a dance floor (below). Assemble together a pair of white flannel trousers, a crisp cotton blouse, a blue purser's jacket of fine whipcord, and a knitted blue-and-white cap. It is very effective







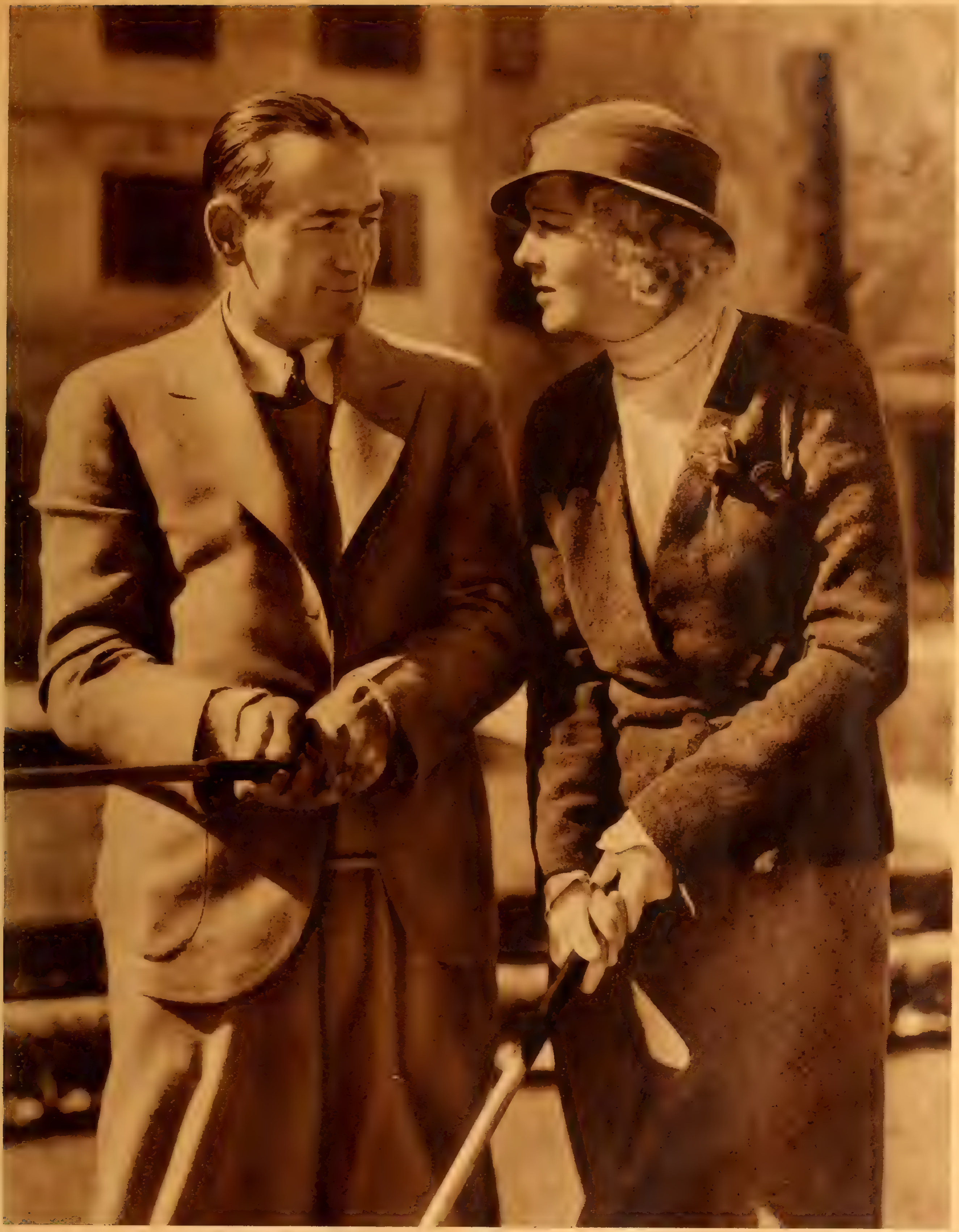
And wouldn't you like a ribbed jersey sport suit, which boasts of a wrap-around skirt, as well as a pair of slacks? The picture above shows Fay wearing the slacks. Her beach shoes have gay crocheted toes. Right, a close-up of the hat Fay is wearing in the upper picture. The crown of the tiny white hat is of crêpe, and the binding, which serves as a brim, is of piqué. Just the thing to wear with those bangs that are all to one side



Longworth

It's an old habit of Dick's—ringing the bell in a movie way. But pulling the rope on a real bell is something new—like his home at Malibu, where he hid out for a holiday after "Central Airport." And, as luck would have it, it's a dinner bell—which reminds us that he's now in "The Bread Line," playing a Forgotten Man. As if anybody could forget a Barthelmess!

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
TAKES UP BELL-RINGING



Lippman

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE
TAKES UP GOLF

Funny, the ideas people get! Hollywood, reading the headlines, had the notion that Peggy was the "hot-house flower" type of beauty. And then she arrived on the scene to make "International House"—and promptly went forth in sporty garb to take golf tips from Leo Diegel, famous Agua Caliente pro. Back on page 64, you'll get another new slant at Peggy!

With linked arms and "happy" smiles—that's how Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have been greeting Hollywood at recent premières. Not a hint of misunderstanding. Not a hint that "Billie Girl" and "Dodo" were nearing the end of the road they took on June 3, 1929. Here has been a real romance—a romance too memorable to end in divorce. They will only separate

JOAN AND DOUG —PARTING PALS

JOAN and DOUG Reach Parting of the Ways

It's hard to believe—that Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are writing the last chapter in their great love story. They have been gloriously happy; they have found fame together. Has fame, perhaps, killed happiness? For they have decided to separate!

FOR three of the three and a half years that Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have been married, Hollywood has been peering and prying and prophesying divorce.

"If Joan and Doug do get a divorce, the chatter writers will be responsible," Walter Winchell said recently over the air. It was a serious accusation.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has never joined in the discussion of the marital difficulties of the young Fairbankses, because we have believed, liking them both, that these youngsters would be able to make a "go" of it, in spite of gossip and the wear and tear of Hollywood. Regretfully, we are forced to say that we were mistaken—not in Joan and Doug themselves, but in the power of human love to weather the obstacles they have encountered. And they were in love—don't make any mistake about that. Idyllically, romantically in love. *Youthfully, terribly in love.*

But happiness, for them, just was not in the cards. By April first you will hear them announce that they have decided—*not on divorce, but on separation.*

"I can outsit any gossipers or reporters," Joan says, fiercely. "We will not be forced into this thing. We will do what we think best whenever we decide to do it."

But Joan is tired of sitting. And we are sorry. Sorry that these pages will not carry pictures hereafter of these two, cheek to cheek, holding hands, looking into each other's eyes—as they were proud to pose for us in those first lyric days. We are sorry when beauty of any sort dies, and youth grows sad and the Spring passes.

Joan tried — passionately, to be domestic, to hook rugs and hem curtains. She and Doug played together like children, with absurd surprises and a secret language of love all their own. . . .

And now it is over, and we are writing the semi-final chapter in the love story of Joan and Doug. We have seen it happen so often before in our long life among the movie people, those brilliant, lovable, willful, spoiled children of destiny—first the romance story, then the happy marriage story, and lastly, the separation story. But we have never written of the ending of any other romance with so much reluctance as we write of this.

Word of the plans of Joan and Doug reached us just as the presses were about to turn on this issue. This space was already filled. Only by crowding out the story that was here, and by having the printers work overtime, could we find room at the last minute for even this brief account of their decision. There was neither time nor room for any explanations, or any details of their plans.

The detailed story will have to wait for the May MOVIE CLASSIC, which has a later publishing date. It will be in Joan's own words. It will be, we believe, her first—and possibly her only—full statement upon the subject of the separation.

When Joan and Doug were married in New York on June 3, 1929, neither was yet a star. After their marriage, both rose to the heights. Has fame cost them their happiness?

GARBO

—*Now* It Can Be Told!

By SVEN NORDSTROM

NOW it can be told. Greta Garbo is torn between two great desires. One is to act on the screen just long enough to insure the purchase and upkeep of an estate—probably on the Riviera—where she would be certain of privacy for the rest of her life. The other is to go on the stage. The two desires are in direct conflict.

Globe

Here you see Garbo as she was in her early days in Sweden. Across the page, you see how Hollywood has made her Glamourous Greta!

Her desire to go on the stage is intense. It may overshadow the other. If the right opportunity presented itself, the glamourous Swede would willingly sacrifice a huge income on the screen to establish herself as a popular stage actress. Any sum she might make on the stage would not even approach the fortune she has received or could receive in the movies. But the stage offers her something that the screen does not. For Garbo, there are no more worlds to conquer via the screen.

The whole world has become acquainted with her voice since the advent of talkies. Therefore, she has no particular worry over the acceptance of her low, throaty voice on the legitimate stage. Moreover—though she has long avoided people in her private life—she would like intimate contact with her audience. She would like the thrill that all stage stars have when they sway visible audiences. She would like this further triumph. She has been called the Eleanora Duse and the Sarah Bernhardt of the screen. But she would like to triumph where they triumphed—on the stage.

Garbo not only wants to go on the stage; she also wants to play the most exacting rôles ever created—rôles written by the dour, morbid, compelling Henrik Ibsen. She would like to interpret every drama, every tragedy he wrote. The famed Norwegian's *Hedda Gabler* is a character that Garbo is particularly keen to portray, as well as the human, rebellious *Nora* in "A Doll's House," the tragic, mystic heroine of "The Wild Duck," and others in the repertoire of plays written by the great dramatist of the North.

Why She Likes Ibsen

SHE has long had the dream of being a vivid Ibsen heroine. Her long holiday in her homeland has heightened her ambition. Being a Scandinavian, herself, she feels that she would be able to catch the spirit of the Ibsen plays, as perhaps no other actress could. Her temperament, her mystery, her moods are ideal for Ibsen heroines. But, to play them, she would have to go on the stage. Ibsen cannot be interpreted on the screen. Movie patrons seek entertainment of a more jovial blend. Ibsen photographs the minds of his characters—and thought is not easy to translate into terms of cinematic action. Garbo likes to attempt the difficult. Ibsen—and the stage—offer it.

She has played in romantic pictures only because they were what she was paid to make. Her own tastes do not run to the romantic, but to the intellectual. That is another reason for her fondness for Ibsen. He led the rebellion against romanticism and sentimentality in modern drama; he gave the theatre realism. He gave the mind some food. And Garbo, being a realist, herself, is in tune with realism. After Ibsen, the playwright whose dramas most appeal to her is August Strindberg—also a Scandinavian, also a realist. She would like to do his play,

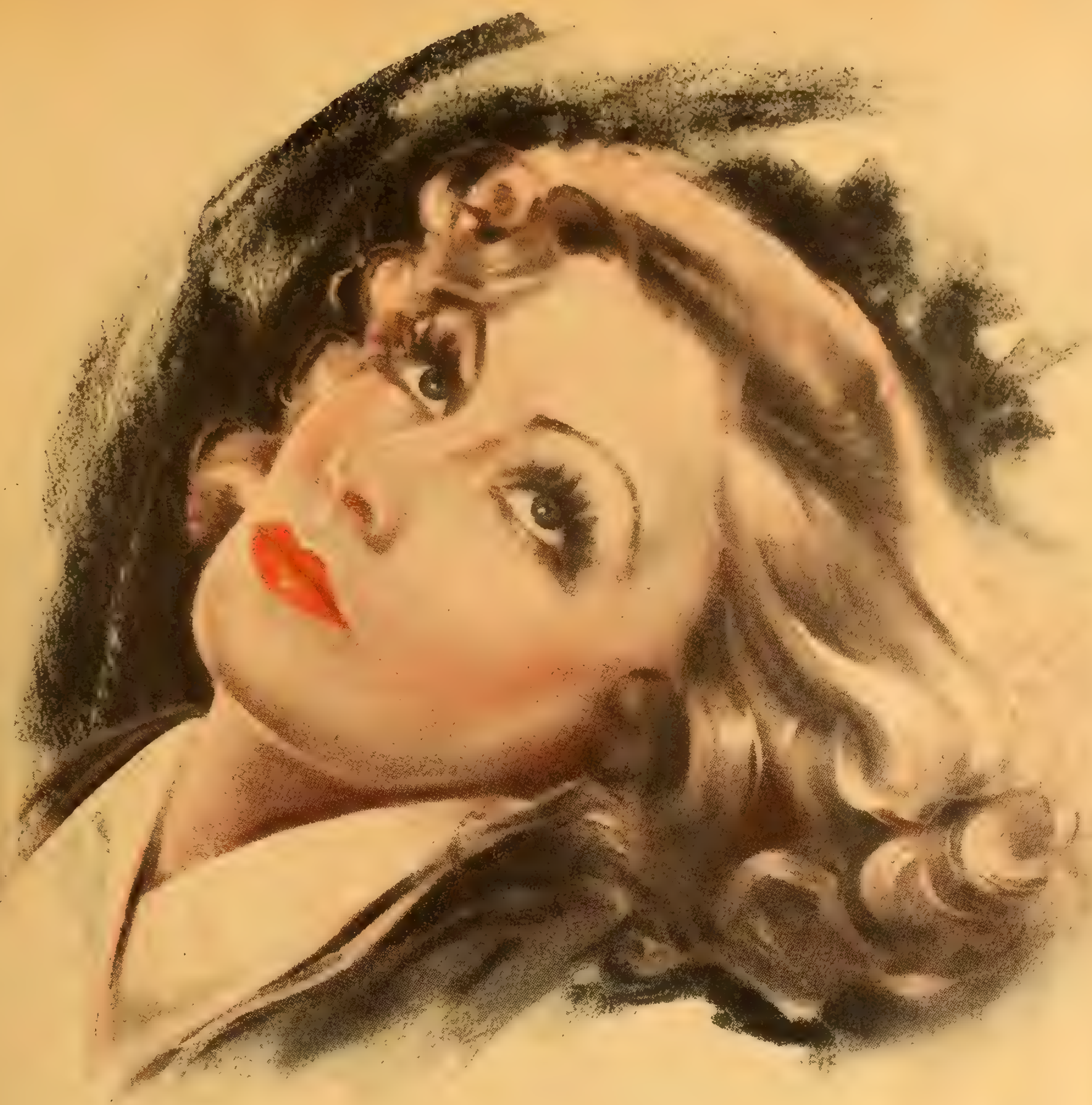


Illustration by
Marland Stone

Here is a real surprise for you—an inkling of Garbo's future plans, a tip-off about how her long holiday in Sweden has changed her. She is torn between two great desires—to say goodbye to acting and to find new acting worlds to conquer. Further appearances on the screen do not figure in her plans, except to help her achieve one or the other of these ambitions. For, in achieving either of them, she would soon be leaving the movies!

"The Red Room."

Garbo is returning to America with a great temptation to try the stage, to adapt her personality to its demands. She has a tentative agreement to meet George Abbott and Philip Dunning, producers of the current Broadway hit, "20th Century," to talk over the possibility. Whether or not she will actually desert the screen for the stage remains to be seen. Certainly, she is seriously—very seriously—considering it.

Has she signed a new film contract? If she has, why hasn't the lucky company shouted the fact from the housetops? Certainly, Garbo's name on a dotted line is something to shout about! Can it be possible that she is not yet signed up—or that, if she is, she has signed for only one or two pictures, with no intention of staying in Hollywood? There is every indication that this possibility is a probability.

(*Continued on page 80*)

How Women Stars Can Look EIGHTEEN!

As Ruth Chatterton says, an actress should be able to look any age—from eighteen to eighty. But how do so many of the old-time favorites keep so firm a grip on youth—not only on the screen, but in person? Mary Pickford, Ruth Chatterton, Claire Windsor and Billie Burke don't mind telling you their secrets! It's their mental attitudes—not beauty treatments—that keep them "always eighteen!"

By MARK DOWLING

WHEN Mary Pickford rode through the streets of Hollywood's neighboring town, Pasadena, in the annual Rose Parade last New Year's, she was dressed in unrelieved white, in the blinding glare of the California sunshine, with the eyes of a million women staring at her from the curbstones. You will gather that the circumstances were hardly the most favorable to a woman's beauty. Nevertheless, the crowds gasped, "Why, she looks eighteen!" Then, enviously, hundreds of women whispered, "How does she do it?"

When anyone asks her that question, Mary immediately laughs and says, "I believe in washing my face—and being happy!" Then she adds, "I think it is important to live to-day and not worry about yesterday or tomorrow. Nothing good can come of dwelling too much in the past, especially the mistakes of the past. Nor is anything to be gained by anticipating too much of the future. Age, after all, is not important. Only the present is important—so live only in the present.

Gloria Swanson

Ina Claire

Lila Lee

Mary Pickford

"Somebody once said, 'You're only as old as you think you are!' I never think of it at all. That, I believe, is a good plan to adopt as a rule. In the last scenes in 'Secrets' I felt like a real human antique, for I was supposed to be more than seventy years old. I felt every day of it—and I'm glad the rôle was short!"

People who refuse to believe that her secret can be so simple fail to understand the Pickford philosophy. Mary believes, as do all the actresses whom MOTION PICTURE approached on the subject, that the appearance of youth depends on mental viewpoint rather than physical attributes.

Being Happy Is One Secret

THE camera can be cruel, and it's a problem for every star to maintain his or her place in the cinema sun. "If I have escaped ill effects," Mary explains, "it is because I am so truly grateful for what I *have* succeeded in. If something goes wrong, I find out what it is and do my best to straighten it out.

"Another thing—I love my work. I am happy in Hollywood. Happiness is one great secret of keeping young, and ready for your battles. Recently I have noticed actresses who

Does Claire Windsor (left) look like the mother of a 14-year-old boy? She says her son has helped her stay young!

often take their setbacks in the wrong spirit. Discouragement will show in their faces. I prefer to regard setbacks as criticisms—and to fight to right the trouble.

"Meeting new people and getting a fresh viewpoint on life help to keep one in condition, too. Douglas is making me leave Hollywood as soon as 'Secrets' is finished, and join him abroad for a rest and a change."

Mary, you probably know, uses only the ordinary amount of make-up and beauty aids. "My feeling is that any beauty comes from within," she says. She believes in only the normal consideration of skin, hair, and other physical attributes. She has been, by the way, gifted by nature with a certain physical characteristic that adds to her youthful appearance.

"I used to want to be tall, but now I've accustomed myself to being a small person. Everyone seems to protect and guard one who is small. I think being little has softened the ups and downs I've had. It's one of the things that have held the public's interest in me!"

Billie Burke

(*Continued on page 70*)

"Go West"—
If You're an Adult!

BY
ELZA
SCHALLERT

As *Lady Lou* in "She Done Him Wrong" (both left and right), Mae West brought back the Gay Nineties. But she asks: "What d'you mean—I'm old-fashioned?"

THE fiercest menace that Garbo and Dietrich, Hollywood's choicest exotics, have met thus far is none other than the swivel-hipped, billowy Mae West. She is the lady who threw Hollywood into a panic, the first time she swayed her luxuriant hips underneath a corset of the gay, naughty Nineties and drawled her potent observation, *"He can be had!"* in that wild extravaganza, "She Done Him Wrong." For all America is taking up her sly invitation to "come 'n' see me sometime!"

Mae West is the first and real Waterloo of the Garbo and Dietrich schools of sultry, languorous, erotic emotions. Because she has made them appear slightly foolish—as if they didn't know how to get a "kick" out of life. And whether the vivid and voluptuous, electric and elegant Mae is aware of it or not—and I, for one, think she is—her healthy, Amazonian, audacious presentation of the ancient appeal known as sex has made the world-weary, secretive charm of Greta and Marlene appear feeble by comparison. Women may go for Garbo, but how the men go for the bountiful West—her lureful lips, her bold, insinuating eyes, her lusty, gusty, wholesome femininity!

Any red-blooded he-man can understand Mae. She speaks his language and her figure speaks for itself. He becomes her man, but he can do her no wrong. His lush, full-blooded sister understands her, too—and likewise becomes her pal. That's why America is flocking to see Mae on the screen. The movie audiences have become curves-conscious again—and Mae is leading the way. What a woman!

There will have to be a franker, livelier display of sex emanating from the screen in the future if Mae West stays around Hollywood for any length of time—because she spells absolute doom to the hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, flat-chested, hipless exponents of the neurotic. A woman has to have what our grandmothers (who rode the bicycles built for two) termed "a beautiful physique" to compete with the effulgent Mae, in the first place, and a wit and quick mind that are as broad as the world and as encompassing. Because Mae slays 'em, on and off the screen, with her unmatchable line of wisecracks, released with a bit of nasal tone through a

"Go West, young man, go West," counseled good old Horace Greeley. And if he were alive to-day, he'd have a hard time trying to get them to do anything else. For they're all going for lusty, gusty Mae West—who's now "going to town" and doing plenty of damage to Garbo and Dietrich on the way. And how does Mae, herself, explain the hit she has made? Read this interview and be surprised!

voluptuous mouth that half parts in a slow smile to reveal white, glistening teeth.

I shall never forget the first time I beheld Mae West at the Paramount studio. In this town of strange sights, the memory of that picture remains one of the outstanding. She was walking across the beautiful tree-lined square enclosing the "star" bungalows and offices of scenario writers on the lot.

Picture of Mae in Person

HER heels were spiked so high that her walk became a shuffling toddle. Her hands were covered with diamonds, great big fellows. Her skin was as white as the driven snow and as smooth as satin—a rarity in itself in Hollywood. She was saluting everyone who passed by with wisecracks that dropped impudently out of the corner of her mouth.

Following her, at a respectful distance, was a tall, heavy-set, middle-aged man with a large, florescent face, whose walk was a swaying counterpart of her own. His overcoat was of the light tan early-Mackintosh style; his open coat revealed an expansive bright-hued waistcoat; his suit was a loud black-and-gray checkered pattern; he wore a wing collar and a puffed Ascot tie, in which a diamond horseshoe tie-pin flashily reposed; his hat was a derby, and his cane had an elk's tooth imbedded in the handle. That, I learned, was Timmony—her manager for many years, and a character as picturesque and colorful as the *Diamond Lil* she has written into books, plays and screen dramas.

Midway between Timmony and Mae tripped and swung Boogey, her little gray-furred pet monkey, who on a later day lovingly entwined his endless tail around my neck and nearly choked me to death. He was no doubt trying to tell me, "I've been savin' some time for you!"

There never was a manager who shared greater enthusiasm for his client than Timmony does for Mae West. To him she is the beginning and the end of everything. Mae is "all there is, there isn't any more."

"Who first said, 'What a man!'?" he inquires, with threatening emphasis. You wouldn't dare deny that Mae was the original creator of the slogan, for fear of your life. "*She* did."

"Who taught all of these babies how to shoot slang? Why, *she* did.

"Who wrote the greatest sex play of all time? Why, *she* did."

Some Other Things She Can Do

AND so it goes with Timmony. He asks the questions in one breath, and answers them in the next. And furthermore, he never calls Mae by name. His sole reference to her is "*she*." She is the only woman he ever talks about. Her prowess in athletic achievement also comes in for eulogy from Timmony.

"She has the most beautiful and strongest feminine body in the world," he proudly asserts. "She can tap-dance, she can sing torch songs like nobody else, she writes the music and words for all of her songs, she writes plays, books, in fact, everything. And here's something else—she can do any strong-man act that you see in vaudeville. Go on and get three Arabians—five Arabians—and watch her balance them, all at one time. I tell you she's wonderful."

The immediate reaction of enthusiasm of the public to Mae West in her first screen part, really nothing more than a generous bit, in "Night After Night," with George Raft, Constance Cummings and Alison Skipworth, was remarkable. And her first starring feature, "She Done Him Wrong," based on her sensational stage success, "Diamond Lil," has been an unusual hit, particularly in the larger cities, during a season of indifferent theatre attendance.

(*Continued on page 84*)

The Inside Story about KATHARINE HEPBURN'S "*Mystery*"

BY SONIA LEE

KATHARINE HEPBURN, with only two film rôles to her credit, has accomplished an incredible feat in establishing herself as an elusive, mysterious, daring and exciting personality. Her attitude of evasiveness, her denials, affirmations and contradictions, her fantastic and wily answers have substituted a background of glamour for this average American girl, of an average American family, with all the average unimportances in her life!

Hers has been an amazing campaign. Other newcomers answer insignificant personal questions, and their history becomes incidental to their achievements on the screen. But Katharine Hepburn—through that very unwillingness to deal with realities about herself—has obscured her talent and her art.

She served notice of her intentions—shortly after "A Bill of Divorcement" had made her a sensation—when she declared: "I am not beautiful. As yet, I am not a great actress. I must, therefore, attract attention as an exciting person—and exciting people don't tell everything about themselves. Garbo is an exciting person. So is John Barrymore. You don't know every detail of their lives."

So, for every impression she has created, she has deliberately encouraged a contrary impression. She has parried inconsequential questions about her birthplace, her social position, and her early life. She has played an astute cat-and-mouse game with the frankly helpless press, and the reporters' bewilderment is shown in the host of contradictions about her that have found their way into print.

Some say she is married and has children in the East; others, that she isn't married and has no children. Some say that she is a graduate of Bryn Mawr; others, that she never went to college. Some say that she has sixteen million dollars; others, that she lives on her salary. Katharine doesn't do anything to straighten out the jig-saw puzzle of statements and fit the right ones together. Being argued about is more exciting.

Here is a fascinating, astonishing, dazzling personality—in no need of an artificial and flimsy bridge to greatness. She doesn't need Garbo's mystery, or Dietrich's trousers, or even Marco's millions, to impress herself on the consciousness of her beholders.

Essentially, she is a forthright person—frank to the point of embarrassment; spontaneous to the point of rudeness; willful to the point of eccentricity. She thinks nothing of sitting down in the middle of a studio street to read her mail. She grabs a waiter's apron and proceeds to take diners' orders in the RKO commissary. For weeks she appeared around Hollywood in patched overalls, with a monkey perched on her shoulder. She nonchalantly violates standards of behavior, which belies her good breeding. But her precocities are reflections and expressions of herself as she really is—ruthlessly honest, passionately individual, abashingly direct.

This novel, dynamic, thrillingly strange Katharine Hepburn does not need baseless legends to stimulate speculation. She can well depend on her innate qualities to arrest attention. It is therefore essential that, once and for all, every bit of her personal history—which, by its very indefiniteness, has eclipsed the appraisement of this girl as an impressive new star—should be marshalled together and revealed. Let's dispose of this Katharine Hepburn mystery, let's end this "whispering campaign" that is going on about her—so that we can think about her as an actress and a personality, not a mystery! She can well afford to stand or fall by her work on the screen, without the false support of intriguing myths or manufactured idiosyncrasies.

Her Family and Her Childhood

KATHARINE HOUGHTON HEPBURN was born in Hartford, Connecticut, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn. Her father is a specialist in kidney ailments, ranks high in his profession, and is well-to-do, but not wealthy. Her mother is active in society, and is well-known for her work in behalf of the women's suffrage movement a few years ago and, more recently, for her work in behalf of birth control legislation.

She's the most exciting person of the year—the girl that everybody wants to know about. But Katharine is keeping everybody guessing. Why? To make people talk? They would talk about her, anyway, even if she didn't wrap herself up in "mystery"—because she's glamourous and vivid and talented. If Katharine told ALL, this is what she would tell. Read it and see if she isn't even MORE interesting after you know all about the "secrets" she has been keeping to herself!

Katharine is one of six children, five of them living. She has two younger brothers, Robert and Richard, both now at Harvard, and two younger sisters, Marion (15) and Peggy (13). All of them have the middle name of Houghton—their mother's maiden name.

Nowadays, the Hepburns live in an attractive English-type house on Bloomfield Avenue in suburban Hartford — an unusual house, in that its back is to the street, like the home of Mark Twain, who also was a Hartfordite. But when Katharine was a child, the family lived in the mansion that once belonged to Charles Dudley Warner, who wrote "My Summer in a Garden." The garden was her playground.

Get the picture, if you will—a freckled auburn-haired youngster, typically American and a bit tomboyish, romping around the spacious yard of an old New England mansion, "acting" in childhood "plays" with her brothers. In the summertime, when the family went to the seashore at Fenwick, she formed regular "stock companies" of the other children at the resort and put on "plays" for a penny admission. Too, she was an avid reader of screen magazines and a rabid follower of the movies.

The thought of acting dominated her life early—as it does the lives of most imaginative young Americans. But it wasn't the

(*Continued on page 88*)

COAST FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

Don't be surprised if you have seen the last of the "mystery antics" of Greta Garbo. In Stockholm, she has been going to cafés, undisguised—and the tip-off is that she has been getting in trim for her return to Hollywood. The latest report is that she wouldn't mind at all if Gary Cooper were her co-star in her next picture. Surprised?

MARLENE DIETRICH adopts a puzzled air—why all this excitement because she has gone into trousers? "I used to wear them in Germany, and no one noticed me," she shrugs. Here, it is said, her trousers have won Marlene more newspaper space than Garbo has won by her "mystery." But at the Mayfair the other evening, she wore a tight black skirt with her tuxedo coat. It is rumored that she is now plotting to wear a straw hat *a la* Chevalier on late Spring evenings. (Amusingly enough, her rôle in "The Song of Songs" requires her to wear *six petticoats* at once!) And she may not make her future films in Germany at all. She may co-star with Chevalier next, instead. Surprised again?

FLOYD CAN TELL HER

Claudette Colbert, playing in the newspaper drama, "I Cover the Waterfront," gets some tips from Floyd Gibbons, the fast-talking "headline-hunter"

CHEVALIER, by the way, has suddenly blossomed out as a gay bachelor—sending flowers to Lilian Harvey. However, it was Marlene who persuaded him to pluck his eyebrows!

MEANWHILE the town is divided on the question: To Pant, Or Not to Pant? The Four Marx Brothers have started a Skirts-for-Men campaign—their idea being a sort of Scotch kilt. Wheeler and Woolsey appeared at the Brown Derby recently in natty men's coats and neatly tailored skirts to match, to the intense delight of the crowd. "What was good enough for my grandmother is good enough for me," said Bert. "And my wife won't be able to go through my pockets nights," added Bob.

Most of the studios are turning thumbs down on photographs of their feminine stars in male attire. They say they are shocked, but good old Hollywood wonders if it isn't because Marlene isn't one of their players. Marlene's tailor is getting orders for trousers-for-women from all over the country. June Clyde's husband, director Thornton Freeland, had a suit like his made for June.

The Lew Ayres-Lola Lane divorce went through without gossip. "Lew is an artist—he wanted to be free," Lola told a friend. "I wanted a home and babies." That's as near to an explanation as Hollywood is likely to get. Meanwhile, Lola is letting her hair go back to its natural brown and is looking for a job. A screen job.

AND what did Clara Bow and Rex Bell see on their recent (and first) trip to Europe? All the places that the tourists see—in London, Paris, Berlin and St. Moritz. Clara liked St. Moritz best, because of the sports. Everywhere she went, she ran into Counts and Dukes, whose names she couldn't remember. And even with all the footwork of sightseeing, she gained seventeen pounds!

Lippman

NEW

Lorena Layson is the name—and she was one of the "finds" for "42nd Street." Her looks and her work have won her a long contract!

SPEAKING of operations, which everyone in Hollywood is doing, movie players have been going in for them by the wholesale. Marie Dressler has been East for a minor operation. Claudette Colbert has been East to have a surgeon relieve her sinus trouble. Benita Hume, English newcomer, has just had an appendectomy. Katharine Hepburn has had a minor operation. So has Cary Grant. Thelma Todd had her appendix out, and then landed back in the hospital a few weeks later after an auto crash. And the story goes that Buster Crabbe was supposed to have an appendicitis operation, but they were afraid the scar would show in "King of the Jungle"!!

Hollywood was stunned by the tragedy that overtook Antonio Moreno. On a Friday, his wife, the former Daisy Danziger, announced that they had had temperamental differences and had parted—but only temporarily. Early in the morning of the following Wednesday, she was fatally injured in an automobile accident. Moreno collapsed when told.

# of the Studios

LATEST
BULLETINS

MAE WEST looks like the only serious rival that jig-saw puzzles have yet had. When "She Done Him Wrong" opened on Broadway, with Mae in person on the same program, New Yorkers left home en masse to see her; the whole show had to be held over. Reporters (who dug up the amazing information that she was born on August 17, 1900) rushed to interview her—to find out what she thought about Hollywood. She told them that Peter, the Hermit—a 70-year-old recluse—was "the only man out there that interested me." She confessed that she was surprised to be robbed of her jewels there, and surprised Hollywood by neither drinking nor smoking. And what about women wearing trousers? "They don't have any shame! You'll never catch me in pants. I take that fashion as a personal insult!"

SHE'S ALMOST READY

R. H. Louise

Anna Sten, star Russian newcomer, has learned English so fast that it's Sten-to-one she'll soon make her Hollywood début!

WITH "King Kong" giving America a new kind of thrill, maybe you'd like to know something about the man who was responsible for it—Merian C. Cooper. He helped pursue Pancho Villa in Mexico, served in the Air Corps in France, and was a flier in the brief Polish-Soviet conflict. There he met Ernest B. Schoedsack, and they teamed up to search for adventure and film "Grass" and "Chang." Cooper is now RKO production chief, and he and Dorothy Jordan have wedding plans.

MARY PICKFORD is now abroad with Douglas Fairbanks, en route around the world. On her way East to sail, she ran into a 24-year-old mother of four children in Kansas City, who was going—thanks to charity—by day coach to Oklahoma. Mary put the family aboard a Pullman, gave them some money. "I was poor once myself," was Mary's reason.

Lewis Stone has discovered a new hazard in being a movie actor. He was recently summoned to the office of District Attorney Buron Fitts—there to be confronted by a woman who claimed he was the husband who deserted her sixteen years ago. But after one close look, she said she had been mistaken. He politely bowed and left, musing on the ironies of screen fame.

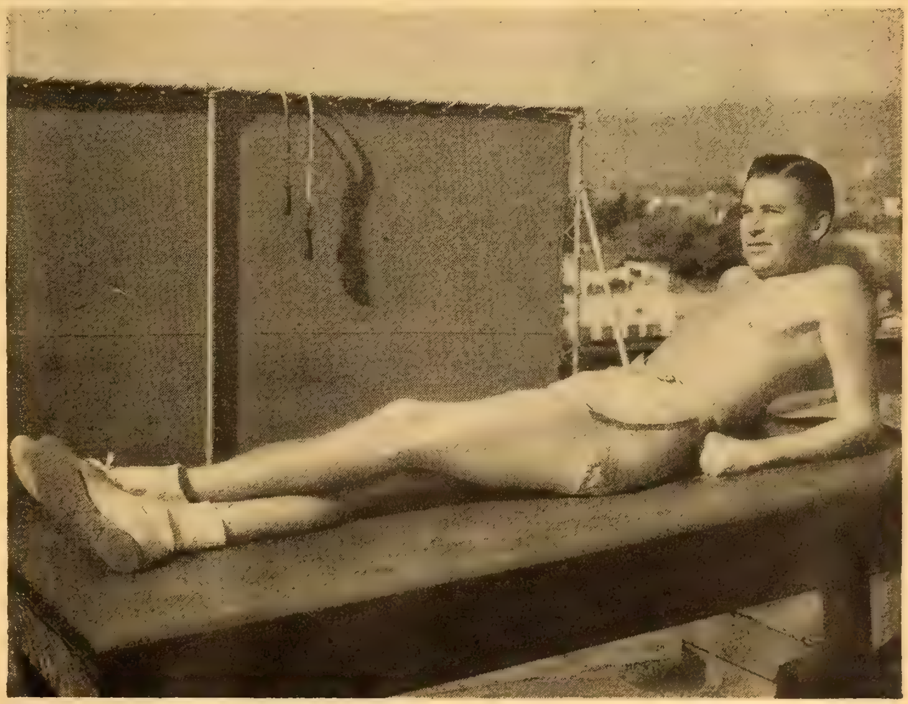
HOLLYWOOD seems to be decidedly in the market for English players—but England is returning the compliment, and tempting American actresses. The success of Esther Ralston in "Rome Express"—one of the best English talkies to date—has given impetus to the movement. They're asking Esther for an encore now—and she is obliging. And Constance Cummings has gone over to do a picture.

Kornman

As you can see, Maurice Chevalier has his hands full in "A Bedtime Story"—learning baby-talk in English!

WHEN Elizabeth Allan, M-G-M's newest English player, arrived at Ellis Island, immigration authorities held her to find if she was just a beginner or a star. She was so modest, she couldn't say. But her writer-husband, W. J. O'Bryen, told them!

GETTING WARMED UP AGAIN AFTER THAT CHILLER



After doing the hero act against a villain as big as a mountain in "King Kong," Bruce Cabot is all set to do a little relaxing and some "warming up" exercises. The exercises consist of rising on his elbows when anybody pages him. Spring fever again!

HER HARSHEST CRITIC

Wera Engels, from Germany, brought along a doll that gives a Bronx cheer. Only a donkey would do such a thing, after seeing her in "The Great Jasper"

IN case you're looking for someone new to rave about, you might take a look at Franchot Tone, who plays Joan Crawford's brother in "To-day We Live." M-G-M is all excited about this young Broadway actor, who is only six years out of college. He went to Cornell, finished in three and a half years, and won a Phi Beta Kappa key. His pals called him "Tony." He majored in Romance languages, was an instructor for a time, and then went on the stage to speak the language of romance. Watch "Tony"!

GABLE'S NEW WORRY?

C. S. Bull

That's what Hollywood is wondering about Franchot Tone, from Broadway. He makes a big hit in "To-Day We Live"

THE Brown Derby, long a favorite lunchtime rendezvous of the stars, is now the center of a social war. It seems that the management had the brilliant idea of getting a caricaturist to make sketches of all its famous patrons—and the artist was busy for three months, making three hundred caricatures in all, which were hung on the walls. But now some of the stars are "burning up" about the places where their famous faces hang—since their rivals are more prominently on view. The idea came from Sardi's Restaurant in New York. Which reminds us that Hollywood's newest café is called "Sardi's." It's all chromium plate, silver and black enamel.

If you don't see Norma Shearer on the screen in the next few months, don't get worried. She isn't retiring. She has just gone abroad with her husband, Irving Thalberg, who was recently critically ill from heart trouble and has been ordered to take a four months' rest at Bad Nauheim, Germany. Norma—always the wife before the movie star—temporarily abandoned all picture plans to be with him. And little Irving, Jr., also went along.

SPEAKING of Norma recalls an experience she recently had. It seems that some of the news photographers are getting pained because so many of the feminine stars are wearing the same clothes to party after party—thus making the news pictures of the different events look all alike. At a party at the Biltmore just before the Thalbergs left for Europe, Norma wore her white satin ensemble with the leopard-skin trim, for about the fifth time. She overheard one news cameraman say to another, "If the papers get another one of that damn' leopard skin that Shearer's wearing, they'll throw it out." Later, the photographer approached the table where Norma's party was sitting, to ask them to pose. "No, indeed!" said Norma. "Not in my 'damn' leopard skin'!" And added, to the photographer's crimson-eared embarrassment, "It's a new experience for me to hear my clothes criticized. And such frank criticism, too!"

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon gave the newlyweds, Audrey Henderson and director Eddie Sutherland, a grand wedding present—even if it didn't come all wrapped up in tissue paper and blue ribbons. Bebe and Ben handed the bride a perfectly plain door-key, to which a simple card was attached, reading, "Make yourselves at home at our beach house for the next four months!" And it is there that Eddie and Audrey are honeymooning—far from crowds.

THE NEWEST DOLL IN PICTURES

Only, Alice spells her last name "Dahl," instead of "Doll." She's Educational's latest "find"—and, like most bathing beauties, wears opera pumps

RUTH CHATTERTON and George Brent went up to a mountain lodge near Lake Arrowhead to get a good rest between pictures—and lo and behold! what should happen but a blizzard! The snow came down steadily for hour after hour, accompanied by a high wind, which piled up huge drifts. Finally, when it was all over, George set out afoot for help—three miles away. He brought back a guide, and the two of them helped Ruth on the long trek back to civilization. She and George both suffered for several days from "snow blindness."

CURBING THEIR FAMOUS DIGNITY

Lippman

Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper, who can keep their poise in any situation, meet on a studio street and sit down for a chat—on the curb. Katharine Hepburn started it

ALL the little stenographers and script clerks at M-G-M have a new love. Clark Gable has been temporarily abandoned for Lee Tracy! The girls think Lee is just about the snappiest number—well, since those first hectic days of Gable hero-worshiping. Instead of pretending to be bored with "the silly little darlings," Lee admits he is getting a kick out of it all.

> **When Boots Mallory was tempted with Hollywood offers, she wouldn't sign until her husband, Charles Bennett, would go West with her. So Charlie gave up his orchestra connections (he's both a leader and a soloist) and accompanied Boots. And now the lad has been sued for divorce, on grounds of incompatibility!**

THE day that Marian Nixon went downtown to see her lawyer, hubby Eddie Hillman, Jr., thought she was going to shop—and was he surprised when divorce plans were announced! And was Marian mad when a columnist said she was giving up the baby they had adopted! She's fighting to keep the child—hoping she will be the exception to the California law that says an adopted child must go back to the orphanage if the "parents" divorce within a year.

HERE and there: Ann Harding has been loaned to M-G-M for "When Ladies Meet"—and Irene Dunne, back at RKO, will play the title rôle of Sinclair Lewis' "Ann Vickers," upon which Ann had set her heart. And Hollywood wouldn't be a bit surprised if Ann soon went back to the stage—for she has had a number of "story disappointments" . . . Ramon Novarro just started on his new career of singing with a concert in Carnegie Hall, New York . . . Helen Hayes and Leslie Howard would like to co-star—in a stage play . . . Polly Moran, who has had only one acting assignment in months, would like to be free—to make a vaudeville tour of Europe . . . Harold Lloyd, back from four months in Europe, plans to change his screen character and make his spectacled hero more sophisticated . . . George Raft is the latest studio rebel. Some say he wanted more money; others say he didn't want to play another gangster in "The Shame of Temple Drake." Anyway, Jack La Rue is in his place . . . After "Voltaire," George Arliss may take life easy—doing just one picture a year . . . Kathleen (Panther Woman) Burke is now Mrs. Glen Rardin. He's a Chicago photographer, who followed her to Hollywood . . . Colleen Moore, who has been under contract at M-G-M for several months with nothing to do, will make her screen comeback for Jesse Lasky at Fox, in "The Power and the Glory" . . . John Boles has signed a long contract with Fox—which makes it look as if singing films are coming back . . . So has Buddy Rogers . . . "Youse don't need to be doity to get a laugh!" says Jimmy Durante, who is now getting his laughs on Broadway in a stage revue. He's always kidding, but no one can remember his cracking an off-color joke . . . When reporters quizzed Janet Gaynor, just back from Hawaii, about her divorce plans, she said, "Let's talk about my freckles, instead!" . . . Gloria Swanson, Michael Farmer and the baby, Bridget, are back from their long stay abroad.

SCRUTINY of his passport by the immigration authorities, who have been investigating all foreigners in the film colony, revealed that, though Henri de la Falaise has been divorced from Gloria Swanson since 1930, he was here on a "visitor's" visa as Gloria's husband. So he and Constance Bennett sailed off to France to get that changed. They went on a "slow" boat, taking a month en route—and making the trip a sort of "second honeymoon."

> **Peggy Hopkins Joyce is really an amazing woman. Even minus her famous jewels, which she didn't bring to Hollywood, she still attracts all eyes. "Marry again?" asks Peggy. "Certainly, I'll marry again—sometimes." (The final "s" is her own!) "You wouldn't want me to be an old maid, would you?"**

CONNIE BENNETT does perfectly swell things for people—and then gets mad as a hornet if they ever refer to her kindnesses again. And it's not only what Connie does—it's the way she does it.

Not so long ago, a friend of hers (a working girl) was injured in an accident and broke several bones, which didn't knit properly. Connie called her up and told her to go down and see the best bone specialist in town. The girl protested that she couldn't afford the services of such a high-priced doctor. "Well, just drop by and let him look you over," insisted Connie. "He surely won't charge too much for just a consultation." The girl decided to stretch a point and consult this doctor if it took her last

(*Continued on page 98*)

CHANGING HIS TYPE

Lippman

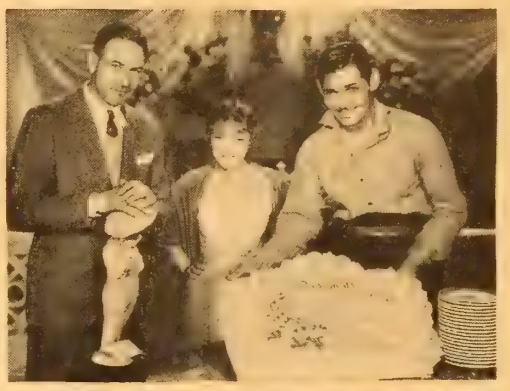
Lyle Talbot has become so popular as a "villain" that Warners made him Loretta Young's hero in "She Had to Say Yes"

"The WHITE SISTER" —Seen Through HOLLYWOOD'S EYES

By JACK GRANT

This is the fourth of a series of "inside" stories about outstanding new pictures. Hollywood knows these stories and, because of its knowledge, its appreciation of these pictures is heightened. For Hollywood sees the drama behind a drama—recognizes all of the painstaking attention to tiny details that might escape more casual observers, and knows how the players have reacted to each other. Read this story about the making of "The White Sister"—then see the picture. Your enjoyment of it will be keener for seeing it through Hollywood's eyes.—

Editor.



During production, Helen Hayes and Director Victor Fleming threw a comic birthday party for Clark Gable (left)—and did Clark enjoy it!

Above, Clark Gable and Helen Hayes with Father O'Donnell (left) and Father O'Fisherty, who served as advisers for the church scenes in "The White Sister," making them authentic

Above, a view from behind the camera lines, with the new nuns (the White Sisters) approaching the convent altar. Helen Hayes is one of them. Right, one of the carnival scenes

FIRST popular more than twenty-five years ago, "The White Sister" has been constantly before the public ever since as a novel, a play and a silent motion picture. Now it appears as a talkie, co-starring Clark Gable and Helen Hayes.

In its original form, a romantic novel by F. Marion Crawford, it gained immediate popularity and became one of the best-sellers of the early 1900's. It was translated into nearly every language—including, of course, the Scandinavian. The book continues to sell in moderate quantities to-day, placing it among the near-classics of modern literature.

Dramatized for the theatre, this great love story has been played by scores of famous actors and actresses. Several stage stars can date their rise to fame from the rôle of *Angela* or *Giovanni.*

When the play reached the silent screen, as it was inevitable that it would, Lillian Gish played the title rôle. It was, perhaps, her greatest hit. A then-obscure player from equally unknown stock companies was her leading man. His appearance as *Giovanni* lifted Ronald Colman from obscurity, and overnight he became a new sensation of the movies.

Time of Story Changed

NOW Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents a brand-new version, adapted by Donald Ogden Stewart. The famous author, playwright and humorist has done much to modernize F. Marion Crawford's story. He has substituted the late War for the expedition into Morocco that originally caused the separation of the lovers.

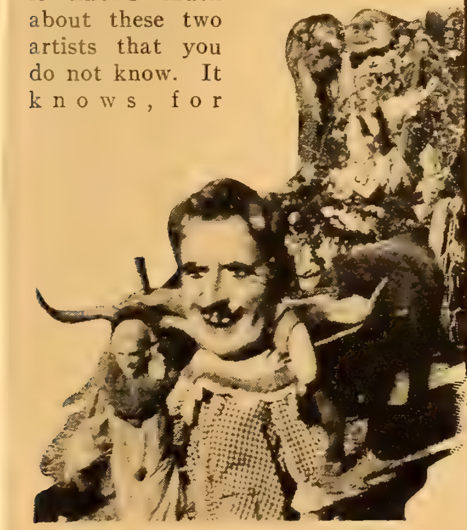
When Hollywood sees Clark Gable and Helen Hayes in this great love story, it will appreciate the drama behind the drama. It will know how the big scenes were filmed; it will know how self-conscious the two famous co-stars were, on first acting together. And here is your chance to share Hollywood's "inside" knowledge!

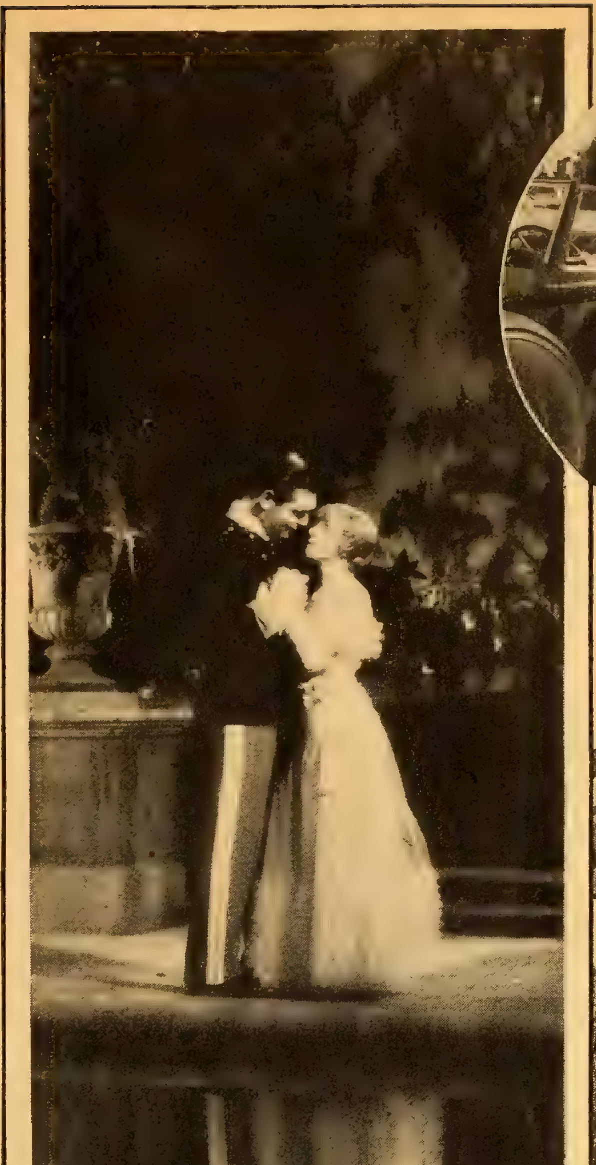
He has made the central male character an aviator, instead of an infantryman. He has brought spectacle into play, with an aerial attack upon the convent replacing the now-outdated device of an eruption of the volcanic Mount Vesuvius. Otherwise, he has kept intact the spirit of the original work, even to its Italian locale. It remains a tremendous, romantic document—the story of a great, undying love.

When you see "The White Sister" on the talking screen, your attention will doubtless be centered upon the performances of Helen Hayes and Clark Gable, both of whom you have taken to your heart. Hollywood will watch their performances with as keen interest. But Hollywood will see more clearly, for it knows much about these two artists that you do not know. It knows, for example, that when they faced one another in their first scene together, they were frightened half to death. Of what? Believe it or not—of one another.

Helen Hayes is the victim of a terrifying inferiority complex. She truly

(*Continued on page 76*)





Giovanni (Clark Gable) and *Angela* (Helen Hayes) find each other during the Carnival of the Saints (left). Then follow romantic, secret meetings (like that above) in the garden of her father's estate, where they find love of the "eternal" kind

Above, Clark makes an amateur movie of Helen, between scenes

Above, part of the carnival. Note the pre-War cars

This Month It's

If you should ever meet Jean, what one question would you like to ask her? There's SOMETHING you're aching to know about her. What is it? That's what Jean is anxious to know—and she is ready to answer your question, whether you ever meet or not! Read about it and then rush in your query!

Motion Picture Magazine now offers you, personally, the chance to ask a question of the most startling star of the movies—Jean Harlow.

If this chance had been offered you when she first created a sensation, three years ago, you would probably have wanted to ask very different questions from the ones you will ask Jean to-day. For the Jean Harlow of "Hell's Angels" and the Jean Harlow of "Red Dust" are two entirely different girls—with the same dazzling smile, the same platinum hair, and the same beautiful body, but a new outlook on life. In three years, Jean has known many experiences—fame, love, sorrow. Such things change people. They have changed twenty-two-year-old Jean.

And here is your chance to learn more about Jean than even Hollywood knows. For, with all her sudden rise to celebrity, few people in Hollywood know Jean Harlow intimately. She lives quietly with her family, and is seldom seen in the glittering gatherings of movie stars, preferring smaller parties at the homes of her close friends. When the other stars do meet Jean, they are amazed by her girlishness, simplicity and friendliness. "She's regular," men say of Jean—and women echo the verdict. Though, naturally, no one would be tactless enough to discuss with her the recent tragic death of her beloved husband, Paul Bern, Jean's dignity in these last few months has earned her the admiration of everyone.

Leaving out all questions about this briefly happy, then tragic chapter in her life, what would you like to know about Jean Harlow? Perhaps you have wondered what color she chooses in clothes to go with that unusual hair of hers, how much time and attention she gives to the care of her hair, who her girl-friends in Hollywood are, how she spends her days when she isn't working, what advice she would give to girls with acting ambitions.

Jean has just built a brand-new home. Wouldn't you like to hear what it is like, how she is furnishing it, what the color-scheme of her own room will be? She is writing a novel. Perhaps, if you asked her, she would give you a hint as to what it is about. Or maybe you would like to know what rôles she would like to play, or how she will spend the first vacation that she can get from her work.

These are merely suggestions. You do not have to limit yourself to these questions—but may ask her anything that you would like to ask her if you ever met her in person. Certain questions are barred by studio policy—questions relating to her salary, her preferences in fellow-players, and other studio "secrets." The only other condition is that all questions must be within the bounds of good taste.

To ask Jean your question and to have her answer it, simply write your query on the coupon below and mail it to the address indicated—making sure that it will reach us ON OR BEFORE APRIL 20. Remember this date. We have to set this deadline to have ample time to sort the thousands of questions, and then obtain Jean's answers—which you will find in the July Motion Picture.

On pages 56 and 57 of this issue, you will find Constance Bennett's answers to the questions asked her by readers of the March Motion Picture. Read them to the end and discover how much they reveal about Connie. Next month, Maurice Chevalier will answer the questions that readers of the April Motion Picture have asked him. Next month, also, you will have still another chance to ask a famous star a question!

INQUIRING REPORTER,
c/o MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California

Dear Sir:

THE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK **JEAN HARLOW** PERSONALLY IS THIS: ____________________

____

____

This question is sent in by:

Name ____________________

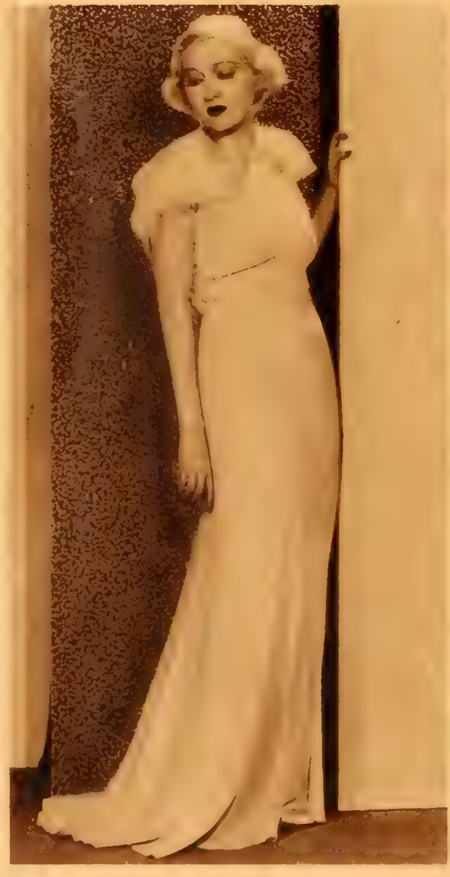
Street ____________________

City and State ____________________

Jean Harlow

. . . Ask Her a Question

CLOTHES GOSSIP



Who's Wearing *What* and *How* Is Revealed in MOTION PICTURE'S New Department of Advance Fashion Tips from the New Films

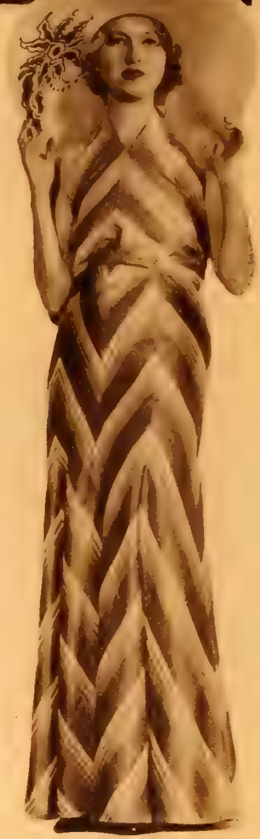
BY Marilyn

WHEN Peggy Hopkins Joyce arrived in town with twenty-four trunks full of brand-new clothes, and clothes ideas, for her talkie début in "International House," Paramount had to shoo away all the fashion hunters who wanted advance tips on what this International Lady was going to wear!

'Twas whispered that *Travis Banton*, designer-in-chief for Paramount, had all sorts of odd and eccentric and "different" designs of gowns drawn up for Peggy's approval—and all the natives were set for a fashion jolt from Peggy! Well, they got the jolt, all right. But it wasn't the kind of jolt they expected. Peggy took everybody by storm by flatly refusing to be a "fashion oddity."

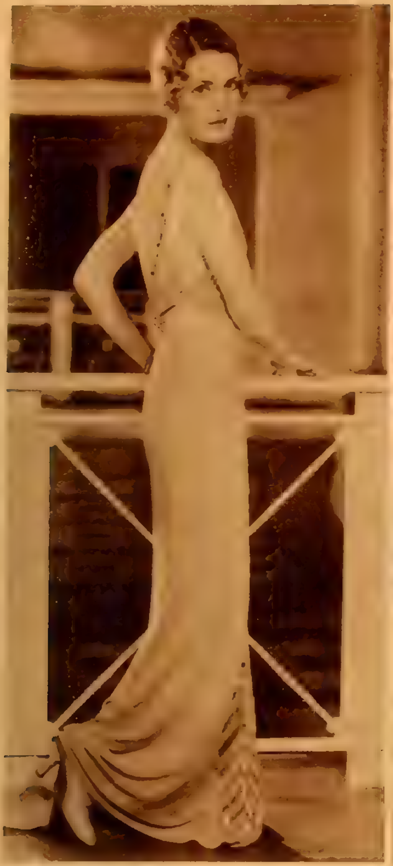
"I know my style," said the dashing Peggy, who arrived in town wearing a stunning gray suit with a yellow turtle-neck sweater *a la* Clark Gable. "In 'International House' I am going to wear clothes that are becoming to me—and not some silly freak style that might start a fad!"

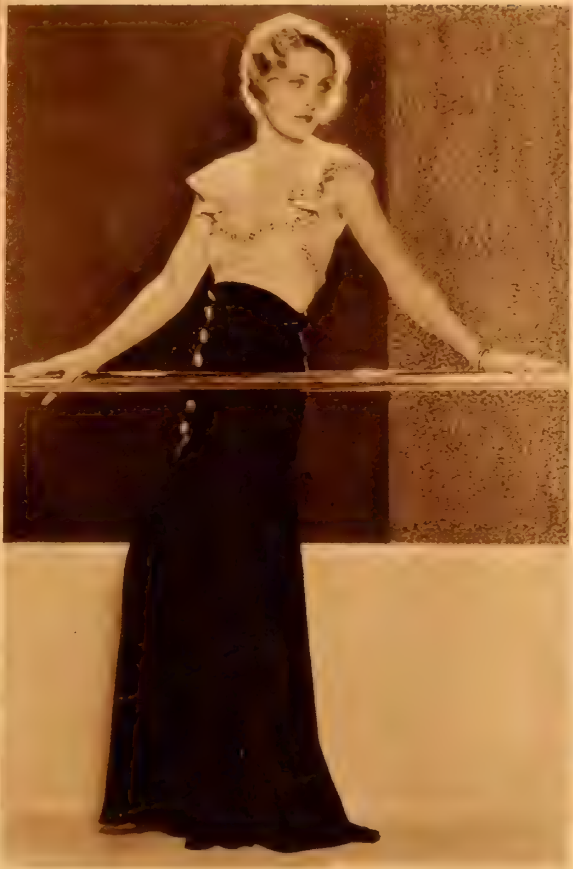
Peggy upset one applecart right away by refusing to appear in ultra-masculine clothes, no matter how much of a rage they are in Hollywood right now (thanks to Dietrich). It is true that she wears a coat-and-trouser flannel suit in the picture, but *Travis Banton*, after he caught Peggy's idea about *her* type of clothes, agreed with her perfectly, and the suit he designed is a masterpiece in feminine sports attire.

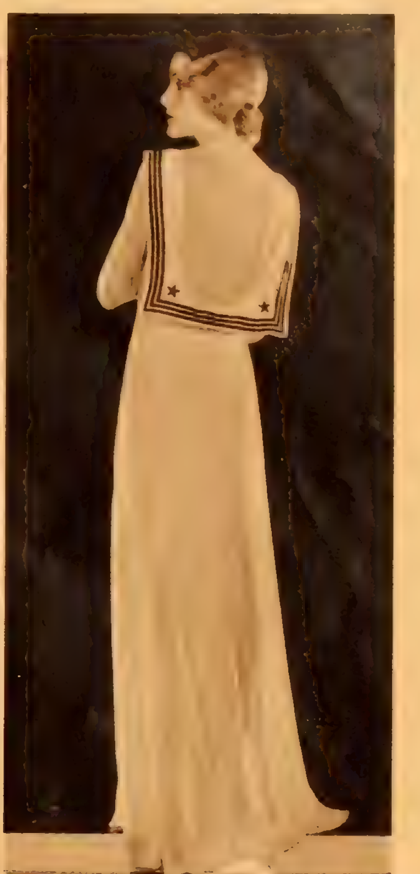


Directly above, Miss Joyce shows you the front view of her "beach frock" and her Leghorn sun-hat

from HOLLYWOOD







On the opposite page, Peggy Hopkins Joyce displays three creations that she wears in "International House": left to right, the coat-and-trouser flannel suit; the plume-trimmed white crêpe gown; and the striped "beach frock." Above, Miriam Jordan's unique gowns in "Dangerously Yours": left to right, the one of light gray wool with the beads over one arm; the gown with the black velvet skirt and beaded white crêpe bodice; and the sailor-like white crêpe creation

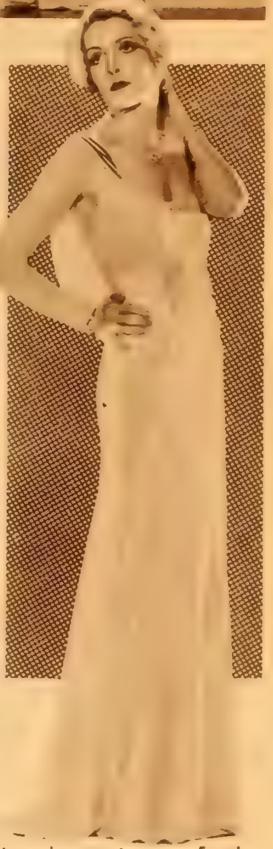
The flannel coat is Navy blue, double-breasted and very tailored. But the white flannel feminine slacks are as full as an evening gown skirt. To complete the feminine touch, Peggy wears a very large white scarf—and shows plenty of it.

Looks Like Trousers, But Isn't

BUT the lovely Joyce is not very keen about trousers, even the feminine variety. So for her beach ensemble *Banton* really did himself, and Peggy, proud. The outfit is called a "beach frock" and though the casual observer might swear that it looked like a pair of full pajamas, there is nary a line of division in that skirt. The frock is long and full of skirt; it is backless and created in cerise and white stripes and it *ties on*. Yes, that simple little bow in the back of Peggy's beach frock is its only fastening! The picturesque sun hat of natural Leghorn straw, with a stencil flower on the brim, is a chic accessory, setting off the costume to perfection.

Now, feathers, cocq or ostrich, are not nearly so smart and advanced as they were six months ago. But do you think that particular fact made any difference to Peggy when she got around to the subject of dinner clothes? Well, it didn't! "To my particular type," said Peggy, "feathers are particularly flattering. I want to wear them." And wear them she does, in an absurdly simple white crêpe dinner frock trimmed with uncurled, flat plumes worn along the back décolletage.

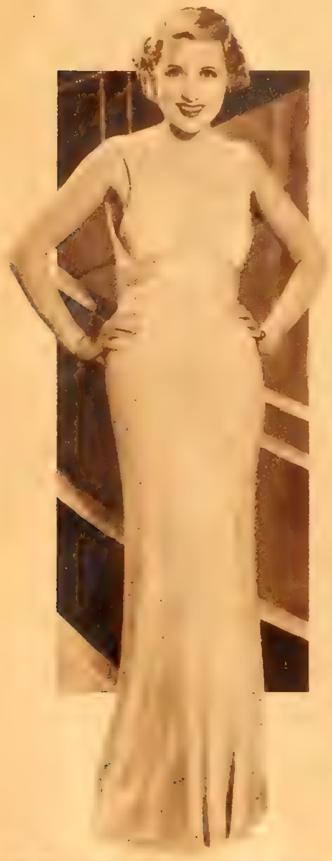
Wait until you see the grand, soft close-ups of La Joyce when she wears this flattering gown—and then you'll more fully understand why Peggy insisted on the feather trimming, even if it isn't the newest thing out. After all, what is true *chic* but the adaptation of styles to one's own particular style? If you think for a moment that Peggy Hopkins Joyce doesn't know hers, I advise you not to miss her complete wardrobe as worn in "International House." Women will eye her clothes, the way they do Gloria Swanson's!



Another view of the evening gown which follows the lines of a sailor suit is presented above by Miriam Jordan

The Newest Ideas In Bodices

THOUGH Peggy and her ideas are really the style *news* from Hollywood this month, there is an abundance of perfectly stunning gowns to be glimpsed in two new Fox pictures, "Dangerously Yours" and "Infernal Machine." The Fox designers have created some fascinating novelties for Miriam Jordan and Genevieve Tobin—especially in evening gowns. While other Hollywood designers have been experimenting with the skirt of the evening gown, *Rita Kaufman*, Fox designer, has been trying out some unique ideas on the evening gown bodice. And in two little models designed exclusively for Miriam Jordan, I believe *Miss Kaufman* has really started something!



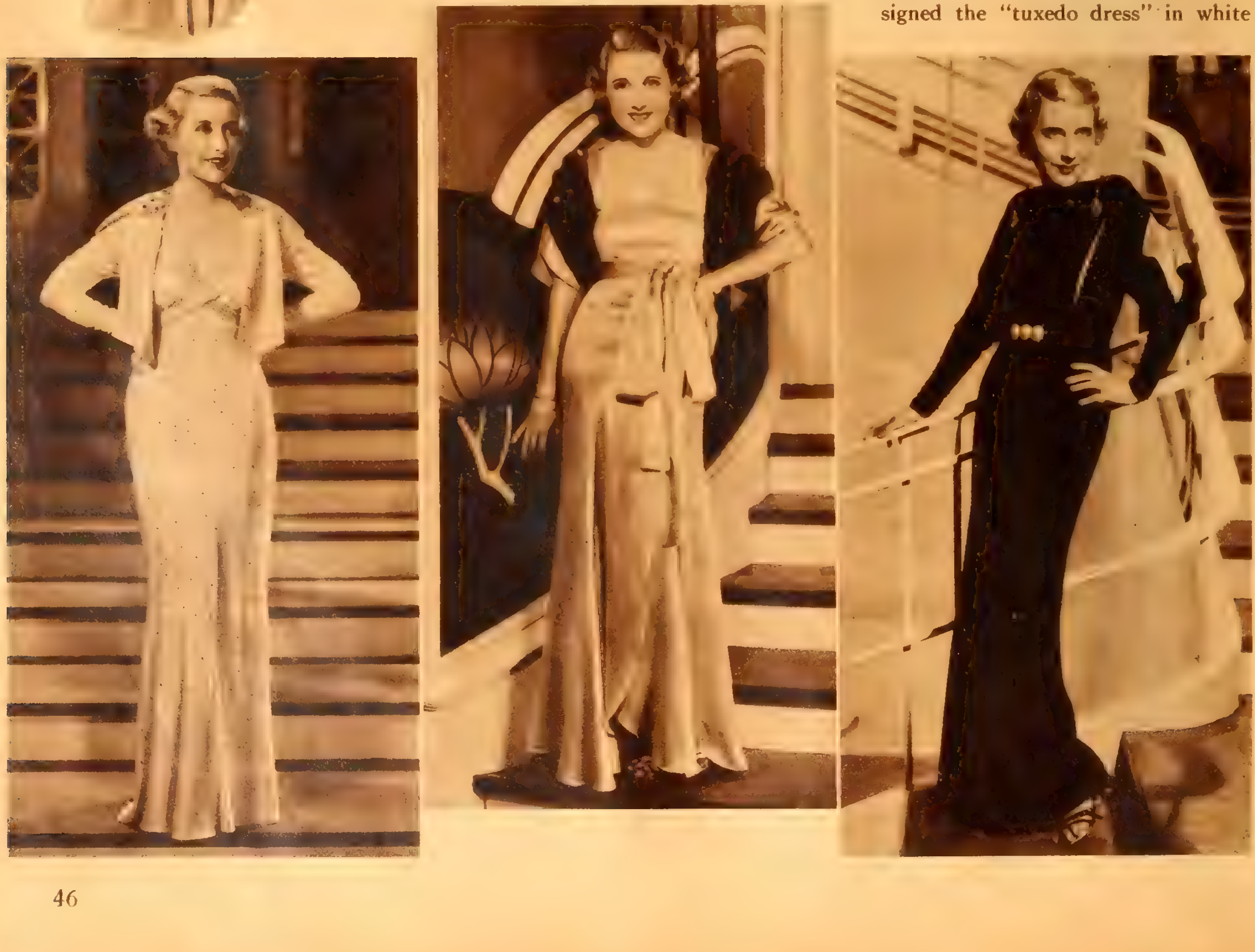
In one of the illustrations back on page 45, you will find Miriam wearing a white crêpe evening gown that can't decide whether to be a sailor's suit or a formal frock. So it strikes a happy combination—with a sailor collar edging a back cut to the waist, and a silk tie and eight crystal buttons giving a nautical touch to an otherwise classical skirt that falls in ripples to the ground. Notice, too, the tiny laces, like those on a sailor's trousers, that tie the back of the skirt! Now if you can think of a cooler, or a neater, or a breezier little early Spring model for your own wardrobe, then you are indeed original!

This dress, along with another different-bodice model, is one of the features of Miriam's second picture with Warner Baxter, "Dangerously Yours." The second dress should answer that feminine cry of something different in the shoulder and neck treatment. The model is a combination of black velvet skirt and beaded white crêpe bodice—but the skirt would be equally effective in black crêpe. There is something modest and tailored about the model in spite of its extreme décolleté. Perhaps, the modesty lies in the suggestion of the little sleeves that practically cover Miriam's shoulders. And then those eight crystal buttons down one side of the skirt help promote the "tailor's finish" idea, too.

Beads On One Arm Only

FOR a very, very formal gown from the same picture and worn by the same girl, *Miss Kaufman* has created a "beaded sleeve." The thin strands of silver beads loop casually over *one arm* only. But it serves to give that "different" effect to an otherwise conventional gown of pale gray wool, in the always-popular basket weave.

For Genevieve Tobin in "Infernal Machine," *Miss Kaufman* has designed the "tuxedo dress" in white



In "Infernal Machine," you will see Genevieve Tobin wearing these exquisite things. The white crêpe tuxedo dress is shown both with and without the jacket. The blue satin dinner dress, trimmed with mink, is in the center; and at the right, the very sophisticated-looking red velvet dress crêpe, trimmed with brilliants. The almost-masculine jacket is featured by lapels and a collar heavily beaded in brilliants. The sleeves are long and tight and tailored. But when the jacket is removed, the dress is as décolleté and feminine as you please!

In the same picture, Genevieve wears a blue satin dinner dress trimmed with a narrow band of mink on each sleeve. The dress has a square neck, is cut with a surplice skirt and ties at the natural waistline in a flat bow. What I would particularly call to your attention in this model is the effective combination of a rich, "wintery" fur with material as "boudoir" as washable satin, and a color as delicate as baby blue! A very nice frock for those cooler and earlier evenings of Spring!

It takes a poised type like Genevieve Tobin to get away with severe plainness. For Genevieve does get away with it beautifully in one gown she wears in "Infernal Machine." It is sheer velvet, wine red, and is utterly plain except for a triple rhinestone buckle and two tiny clasps on either side of the high, horizontal neckline, and a jagged, eye-catching, patch of white on the sleeves. With it she wears black satin sandals.

Before I left the Fox lot, I happened to bump into Sally Eilers, running around in an awfully cute "slacks" outfit. Yes, they are going to be equally popular in Hollywood this year as they were last Springtime. Sally's short-sleeved sweater, the same color as her flannel slacks, was trimmed in a little anchor design in white flannel. Pretty neat, too.

You Can Wear Flowers Again

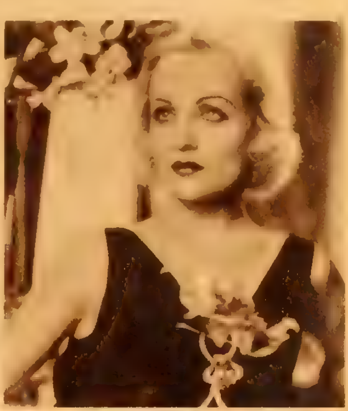
AND before we get entirely away from the subject of evening clothes, it will be good news for all you girls who love to wear corsages to know that they are coming backin to favor! They have been just a little bit "out," you know. But if you love your orchids and your gardenias (and, after all, they *are* romantic when the right man sends them), take a little tip from the smart way Carole Lombard wears two orchids in a scene in the Paramount picture, "From Hell To Heaven."

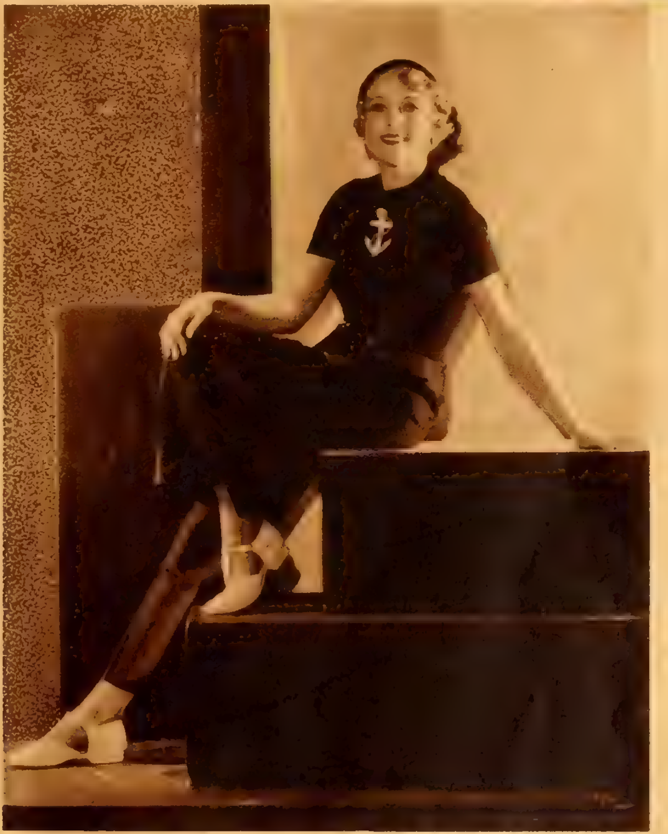
The beautiful, fresh orchids are worn right at the "V" of Carole's black satin evening gown and they are fastened there by a real diamond clasp. If you aren't up in the real diamond class at the present moment, your old brilliant pin will do! The orchid stems are wrapped in pale green satin, and that's all—no lilies of the valley, no greens. It's a severe way to wear flowers, but oh, so smart in Hollywood.

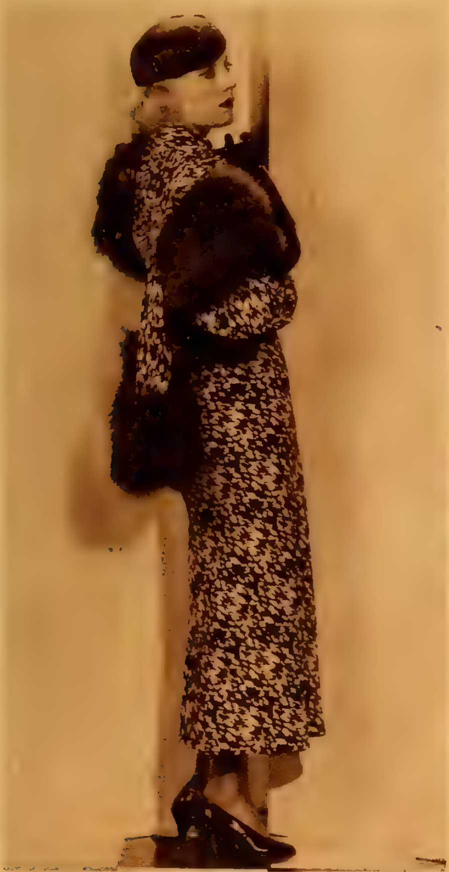
Along with the orchid idea, you are going to like a very smart street ensemble worn by Carole in the same picture. *Travis Banton*, of course, made the design for this black-and-white printed crêpe suit. A jacket with short sleeves and a long cape effect at the back is trimmed with silver fox. Carole's hat is soft black straw—and note how far down it comes over one eye. The patent-leather pumps are just the right note to complete this smart costume for the avenue or the boulevard.

And oh, by the way, don't forget your "shiny-touches" on your newest street dresses. I mean such things as patent-leather buttons used as a trim. Or a shiny patent-leather belt

(*Continued on page* 81)



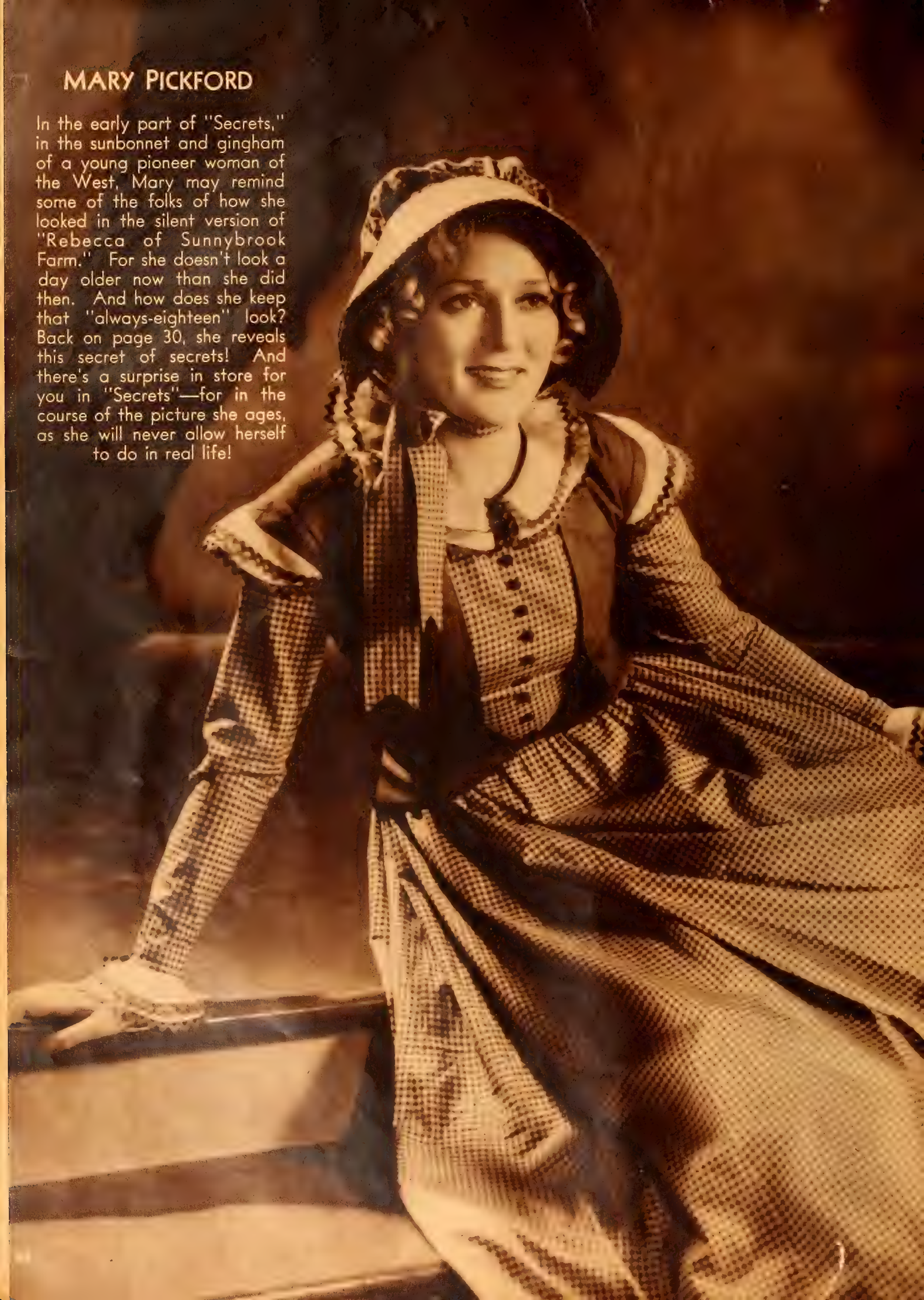




Sally Eilers (center) sports her new "slacks" outfit. Above her, Carole Lombard wears orchids in a new way in "From Hell to Heaven." At Sally's left, Carole is in her printed crêpe street ensemble. Below Sally, Helen Twelvetrees shows the little hat she wears in the café scene in "A Bedtime Story"

MARY PICKFORD

In the early part of "Secrets," in the sunbonnet and gingham of a young pioneer woman of the West, Mary may remind some of the folks of how she looked in the silent version of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." For she doesn't look a day older now than she did then. And how does she keep that "always-eighteen" look? Back on page 30, she reveals this secret of secrets! And there's a surprise in store for you in "Secrets"—for in the course of the picture she ages, as she will never allow herself to do in real life!



"ME and the PRINCE—"

George Raft's Own Story

George Raft didn't want to tell how or why the Prince of Wales made a pal of him, when he was dancing in London. "The Prince might not like it," he argued. But the writer, who happened to be present on the night they met, finally persuaded him to come through with the story—which gives a new slant on George, Dancing Instructor By Appointment to His Royal Highness, and a new slant on the Prince!

By LEONARD O. MOSLEY

THIS is the story of the queerest friendship in movie history. It's the story of two men, vastly different in character, nationality and station, who became bosom pals. It's the story of a prince and a "wise guy," of the heir to a great throne and a slick fellow from Broadway, of the Prince of Wales and his buddy, George Raft. You have heard many strange tales about this new screen hero, but there is none so unusual and none so true as the tale of this friendship.

George Raft, himself, has told casual stories of his colorful career as a boxer and dancer before he came to the screen, and has hinted of acquaintance with the underworld. The very nonchalance with which he has told those stories has forced one to doubt if they were true. But there is one phase of his life, one man he knows, about which and about whom he does not want to talk. He needs plenty of coaxing before he will say anything about his life in London, of the many months he spent in the night-clubs of the British capital.

He needs much more than coaxing to persuade him to tell you of his friendship with the Prince of Wales. Yet he is a friend of the Prince. Those of us who saw them together in London, who were present when the two of them first met, can vouch for that fact.

© Foulsham & Banfield Ltd. from Acme

The Prince of Wales gave George Raft the lighter he is using at the top

This friendship, and George Raft's reticence about it, are going to astound some people in Hollywood—those film folk who imagined Raft to be a bit of a swaggerer. Up to this moment he has gained no great reputation for modesty. Hollywood has gleaned an impression that George Raft, supremely self-confident, has a shrewd sense of what parts of his past to reveal to heighten the glamour and mystery about him.

Why He's Mum About Prince

AND yet about the Prince he is mum. How he *could* boast about it if he wished! Even Douglas Fairbanks does not know the Prince as well as George does. But Raft, when you ask him about it, merely twists his shoulders uncomfortably and says:

"I don't want people talking about it, see? The Prince might not like it. Why don't you write about something else? Say, I've got it. I'll tell you about the time when I was in Chicago. . . ."

But you keep him talking about the Prince.

Let us go back three years, to a dank, chill night in the Haymarket in London, to the crowds of heavily-clad Londoners hurrying to the Underground (that's British for "subway"), on their way home from the theatre. Down the Strand and around Piccadilly Circus, even though it was approaching midnight, a continual stream of cars was swirling. They were carrying theatregoers from their plays to the night-clubs—where they served you champagne secretly in cups, for fear they might be raided for selling after hours.

Suddenly, a black Rolls-Royce limousine moved swiftly around the Circus and along the Haymarket without troubling to stop for traffic signs. It had no distinctive marks, this car, but the peculiar note and tempo of its horn appeared to give it the right of way.

(*Continued on page* 86)

Life is a big adventure to bright-eyed Benita Hume—and she intends to make the most of it while she's young. She started out to be a pianist, but became an actress because she wanted excitement. And there's something about her that says she knows how to find it. You have your first glimpse of her in "Clear All Wires" and in the revealing story opposite!

"You Can't Be *Famous* WITHOUT HOLLYWOOD!"

Says BENITA HUME

This dark-haired, bright-eyed newcomer was a star on the English stage and screen—but that didn't count, says Benita. She claims that no one ever hears of English stars unless they commit murders or go to Hollywood. She decided to go to Hollywood. And she had hardly settled down before the whole world was hearing about her!

BY GLADYS HALL

"YOU can't be famous unless you come to Hollywood!" So said Benita Hume to me. This dazzling, dark-haired English newcomer added, "You can be the toast of London, the rage of Paris, the hit of Berlin, the craze of Vienna, or the darling of New York, but unless you have Hollywood success and fame you are still—an Unknown! You are small-town calibre. You are of the local-girl-makes-good status. You are insular. The world doesn't know about you. You simply are NOT, internationally.

"I know, because it is a matter of flattering fact and not at all self-flattery that allows me to say that I *was* the toast of London after I had played in 'Party,' 'Symphony in Two Flats' and other plays and was starred in the London presentations of 'Reserved for Ladies' and 'Spring Cleaning.' And, outside of London itself, *none of it mattered*. Not any of it—not all of the London acclaim, nor the road-show tour to South Africa, nor the pictures I made over there, beginning with 'A Happy Ending' in 1923. For when I came to New York and then to Hollywood, people stared at me politely, but blankly, when we were introduced and murmured, 'Miss Fume—ah—Miss Lume—oh, Miss *Hume?*—pleased to meet you!' And that was that.

"I was even asked, on various occasions, what I did—and when I told them, people still looked polite and a little blank and said, 'Of course—of course—'

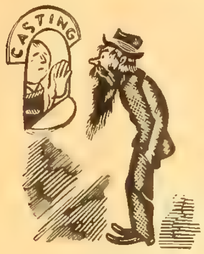
"I think it must be the publicity methods that make the difference. Here, in Hollywood, every single thing a player does is front-page news, it seems to me. Let there be a marriage, an engagement, a birth, a death, a divorce or a sprained ankle in Hollywood, and all the world knows about it and *all* about it. In London, we get nice notices if we do nice work—and there the subject ends. There is nothing particularly

(*Continued on page 96*)

CAN YOU SPEAK HOLLYWOOD?

What's an airedale to you? A shaggy-haired canine? Well, to Hollywood an "airedale" is an "extra" with an extra-long beard. That's just a sample of how the movie town has given new meanings to some of Webster's words. And if you don't think Hollywood speaks a language all its own, look over this handy guide and see how many of Hollywood's pet words you could define at first sight!

MOTION PICTURE'S DICTIONARY OF HOLLYWOOD SLANG



AIREDALE

SO, you're a linguist, eh? You speak German, French, Spanish, Arabic and a smattering of Chinese? Okay, pal, okay—but can you speak Hollywood? *That's* the question.

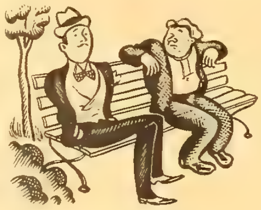
Hit that broad! No, no, *not* the pretty lady—I mean light that inkie. Put a new blimp on the high-hat and then bring me a pair of niggers and a baby. What's that—you don't understand? Tsk, tsk, pal, either you're dead-panning, or you'd better close-up a dictionary of the Hollywood slanguage. Here, try this one:

AD-LIB—(*Verb*)—To improvise dialogue or action while playing a scene; to wisecrack on the spur of the moment. (*Adjective*)—Improvised, spontaneous.

AIREDALE—(*Noun*)—An "extra" player with a shaggy, unkempt beard.

ARTIST—(*Noun*)—A word of forgotten meaning used by all Hollywood actors, "extras," directors, hair-dressers and dog-trainers in referring to themselves.

ATMOSPHERE—(*Noun*)—The unskilled "extras" used in a scene.



BETWEEN PICTURES

AUDIENCE-VALUE—(*Noun*)—The commercial quality in a motion picture; Hollywood's conception of the Holy Grail.

BABY—(*Noun*)—1. A small spotlight generally used to light a player's face for a close-up. 2. A term of endearment used by Hollywood wits when addressing the opposite sex.

BABY-STAR—(*Noun*)—A girl chosen for any reason—often for no reason—by the Wampas as a promising candidate for stardom.

BABY-TRIPE—(*Noun*)—A short-legged camera tripod.

BAFFLE-BLANKET—(*Noun*)—A padded hanging used to soundproof a set and prevent reverberation.

BANK—(*Noun*)—A battery of lights used to illuminate a set.

BETWEEN-PICTURES—(*Adverb*)—1. Temporarily idle. 2. Out-of-work and without prospects. A term used by unemployed actors to dignify an unpleasant situation.

CENSOR

BLESSED-EVENT—(*Noun*)—An addition to the family. (*Verb*)—To have a baby.

BLIMP—(*Noun*)—A padded hood used on sound cameras.

BLOOP—(*Noun*)—A sudden gulping noise in the sound record.

BOOM—(*Noun*)—The long, metal arm that supports the microphone.

BOX-OFFICE—(*Noun*)—1. The Zeus of the Hollywood

By **ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT**

Illustrations by **Eldon Kelley**

Cocktail

Pantheon. 2. An elusive quality which producers strive to inject into their pictures; also, an even more elusive quality which every player tries to acquire in person. (*Adjective*)—Capable of drawing money into the ticket booths. (*Illustration*)—"The Miracle Man was box-office, because it earned millions; Garbo receives $11,500 a week because she is good box-office."

BREAK-AWAY—(*Adjective*)—Purposely fragile, especially constructed to break easily. (*Illustration*)—"Louise Fazenda has met disaster in hundreds of break-away chairs."

Clinch

BROAD—(*Noun*)—1. A medium-sized incandescent light with an oblong reflector. 2. A term used by Hollywood blue-stockings to designate a member of the female sex.

BROAD COMEDY—(*Noun*)—Burlesque, unrefined comedy.

BUILD-UP—(*Noun*)—An intensive publicity campaign. (*Illustration*)—"Producer Zouch ordered his publicity department to give his girl-friend a big build-up; she wants to be a star."

BURN-UP—(*Noun*)—A frank display of a nasty disposition.

BUZZARD—(*Noun*)—A scene which, for any reason, is so faulty that it must be retaken.

CAMERA-ANGLE—(*Noun*)—The position of the camera with relation to the position of the objects to be photographed.

CAMERA-CONSCIOUS—(*Adjective*)—Ill-at-ease before the camera, amateurish, strained, unnatural.

CAMERA-LINES—(*Noun*)—The boundaries of a photographic scene. Limits beyond which no actor ever steps.

CAMERA-WISE—(*Adjective*)—Experienced, adept at all the technical tricks of movie-acting, at ease before the camera.

Forker

CANARY—(*Noun*)—An unwelcome coloratura-soprano squeak in a sound record.

CAT-WALK—(*Noun*)—A runway, constructed around the top of a set, used by the electricians to place and tend the overhead lights.

CELEB—(*Noun*)—Any player who is hounded by autograph-seekers and reporters; short for celebrity.

CENSOR—(*Noun*)—Have you ever been in an asylum and seen an inmate cutting paper dolls? Well——

Leg-Artist

CHARACTER-RÔLE—(*Noun*)—A vague term used to designate any rôle other than a romantic lead or a juvenile part. (*Illustration*)—"Lon Chaney specialized in character rôles."

CHASE — (*Noun*) — The th-r-r-r-ill scenes in a Western or a serial. A sequence of scenes that alternately show the hero escaping with the heroine and the outlaw gang pursuing.

CHATTERER—(*Noun*)—A lowly form of animal life that writes gossip about screen stars.

CLINCH—(*Noun*)—A torrid love scene.

CLOSE-UP—(*Noun*)—A coveted star in any actor's crown. (*Verb*)—To examine anything closely.

Menace

CLOTHES-HORSE—(*Noun*)—An actress who specializes in lavish costumes.

CLOWN—(*Verb*)—To play slapstick comedy.

COCKTAIL—(*Noun*)—The most popular institution in Hollywood.

COLOSSAL—(*Adjective*)—A meaningless word used by publicity writers in referring to any motion picture.

COMEBACK—(*Noun*)—1. A return to the screen after an involuntary absence. 2. A snappy answer.

COMPOSITION—(*Noun*)—The arrangement of highlights, shadows and objects in a scene.

COOKED—(*Adjective*)—Over-exposed.

COSTUME-PICTURE—(*Noun*)—Any film that requires the actors to dress in old-fashioned costumes.

CREPE—(*Noun*)—Short, artificial whiskers, which are glued on the actor's face with spirit gum.

CUSTARD—(*Noun*)—Any soft, squashy missile.

CUSTARD-COMEDY—(*Noun*)—Rough-house comedy.

CUT-BACK—(*Noun*)—A scene in retrospect.

CUTTER—(*Noun*)—The man who assembles and edits the scenes of a picture, placing them in their proper continuity, and eliminating superfluous scenes; therefore, the Nemesis of most actors.

Première

CUTTING-ROOM-FLOOR—(*Noun*)—The final destination of many hopeful careers.

DARLING—(*Noun*)—A term of endearment used by most Hollywood actresses when addressing comparative strangers.

DEAD-PAN—(*Noun*)—A comedian who never permits himself the least facial expression. Buster Keaton. (*Verb*)—To maintain a frozen-face.

DEAD-SET—(*Noun*)—A set that is still standing, but no longer in use by any film unit.

Shredded-Wheat

DO-A-CHANEY—(*Verb*)—To put on a grotesque, horrible make-up.

DO-A-FAIRBANKS—(*Verb*)—Indulge in gymnastic capers.

DO-A-GARBO—(*Verb*)—Go into seclusion. Affect mystery.

DOLLY—(*Noun*)—A low-slung, rubber-tired truck used to move the camera during a scene.

DOUBLE—(*Noun*)—One who substitutes for another player in a scene, particularly one who substitutes in a dangerous feat. (*Verb*)—To substitute for another player.

DRESSER—(*Noun*)—1. One who decorates a set. 2. An "extra" who possesses a complete wardrobe.

DUB—(*Verb*)—To add sound effects or dialogue to a finished picture.

DUPE—(*Verb*)—To insert a faked scene in a picture.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Will FOREIGN STARS Force Down Hollywood *Salaries?*

Is that why the studios are rushing to get new foreign players? Some of the Hollywood "insiders" think so! But look over the list of European favorites who have come over recently—and you'll discover that they are high-priced, too. The reason for all the rush is a threatened U. S. ban on foreign players—a ban that might hurt the movies!

Lilian Harvey (above) was a star of the first rank abroad—in three different languages. To win her away from Europe, Hollywood had to offer her a weekly fortune. Heather Angel (left), the English girl with the name no one can forget, also was a big hit abroad—and earns big money here. Wera Engels (right), pretty German society girl, is a beginner—but at a handsome salary

FOREIGN actors and actresses—they're being rushed to Hollywood in a hurry. Since the first of the year, no less than twenty-one newcomers to the American screen have arrived from abroad. From every indication, the biggest foreign invasion that Hollywood has ever known is now in progress. And why the sudden big rush? Are the studios afraid that there will soon be a ban on foreign players? Are the studios looking for less expensive stars and featured players than the ones they have?

There may be a law in the near future that will ban all foreign players, except those of star ranking, from the United States. Such a measure, known as the Dickstein Bill, has already passed the House of Representatives and at this writing is under consideration by the Senate immigration committee. Obviously, there is a necessity for speed if studios want to get new foreign talent before such a barrier might be erected.

But when all of this new foreign talent first began to descend upon the film capital, those who profess to be "in the know" nodded their heads with an imitation of sagacity. "Aha," they said, "the producers are being smart. They'll show our local brand of high-priced actors a thing or two. It is an old stunt, but always a good one—this importing of foreign labor to force salaries down."

Now, there is no denying that many star salaries need readjustment. Five and ten thousand dollar-a-week compensations are no longer compensations, but extravagances in the current scheme of things. This is not a depression note, but

By GRANT JACKSON

simply a common-sense statement of fact. A dollar goes much farther to-day than it did yesterday. That it may continue to buy a full dollar's worth, salaries must come down in ratio.

European Stars High-Priced, Too

MANY stars have realized this fact and have entered into amicable adjustments with their producers. Others have been slower to comprehend things as they are and have held out for the exorbitant figures of former days. They are being slowly brought into line by various ways and means. But the importing of foreign talent is without bearing upon the matter of star salaries.

To begin with, the European newcomers cannot fall within any classification of "cheap labor." Mostly, they are stars in their own right in their native lands. Because they scored successes on foreign stages or screens, the attention of Hollywood producers was drawn to them. And Hollywood, exercising its American enterprise of stifling competition by buying out its competitors' best stock, has reached out and grabbed for its own the most promising of the competing talent. Such procedure has little value as news. The same thing has happened many times before.

Emil Jannings was a sensation in "The Last Laugh" and "Variety," produced by the UFA Company of Germany. He came to Hollywood, and is now coming back again. Pola Negri scored in "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood" abroad; she was imported forthwith. Ernst Lubitsch, who had directed both Negri and Jannings, joined them in Hollywood, where he has remained. Greta Garbo, tall and gawky, was brought from Sweden by a director who believed in her. Dolores Del Rio was the protégée of another director. So, as you well know, was Marlene Dietrich.

The introduction of Dietrich to American films caused the last mad scramble for foreign stars preceding the current one. It resulted in the signing of Elissa Landi by Fox, Tala Birell by Universal, Gwili Andre by RKO, Lil Dagover by Warners, and Sari Maritza by Paramount. Every studio in town had a rival exotic, but not all have scored the success presaged for them here.

There have been numerous failures previously among the imports. How difficult it is to recall Elsie Damereaux of Germany or Jeanne Helbling and Susy Vernon, both from France! We are slightly hazy about Eva von Berne, Camilla Horn, Lotti Loder, Maria Corda and the ill-fated Lya de Putti. Most of us remember Evelyn Laye as the star of a single picture.

The men, on the average, have been more fortunate. Maurice Chevalier, George Arliss, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Stan Laurel, Ramon Novarro—all have become stars of the first rank. Charles Laughton and Clive Brook are among our biggest drawing cards. Colin Clive, with "Journey's End" to his credit, is always welcome when he comes from England to make a picture in Hollywood. He has just played opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Christopher Strong." The Austrian Paul Muni, the Swedish Nils Asther, the Danish Jean Hersholt, the English Boris Karloff and Cary Grant, the Irish George Brent, the Hungarian Paul Lukas and Bela Lugosi, and the Russian Ivan Lebedeff are established American favorites.

Cosmo-Sileo Co.

Anna Sten (top) was a star in Soviet and German films—and has been paid a nice round sum just to learn English. You'll soon see her. Benita Hume (above) was the toast of London and a hit in British films. She was offered plenty to sail for America! Diana Wynyard (left) started at a modest salary—but her hits in "Cavalcade" and "Rasputin" have changed all that!

Compute the salaries of these foreign-born players who have made good in Hollywood, and you can see why "foreign labor" is never cheap in films. Nor were the newest imports obtained for a movie song.

(*Continued on page 78*)

CONNIE BENNETT
Answers Your Questions

In the March MOTION PICTURE, we gave the whole world a chance to interview Connie—and did the world grab at the chance? When Connie had answered all the questions, she said, "This time, surely, I've Told All!" Read her answers—and know her as you never have before!

By *MOTION PICTURE'S* Inquiring Reporter,
ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

HERE are Constance Bennett's answers to all the questions that you and *you* and YOU asked her through the March MOTION PICTURE. And they will tell you more about Connie than you ever knew before. But before reading them, you really ought to know just what Connie did to keep her promise to answer them.

Because, only a week or so after your questions started rolling in—and how they rolled!—Connie upped and sailed away, on a few hours' notice, to Europe. I read in the paper that Connie would embark on a Danish freighter, bound for Liverpool, via the Panama Canal. And you can imagine my embarrassment—hundreds of questions to be answered, and the prospect of no Connie to answer them!

By telephone, special messenger and various other broadcasting mediums, I tried to get in touch with Connie, to no avail. I was in desperate despair. And then, just as I was trying to decide which form of self-destruction would be the most painless, my telephone jangled. It was Connie.

"I've been terribly busy . . . this last-minute decision to leave for Europe . . . sailing tomorrow . . . a world of packing to do . . . Can you arrange to see me tonight—about eleven o'clock—at the studio?"

Now, I've known most of Hollywood's stars, but not many who would have been as obliging under the same circumstances. She arrived promptly at eleven, obviously worn-out, but anxious to give every one of your questions a hearing, even if it kept her half the night. (Which it did.) And meanwhile, we arranged that the second consignment of queries should be air-mailed to her at Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, for her reply, and that any last-minute questions should be radioed to her aboard the *S.S. Delftdyk*, "somewhere" on the high seas.

In plain old Hollywoodese, Connie, you're one swell gal!

WHO ANSWERS NEXT?

Hundreds of questions, thousands of them. Questions from men, from women, from old, from young, from every State, from every walk of life. The Inquiring Reporter was deluged with questions to ask Connie Bennett. And when Connie answered them, she felt she had given a more complete account of herself than she ever had before. You will think so, too, after you have read all the questions and her answers. You will have a complete mental picture of Connie as she really is!

Last month, did you send in a question to ask Maurice Chevalier? As we go to press, how the questions are pouring in! You will read Maurice's answers in the June MOTION PICTURE. (And they ought to be good!)

This month, on page 42, you have the chance to satisfy your curiosity about Jean Harlow, by asking her that question you have long had on your mind. But hurry along your question before April 20, to be sure it will reach us in time to have Jean answer it. For her answers will appear in the July MOTION PICTURE!

A Hint to the Question-Askers

AND now for the questions! Again we encountered a deluge, hundreds in each day's mail. However, notwithstanding the great number received, the percentage of duplications was enormous. Remember, you fans are conducting this series of interviews yourselves, and I suggest, in your own interest, that by giving more thought to your queries, you can cover a much wider field. I'm sure that you've passed up a number of opportunities to extract unusual information from Connie.

There were literally hundreds of requests for autographed photos, and I can only repeat that such requests should be addressed to the stars' studios (you'll find their addresses in the front of this issue), and *not* to the Inquiring Reporter. Also, there were approximately three hundred requests for discarded clothing, and, I'm sorry to say, I could only turn those over to the studio without comment. When I mentioned them to Connie, she explained that she gives all of her discarded clothes to certain charitable organizations.

Hundreds of queries solicited information regarding the *brand* of make-up which she uses. Any reply that she might make would necessarily come under the head of "advertising." No star could permit herself to answer such a question.

However, even after tabling the questions that could not be asked, Connie confessed that never had she been submitted to such a searching examination.

"This time, surely, I've Told All," she gasped, as we laid the last question blank aside on the "answered" file.

"Not yet," I answered grimly, "Just wait until you reach Cristobal—and then remember that you'll be receiving radiograms at sea."

So—

Hear Ye, hear ye! The Inquisition is in session, and Constance Bennett is on the witness stand! Your questions are in light italics; her answers are in heavy Roman type:

It is widely advertised that you receive the largest salary paid any motion picture star. Is this true? (Asked by at least fifty of you.) **No. It is not true. There are several stars who receive larger salaries than mine.**

Is it true that you always wear a certain bracelet for "good luck"? **Yes. It is a bracelet made of silver links.**

Have you seen your sister Barbara's new-born son yet? **Not yet, but on my return from Europe, I plan to visit Barbara. I'm very anxious to see the baby.**

How many hours do you work each day, before the camera, in making a picture? **Our working hours vary from day to day. Sometimes we work only three or four hours; sometimes we work for eighteen hours.**

Do you ever go to Joan Crawford's home or go out with her and Doug., Jr.? (There was a deluge of questions like this one.) **Yes, quite often. Joan is one of my best friends.**

Do you and your husband converse in French when you are together? **Yes, we do, at times.**

Why did Walter Winchell say that Constance Bennett's initials, "C. B.," also stand for "Chatter Box"? **Probably because he had nothing better to write about at the moment.**

What happens to your discarded clothes? (There was question after question like this.) **I give them to deserving charitable organizations.**

Are you going to retire when your present contract expires? (Hundreds asked this.) **According to my present plans, I shall retire some time next year.**

What do you think of the mannish clothes so many Hollywood stars are wearing? Would you wear them? **I think they are incredible, ridiculous, and utterly impossible. I certainly would not wear them.**

Have you relatives in Frankfort, Indiana? **Not to my knowledge.**

How do you manage to stay so slender? Do you follow a regular diet? (Many asked this.) **Yes, I diet, but I do so to gain weight, rather than to reduce. My problem has always been to maintain my weight.**

What is your favorite pastime when not working? **Tennis, swimming, dancing, the usual routine of social activity—and, believe it or not, I knit a great deal.**

Please tell the name of the song you sang in the picture, "What Price Hollywood?" **The song is titled "Parlez Moi d'Amour." It was composed by Lenoir.**

How tall are you in your stocking feet, and how much do you weigh? **I am exactly five feet, three and one-half inches tall and I weigh 106 pounds.**

Do you always like to play in pictures with a baby or a child? **I'm very fond of children and it so happens that most of my pictures have called for a baby in one of the rôles. I've enjoyed immensely working with children.**

In the picture, "Two Against the World," you wore a very

(Continued on page 74)

RADIO STARS—They're All Headed for Hollywood!

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Bing Crosby and "The Big Broadcast" started the rush—and now it's becoming a stampede. From Ed Wynn to Ruth Etting, radio favorites are turning from broadcasts to picture casts. Producers want to get radio audiences to the movies! And maybe they will, too!

Moviegoers like to see the Mills Brothers harmonize

EVER since the screen first found its voice, it has flirted with the stars of its rival, the radio—but never as much as it is doing to-day. You have just seen and heard Bing Crosby in the talkies, and Kate Smith, and Burns and Allen—and you're going to hear them some more. Ed Wynn, the dizzy Fire Chief of the ether waves, is on his way to Hollywood; so is Jack (*Baron Munchausen*) Pearl; so is Ruth Etting, the best blues singer of them all. And producers think they have learned their lessons about how to present radio stars on the screen.

They were expensive lessons, if you remember. Back in the early days of the talkies, Hollywood beckoned to Rudy Vallee, and Amos 'n' Andy, and Moran and Mack—and, for one reason or another, none of them was a startling screen success.

Few screen sheiks have been so popular as Rudy Vallee, the Great Lover of the Air Waves, whose caressing croon had the same effect on feminine hearts as Rudolph Valentino's passionate eyes. Millions of women were literally in love with a voice—until they saw the possessor of that voice as the romantic hero of a motion picture, "The Vagabond Lover." Those who ought to know say that the picture cost Vallee dearly in popularity. For, evidently, Rudy's face didn't match his voice. Possibly

The movies hope to win their radio audiences: top to bottom, Buddy Rogers, Ruth Etting, Bing Crosby and Cab Calloway

The Boswell Sisters

it was the fault of the scenario writer or the director, or the make-up man—but the damage was done.

Amos 'n' Andy, among the highest-priced radio stars, aroused only faint interest among movie fans—even with their screen story built upon their radio skits. Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, who got their start on the vaudeville stage, on phonograph records, and then on the air, fared but little better when they transferred their blackface comedy to the screen.

In the three years that have intervened since movie producers first tried to cash in on the popularity of radio headliners, the microphone stars have been relegated almost entirely to short subjects, so far as screen appearances have been concerned. This might have continued indefinitely, if Bing Crosby hadn't appeared on the movie scene—and if Paramount hadn't hit on the idea of building a picture around a broadcasting station and using a whole group of radio stars together.

It was Bing Crosby's screen success in short comedies, in which he played a debonair, singing collegian, always attended by flocks of pretty girls, that apparently started the new trek of radio personalities toward the screen. Bing's radio following of romantic women and adoring schoolgirls evidently felt that his blonde and youthfully winning face and his way of making film love lived up to the promises of his voice. "Isn't he *cute?* Isn't he dar-ling?" they sighed, gazing at Bing on the screen. His fan mail trebled. His name appeared in electric lights on all the theatre marquees where his two-reel comedies were shown. Paramount got the idea of starring him in a feature picture.

In "The Big Broadcast," Bing Crosby was the first radio star to play a screen lover since the ill-fated appearance of Rudy Vallee. In this single film were assembled a number of America's favorite air entertainers, shown doing their stuff before the microphone. Kate Smith brought the moon over the mountain. The Four Mills Brothers, who manage to sound like a quartette singing with a full orchestral accompaniment, were revealed as using only a single guitar, while imitating other instruments with their voices. The harmonizing Boswell

(*Continued on page 72*)

New movie recruits from radio: (starting at top and circling to right), Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer (photo © Harold Stein); Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief; Rudy Vallee; Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen; Russ Columbo; Kate Smith; Vincent Lopez; and Lanny Ross. You'll be seeing all of them!

Gracie Allen and George Burns

Once a *Stilt-Walker,* and Still STEPPING HIGH

Cary Grant, born in England, once walked stilts at Coney Island to keep from starving. Besides that, he was a collegian, an acrobats' assistant and an electrician before he was ever an actor. Which goes to show what you sometimes have to do to become a young romantic menace—and have producers and girls raving about you!

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

ELECTRICIAN, acrobats' assistant, collegian, stilt-walker, and haberdasher—those were the phases through which Cary Grant had to progress just so he could become a movie actor and probably your latest crush.

You first saw Cary as the glowering javelin-thrower who was married to Thelma Todd in "This Is the Night." In that picture it became apparent that he was tall, well-built, dark and swarthy, with good looks of a kind that vaguely reminded the female of the species of her favorite movie hero, who might be anyone from Valentino to Gary Cooper. From there he worked himself up by easy stages to the highly sympathetic rôle of Marlene Dietrich's protector and would-be husband in "The Blonde Venus."

That was what really established him as a romantic possibility, after a succession of pictures in which he was the polite and mildly dangerous Other Man. Cary, standing by with silk hat and ever-present cigaret, chivalrously giving his all for Marlene and ready to give more at the drop of an eyelash, was more than susceptible young ladies in the audience could bear. Immediately, calls began coming in for data on what the new hero eats, wears, and thinks. And Cary won the rôle of Sylvia Sidney's lover in "Madame Butterfly."

Though he's an Englishman, Cary upsets every pre-conceived idea of what an Englishman should be. His hair is jet-black, and his skin and eyes are so very dark that you could put a turban and a ruby on him and pass him off for an East Indian prince any time.

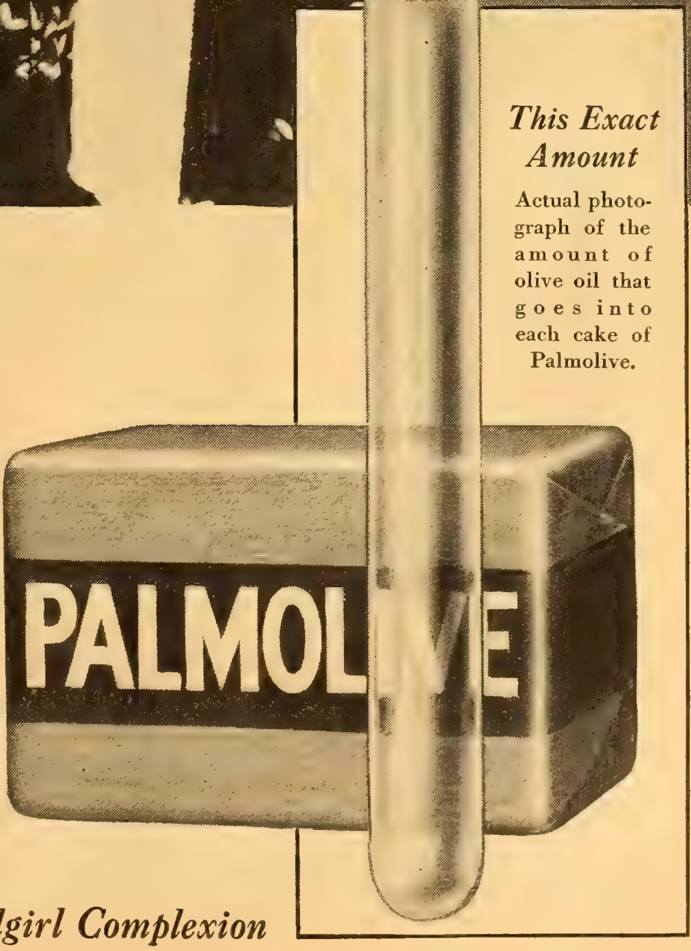
Those Dark Young Englishmen

"I HAVE often suspected," he says, "that one of my lady ancestors had a weakness for a Latin. But it seems to be a weakness that many Englishmen's grandmothers had, for almost all the English actors in Hollywood are dark—Ronald Colman, Laurence Olivier, Gerald Fielding, Walter Byron, Ivor Novello—all of them. Herbert Marshall is the only one who is everything that Americans think an Englishman ought to be."

Cary has even been selected by Paramount to wear Valentino's robes in the talkie version of "Blood and Sand," when and if it is made. But when you recover from your amazement at that Latin look, you find that Cary has typically English characteristics under the brown skin—easy manners, cheerful disposition, ready

(*Continued on page 89*)

"They can't kid us Jimmy"



This Exact Amount

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

"I'D RATHER have you than be a movie star. Daddy calls us Palmolive pals and says we'll never be wallflowers as long as we continue to keep clean and sweet with Palmolive. He says that explains his beautiful family.

Just between you and me, Jimmy — mumsy still has her schoolgirl complexion★ and gets a great kick out of living. Too bad more women don't know the truth. I've used Palmolive since I was big as you and I know all that olive oil in each cake is good for little boys and big girls and big boys and little girls. At any rate— this family will take no chances experimenting."

* * *

★and now since the price of keeping that schoolgirl complexion has been reduced by just about one-half—you and millions of women and the whole family can use this famous cosmetic soap freely for face, hands, bath and shampoo.

Now it costs less to keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

“Don’t let

______ *warns*

She knows her husband really loves her still, and yet something that was precious has been lost. She is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown humdrum, stale.

“When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!”

Helen Twelvetrees

“DON’T let love grow humdrum!” This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

“When a man begins to take you for granted,” she says, “look out!”

Then she tells Hollywood’s secret of winning — and *holding* — àdoration. “Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness. You can do it the way the screen stars do. Men

love grow hum-drum"

HELEN TWELVETREES

She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth, tender skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.

She begins to live over again the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now love is glamorous again, life is colorful, gay!

are *always* stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the large film studios.

Don't be satisfied with a skin that just "gets by." Have a skin flawlessly lovely—irresistible. Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly,* just as Helen Twelvetrees does!

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Let the Beauty Soap of the Stars make your skin Glamorous

The SECRET of PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE

—What Every Young Beauty Should Know!

She's in the movies now—but she didn't have to go to Hollywood to become famous. The headlines have made her the best-known real-life charmer on either side of the Atlantic. Beauty and chances to travel in the best circles have helped—but there's another reason why she has so many admirers. And here's telling you what it is!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

NOW that the famous international beauty, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, is in Hollywood for a fling in the talkies in "International House," the onlookers are once more reviving the query that has marked every climax of her sensational career: "What is the secret of Peggy Hopkins Joyce?"

Men invariably argue that it is her beauty—a soft, lush, blonde beauty that has been launching ships, or upsetting the stock market, ever since Helen of Troy. But women, who know that beauty alone is not sufficient to account for those four (or is it five?) marriages to men of wealth, and the diamonds and the constant adulation and the luxuries that have been Peggy's, claim: "She has had the greatest setting for her beauty and charm of any woman of her generation. Beginning in the 'Follies' and continuing through the interesting drawing-rooms of Europe and America, she has had every possible *opportunity!*"

After one insane hour spent in the madhouse of her dressing-room, with a hairdresser setting a wave, a make-up artist smearing her face with yellow greasepaint, two newspaper men and a press-agent cooling their heels in the outer room, messengers arriving with flowers and welcoming telegrams, and a photographer "setting up" his camera, I have come to the following conclusions:

She *is* fascinating-looking—there's no doubt about that. Her hair is as silky and fine as a child's. Her eyes are wide and blue. Only her full mouth is sensational, and her voice is throbby. Marshall Neilan, who directed her one venture into silent films, "Skyrocket," once said of Peggy: "Men fall in love with her voice." And Neilan should have known. He was temporarily so enchanted with her that he used to engage the Cocoanut Grove orchestra to furnish the music for their tête-à-tête dinners! But I say this: the famous Peggy could have been a downright plain woman and still men would have been crazy about her! And there is a very good and sufficient reason—a reason that every young beauty should know!

(*Continued on page 85*)

SILVER-BLONDE OR EBONY-BRUNETTE

DRY SKIN MAY MENACE YOUR BEAUTY

Whatever the color of your hair, the texture of your skin, seven out of ten of you are threatened with Dryness! Keep the oil glands active, if you would have the skin that thrills the touch!

But Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream actively aids in keeping the skin fresh, lush, supple, firm.

Beneath the outer layer of the skin, lie hundreds of tiny oil glands, little pockets which supply the skin with the oil that keeps it elastic yet firm, fresh, vigorous. When these go dry, due to lack of exercise, stay-thin-or-die-diets, too much excitement, too little sleep—the source of skin youth is gone! Dry Skin! And with it ugliness—wrinkles under the eyes, crow's feet at the edges, lines from nose to mouth—scaliness, flabbiness! Vitality exhausted!

This cruel tendency showing itself in women of every type and age today must be combated in an *active way!* And now it can be!

The makers of Woodbury's Aids to Loveliness, after long research, recently discovered a new element which is an *active agent* in the war against increasing Dryness of the Skin.

Woodbury's Cold Cream containing this new ingredient, called Element 576, resists Dryness with a vigor no other beauty aid possesses. Element 576 has properties similar to those of vitamins in foods which bring the body its energy, its capacity to function healthily. Element 576 brings this stimulation to the skin *directly*. Now Woodbury's Cold Cream stirs the skin to more vigorous activity in its own defense, helps it keep supple, fresh, elastic, glowing with health! The functions of the skin are stimulated, the oil glands do their work—resistance to Dryness and all its unhappy consequences is built up.

MADE ESPECIALLY TO PREVENT DRY SKIN

Despite this priceless new ingredient, Woodbury's Cold Cream comes to you at the same price as before. It cleanses the pores more thoroughly than ever, clears the skin of all impurities. But best of all it helps the skin do its own job of fighting its worst enemy—Dryness! 50c in jars, 25c in tubes.

Other Woodbury Beauty Aids

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . for powder base and protection against sun, wind and dust. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . a very light, quick-melting cream for cleansing *only*. Excellent to flush out pore-deep dirt. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . a high fat cream for upbuilding thin, under-nourished tissues of face and throat. 50¢ in jars.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . a refreshing liquid to remove excess cream, refine texture, tone up skin. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER . . . exquisite in perfume, fine in texture—several carefully blended shades. Spreads evenly, stays on, does not clog pores. 50¢ and $1 the box.

FREE SAMPLE Send coupon for tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming Loveliness Kit, containing samples of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, new Facial Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6329 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

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TUNE IN on Woodbury's new radio program over station WJZ and N. B. C. coast-to-coast network every Wednesday evening at 9:30 E. S. T.

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

THE MASQUERADER

Colman Does Fine Job, Story Well Done: If this is Ronald Colman's final picture he will leave with a burst of glory and regret. Old-fashioned and improbable in plot, Colman's interpretation of two characters as different as the drunken, debauched M. P. and his distant cousin who amazingly resembles him, is an almost swaggering demonstration of ability, and agility as an actor.

If you accept it as possible that one man can step into the shoes of another so that no one except the woman with whom he has been carrying on an intrigue suspects, you will follow the fortunes of the brilliant imposter, breathlessly.

The love story between him and the wife of the man he is impersonating is delicately suggested rather than emphasized. Elissa Landi is radiant as the idealistic wife.

Halliwell Hobbes, as the butler who arranges the "masquerade," is excellent. So is Helen Jerome Eddy, as a slavey.

THE WHITE SISTER

Gable, Hayes—Fine Picture, Don't Miss It: Romantically and pictorially, entirely successful, this story of the fated love of a gallant soldier and the daughter of an Italian Prince is emotionally unsatisfying in its present ending. While the mind approves the renunciation of the two whom Life, not Death has parted the heart rebels at it as a needless waste. They have gone through such agonies, these young, passionate, vital humans, and they have so enlisted the onlooker in their struggle to reach each other's arms that the ending leaves one actually angry and frustrated.

Quite a tribute to the sincerity of Clark Gable and Helen Hayes that any picture can arouse such emotions in a calloused critic! These two do the best work of their respective careers against a gorgeous background of princely parks and palaces and the religious pomp and pageantry. Surely a picture not to be missed—one technically perfect and acted with fine feeling and sympathy.

SECRETS

You'll Like Mary And Her Picture: Mary Pickford's latest picture, "Secrets," is thoroughly enjoyable even though it moves jerkily from episode to episode in the love story of the little heiress of the Seventies and her pioneer lover. Yet each episode is dramatic—and the drama makes it count.

Leslie Howard's polite accent and drawing-room personality are badly miscast in the outlaw-fighting pioneer—yet, not withstanding, Leslie Howard is the only actor who could have played the heartbreaking scene when the husband of a dozen years discovers that his wife has always known of his unfaithfulness.

Mary looks lovely in the preposterous crinolines of the earlier episode, does a fine piece of work in the pioneer sequences at the death of her baby, and makes a charming old lady. A weak ending, which does not develop the significance of the title, leaves one rather cold. Yet for all its easy-to-find faults you'll like "Secrets."

THE LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN

Story Not So Much—But Star Pleases: They're not giving Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., ample material these days. One always feels, somehow, that one has seen him in the picture before.

Yet the only likeness between his pictures is a certain superficiality of plot, a blurring of characterization, due to writing rather than acting.

As the southpaw boxer who gets tangled in a murder and escapes to build up a new life under a new name, Doug, Junior, walks through the part with careless ease. It doesn't demand more. Loretta Young, as the girl for whose sake he enters the ring again and dares detection, is adequate and pretty as always. A good fight scene makes the picture better than its plot. Aline MacMahon's sincerity is wasted in a comedy part. You have to be a Fairbanks, Junior fan to like it.

There's one thing about it, though—it makes you wonder if Doug is out to rival his Dad as an athlete.

CLEAR ALL WIRES

Much Plot But Tracy Makes It Clear to You: Picturegoers with a taste for comparisons will enjoy identifying the foreign newspaper-correspondent hero of this fast-moving comedy with a certain famous journalist who prefers a sensational stunt to the tame truth. They may even carry the comparison further in pointing out the likeness of the Great Publisher with the head of a chain of American newspapers.

Lee Tracy, as the crack reporter at large, shows how news is created in a conflict of wits with the Soviet Government, in which he stages an assassination, and gets into and out of difficulties with the aid of a glib tongue.

There is almost too much plot to give the Tracy talents full sway, but with the aid of Una Merkel, Jimmy Gleason and the beautiful Benita Hume (who has nothing to do except look beautiful) the screen's fastest talker gives you plenty of laughs and thrills. And probably gives Jimmy Cagney some new worries.

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN

Exciting And Sure To Please You: A famous Derby brings all manner of people to the racing resort hotel, some in rags, some in tags and some, like Carole Lombard, in velvet gowns. They all are betting on the big race with one thought in mind—they need money. But they need it for widely different reasons.

A bride, Adrienne Ames, has just discovered that her idolized husband, David Manners, has been speculating and losing his firm's money. If they don't win on "New Hope" it means prison ahead. A disgraced jockey has a chance to win back his job and the girl he adores; a pair of crooks want to make a big haul and a girl needs money to win back her lover. By the time the race is really run we are so torn between sympathies that we don't know which horse we want to win.

The director has cleverly worked up real excitement, and Jack Oakie provides lots of laughs. The cast is good but the race, itself, is the star of the piece.

(*More Reviews on page 68*)

KOTEX ANNOUNCES
The
NEW PATENTED* EQUALIZER

in sensational introductory offer

20 to 30% greater protection!

KOTEX
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KOTEX
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3 KOTEX

with Patented Equalizer

for only

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(In United States only)

CLIMAXING two and one-half years of scientific study and research—the Kotex laboratories now announce the greatest advancement ever made in sanitary protection—the Patented* Equalizer! Because words cannot explain its full value—we make this remarkable introductory offer. We want you to *try* the new Kotex—to experience the new security—the greater comfort. We urge you to purchase 3 packages at once.

What it is

The Patented Equalizer is a remarkable distributing agent placed in the center of each Kotex pad. It acts to give 20% to 30% greater protection. It gives infinitely greater assurance of safety by keeping edges dry—by providing greater thickness without greater bulkiness. It actually *insures* safety. An intimate message of explanation is sent you on the direction sheet inside the package.

All features retained

The famous Kotex softness remains—its super-absorbency—its disposability. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. Kotex—and Kotex alone offers the special "Phantomized" shaping, making it possible to wear closest fitting gowns without slightest revealing line. Mere rounded ends will not accomplish this.

Try the new Kotex!

For the sake of your comfort—for economy's sake—learn the full advantages of Kotex with Patented Equalizer. It is now on sale at drug, dry goods, and department stores in your city.

**The New Patented Equalizer cannot be duplicated in any other pad. It is protected by U. S. Government Patent No. 1,863,333. For your own protection always make sure you get the genuine Kotex with Patented Equalizer.*

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

To ease the task of enlightenment

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face a most trying situation.

This year—some five million mothers will face a difficult task. Thousands of these mothers will be too timid to meet this problem.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has had prepared a booklet, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy in a plain envelope without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below.

Mary Pauline Callender
c/o Kotex Company,
Room 2188A.
180 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Name ....

Street..............................

City..............................

State ....

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 66*)

THE MIND READER

Average Picture—Take It Or Leave It: This exposé of the tricks and technique of mind readers moves too slowly to hold the interest, except in fitful lapses here and there. The excellent Warren William continues to be one of the screen's smoothest and most finished players as the sideshow barker who decides that suckers want to be fooled, and becomes *Chandra*, the psychic. Hiring an unsophisticated country girl as assistant in the act, he is amazed to find her unsympathetic to his calling and for love of her tries to go straight.

The closing sequences of the picture have more excitement and suspense than the beginning and the ending is, unexpectedly, logical and brave. But action is the chief requisite of a motion picture, after all, and the finest acting cannot make up for lack of it. We would call it average entertainment. To some it may be called "just another picture."

Constance Cummings is the girl.

KING KONG

Fantastic Thriller—Mechanical Triumph: "King Kong," two years in the making behind locked doors, is the mechanical marvel of this Technocratic age. How many kinds of trickery were used in getting the breath-taking scenes of this thriller of all thrillers, we do not know, but after the first glimpse of *King Kong*, the giant ape, fifteen times the height of a tall man, one's imagination becomes adjusted to any slight jerkiness. The result when prehistoric monsters chase men, dwarfed to the size of insects, and the ape-king carries the heroine (Fay Wray), squirming in one monster paw, is simply awe-inspiring. "King Kong" beggars description. All that can be said is "You will never know the extent of what the movies can do till you've seen this tale of what a travel picture explorer found on an uncharted island." It's fantastic, novel and thrilling if you catch its mood. Robert Armstrong and Bruce Cabot are the daredevil pursuers of the beast.

THE BIG CAGE

Packs Action And Thrills: Only the smells of the circus are lacking in this animal opus. Clyde Beatty, spectacular young trainer of wild animals, is cast as himself, and proves to have a nice photographic smile and remarkable agility as he parries the attacks of enormous lions and tigers—all of this performed only with the help of a fragile chair.

A sketchy plot has been tacked onto the animal stuff but has little interest despite the able help of Wally Ford, Anita Page, Andy Devine. If you find "The Big Cage" diverting it will be because you like the circus and the zoo, the sight of snarling beasts bested by human will, and the exhibition of twenty tigers and twenty lions in one cage at the same time.

The title of the picture gives you fair warning. With a few minor changes in his profile Beatty, by the way, might be good screen material for straight heroes. He is one of the most graceful figures we have ever seen on the screen.

PRIVATE JONES

Human War Story—Tracy Fine: The fast-talking Lee Tracy has the best vehicle to date in this unusual story of a dumb, friendly, ne'er-do-well, forced into a war which he doesn't understand. "The only German I ever knew was a delicatessen clerk who was a good guy," wails Lee as *Private Jones.* "Why should I kill Germans?" Unable to escape the draft by claiming that he is the sole support of his mother, *Private Jones* is hustled off to France, still volubly protesting, to die at last a mumbling hero, still unable to figure out why he is a fighter.

There is a thread of love story with Gloria Stuart, the wife of a brutal officer, but the drama is concentrated in the bewildered mind of *Private Jones*, swept off his feet by what he hears called Patriotism, but what seems to him, to the very end—folly. This is a powerful pacifist picture and Tracy gives a superb characterization.

If you thought Tracy was only a comedian, see him in this!

KING OF THE JUNGLE

If You Like Lions And Muscle It's Yours: The only test of a picture of this sort is "Does it have amusement value?" And the answer is yes. Buster Crabbe, new to the screen, though not to the fans, proves a personable young man with startling biceps, strong features and an intelligent instinct for following directions, which might develop into acting ability sometime.

It is not necessary to waste words on the story of the child reared by and among lions in Africa, who is captured by a circus man and taken to America. Thin as it is, it serves as an excuse for some remarkable animal shots and circus atmosphere.

An amusing sequence introduces Frances Dee, as a school teacher to the escaped Lion Man and inaugurates the inevitable romance. The finish where the civilized Lion Man releases the circus captives on their native heath has real drama. If you like lions—and biceps—be sure to see this.

THE KEYHOLE

Kay Francis Has Interesting Picture: Based on the somewhat unsavory art of the private detective, this story of life and love in the upper classes gives Kay Francis the opportunity to wear some gorgeous gowns and to exhibit her flair for putting over smart dialogue. There isn't an admirable character among the gigolos, blackmailers, fortune-hunters and keyhole-peepers who surround the beautiful society girl married to millions and willing to flirt with well-tailored opportunity.

Against a background of New York and Cuban luxury we watch intrigue on intrigue worked out in clever situations and lines. Hired by the elderly millionaire to prove his wife faithless and furnish evidence for a divorce, the detective (George Brent) falls in love with his victim. It is all done in the artificial manner and Kay Francis is worth the price of admission always.

The excellent supporting cast includes Monroe Owsley and Glenda Farrell.

RED, ROUGH HANDS . . .

made smooth, white, lovely –

IN ONLY 3 DAYS!

HER GOWN SAID
"BALLROOM BELLE"
...but her hands cried
"BACK-YARD DRUDGE"

HER new friends were wild with envy! Her gorgeous frock ...her beautifully coiffured hair...she outshone them all!

Then they saw her hands—coarse, red, rough . . . They breathed easily again. No danger of anyone falling for a girl with *those* hands!

Are *you* killing the charm of *your* lovely frocks, the allure of *your* beauty, with rough, red, ugly hands?

Would you continue to, if you knew that only 3 days of Hinds care would make your hands tenderly soft, white, lovely? The kind of hands men adore . . .

How this famous cream works

Hot water . . . harsh cleansers . . . housework . . . all take away the natural oils that keep hands soft. Hinds Cream *puts back* these precious oils. And thus restores youthful softness and smoothness.

The moment you rub this dainty, gossamer-fine cream into your hands you feel the skin become soft and supple again.

Unlike ordinary hand lotions

Observe how different Hinds is from other hand lotions. It is not weak and thinned out, nor is it one of these thick, gummy jellies that just stay on the top of the skin. Hinds is so chiffon-fine, so penetrating, that it goes deep down *through* the skin layers where the *real* healing work must be done.

Use Hinds *always* after hands have been in water, after exposure, and *before going to bed at night.*

This famous lotion leaves an invisible *"second skin"*, too, that protects hands from chapping and drying, keeps them lovely in all kinds of weather. This *"second skin"* is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated deeply through the rough skin. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting.*

TODAY • TOMORROW • NEXT DAY

New beauty discovery!

It's a remarkable new liquefying cleansing cream that melts the moment it touches skin. Fine, light, penetrating—it *floats* the dirt and grease out of pores! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream. 40¢, 65¢.

HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

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FREE ***A 7-Day Trial Bottle*** (Also trial sizes of new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. See how deeply Hinds penetrates, healing those rough cracks, that sore, dried-out skin. How soft, white, lovely, it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW.

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Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream.

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*Address*________________________________

*City*____________________*State*__________

FROCKS *and* FRIENDS

•

Perspiration can Cost You Both

Under your arms there is a social and financial enemy. A social enemy, because the odor emanating from arm-pits is positively repulsive to your friends!

A financial enemy, because the acids of perspiration stain dresses and fade colors. That alone can cost you the best dress that you have to your name.

Odorono Saves your Dresses and your Friendships

Odorono, a physician's defense against perspiration and its odors, protects you. For perspiration *must be prevented* if you are to avoid ruining dresses and offending friends. Greasy creams and sticks, temporary powders, perfumes, soaps, cannot save you. But Odorono is certain; with it your freshness is secure. Without it doubts can disturb your mind—perspiration wreck your dresses.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.

ODORONO REGULAR *for use before retiring —gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.*

INSTANT ODORONO *is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.*

ODO·RO·NO

How Women Stars Can Look Eighteen!

(*Continued from page 31*)

Mary is only one of the Hollywood stars who have appeared before the public for ten, fifteen, and in one case for twenty years, and remained as fresh and young as the latest group of Wampas Baby Stars.

Ruth Can Play Any Age

RUTH CHATTERTON was a star on Broadway in 1914—the same year that a fellow named Douglas Fairbanks brought to town the "fastest and cleverest sketch in vaudeville." In her last picture, "Frisco Jenny," Ruth portrayed a young girl with perfect conviction.

"Youth is a question of the mind," Ruth says. "The body does not grow old if the mind stays young. But an actress' age should not be discussed. *Her artistry should!* An actress should be able to act *any* age!

"No one ever discusses age in the legitimate theatre. It has no bearing on the rôles that a great actor takes. It should be left so in motion pictures, where the camera can photograph anyone any age! It is the illusion, not the age, that is important!"

We might as well say right now, on the subject of age, that these actresses we are discussing are comparatively young women. One is apt to forget, for instance, that when Mary Pickford started acting in films at the old Biograph Studio in New York, she was a child actress, playing child parts. That was, by the way, in 1909. Their youthful appearance *is* extraordinary, however, in the light of accomplishment.

Claire Avoids All Diets

CLAIRE WINDSOR, considered by many to be Hollywood's most beautiful woman, has acted in pictures since 1920. Just now she is attempting a screen comeback. Claire has definite ideas on the subject of youth and beauty. She doesn't ascribe her youthful appearance to chance. She agrees, for instance, with Ruth Chatterton and Mary Pickford that right thinking is just as important as healthy living. This "mental" turn to the discussion, let us point out, is not an evasion. These women have come closely under the eyes of the most caustic critics in the world, where artificialities such as make-up and face-lifting would not have helped them.

More concretely, Claire continues with rules for "youth" that any woman might follow. "I don't stay up late often. I don't believe in diet. I'm fortunate in being able to eat anything I want. I never eat a thing before going to bed, however.

"I stay outdoors whenever I can. I love to play tennis, but I don't play it often because I develop muscle that is not attractive. Strenuous exercise isn't good for me, and I've avoided it. I prefer to walk, or ride horseback.

"I do not believe in facial massage. I use a simple astringent cream at night, to remove my street make-up. Except when I'm working on a picture, I don't spend five minutes on my face!

My home-life has been vitally important to my looks, I believe. I am singularly fortunate in having a completely happy home. My mother and father and my fourteen-year-old son are congenial, beautiful characters. *I think unrest and squabbling in her home would soon wreck any woman's looks.*"

At this point there are undoubtedly some who will be thinking, "I, too, could look young and beautiful if I were a movie star with nothing to do, no household to manage no one but myself to think about!" Claire answers *that* argument most definitely.

"I'd go mad if there were five minutes during the day when I had nothing to do," she says. "Boredom can age a woman as quickly as anything. But my house is so busy there's no danger of *that!*"

(And right here we might point out that these astonishing women are *busy* women, with both home lives and careers.)

Claire does not believe, however, that business activities are good for women. "I know that I, at least, am too completely feminine to want to shine in any pursuit that is really a man's. *Being intellectual does not add to a woman's charm!*"

There are other actresses whose youth is extraordinary, considering that they have been prominent in the most grueling profession in the world for many years. Ina Claire was a leading woman in the Ziegfeld "Follies" in 1915, and to-day she rivals in beauty any of our Hollywood "newcomers." Lila Lee was a Wampas Baby Star ten years ago, and she has recently conquered a serious illness; yet she is one of the youngest-looking girls in Hollywood at the moment. Billie Burke has been on the stage and screen for fifteen years or more, and only the other day a Hollywood critic spoke of her appearance in the play, "The Marquise," as the very breath of Spring. Marion Davies and Lilyan Tashman were "Follies" girls fifteen years ago—and their beauty is still of the youthful "Follies" type. Hedda Hopper—believe it or not—has a grown son, and each is tremendously proud of the other. Gloria Swanson, another screen veteran, is another perennial beauty—always exciting.

Billie Says Competition Helps

BILLIE BURKE says, "First I want to say that people are unconsciously unfair to actresses about this delicate matter of age. Because our names are so much before the public, they think of us as far older than we are. They remember that we played in a certain play many years ago, but they forget that we were, perhaps, in our teens then. For instance, I went on the stage when I was fifteen. Now I look at my sixteen-year-old daughter, Patricia, and think 'It's time that young lady went to work!'

"I believe that you can't look young unless you are young in spirit. *I defy age!* I laugh it off. I believe that keeping gay and cheerful as much as possible is a duty to one's self, as well as to those around one. The stage and the screen keep me vigorously occupied, and for the rest, I rely on plain soap and water. I will say, too, that in being married to Mr. Ziegfeld, who had so much youth and beauty around him, I had an incentive and competition—which *made* me keep young.

"As the years pass and she loses that first blush of youth, there are tremendous compensations for every woman. She knows the true value of beauty and love, possessions which a young girl takes as her own right and recklessly tosses aside. That first blush of youth is precious and irreplaceable, but the compensations are enough to make one happy and content."

Do you know that historians have figured out that Cleopatra must have been forty when she "vamped" Julius Caesar and Mark Anthony? That Bernhardt, right up until she was seventy, was able to create in audiences' minds the illusion of a young and beautiful girl?

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who recently arrived in Hollywood under contract to Paramount studios, is famously attractive to men and has married four. Those who meet her are astonished at her appearance of youth and charm. She gives one of her beauty secrets as a habit of snatching cat-naps all day long—relaxing completely whenever she has five or ten minutes to spare.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 28
29 30 31

Those M*arked* days

what will they tell you?

IS THE FEAR OF THEM SHATTERING YOUR HEALTH?

Many eminent physicians have declared that *fear* often acts on the system like a poison, creating a toxic condition that is particularly disturbing to the delicate feminine organism.

When women watch the calendar, month after month, with anxiety and apprehension, this very worry, in itself, often causes feminine irregularities and ill-health.

Why not banish "CALENDAR FEAR"? Why not follow the lead of millions of women who are safeguarding health, youth and feminine daintiness by practicing correct and sensible hygiene?

They use the "Lysol" method of feminine antisepsis that has been approved by leading doctors throughout the world, for more than forty years.

"Lysol" is mild and healing. It contains no free caustic alkali, commonly found in chlorine-type antiseptics, which deadens sensitive tissues and inflames tender membranes.

"Lysol" is dependable and effective. It destroys germ-life in the actual presence of organic matter . . . Under similar conditions, certain chlorine compounds lose 95% of their laboratory efficiency.

Don't let "CALENDAR FEAR" run away with your good looks . . . and your good health. Practice intimate feminine cleanliness. Use "Lysol" according to directions. Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . And be sure to send for the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It will come to you in a plain envelope. Please use the coupon below.

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WRITTEN BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN

A new feminine health-booklet prepared exclusively by women for women . . . World-famous gynecologists offer their professional and personal advice in simple, frank English . . . Send today for "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage."

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.

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Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

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CHAMOIS
DOE-SKIN
PIG-SKIN
99 44/100 %
PURE
IVORY SNOW
for silks and woolens
dissolves instantly

How to keep WASH GLOVES supple as when they were skins

Is the stamp "washable" in chamois, doe- or pigskin gloves just another ha-ha to you? Don't blame the gloves. They are as sensitive as your own skin to the least bit of harshness in soap.

Wash your gloves with soap you *know* is PURE—IVORY SNOW, the quick-sudsing form of pure, gentle Ivory Soap.

And Ivory Snow *really* dissolves in LUKEWARM water! It is made in a new way—not cut into flat flakes, but *blown* into quick-dissolving, sudsy *round* bits.

Six Rules for Success in Washing Gloves

1. Use IVORY SNOW and just barely LUKEWARM water. Hot water is fatal to gloves. Ivory Snow melts instantly in water that is safely cool.
2. Wash gloves INSIDE as well as OUTSIDE. A soft nail-brush helps to get finger-ends clean.
3. Rinse thoroughly *inside and out* in barely LUKEWARM water. No flat particles in Ivory Snow to cling flat to the leather and make rinsing difficult—*no soap spots!*
4. DON'T SQUEEZE or wring gloves. Lay them flat between folds of a Turkish towel and *pat* loose water out.
5. DON'T hang wash-leather gloves to dry on a hot radiator or over heat of any kind.
6. Soften by working onto your hands just BEFORE they are dry.

KATHRYN MARTIN
Washability Expert

Radio Stars—They're All Headed for Hollywood

(*Continued from page 59*)

Sisters were shown to be brunettes with an amazing family resemblance. Donald Novis, with the voice of a seraph, was discovered to have rugged, he-man features (which explains how he once knocked down an intoxicated diner at the Cocoanut Grove who sniggered at his voice). Burns and Allen, who have put the dumb blonde on the air, confessed to the camera that the blonde was dark-haired. Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer of the air, and Vincent Lopez and Cab Calloway with their orchestras, were all seen for the first time by the millions who hear them nightly.

What Started the Big Rush

IT was an aim in the dark—and it hit the box-office bull's-eye. "The Big Broadcast" was a huge success; to use the professional phrase, it "dragged 'em in." The radio personalities in the picture were deluged with mail. Immediately, the word went around Hollywood, "They want to see their radio favorites!" Kate Smith, the biggest feminine star of the air, in every sense, was signed to be featured in a story written to fit her personality. Fannie Hurst, famous for best-sellers, was engaged to write "Hello, Everybody" around Kate's voice, her smile, and her unabashed curves. Producers expected a box-office rush.

Instead, they were surprised to hear that "Hello, Everybody" was playing to a new low in several big theatres, and had been jerked off the screen before the end of its first week on Broadway. But the news from the small towns was heartening—and Hollywood isn't discouraged about the possibilities of radio stars.

Paramount has taken up Kate Smith's option, and it is reported that in the late Spring she will play a war entertainer and ambulance driver in a picture now being written for her. "International House" will contain a broadcasting sequence, in which Rudy Vallee will appear, not as a Great Lover, but as a radio crooner. George Burns and Gracie Allen, and Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, are among the long list of radio celebrities who are taking part in "International House." Bing Crosby is all set for a picture called "College Humor." Howard Lally, a favorite with air audiences, will work in "Five Cents a Glass" at Fox, playing himself. Dark, curly-haired Phil Harris, a local singer at the Cocoanut Grove—which gave the world Bing Crosby, Donald Novis and Russ Columbo (the movies are after Russ, too)—has appeared in a special two-reeler at RKO, entitled "So This Is Harris," and has other offers.

Must Faces Match Voices?

THE studios cannot afford to guess wrong. Perhaps the surprising apathy accorded Kate Smith's first screen appearance was because of a weak, trite story and not because Kate's radio fans wanted to hear her and not see her. Perhaps "The Big Broadcast's" success was due to the number of radio celebrities gathered together into one cast. The main difficulty with the situation seems to be that audiences have formed mental pictures of radio stars—which sometimes receive a severe jolt when they *see* their air heroes and heroines.

Remember how, when movie stars suddenly began to talk, some of their voices didn't match their faces? There was John Gilbert, for instance, who *looked* baritone, and *talked* tenor; some of our most ladylike faces proved to have a N'Yoik twang when they spoke. It was all very upsetting.

Now, the reverse is happening. The radio stars, whom we love to listen to in the privacy of our own living rooms, are stepping in front of movie cameras, and their faces don't always match their voices. But the dismal discovery that there are no Valentinos singing on the air, and no Garbos hidden in a broadcasting station, has not deterred the studios from trying to cash in on the popularity of the radio stars.

Radio experts declare that Kate Smith is the most popular star of the Stay-at-Homes, who don't care much for women singers, as a rule. She gets an average of thirty thousand fan letters a week. No movie star—not even Garbo—can equal that record! Young people who like their music both peppy and romantic form one radio audience, while those who turn the dial for comedy and other oral entertainment form another. Hollywood is out to catch both kinds!

The latest report is that Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl and Jimmy Durante are going to co-star in a comedy-with-music for M-G-M. Wynn, in the earlier days of the talkies, transferred his nonsense to the screen in "Follow the Leader"—which went over in the big cities, but missed out in the small towns, because the rural population had never heard of him then. But that's all changed now! And M-G-M figures that with such a line-up as Wynn, Durante and Pearl—probably the three best-known comics in America to-day—no picture could possibly miss. They're probably right.

Ruth Etting, popular radio singer with a sob in her voice, has appeared in a number of Vitaphone shorts. They have clicked—and the result is a big, handsome offer to make a feature picture. Lanny Ross, the singer on the "Captain Henry's Showboat" hour, has also appeared in Vitaphone shorts—and feature producers have their eyes on him. James Melton, another popular radio singer, has likewise made shorts. With music returning to the screen in a big way, every popular singer on the air, both male and female, stands a chance of being invited to Hollywood.

Tom Brown, one of the most promising juveniles now on the screen, was spotted on an air program. So was blonde Gloria Shea—whose name was Olive Shea, when she was on the air.

Tibbett's New Public

SEVERAL singers who scored hits in the early singing talkies (before Hollywood overdid the revue-and-romance stuff) have since built up tremendous publics via the air waves. In a recent poll of radio editors, Lawrence Tibbett was voted the most popular semi-classical male singer on the air. His radio public may bring him back to his screen public. The same applies to Alexander Gray, and to Bernice Claire—who have recently been making two-reelers, which is a big first step on the way back to Hollywood.

The best-known radio speaking voices are in constant demand by Hollywood. Fast-talking Floyd Gibbons has supplied the descriptive monologue for several news and-views shorts. Lowell Thomas delivered the description that went along with "The Blonde Captive," a picture of the aborigines of Australia. Graham McNamee, sports and program announcer and Ed Wynn's radio "stooge," is the voice behind one of the best-known newsreels. Ted Husing has "announced" for a number of sport shorts. Walter Winchell, with a rapid-fire speaking style all his own, has made some shorts—and last Fall he was almost signed up by Universal to play the columnist in "Okay, America." Winchell, by the way, has given the producers some ideas for titles—namely, "Okay, America," "Is My Face Red?" and "Blessed Event." He was the one who popularized all of those phrases, and made them money-getters at the box office. James Wallington, Norman Brokenshire, William Brenton, Don Ball and Andre

(*Continued on page 83*)

Pompeian
BEAUTY POWDER

THERE'S **NO EXCUSE**

FOR *half-hour nose!*

With Pompeian face powder you can be sure of your loveliness for hours.

How ugly even the prettiest nose may look half an hour after it has been powdered with ordinary powder!

IT's happened to all of us! . . . A furtive glance in a mirror and the horrible discovery that a shiny nose has ruined the assurance of a perfect make-up.

But from this day forth, you have no excuse if you're caught at anything but your best. For Pompeian has perfected a soft fine powder that will cling, not for minutes, but for hours! In addition to this, the new Pompeian has all the beauty-giving properties of the finest present-day face powders. It will not "coat" the skin. Rather it gives the face an even, delicate perfection. A perfection you can be confident of retaining for hours after you've left the dressing-table!

It comes in a variety of flattering skin tones, expressly created to complement and enhance every complexion type.

It has an unobtrusive and pleasantly feminine perfume. The clever box is neat . . . as well as terribly smart.

YOU'LL LIKE THE PRICE!

All that our long experience has taught us to save in manufacturing costs and present economies, we pass on to you. Which is the reason this remarkably fine powder can be bought for so little. All Pompeian products can be bought at drug and department stores everywhere.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, *Bloomfield, N. J.*

Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
40 E. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

SIXTY-FIVE CENTS THE BOX

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

To a woman in love

... DEW IS
ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY

ONE of the things that a man admires mostly in a woman is daintiness. Nothing can destroy his love more quickly than perspiration stains or odor.

When a woman uses DEW regularly, she knows that her garments are free of untidy damp spots, stains that ruin fabrics and perspiration odor.

DEW comes in a beautiful dressing table flask. With the improved, sanitary applicator, DEW may be applied in a moment. It dries quickly... takes effect immediately. Use DEW as often as needed. Unfortunately, very many women do not fully realize the important relationship between love, pleasant scents and disagreeable odors. The coupon below will bring you free—in a plain envelope—an interesting confidential booklet on the subject. Mail the coupon today.

Marion Lambert, Inc. • • • St. Louis • Toronto

(Dew instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary napkins)

DEW

Crystal-pure Deodorant and Non-perspirant

PREVENTS ODOR • PROTECTS CLOTHES

Instant DEW may be applied at any time—day or night—while you dress.

Ultra DEW is for more lasting protection—3 days or more. Use it at bedtime.

REGULAR FULL SIZES
25¢
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Instant DEW
CRYSTAL-PURE DEODORANT

Look for this counter display in your drug or department store.

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Dep't. S-34, 629 Del Monte Way, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me your FREE, confidential booklet.

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Connie Bennett Answers Your Questions

(*Continued from page 57*)

stunning raincoat and a pretty black hat. Where or how can I get a duplicate of that hat? Honestly, I don't know. It was made for me by the costume designer of the Warner Brothers Studio.

Is Joan Crawford a good friend of yours? (This friendship drew many queries.) I've already answered that. I'm proud to say that Joan is my friend.

Is it true that you maintain an apartment in Paris and buy all your clothes in Europe? For "Our Betters," my current picture, I bought all my clothes in New York. I do maintain a Paris apartment.

Do you ride horseback? Yes.

Are you going to play in pictures if you lose your popularity? If I should lose what little popularity I have, I imagine the producers would answer your question with an emphatic "No!"

Do you answer all your fan mail, yourself, or does someone else do it? (This one was asked by many.) I read and dictate answers to as much of my fan mail as my time permits. My secretary answers the balance.

Are you a real blonde? Yes, I am.

What sort of rôle would completely satisfy you? I'm satisfied with each rôle before the picture is filmed. Naturally, some turn out better than others.

How can I get over being self-conscious when I go out with anyone? I always think I am not as good as the other person. You must overcome that complex by your own effort. Exercise your self-confidence and squelch that feeling of inferiority the moment that it asserts itself.

Is your weekly salary actually $30,000? No, it averages far less than that.

Did you or your sister, Joan, play with Warner Baxter in "Doctors' Wives"? Joan played that rôle.

What would you do if you should lose all your money and have to live on a farm like me? Naturally, I'd be forced to adjust myself to circumstances—but I would strive to progress and certainly I would not bewail my lot.

Are you happy as an actress? If not, why? I have had a great deal to be thankful for, and I am very happy.

May I have your daily schedule or the routine that you follow in doing your work all through the day? There can be no certain routine in the work of a motion picture actress. The production of a picture involves new problems every day and we must adjust our time and our work to conform.

Do you collect anything? No.

How many more pictures will you make before retiring? That depends entirely on the number of suitable stories which the studio secures for me during the remaining time of my contract.

What unmarried actor do you think is the best-looking? There are a number of actors who, in my opinion, are very handsome. It would be impossible, as well as tactless, to choose between them.

How did you feel when you starred in your first picture? Did you go to see it? Of course, I saw it. I was very excited.

How do you learn those long parts? I try my best to live every character. I spend long hours studying the script before production work is started. During production I continue to study the script. And the director rehearses every scene, sometimes repeatedly, before filming it.

Who is your favorite leading man? (At least two hundred asked this question.) That depends on the nature of the picture and the rôle he is to play. The leading man who will mean most to the finished picture is my favorite.

Are you happy with your new husband, the Marquis? Yes.

Is the Marquis de la Falaise an actor? No, he is a writer and a director.

I am eight years old and I like you very much. Do you like little girls? Yes, indeed. I like little girls "very much," too.

Which do you prefer, Paris or Vienna? Both are delightful cities and it would be difficult to choose between them. Paris has suffered less from the "depression" and is now the gayer of the two.

Which do you like better, comedy or drama? I prefer a combination of the two, a comedy-drama, for I think it more closely approximates life.

Why don't you play opposite Clark Gable? It happens that Mr. Gable is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, while I am under contract to Radio Pictures.

What do the scenarists mean by the camera "panning" players? They mean that the camera is swung in an arc to follow some movement of the players, creating a "panoramic" effect.

Do you spend much time in New York City? Do you live in Beverly Hills? I spend approximately two months each year in New York. Yes, I live in Beverly Hills.

Is there a real Chandu, the Magician, and is there a Thurston, the Magician? (This question is submitted by a doubting youngster.) I'm afraid there is no Chandu, but there is a real Thurston, and a very clever magician he is, too.

How can I acquire glamour? As a general rule, one should study himself, capitalize on his "best points" and try to make his weaknesses as unnoticeable as possible.

In the picture, "Rockabye," is the baby supposed to be yours by adoption or by "Al Howard"? By adoption.

Why didn't you marry an American? Because I happened to fall in love with a Frenchman.

Where do you do most of your shopping? In Hollywood, New York City and Paris.

How old were you, the first time you really and truly fell in love? I can't remember.

I thought "Rockabye" was a wonderful picture. What did you think of it? A star is foolish to judge any picture, except by the verdict of the only real jury, which is the public. "Rockabye" has been well received.

Would you recognize a distant relative? Probably not. I know very few of my relations outside my immediate family.

What is your favorite color? Blue. (Connie was wearing blue lounging pajamas as we talked.)

What advice would you give to a young girl who wants to be a motion picture actress? If you are really determined to be a screen actress, I should advise acquiring a wealth of stage experience first. Conditions have changed in Hollywood since the advent of talking pictures. Most directors feel that an actress with stage experience has a better chance of success on the screen. Moreover, studio scouts are continually on the qui vive to sign promising talent, and they make the legitimate theatre their hunting ground.

What is your baby's name? Peter.

Who, in your opinion, was the greater genius—Beethoven or Leonardo da Vinci? Take your choice. I have none.

How do you care for your hair? I have it water-waved. It is shampooed every five days, and I never permit the use of a hot iron.

What shade of cosmetics do you use? In the summertime, I use an olive powder, brown eye-shadow, brown pencil, carmine lipstick and rouge. In the winter, I use a rachel powder and vermilion lipstick and rouge.

Do you believe beauty to be the chief requisite for a screen career? No. Beauty is an aid, but it is secondary to personality, I believe.

Did you play in "Pinch Hitter" in 1925 with Glenn Hunter and were some of the scenes made in Westwood, New Jersey? Yes.

What picture did you enjoy making the most? (Scores asked this.) "What Price Hollywood?"

Who is your favorite author? Flaubert.

Do you object to the public's delving into your personal life? Yes, I certainly do.

As a child, did you want to be an actress? Yes. Being the child of a theatrical family, it was almost inevitable that I should want to be an actress.

What qualities do you admire most in a man? Integrity, intelligence, courage and a sense of humor.

Is there any certain rôle that you would like to portray? Each and every rôle is interesting.

What qualifications should a girl have to become a successful actress? A world of ambition, an appealing personality and an abundant supply of common-sense. Needless to say, she must also have ability.

Do you like Hollywood society? "Hollywood society" is too vague. I am very devoted to my friends and I enjoy being with them.

What has been the happiest moment of your life? I can't answer that question. My life, like the life of anyone else, has contained a great many happy moments.

What is the best way, in your opinion, to break into the theatrical business, when one has no connections with people in it? (This represents fully one-third of the questions received.) Unless one happens to get a "lucky break," it is necessary to start in some humble capacity and improve the opportunities that are sure to offer themselves. Community theatres and other amateur theatrical activities have proved stepping stones to a great many persons who are now famous actors.

Do you think the amoeba pretty? What do you think of the mentality of apes? (Look-it, Connie, you're being spoofed!) I think the person who wrote that question probably has a very high opinion of—his own cleverness.

How can you keep yourself so well-groomed and yet work such long hours? I *do* work long hours—when I am working. But, like every other actress who is conscientious, I consider personal neatness and appearance an invaluable asset. Maintaining my appearance, as best I can, is part of my work.

Were you in Europe during 1930? I'll swear I met and talked to you in the mountains of Switzerland. Yes, I was in Europe in 1930, but I did not visit Switzerland.

Would you go into pictures again if you had your life to live over? Yes, I would.

Do you remember your vacation at Camp Abena, Belgrade Lakes, Maine? Yes, with a great deal of pleasure.

How can a person get a child, pretty as a picture and very intelligent, into the movies? I would be unkind to offer you any encouragement. The competition is so intense and there is not enough work for those already in Hollywood.

I have a good job, but I am "movie crazy." Would you advise me to come to Hollywood and try my luck? (Many asked this.) By all means, if you have a good position, keep it. Only some miraculous happenstance could bring you more than "extra" work, and of the seventeen thousand "extras" in Hollywood now, less than fifty are able to earn a living from the studios.

And there you are. Connie has answered. I'm sure that in her replies, you will find the answer to your own question.

Next month, that gay, debonair son of France, Maurice Chevalier, will discover what we Americans mean by the expression, "The witness was grilled."

There should be any number of interesting answers from him, for Maurice has been places, seen things, and done things.

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MEN WHISPERED!

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. . . without
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WOMEN welcomed her. Men were polite . . . but among themselves, they talked about her as "the girl with those painted lips!"...Finally, by chance, she tried a new kind of lipstick that made her lips beautiful with natural color . . . yet never conspicuous with a painted look!

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"The White Sister"—Seen Through Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 41*)

does not believe herself a good film actress—and is always amazed by any evidence of the great success that she has achieved. She underrates her own abilities and has apologies ever ready to deliver, should she make an error. Most of the mistakes that she believes she has committed are wholly imaginary.

How Helen Feared Clark

HER curious contrition manifests itself in many ways. Even though the director applauds her work in a difficult sequence—waxes enthusiastic, in fact—she refuses to be convinced. "Please," she will say demurely, "can't we try it again? I am certain that we can improve it." Or to the cameraman, she says, "I'm a frightfully bad photographic subject. I feel sorry for your pretty pictures when I'm in them. I'll attempt to be as little trouble as possible." She is one among thousands who never objects to turning her back to the camera. She is afraid of praise—afraid that it is flattery, offered only to ease her feelings.

On the stage, she has assurance; before a camera, none at all. That is, until the camera starts turning. Then, with a seemingly superhuman effort, she ceases to be Helen Hayes and becomes the character she is playing. This transition is achieved in a split second and, oddly enough, without any outside aid. She does not need soft music to induce a sad state of mind; she does not work herself up to a climax to bring tears. She can be laughing offstage and the very next moment step into a scene to cry real tears, so complete is her control over her emotions. Yet she continues to underrate her ability. She actually seems—and I realize the triteness of this observation—to be two people.

Imagine, then, how self-conscious Helen Hayes was upon the occasion of her first scene with Clark Gable. The thought of appearing with Clark was more terrifying, because of thoughts of the mythical row of critics who would observe her "poor efforts" alongside his assured acting.

How Clark Feared Helen

GABLE may impress you the same way as he impressed Helen. He appears overwhelmingly sure of himself. Actually, he is as humble as I have sketched Helen Hayes to be. And he was literally dreading the necessity of playing with her. He was afraid, not of her, but of her justified reputation. He was positive that she would show by comparison that he was a novice at the art of acting.

Two people quaking in fear of one another—a most unusual situation, this. Hollywood received many chuckles from the stories concerning the first days of their acting together, stories that will be remembered when Hollywood sees "The White Sister." There was much conjecture on how this mutual self-consciousness would end.

And how did it end? You helped bring it to a conclusion—you who write letters to the stars.

Resting between scenes one day, Gable remarked, "It is a great privilege to play in a picture with you, Miss Hayes."

"Thank you," she replied. "I notice quite an increase in my fan mail recently—and all the letters I receive tell me how lucky I am to be playing in a picture with you."

Gable laughed heartily, joined by the woman whose talents had held him in awe. That was the beginning. Before many minutes, both had confessed their fear of each other, and in laughter at the prank self-consciousness had played on them, they forgot to be self-conscious.

They grew to be very good friends, in fact so friendly that Helen perpetrated several jokes at Clark's expense. She is, by the way, an incurable little practical joker when she becomes well acquainted with people. Her joking, however, never inflicts personal embarrassment upon sensitive personalities.

A Surprise Party for Gable

THE most elaborately prepared "gag" was the one that celebrated Gable's birthday. For this Helen had the cooperation of the entire production staff.

He finished his scenes shortly after midday and, congratulating himself on keeping his birthday a secret, prepared to go home. It was then that Director Victor Fleming stepped into the breach and, by inventing a costume test and a dozen other unnecessary tasks, kept Gable busy until quitting time. He was led, unsuspecting, upon the set, where everybody had a gag present for him.

Clark is a rabid amateur movie photographer. He goes about day after day with his tiny camera, shooting everything in sight. So they staged a preview of a film he was alleged to have shot. Everything was upside down or back-cranked or in some other way made absurd. The reel was a masterpiece of the worst in photography.

Following the "preview," Gable was presented with an Academy award for his photographic ability. The award took the form of a small Kewpie doll upon which big ears had been pasted. They said the person who had posed for the statue was Mrs. Coral Gables, a cousin from Florida.

A score of other ridiculous presents followed. Gable has long been a pal of the studio workers, electricians, grips and props, with whom he has an easier fraternity than with other actors—and all had some silly remembrance for him. Serious gifts were barred. And as he received them, Gable blushed and stammered his thanks for the party, for all the ingenious fuss that had been made about him.

So much for the habits of our co-stars on the set. Remember these little anecdotes when you see the picture and marvel anew at the art of their acting that would never allow you to suspect any self-consciousness, if you did not know of it in advance.

How the Picture Opens

THE first sequence of "The White Sister" depicts *Angela* (Helen Hayes) and her father, *Prince Chiaromonte* (Lewis Stone), seated in an Italian church. With them are *Traversi* (Alan Edwards), the wealthy young man to whom *Angela* is betrothed, and *Mina*, her faithful old servant (Louise Closser Hale).

The ceremony you witness is authentic in every detail. It is High Mass, as conducted in Italy. Officiating is *Monsignor Saracinesca* (Edward Arnold) and several dignitaries actually of the church. These real figures served as technical advisers in all church procedure. Working with a religious supply house, the studio was able to duplicate exactly every item in its reproduction of the cathedral—from the enormous candelabra that weighed nearly four hundred pounds down to the three thousand candles and the incense used in the scene.

Emerging from the impressive church ceremony, the congregation is plunged into the incongruously contrasting gaiety of the Carnival of the Saints. Laughing, dancing, parading throngs overflow the Plaza and streets. Grotesque figures of papier mâché march by, led by a blaring band. The merry-making is at its height.

Nearly a week was consumed in filming the Carnival. Tons of confetti and streamers were used. A thousand "extras" were employed. Watch particularly, when you see the picture, for a pair of bullocks drawing a cart. Director Fleming found them the most temperamental actors with whom he had to deal. They didn't like the noise and refused to do their work amid frenzy. The whole scene depended upon them, and the director instructed his "extras" to observe them closely and, if they faltered and stopped, to stop with them. Every eye on the set was on the team of oxen—so keep your eye on them, too. See if you can detect anything strange about their behavior.

How the Lovers Meet

ANGELA wants to tarry to join in the Carnival's fun. But her father will have none of it. Is she not a member of the nobility and an engaged lady at that? Why should she wish to mingle with the common herd? Reluctantly, *Angela* is driven away. But on the way home, a ramshackle car driven by *Giovanni*, a young Italian officer (Clark Gable), runs into her limousine. It is upon this chance meeting that romance is born.

In the privacy of her room, *Angela* cannot forget the handsome officer. Finally, she prevails upon *Mina* to allow her to return to the Carnival.

The streets are still running riot. Fascinated and amused, they make their way to the Plaza, where a human horse is entertaining the crowd. The horse's head catches sight of *Angela* and forthwith detaches himself from the chap who is playing the hind legs. Of course, it is *Giovanni.*

The gentleman playing the rear end is not listed in the cast. Hollywood will recognize him, even though you do not. He is none other than Donald Ogden Stewart, the author, who insisted upon playing the part. With much good-natured jesting, Stewart accepted the congratulations of the company upon his performance. He called it the crowning achievement of a long career—his "big moment."

Giovanni is successful in losing *Mina* in the crowd and has *Angela* to himself for the entire afternoon. It is the first of their secret meetings. When her father discovers them alone in the garden, he orders *Giovanni* to cease his attentions. Then, when his orders are disobeyed, he pursues *Angela* to *Giovanni's* rooms and is killed in an automobile accident en route.

Angela blames herself for her father's death. She ends her romance with *Giovanni* and goes to live in cheap quarters with the faithful *Mina*. But on the eve of the Great War, they meet again and are reconciled, only to be torn apart by mobilization orders.

Why She Enters Convent

GIOVANNI flies away with his squadron in the service of his country. He is shot down behind the enemy lines, captured and reported among the casualties. *Angela*, grief-stricken by the news, decides the material things of life have nothing left for her and vows to forsake everything to become a nun in a convent—a White Sister.

Hollywood, seeing the aerial war scenes in which *Giovanni's* 'plane is shot down, will recall the difficulties encountered in their filming. Seven 'planes were especially rebuilt along the lines of Italian aircraft. Seven left the film capital's airport, but only three returned. The others "cracked up," fortunately without serious injury to the pilots.

Taking the 'planes up to Truckee, the scenery of which is much like the Italian Alps, they found the snow twenty feet deep. Landing was complicated by such huge drifts and several unintentional "crack-ups"

(*Continued on page 81*)

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KLEENEX
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are used once and
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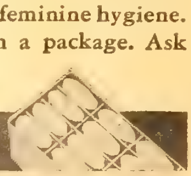

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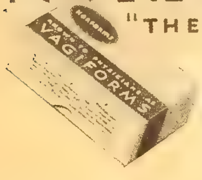

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Will Foreign Stars Force Down Hollywood Salaries?

(*Continued from page 55*)

Lilian Harvey, the English girl who became one of Germany's most popular stars, is said to be drawing thirty-five hundred dollars a week at Fox, where she is now making "My Lips Betray," her first American picture. She was able to demand such a sum on the strength of her world-wide success in "Congress Dances."

It is interesting to note that, while she would have been practically unknown in the United States if it had not been for that single German film, she has long been one of the Continent's most popular stars. She has been kept so steadily at work that, during the past two years, there were exactly fourteen days—and these not consecutively—when she was idle.

Henri Garat, her co-star in "Congress Dances," is also under contract to Fox. His salary is not known, but doubtless runs well into four figures. He is scheduled to be Janet Gaynor's hero in his American début.

New Matinee Idol Coming

HOLLYWOOD will pay real money for the services of Francis Lederer, the new Broadway matinée idol from abroad—a sum in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars weekly, according to report. Still, if he lives up to advance notices, Lederer will be worth it. There have been few recent newcomers who have been received with such whole-hearted praise by New York theatre critics. They literally raved about him in "Autumn Crocus," calling him "a young Jack Barrymore in his early-day love scenes."

Lederer was born in Czecho-Slovakia, twenty-six years ago. His career began in music halls and he became something of a matinée idol. He left German films to play in a musical show in London. Then came his tremendous success in "Cat and the Fiddle" and "Autumn Crocus," the latter piece being brought to New York. He will not report to RKO to begin film work until after the run of his current play.

Diana Wynyard, whom you have already seen in "Cavalcade" and "Rasputin and the Empress," also aroused the interest of motion picture producers by repeating a London success on the New York stage. She was playing in "The Devil Passes" last November when M-G-M offered her a contract. Since she has scored so decisively in her two screen appearances, that contract has been revised.

Diana has three compatriots on the M-G-M roster of newcomers. Benita Hume is perhaps the best-known of the trio. Long a favorite of English stage and screen and conceded to be one of London's most beautiful women, Benita received many offers from American producers, following her appearance with Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies," an English production widely distributed in this country. Her first Hollywood assignment is opposite Lee Tracy in "Clear All Wires."

Elizabeth Allan, whose professional experience is of comparatively shorter duration, is another of the "Reserved for Ladies" cast to be imported. Edward Styles, the last of M-G-M's English newcomers, has a record of fourteen years on London stage and screen. His American film contract was preceded by a New York success in Earl Carroll's "Vanities."

Fox has five new British players under contract, besides Miriam Jordan, who was brought over last Fall. One, Alan Livingston, is Canadian-born, though educated at Oxford. His stage experience is confined to English stock companies. A screen test he took in New York led to his contract.

Una O'Connor and Merle Tottenham were among the group of players imported by Fox for its production of "Cavalcade." Both had appeared in the London play and repeated their performances on the screen. They were, however, the only two from the original cast of "Cavalcade" to remain in Hollywood under long-term contract.

An unbroken string of eight successes in foreign films brought Heather Angel to America. English-born, she was playing in a UFA picture in Germany when Fox scouts discovered her. Her stage experience is extensive. For more than two years, she toured the Far East in repertory. Her first American picture is "Pilgrimage."

The addition of Philip Merivale completes the list of Fox's English players. Merivale, however, is too well known to need introduction here. He has appeared so frequently upon our stages that he seems almost a native son. Until now, his film work has been confined to a few silent pictures made years ago. It was while he was starring in "Cynara" on the Los Angeles stage that Fox signed him.

That tour of the original New York company in "Cynara," by the way, brought another distinguished actor to films. Sir Guy Standing, a veteran of the London stage, was unable to resist the blandishments of Hollywood producers and became a Paramount contract player.

American studios cannot obtain the services of men like Merivale and Standing for coffee-and-cake money.

Four German Stars Imported

GERMAN films are shy no less than four of the country's leading feminine stars. It stands to reason that to buy top-notchers necessitates paying top prices. Besides Lilian Harvey, there are Dorothea Wieck, the never-to-be-forgotten teacher of "Maedchen in Uniform," now with Paramount; Charlotte Susa, the girl they liken to Garbo at M-G-M; and Anna Sten, whom Samuel Goldwyn imported more than six months ago. She has been studying English all this time preparatory to her American début. And Goldwyn, no slouch at discovering new foreign talent (witness Lili Damita and Vilma Banky), is content to pay her salary while she studies, so sure is he of her eventual success.

While she does not rank in foreign popularity with the above-mentioned German players, Wera Engels may owe that lack to the speed with which RKO brought her to the United States. Daughter of the wartime commander of the *Kreuzer Emden,* she was a young society girl in Weisbaden when her published photograph brought the producers of Germany clamoring to her door. She had made only a few motion pictures when her photographic beauty again drew attention to her. A London representative of RKO saw her on the screen and his enthusiasm led to an RKO contract.

Taking the case of Wera Engels as a typical example of the salaries paid our new lesser-known imports, we find that she is receiving around two hundred and fifty dollars a week. In view of her slight experience, which puts her on a par with any American beginner, she would, under ordinary circumstances, be paid perhaps a third of that sum, at most a half.

No, the current foreign invasion has a more pertinent explanation than any fight against high salaries. Doubtless the impending law that will prohibit alien actors from entering the United States for the purpose of working professionally has some bearing upon the extent of to-day's immigration. But it does not explain it.

You Have Demanded Them

REALLY, it is you and you and *you* who are responsible. You are crying for new faces on the screen, new idols to pique your interest. You have been very kind in the past to foreign players. You have made many of them stars—like Garbo, Dietrich, Chevalier, Colman and others.

The producers are only trying to answer your demands in their search for new personalities to bring you pleasure. They have offered you the best available home-grown talent from which to pick and choose. You have accepted some, rejected others. The lists have been almost exhausted. Where else can the producers go except abroad?

That is the reason you will now see on the screen such players as Brian Aherne, the young Englishman who scored so delightfully as *Robert Browning* with Katharine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" on the stage. He is Dietrich's new leading man in "Song of Songs" at Paramount.

At RKO, his brother, Pat Aherne, has just played in "Our Betters" with Constance Bennett. In the same picture is Hugh Sinclair, another Englishman. Out at Fox, Catalina Barcena from Madrid is about to make an American début.

Warners and Universal are the only studios without entries in the new import lists. Warners have, however, put fifteen former chorus girls under contract and are, at the moment, conducting searches for talent in surrounding cities. Busby Berkeley, the dance director, has made hundreds of tests and is said to have discovered several likely candidates. Perhaps Warners were encouraged to make the search by the success Paramount enjoyed in its "Panther Woman" contest, which resulted in the signing of four inexperienced, but promising girls—Kathleen Burke, Lona Andre, Verna Hillis and Gail Patrick.

Why Movies Need Foreign Stars

BUT the others are not looking for beginners. They hope to find, among the twenty-one foreign newcomers, a few who will spring to immediate popularity and thereby answer your demand for new idols.

Commenting upon the importation of alien stars, a certain Hollywood actor, definitely established in the industry—in fact, occupying a high position in its Academy of Arts and Sciences—said, "I sincerely hope that the slogan 'Buy American' will not influence the chances of these newcomers. It seems absurd to contemplate that international friction between governments should affect individuals. I feel sure that the American public will be fair in this matter, as it is in all things.

"Hollywood furnishes movies to all the world. If we take to shunning foreign players, the rest of the world would be justified in retaliating.

"Our screen needs its imported talent. We might as well face the facts. American actresses, with comparatively few notable exceptions, lack glamour. The screen needs glamour, can't exist without it. Usually, foreign players supply that lack.

"Realize this. A picture may have a foreign star. But the supporting cast is predominantly American. The technicians are American. The studio personnel is American. The theatre employees are American.

"Would you jeopardize the livelihood of many thousands of your fellow-countrymen in order to vent your spite upon a handful of foreigners? Think this over before you begin talking about 'Buying American' in motion pictures."

AN AMAZING OFFER!

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Did you get YOURS *yet?*

This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get *more* than one.

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

RESULTS are IMMEDIATE *with a* LINIT *Beauty Bath*

Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin feel *instantly* smooth and soft. It leaves an invisible light "coating" of LINIT so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.

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Please send me.............................perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose $............and............LINIT package tops.

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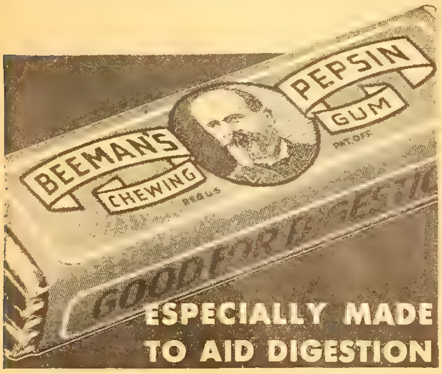
hurricane!

You just feel like tearing into your work a mile a minute when your digestion is good. The trouble is many people have a little indigestion, yet don't know what is bothering them.

It's nice to know that Beeman's Gum is often a real help in indigestion. Dr. Beeman knew what he was doing when he originated Beeman's Pepsin Gum. You'll like the Beeman's flavor. Chew it frequently.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM



Garbo—Now It Can Be Told!

(Continued from page 29)

Wants to "Show 'Em"

THERE is still another reason why she would like to triumph on the stage. Back in 1920, when she was graduated from the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm, the producers who closely follow the work of the school's pupils did not get excited about her dramatic talent. Greta Gustavsson, the tall, simple, strange girl with the sonorous voice, did not get a contract. She played small bits in a few plays, and then was given a part in a historical picture. She would like to prove that those producers erred in not believing she could register on the stage.

In plain Americanese, Garbo would like "to show 'em"—just as she has shown the makers of her early pictures that they made a million-dollar mistake in not believing her a screen actress, either. Only one person, in those early years of struggle, seemed able to sense the spark of talent in her, to understand her, to realize her possibilities. They became friends; she became his protégée. He changed her name from Greta Gustavsson to Greta Garbo. "Garbo" was the name of a Swedish candy—a name well-known in Sweden; he thought the new name would make it easier for the Swedish public to remember this new screen actress.

When, later, Stiller was offered a big Hollywood contract, he refused to accept, unless his protégée also was given a contract. To get Stiller, Hollywood also had to take Garbo. Her salary was to be only a few hundred dollars a week—but it didn't look like any bargain, at first. In German studios where she had made several pictures, a cameraman had said that it was impossible at times to photograph her well; she just wasn't the photographic type. American cameramen, getting their first glimpse of this freckled, buxom girl with the unruly bob, envisioned the same difficulty. But hairdressers, costume designers, masseurs, make-up artists and the cameramen, themselves, changed all that—with shrewd cooperation from Garbo. She was a hit in her first American picture. The rest is history—with a new chapter now in the making.

Her One Big Fear

THE possibility that bothers Garbo most, when she thinks of going on the stage, is that audiences will view her appearance behind the footlights as a personal appearance act, not a serious effort to fit her personality to stage technique and to do noteworthy stage acting. She has been offered a staggering sum—reliably reported to be $20,000—to appear for just one week on the stage of a New York cinema palace. She has turned down the offer unconditionally. She has no desire to be a spectacle. She could not countenance gaping throngs and massed crowds, which might hover around the stage door and the theatre, just to look at her. When and if she does go on the stage, she wants to be an actress, not an exhibit.

But she knows that if she should go on the stage, she could not hope to dodge such crowds completely—as she has been able to avoid crowds in Hollywood. This realization has led her, during her stay in Stockholm, to go out in public once more, to get accustomed to crowds and to stares. After the first excited surprise at finding the exile in their midst, Stockholm throngs became accustomed to seeing her and did not pursue her. And she has enjoyed the experience of being a person again, instead of a curiosity.

Garbo's exit from her isolation, however, was something that came slowly. Going over to Sweden on the *S. S. Gripsholm*, she basked in solitude and almost fought against being sociable. She did not want to attend the festivities on the last night. The skipper, in person, went down to her suite and persuaded her to come along to the party. But she did not join in the merry-making. She sat and watched the dancing for a time and then, at a convenient moment, disappeared—going back to her suite. But the next day, when the boat was pitching and rocking and many passengers were confined to their staterooms, Garbo appeared, all alone, and asked the orchestra to play for her. She has such favorites as "Vienna, the City of My Dreams" and Fritz Kreisler's "Old Refrain." In music, only, is she a sentimentalist—and then her tastes run to selections of this caliber.

Has Given Up Exile

ON her arrival in Sweden, she was greeted by a huge crowd, despite a pouring rain. She briefly acknowledged the compliment, turned away the reporters with her customary skill, and set out for parts unknown. For weeks, she kept her whereabouts secret—passing most of her time at the country places of friends, far from the madding crowd. Her former leading man, Lars Hanson, was one of those who entertained her. Then restlessness got her, and off she went, disguised as a provincial school-teacher, to see some shows in London and Paris—moving on when her disguise was penetrated. And it was soon after her return to Stockholm that she leased a small, one-family house at 7 Danderyds Gatan, and started going out to shops, restaurants, theatres. She decided that she was cheating herself of some fun, after all, by perpetually dodging people.

On many of these excursions to the bright-light district (and Stockholm has the gayest night-life of any city north of Paris), her companion was Max Gumpel, an old friend and a partner in the Stockholm realty firm of Gumpel and Bengtson. It has been through him, supposedly, that she has made her heavy investments in Stockholm real estate. That's where her American money has gone. There, and into gilt-edged Swedish and American government bonds. She has easily earned $1,500,000. Figure that out in Swedish kroner. (It takes five and a half kroner to equal a dollar.) She is a millionaire several times over in her native land. All of her money has been carefully invested. She lost little, if anything, in the Beverly Hills bank crash. She was not one of the victims of the gigantic crash of the Kreuger-Toll interests, despite rumors to the contrary.

She knew the late Ivar Kreuger well, and had been entertained by him. I recall seeing a large portrait of Garbo, signed by the star, in Kreuger's penthouse in Park Avenue, New York. But she was canny enough not to speculate in Kreuger stock. And all rumors of a romance between them were idle gossip.

Never Yet Engaged

SHE was never engaged to Kreuger. She was never engaged to Stiller—though his death, early in her American career, cast a dark shadow over her life. She was never engaged to the wealthy William Soerenson, as has been rumored. She was never engaged to John Gilbert. She has never been engaged to anyone.

As a young girl, she clerked and modeled in a Stockholm department store—and those who worked with her then remember her as a moody, aloof creature, who spurned the company of boys. She would be friendly with them on the surface, and then lapse

(Continued on page 82)

Clothes Gossip From Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

. . . or maybe one of the popular new lacquer bows . . . or a band of patent-leather about your new hat!

And speaking of new hats, how do you like Helen Twelvetrees' little going-to-the-theater number? It is Helen's own, even though she does wear it for one brief flash in Maurice Chevalier's new picture, "A Bedtime Story." For the best part of the picture, Helen has to wear a nurse's uniform, but for one short night-club sequence she is permitted to dress up just a little bit. For this purpose she wears an evening *chapeau* of a bit of black net over the head, a band of velvet ribbon, and a disc of velvet, edged with net ruffles, that perks down over one eye.

For some time now, I have been promising you an advance peek at Norma Shearer's new clothes in her new picture. But, as you have probably heard, Norma's husband, Irving Thalberg, has been very ill, and the starting date on the Shearer production has been postponed—and then postponed again. And now Norma has gone abroad with her husband on a "recuperation holiday," with her picture postponed still longer. So next month I still won't be able to show you or tell you what Norma will present in new fashion ideas this Spring and Summer. But I'm on the trail of some other fashion surprises—which will POSITIVELY appear in next month's Clothes Gossip.

"The White Sister"—Seen Through Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 77*)

resulted. The only thing that averted fatalities was the heavily padded leather snow suits worn by the aviators, in imitation of the actual Italian flying equipment.

In all matters concerning military etiquette, the production is painstakingly correct. Col. Beuf, formerly an Italian army officer, who served on the same fronts with which the picture deals, acted as technical adviser. He contributed some very interesting information about the manner in which the six different types of Italian army hats are worn. It seems that crowns are pushed down on one side or the other with definite meaning. The crown completely indented signifies discharge. You will note that Gable wears his hat so in the German prison camp.

The convent scenes are equally realistic, although religious procedure of specific nuns is avoided. To aid him in filming these pictorially beautiful sequences, Director Fleming had many advisers in interested church dignitaries. Father O'Donnell and Father O'Fisherty, of parishes near the studio, aided him greatly.

It is impossible at this writing to tell you how "The White Sister" will end in the talkies. Six different endings were considered, four of which were actually filmed. In all of them, *Giovanni* returns from the prison camp to find his beloved a nun in the convent—and each allows him an act of heroism. Two of the endings are tragic, with his death depicted. Two have happy endings, with reconciliation of the lovers. You will have to see "The White Sister" to learn which ending is eventually used. And when the picture comes to your screen, remember these little "inside" stories that Hollywood knows. You will find more enjoyment in seeing it through Hollywood's eyes.

Just as likely to offend —the girl who says: "*I never perspire*"

OTHERS NOTICE IT

Don't trust yourself . . . underthings can absorb up to 30% of their weight in perspiration without feeling damp. The odor is noticeable to others even when *you* aren't aware of it.

All healthy people perspire . . frequently over a quart a day . . though many never feel sticky— *Second-day underthings are NEVER safe*

GIRLS who say "I don't perspire" fool themselves. But they never fool others.

We all perspire—frequently over a quart a day, even though we don't feel sticky. Perspiration odor is bound to cling to underthings.

That's why dainty girls play safe, avoid all chance of offending.

They take this simple precaution—wash underthings in Lux after *every* wearing.

Lux takes away every bit of odor — keeps the harmful substances in perspiration from wearing out silk. It takes only four minutes, or less.

Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali that weakens silk and fades colors. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Mrs. E. M. Schellenger says: "With one box of LUX I washed 330 items

48 pairs stockings and socks
12 pieces silk lingerie
62 child's undies
83 diapers, pads, blankets
47 napkins, doilies
34 towels, washcloths, bibs
9 child's rompers, sweaters, cap
35 handkerchiefs
and did the dishes 21 times for six people"

LUX *underthings after each wearing* **Removes odor . . Saves colors**

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BETTY FURNESS
RADIO PICTURES STAR

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Your favorite star depends on

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WHOEVER she is, whatever her type, your film favorite knows the importance of a perfect hairdress. At home and in the studio, she uses HOLD-BOBS, the famous bob pins you find so convenient, and so indispensable to dressing your hair "to the queen's taste" and keeping it that way! Your film star will tell you that because HOLD-BOBS are invisible, they are a practical necessity before the camera and even more so in her social life. The small, round heads of HOLD-BOBS cannot show; the smooth, round ends cannot scratch; and the flexible legs are tapered, one of them crimped to hold fast. HOLD-BOBS are available in both the straight style and the curved-to-fit-the-head style . . . and they are sold everywhere in colors to match every type of hair whether it's bobbed, long or growing.

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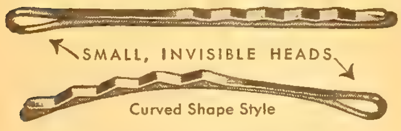

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Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

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Address
City State
☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

Garbo—Now It Can Be Told!

(*Continued from page 80*)

into a big silence after a few moments of conversation. One schoolboy who worked in the store had the usual "crush," but Greta didn't respond. That same boy is now a traffic policeman in Stockholm—and vividly remembers his early fondness for Garbo.

Little is known in America of Garbo's early life. Numerous publications have stated that she was born in a little town somewhere in Sweden. This is wrong. Greta Gustavsson was born in the capital city, Stockholm. The city is divided into four sections, and the "South Side" is the quarter of the less fortunate. It was here that Greta was born and reared. The former Gustavsson dwelling, one of the oldest in that section, still stands. And one can understand the poverty of the people living there, as only a few years ago electricity and modern plumbing were unheard of. The contrast between this old, dark house and Garbo's Santa Monica home is stupendous.

Some of the lessons that she learned in those early years still remain with her. She has lived very economically, almost frugally, for a movie star—having but two servants (a man and wife), hired for the purpose of keeping the household budget below $125.00 a month. The few times that it went over that amount, they heard about it from Greta. Also, she liked to get up early, beat the housewives to the market, and buy the household supplies, herself—cheaply.

About Her Family

AND what of her family? Her father and a sister are dead; her mother and a brother are still living. Her brother, Sven Gustavsson, is thirty-two years old and is employed in the Stockholm branch of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He also conducts a clipping bureau, specializing in items about Greta. A good-looking chap, this brother, with some features that strongly remind one of Greta.

Her mother is a pleasant woman, short and plumpish. In 1928, during a visit to Sweden, the writer had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Gustavsson. We talked about the weather and the city and all went well—until I mentioned Greta. Instantly, her whole attitude changed. She seemed to resent even the mention of her famous daughter—and, apparently, I had lost her confidence by touching upon a delicate subject. I was told that she refused to discuss Greta with anyone—and I would have given much to penetrate that mysterious wall of reticence. Why should she—this "should-have-been"-proud mother—act so strangely? Had she and Greta had a misunderstanding—or was she simply carrying out the policy of secrecy and mystery that had set Garbo apart from all other movie stars? During her recent stay in Stockholm, Greta has seen more of old friends than of her family. What is the explanation for this?

While in Sweden, I also learned again the truth of the old saying about a prophet being without honor in his own country. In Sweden, no Garbo picture—from "The Torrent" right down to "Susan Lenox"—has ever been a box-office sensation, as her pictures have been in this country. "Susan Lenox," which opened soon after her arrival, was reviewed calmly, not extravagantly. There were no "raves." Her pictures have been well received there, but neither in press notices nor box-office records have they compared with "The Love Parade," "Pagan Love Song," "Fox Movietone Follies," "Seventh Heaven," and several others. Jeanette MacDonald is a bigger favorite in Sweden than Garbo. For a direct comparison, Jeanette *packed* one big theatre for more than fifteen weeks, whereas Greta in "A Woman of Affairs," even though co-starred with John Gilbert (who was popularly believed to be in love with her), barely lasted five. Figure this out if you can.

Greta's recent lengthy stay in Stockholm, however, has helped her popularity—which suffered greatly during the Olympics, when stories drifted back that she had declined to be honorary hostess to the Swedish team. Among those on the team were several famous Swedish horsemen, all titled noblemen, of distinguished ancestry, outstanding intelligence and breeding. They were under the leadership of Colonel Count Knute Bonde, one of the best-known and best-loved sportsmen in Europe.

Dodged Own Countrymen

THE writer interviewed the Count as to the chances of his team—the interview taking place about seven o'clock one morning at the Riviera Club in Santa Monica. Count Bonde broke off, during an enthusiastic account of his team, to watch a lone figure on horseback approaching us. When the rider came closer, the Count rode over, stretched out his hand, and said, "Hello, Greta." Dusty and with perspiration streaming down her face, the rider was no one but Garbo. She explained that she was out for an early-morning canter to avoid crowds. She spoke cordially enough to the sixty-five-year-old Count, but when he suggested that she wait a moment so that he could call his fellow team-members together and present them to her, Greta scored another four stars. She struck the spurs into her horse and galloped away. Count Bonde laughingly related the incident to his fellow-officers, who all laughed and seemed to be of the same opinion: "Who cares?"

Incidents like this have made Garbo inexplicable even to her own countrymen, as her mystery and passionate search of solitude have baffled Americans. But she seems to be shedding her "mystery" and coming out of her isolation.

Much of the credit for Garbo's "mystery" has gone—rightly or wrongly— to Harry Eddington, who has been her manager for several years. In Hollywood, it is popularly taken for granted that it was he who encouraged the isolation and no-interview campaign, shrewdly foreseeing that it would whet public curiosity about her. But Greta is not under the management of Harry Eddington any more. And might this augur an abandonment of the "mystery" rôle?

She is now under the wing of Robert Reud, who was formerly connected with theatrical enterprises as a public relations counsel. She expects to spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. Reud at their Long Island home very soon. The fact that Reud is experienced in introducing stage personalities to the public gives a further tip-off that Garbo is seriously—very seriously—considering a stage career.

Has Started Theatre Already

ALSO, during her stay in Stockholm, she has formed a partnership in a theatrical venture with Mlle. Naima Wifstrand, prominent Swedish opera star and her lifelong friend. They have converted a private house into a small theatre, which they will call The New Intime Theatre. There they will present plays of artistic merit that seldom see production, because they are not box-office successes. Operating expenses will be met by private subscription among Stockholm drama-lovers. This gives still another hint that Greta has an overwhelm-

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Radio Stars—They're All Headed for Hollywood

(*Continued from page 73*)

Baruch—all well-known radio announcers—appeared in "The Big Broadcast." You're likely to see some of them again!

Phillips Lord, the *Seth Parker* of the air, brought his radio version of rural American life to the screen in "Way Back Home"—which had a moderate success. Hollywood, however, doubts that he could repeat it. That is the difficulty of bringing the character-actors of radio to the screen—their material is so individual that they can be expected to do only one form of characterization.

And several screen stars, realizing that the radio audience is the biggest audience in America, have taken to doing their stuff on the air, as well as on the screen. Eddie Cantor is the most successful example. His pictures are few and far between—but the public doesn't forget Cantor; he's on the air every week, and he has a way of whetting up curiosity to see him when his pictures do come along. Al Jolson has recently been doing the same thing. Maurice Chevalier tried radio a year or two ago—but radio audiences missed that smile of his, and that look in his eyes, and his hat at an angle; he wasn't the same Chevalier to them on the air, as on the screen.

Radio Brought Buddy Back

BUDDY ROGERS left the movies a year ago to sign a contract—a great big one—with a broadcasting company, leading a jazz orchestra and singing. Now, movie producers have made Buddy offers again. Only, in Buddy's case, the producers are jealous of the broadcasters. They would like Buddy to belong to the screen exclusively—so that people would have to go to movie theatres even to hear him. In Buddy's case, they apparently feel that the usual theory about radio audiences augmenting movie audiences might not hold good—and that if the girls could *hear* Buddy at home, they might not spend all that money to go downtown to a theatre and *see* him. But Fox has just signed Buddy, just the same.

Morton Downey met and married Barbara Bennett, sister of Constance and Joan, when he was in Hollywood in the early days of the talkies. When singing talkies faded, he went on the air—and to-day he is one of the kingpins of radio, with a salary as large as that of the high-priced screen stars. Lately, he has been making shorts—and they have been clicking. Don't be surprised if he returns to Hollywood. Amos 'n' Andy will soon appear on the screen again—in cartoon form this time, with their radio-famous voices supplying the dialogue.

Some of the most popular people on the radio are the masters of ceremonies. Jack Benny, who did the honors in "The Hollywood Revue," is now making a big hit on the air; and when screen revues come back—and they will—he'll be one of the first the producers will think of for a master-of-ceremonies rôle. Another is Ben Bernie, who is probably the best-known program-kidder of any of the broadcasters—and has a smooth orchestra to work with him, besides. Fred Allen, long a droll Broadway comic, is becoming more popular every week as a radio master-of-ceremonies; it won't be long now before he's deluged with movie offers. Jay C. Flippen has started making movie shorts.

Hollywood has captured most of the Broadway talent; it has about exhausted the foreign market for talent. Where else can producers look for new faces and new picture possibilities, except in the broadcasting stations? Well, that's where they *are* looking!

Figure is half of
smart appearance

LAURA LA PLANTE, *lovely motion-picture star, wears metal cloth with precious fur for her evening ensemble; and on the beach an utterly simple, hand-knitted maillot.*

MODERN CLOTHES require a gently rounded figure to achieve the best effect. Fortunately this figure of fashion is also the figure of health. So those of us who must reduce can gain both health and smartness.

But unless the reducing diet is planned with care, vitality and complexions are endangered. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise, skins may become sallow. Eyes lose their brightness. Wrinkles and pimples appear.

Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes the required "bulk"—and also supplies vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that found in leafy vegetables.

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RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Enjoy ALL-BRAN as a tasty cereal with milk—or cook into fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than taking patent medicines—so often habit-forming.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Filled with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups" wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

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Are MEN too POLITE to you at parties?

Gray hair sets you apart, brings you respect instead of heart-warming admiration.

So correct—offering you refreshments—making sure you're comfortable—while everyone else is dancing. There's no denying it—gray hair sets up a barrier that keeps men at a distance.

Why *welcome* Heartbreak Age? Youth is precious, not to be given up lightly. Banish gray hair that makes you look years older than you should—steals those happy moments that make life bright and varied.

Notox is a new scientific method that recolors your hair undetectably. Instead of crusting the hair with a surface plate of dye as do ordinary dyes and "restorers" Notox gently penetrates the shaft and colors it inside where nature does. Your hair remains beautifully soft, lustrous and natural. Wash it, wave it, expose it to the sun all you like—Notoxed hair retains its natural, even shade as permanently as nature's own color.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Or buy Notox at any smart shop. *Resent a substitute*—a like product does not exist.

• *Send for free copy of the fascinating booklet "Heartbreak Age". We will give you, too, the address of a convenient beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Sales Affiliates, Inc., Dept. 51, 33 W. 46 St., New York.*

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX
Colors hair inside where nature does

"Go West"—If You're An Adult!

(*Continued from page 33*)

I pointed out these facts to Mae the day I visited her and Boogey in her Hollywood apartment. There never was an apartment like hers inhabited by a celebrity. No books, no flowers, no pictures. Just an apartment like a thousand others in Hollywood, only less pretentious than most.

The new star was wearing a simple, burgundy-colored velvet dressing gown, which emphasized the whiteness of her skin. She is smaller than she appeared in "She Done Him Wrong," and her figure is more svelte than the picture allowed.

How Does She Explain It All?

"MISS WEST," said I, "you represent through your characterizations an era that is gone—a period when ladies wore trailing, spangled gowns and ostrich plumes on their enormous hats. Strictly speaking, you are very old-fashioned, out-dated! How, then, do you explain your popularity in this modern, sophisticated day?"

Meanwhile, Boogey was jumping around the room gleefully, but when his mistress answered my pointed question with a surprised and nasal, "What's that you said?," he jumped right on top of my head and tore my hat off.

For want of anything better to say, I exclaimed, "Well!" And then Miss West proved that she is a woman equal to any situation by saying to the little monkey, "Get off the lady's head, Boogey honey, and give her a nice kiss." Which Boogey did; then we shook hands all around and proceeded with the interview.

"What d'you mean—I'm old-fashioned, out-dated? Why, I'm seven years ahead of the time right now with my kind of stories, dialogue and technique. And that isn't meant as bragging, either. I was seven years ahead of my time when I wrote my sensationally successful play, 'Sex,' which ran for two years on Broadway before the authorities discovered it was a forbidden subject. Everybody went to see it and said how clever it was for two solid years, and then all of a sudden somebody discovered that sex wasn't a proper title for a play!

"Different—Like Cagney"

"MY style and technique are like Jimmy Cagney's. He's a big hit because he's different. He's fresh and he's got nerve. Listen, I've been on the stage since I was five years old and I know the show business and audiences. The characters I play, the people and time I write about in my shows, may be of a closed period, as you say. Sure, but they're fundamentally modern because they're real. And real people are always modern because they keep abreast of the times, and they defy the conventions that make for hypocrisy. Sure, I'm so ultra-modern that I'm old-fashioned. That's the *real* truth of the matter.

"Why do audiences respond to my characterizations? Because they recognize honesty in them. I give them a character with all the works. No hooey. A real woman who is honest and fearless and expects no more from life than what she has put into it. She may be clever in getting herself out of tight spots but she's never yellow. People admire cleverness, resourcefulness, and they applaud honesty. They despise a quitter and a crook.

"I deal with the fundamental things of life as it has been lived and always will be lived. The way things are happening fast in the world to-day, we know that a nation can change almost overnight. But there's one thing that never changes. It's love. Life. Sex. That's what I'm talking about."

I asked Miss West if a steady growth of her present popularity wouldn't indicate that Horace Greeley was right when he advised youth to "go West."

"Sure," she laughed, "that's a great piece of advice for adults. And I'm glad that adults laugh at *Diamond Lil* and her gang. I think she's as funny as everything, myself. She has a funny slant on life.

Thinking of the Children

"THE movies are something new to me. I've got to feel my way around in them. I'll know better what to put into my next pictures from time to time. Of course, you know I'm used to feeding fast lines, especially written for first-night audiences, to the wise theatergoers. But I know that can't be done in the movies. Too many young people to think about.

"Hollywood's O. K. so far as I'm concerned. Only I think it's a terrible thing that I was robbed of my jewels and lots of money as soon as I landed out here. That could never have happened to me in New York or Chicago. I know too many of the boys there. I've befriended them on too many occasions. They're out to protect me always, never to hold me up and take away my valuables."

I asked Mae West why she lived in such simple style—that is, compared with the elegant manner that most celebrities do.

"Because I hate pose and flub-dub," she answered directly. "Anyway, I'm always too busy to go in for a lot of front, and, besides, I know too many people who are down and out. I get a lot of pleasure out of helping others.

"I don't go in for Hollywood parties, either. I know just about everybody in the business, but my main diversions are work and the prize fights. And am I crazy over fights and fighters! I go to a fight somewhere every night.

Likes 'Em "Different"

"MY father was a prize-fighter and he always fascinated me as a kid. I thought he was great. I've known 'pugs' all of my life and they never fail to give me a 'kick.' They're a great lot of specimens, entirely different from other men. They think different. And they're colorful.

"Now, as to putting my characters in a different environment, as you suggest, in different surroundings, well—I think the environment they've been in has been colorful and interesting. Different—you know. As for making *Lil* a goody-goody type, I never will, because I think goody-goody women are dull and are usually covering up something. I hate hypocrites.

"Of course, there's Betsy Ross, in history. She was a mighty good woman. But what did she do? She made a *flag!* Now that wasn't meant to be disrespectful or unpatriotic. It's all in fun."

Unpatriotic! If anybody insulted America in Mae West's presence, an explanation would forthwith have to be made directly to her and, what's more, she probably would make Boogey tear a head off instead of a hat. She's a zestful, stimulating person, this Mae West, and most exemplary in certain personal habits. She neither smokes nor drinks.

"And I'll tell you why," she explained. "I don't like liquor, so I never drink it. And I never smoke, except for a rôle, because I think smoking gives a woman of my type a 'bummy' look."

And that, dear readers, is that! From the screen's most "wicked" lady. Mae West may shock our grandmothers, but, then, that makes things even. Because our grandmothers shock Mae, for all of the precious old dears do smoke!

The Secret of Peggy Hopkins Joyce—What Every Young Beauty Should Know!

(*Continued from page 64*)

How She Wins Admirers

SHE is the most ardently, sincerely and naturally "appreciative" woman I have ever encountered in eight years of meeting famous beauties and actresses! I think this is the real secret of Peggy Hopkins Joyce . . .

I think this is the incense that has inspired men to lay their names, their jewels and their adulation at her feet. Gratitude is such a homely little virtue—and yet, as practised by this famous beauty, it is more heady than the wiliest siren trick. It is beautiful to watch. You can almost see the victims of Peggy's enthusiastic "thank-you's" warming their hands at it, basking in the well-being it promotes. Gratitude *can* be so artificial and coquettish in the hands of popular beauties; it can so often be "just an act" to court more favors; and if they do not need to court favors, it can so often be indifferent. But Peggy is neither coquettish nor indifferent.

I first saw it when a young press-agent showed her a headline story about herself and her coming picture on the dramatic page. Peggy did not notice the headline. She was looking, through a jeweled lorgnette initialed "P. H. J.," down among the short items. "No," said the gentleman, "you're looking in the wrong place . . . up there in the banner line!"

"Not a *banner line!*" said Peggy—and, oh, the way she said it! "What in the world could you have said about me that rated a banner?" (This from the woman who has not been out of headlines since she was sixteen years old.) She was as genuinely pleased as though she was seeing her first press notice for the first time.

Some More Proofs of It

IT was the same when her manager arrived, bearing a box of pink roses "to welcome her to her dressing-room." Peggy, who must have received enough flowers in her day to swing a cable of orchids from here to China, accepted them as though she never expected to see another florist box. And when the little hairdresser finished setting her wave, Peggy said, "Thank you, my dear. It looks beautiful, thanks to your pains."

For the cameraman who had been waiting so patiently for so long to get a picture, she broke off one of the rosebuds and slipped it in his lapel. She smiled: "That for you—for being so patient with me. I promise you that we won't be much longer. I know you have other things to do!"

Such a simple little phrase, "Thank you"—so easy to say.

And yet that hairdresser was itching to get at Peggy's coiffure to make it look even more beautiful!

And the cameraman would have waited until Judgment Day for that picture and have broken his neck to get a lovely pose.

Already the P.-A.'s eyes revealed that he was planning another banner line.

Yet people wonder that Peggy is the possessor of a single diamond weighing 150 carats and they explain it as mere "beauty" and "opportunity"!

And now she is in Hollywood, where handsome, wealthy and "eligible" men abound—and where popular beauties are likely to go high-hat. But not Peggy. And one of the town's most girl-shy lads has discovered and appreciated that fact—for he is seen everywhere with her. His name is Jack Oakie. Watch for developments.

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THIS SAFE SCIENTIFIC WAY

- Here is the safe, scientific method for removing corns, the method that has given quick, sure relief to millions of corn sufferers for 35 years.
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At all druggists'—25c
Special sizes for bunions and calluses

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

1 SOAK FOOT ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.

2 APPLY BLUE-JAY, centering the pad directly over the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

A is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn.

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HEMP MASSAGER

4^{75} *Complete with scalp applicators and extension handle.*

"Me and the Prince" — George Raft's Own Story

(*Continued from page 49*)

The car stopped outside the glowing entrance to the Monseigneur Club where, the lights over the door told you, Roy Fox and his band were playing, and a couple calling themselves "George Raft and Partner" were giving a dancing exhibition.

The four occupants of the car went into the Club and immediately were escorted to a special table. The place was soon buzzing with excited whispers, and ten minutes later George Raft and his partner were performing for the first time before royalty. The four people at the special table were the Prince of Wales, his aide, Lady Louis Mountbatten and a friend.

That was the night that the heir to the British throne and the suave, cynical man who was later to storm Hollywood's citadel first saw each other.

Now, the Prince of Wales' favorite recreation is dancing, but at that time it was certainly not one of the things he did best. He had but scant knowledge of the latest steps, little idea of the rhythm required. He was fascinated by the smoothness of Raft's performance. He watched him and his partner as they tangoed and waltzed and gave new intricacies to the commonplace fox-trot.

When they were finished, he called the head-waiter. "You might ask Mr. Raft and his partner to join us after they have dressed," he said.

Embarrassing Moments for George

SO, that night three years ago, as we sat at a table close by, we watched a supposedly nonchalant, slick Broadwayite stammer and stutter over his first introduction to England's crown prince. It was a strange meeting. The Prince was animated by the gay scene around him, but his face looked tired and his eyes showed the work and the worry of his position. George Raft was embarrassed to find that he had hardly anything to say, alarmed to think that his language might not be the Prince's language.

I think perhaps it was the presence of Lady Mountbatten and her friend that caused George Raft so much confusion. The Prince has a way of putting men at their ease, of talking with them on their own subjects, of laughing and joking with them.

But beautiful Lady Mountbatten, even though at heart she is a good sort, has a regal look and a precise enunciation which must necessarily embarrass a man whose women friends hitherto have been much more easygoing.

Later that night, after the ladies had left, George Raft went with the Prince and his aide to York House, the Prince's town residence. There they sat and talked for two or three hours, with George Raft thawing out under the persuasion of two whiskeys-and-soda, and talking easily.

He told them of Arnold Rothstein, the New York gambler who was shot in 1928; of Nicky Arnstein and Al Capone, Jack Diamond and Walter Winchell, Florenz Ziegfeld and George White. Raft had met them all, and the Prince of Wales had only read of them in the newspapers.

Changed His Idea of Royalty

"I DIDN'T think at first that a Prince should be told about such things," George Raft said. "I didn't know much about princes, see? I thought they sort of wrapped them up and took care of them. How was I to know that the Prince read the papers, that he knew about Capone and Diamond? How was I to know he'd be interested in me merely because I'd met them?

"I thought princes were people who read books about philosophy—and I never read books, see? I've no time. I get all I want out of the newspapers and out of people. If I want to read about anything, I buy a tabloid. The tabs sum it up as quick as I want it.

"I never imagined a guy like the Prince, who has probably read every book published, would ever want to know about a mug like me. I thought he'd flummox me by asking about my defense mechanism and that stuff.

"But he was regular. He sort of skirted all around the subjects I was hazy on. He seemed really interested when I told him about my life in America. He told me I was a wise guy when I told him why I came over to England to dance. I said I wanted to see what London was like, and that seemed the only way to find out.

"Then he asked me why I didn't see the rest of England, and I told him, 'Well, our engagement's coming to an end and the labor bureau will probably tell us to go home, see?' He laughed at that. He said, 'Well, what if I fixed that up for you?'

Instructor "By Appointment"

"I LOOKED at him in amazement. Was this the Prince of Wales offering to do me favors? Then he said, 'How'd you like to teach me to dance? You'll have plenty of time on your hands to get about and see what you wish, and for an hour a day you can try and make me as good a performer as yourself.'

"'Swell,' I said, and we fixed it up. The next thing I knew, I was attending York House every day and going through routines with the Prince. We had some great times together. I got to know him so much that I could even loosen up in my language and he didn't seem to mind at all. And whenever we finished he'd take me in and we'd have whiskeys-and-soda and he'd make me talk about America.

"As a matter of fact, he really knew more about my own country than I did, myself, because before his trip to America some years ago he studied up the subject thoroughly, read a lot of books, you know, and really got to know the place intimately. So we had to keep off social questions, because he'd stump me there, and stick to the gangsters and the con men I'd met.

"He was a good learner, was the Prince, and I soon had him in pretty fine shape as a dancer. Before I knew it he'd mastered most of my technique, and when we'd go out together in the evenings, he gave such a good account of himself that everybody wanted me to give them lessons.

"But I was getting homesick for New York. London hasn't enough bright lights, and there's no Broadway, and the tabloids you buy in the mornings are lukewarm sheets that don't give you nothing to read. I wanted to go home, to see the boys again, to stroll along Forty-Second Street and tell the world about England.

May Go Back Soon

"SO I told the Prince I was getting out, and he didn't try to persuade me not to go—just gave me a grand time up until the boat sailed, and asked me to come back some time. Gee, it's princes like that who make you look up to royalty. There's something in it, see, else a guy like me, who's been on cynical Broadway most of his life, wouldn't like a fellow who does nothing all day but sit in a throne room and watch fellows bow to him."

Once you do get him talking of the Prince, he is slick and easy enough on the subject. But there is feeling behind George Raft's suave words—emotion you might never expect from him. You get the impression, somehow, that George Raft would do anything for the Prince of Wales, that he'd beat up any fellow who cast a slur at England's heir.

And perhaps that feeling is reciprocated, too. Because when they showed "Night After Night" in London a few weeks ago, the Prince of Wales was one of the first customers and one of the biggest applauders. They tell me now that he is trying to arrange a special showing of "Undercover Man" at York House for his friends.

That's how they're keeping in touch, now, these two friends—one through pictures like "Night After Night," the other through the newsreels that reach this side. They're always in the audience when there's a film of either of them to be shown.

"And maybe," George Raft said in a sudden burst of confidence, "maybe we'll see each other in the flesh soon. That's not a statement, though. You get me—just a maybe. I might not go, see? I might not go. But I'd like to see the Prince again."

And the Prince would probably like to see his friend again, too.

Garbo—Now It Can Be Told!

(*Continued from page 82*)

ing ambition to give the world dramatic art of intellectual caliber. And this is just a start.

Garbo, as a home-town girl who made good in the world's movie capital, has made no attempt to dazzle Stockholm with her famous glamour. She has gone about in tweeds and brogues and slouch hats. She tucks her hair up under her hat, and wears no make-up. There, as in Hollywood, she has kept up her walking for exercise. But even this has not kept her from gaining weight, and winning back some of her old-time curves, from her reunion with rich Swedish dishes. So she has also been playing tennis, often with Max Gumpel, to keep her weight down. One photographer attempted to snap her picture as she was playing. She frustrated his plans by breaking her racket over his head and demolishing his camera. She still detests being photographed when she doesn't want to be photographed. She still avoids interviewers. She still insists that her private life and her appearance in private life are her own private concern.

Garbo is independent. The whole world knows that. But she intends to cherish that independence far more now than ever before. She does not want to be tied down by any long-term Hollywood contract—even at a salary that would make her the highest-paid actress of all time. She may do one picture; she may even do two or three. She would like to appear in a semi-historical movie with a Scandinavian setting—something like "Queen Christine" or a drama based on the vivid life of Countess Maria Pavlowa. Notice the Scandinavian angle. She would like to impress upon the world that, first and foremost, she is a Scandinavian. For once she had done that, it would be that much easier for theatre-goers to picture her as an Ibsen or Strindberg heroine!

No one except Greta Garbo knows what she will do next. But now it has been told—Garbo WANTS to go on the stage! Perhaps here, perhaps abroad—but somewhere!

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The Inside Story About Katharine Hepburn's "Mystery"

(*Continued from page 35*)

sole ambition of Katharine's young life. She also had athletic yearnings—and took delight in besting her brothers at "doing stunts" on the trapeze in the Hepburn backyard, and in swimming and diving. Also, in her school days, she was locally renowned as a figure skater and a golfer. When she was 17, she qualified in a state golf tournament for women.

Figuring Out Her Age

KATHARINE was graduated from the Oxford School, an exclusive day school for girls, in 1924—and that Fall she entered Bryn Mawr, enrolling in the Class of 1928. If Katharine was of the average age when she entered college, she must have been either seventeen or eighteen, which would set her birth year as either 1906 or 1907. Moreover, according to the Hartford papers, Katharine was graduated from Bryn Mawr in June, 1928. At college, she had gone in for the dramatic productions, and when she came home, she stated that now she intended to work up to Broadway.

She went down to Baltimore with the ambition of joining the Knopf Stock Company. Her magnetism and amazing self-assurance secured a hearing for this gangly, untrained youngster. Yet there was little doubt after a tryout in minor rôles in two plays that she assuredly was *not* an actress. Such was her intense and devastating ambition, however, that she continued to seek an outlet for that dynamic and unabating energy of hers. *There was a spark in her—no question about that.* She went to New York and studied stage technique and dancing (for poise).

After a short period of instruction, she landed a minor rôle in John Golden's "Night Hostess," trying out in Minneapolis. But before the show could get to Broadway, she had the offer of the feminine lead in "The Big Pond"—and grabbed it, only to be dropped "for lack of experience."

But was Katharine discouraged? She was more determined than ever! She wasn't long in landing a small rôle in "These Days." Then came a period of understudying Hope Williams in "Holiday"—and when it ended, she hopped a boat to see the shows in Paris. When she returned, she stepped into the cast of "Death Takes a Holiday" (the girl seemed to run to "holidays")—but once more was dropped. That was in 1929.

Next, she found herself in "A Month in the Country" with Nazimova, which was followed by another trip to Europe. In the summer of 1930, she acted at the Berkshire Playhouse at Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

In the winter of 1930, she really clicked for the first time in "Art and Mrs. Bottle," starring Jane Cowl. The next summer, she played with the Ivoryton Players of Ivoryton, Connecticut. And that Fall came her big hit—as the *Warrior* in "The Warrior's Husband." Movie scouts spotted her, and she went West to support John Barrymore and Billie Burke in "A Bill of Divorcement." (Billie is now supporting Katharine in "Christopher Strong"!)

In 1930, while she was with the Berkshire Playhouse, she met Laura Harding, now her inseparable companion. And Laura Harding is socially entrenched in New York, and wealthy. When she became the constant confidante of Katharine Hepburn, the reporters falsely assumed that that must mean that the actress was wealthy, too.

But how did the myth of the Sixteen Million Dollars originate? In this fashion: On Katharine's arrival in Hollywood, a publicity man, noting that her car was No. 16 and knowing that she was not a gutter child, immediately invested her with this nice, round sum for the edification of sensation-hungry writers. Then she arrived at the studio in a Hispano-Suiza. No one took the trouble to discover that she hired the car by the day and only much later purchased it for a small sum.

Between hirings and firings in the difficult period of her stage apprenticeship, Katharine found time to marry Ludlow Smith, young New York insurance broker. They have been married about three and a half years. And according to Hartford friends of the Hepburns, who might be supposed to know, the agreement when they married was that he would not attempt to interfere with her career, even if it separated them for six months at a time (which it is now doing.)

Since fame came to her, she "forgets" when questioned about that marriage. But Katharine Hepburn *is* married.

She has been reported as having no less than two children. People who insist They Knew Her When claim that before her name was blazoned on theatre marquees she discussed them often in "the old days." Katharine doesn't bother to deny it. But she has no children. That tip-off comes straight from Hartford.

The Dream That Came True

IN Hartford, incidentally, the recent social season was opened with a showing of "A Bill of Divorcement," sponsored by the Hartford Junior League to raise proceeds for their day nursery. Katharine, who was in Hartford just before the event was to take place, told a reporter, "Is the Junior League showing to be at the Strand? How thrilling! How often I sat in that theatre and longed to be a movie queen!" And doesn't that prove she is typically American?

This extraordinary girl is undoubtedly a vital and disturbing personality. She has a plastic, fluid grace—arresting and electric. Yet it cannot be said that "A Bill of Divorcement" has firmly entrenched her among the film great. She, herself, has repeatedly insisted that it will take several pictures to prove if she is an actress.

For *Sidney*, the rôle she played in "A Bill of Divorcement," is known as an actress-proof part. Katharine Hepburn has too discerning and brilliant a mind not to have realized that she was slated for instantaneous adulation with her interpretation of the rôle of desperate, heart-torn *Sidney*. Her achievement in this needed no bolstering with shallow and empty dissemblements.

Yet she built a wall of mystery around her personal background, her education, and her social standing. The extreme clothes she has worn are no novelty; she has always worn them. But the mystification came with Hollywood. Why? Is she emulating Garbo, instead of being her own frank self?

"There is nothing in my life," says Katharine Hepburn, "of which I need to be ashamed, nothing I need to hide, nothing I am afraid to have come out."

That is undoubtedly true—for her record is that of a sane and sensible girl who, having been born, has grown up, and followed her ambition, and made the average number of mistakes, and has had the average number of disappointments and disillusionments. And at last her star is hung high.

If it continues to hang there, it will be, from now on, without benefit of woman-made mystery. For all the Katharine Hepburn myths have at last been exploded!

Once a Stilt-Walker, and Still Stepping High

(*Continued from page 60*)

laugh, and a restful absence of an intellectual burden, a serious purpose, or a burning ambition. Cary is gay and gregarious, and very talkative in a light, frothy way. It's hard to stop him when he gets going on frivolous subjects like money or neckties. But when it comes to talking about himself, he's as balky as a mule.

"I know *me* so well!" is one of his favorite phrases, and perhaps he does. But he's very reluctant to surrender any of the inside information on that subject. Anything he says about himself is so offhand and perfunctory that from his own testimony you get only the sketchiest impression of him. Seldom have I seen a man so little inclined to pour out his soul, and you have to scratch around and dig in order to wrest even the bare facts of life from him.

What His Real Name Is

HE was born in Bristol, England, one January 18th, with no silver spoon in his mouth. "There was a spoon," he says, "but not silver. Just an average spoon." His father was a clothing manufacturer, but his grandfather was an actor, and though the profession wasn't mentioned much in the Leach household (Cary's name was Archie Leach until Paramount changed all that), it may have been heredity that gave him leanings toward the theatre. At any rate, he was stage-struck before he was hardly out of the cradle.

Satisfying a secondary passion first, Cary was an amateur electrician. He seemed to know instinctively all about splicing wires and fixing fuses, and drove his family and friends crazy by insisting on wiring their houses from top to bottom. He wired everything he could get his hands on, and it was only to be expected that the local theatre would not escape. During a holiday from college, he helped a friend who was the theatre electrician. While in the process of rigging up lighting effects, he became acquainted with a troupe of acrobats—and college, and even electricity, suddenly seemed to him stale and unprofitable.

He promptly ran away from home with the troupe, and was an acrobat's assistant for four glorious weeks, until his father arrived and marched him off home again to finish school. Two years later, with an amazing singleness of purpose, he went right back to his old job with the same old acrobats.

In self-justification, Cary explains, "In England, you see, they don't have the 'allez-oop!' type of acrobat with the bulging biceps. They have very refined acrobats who look like ordinary people and have a much better act than the others."

Came to America as Acrobat

BY this time he had learned to do all their handsprings and other feats, and was a full-fledged acrobat when the troupe went to America and appeared at the Hippodrome in New York. At the end of that engagement, his yen for cartwheels and somersaults having been satisfied, he thought he could get ahead better in the theatrical business by himself.

"But I was mistaken," he says. "I almost starved."

You've probably often wondered about the private lives of those men who walk up and down on enormous stilts to ballyhoo some current show. The chances are that they're ex-acrobats with empty stomachs. That's what Cary was when he did stilt-walking at Coney Island for a while, until his luck changed and he managed to get back to England. He is virtually the only

(*Continued on page 91*)

THE AMERICAN MISS IS FASTIDIOUS.
ZIP
IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT
Permanent!

YOURS—without cost—my twenty-five years experience in giving thousands of women treatments for permanently destroying superfluous hair. Every package of *ZIP* Epilator contains it.

When you buy *ZIP* you are availing yourself of a product for destroying superfluous hair which millions of women have used, and which does all I claim for it. It is mild and fragrant, and ideal for face treatments. *ZIP* gently and quickly gets at the cause and frees you of superfluous hair.

Formerly $5.00 . . . Now $1.00. There is no other Epilator available for destroying hair this way.

And if you prefer a cream depilatory, use

ZiP
PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

This is by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Simply spread on and rinse off. If you have been using less improved methods you will marvel at this white, fragrant cream, as delightful as your choicest cold cream. It is the most modern and instantly removes every vestige of hair. No fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

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DEODORANT STICK
New
Smart
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So simple now to banish every suggestion of perspiration odor. Modern attractive stick used like a lipstick. Will not irritate skin and harm clothing. 50¢.

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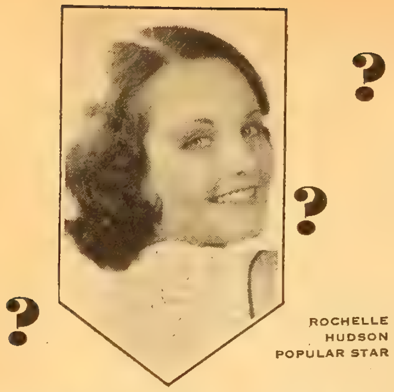

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POPULAR STAR

WHO IS SHE?

Wherever she goes, women envy her — men admire and whisper eagerly, "Who is that girl with the wonderful hair?"

Such hair is a precious possession. Yet there is no mystery about it. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo can make *your hair* lovelier than you ever hoped—no matter how dull and lifeless it may seem to you now! More than an ordinary shampoo. In addition to cleansing, it adds a subtle "tiny-tint" — not much — hardly perceptible. But what a vast difference it makes! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 631 Rainier Ave., Dept. E
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

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Address ____________________

City __________ State __________

Color of my hair ____________________

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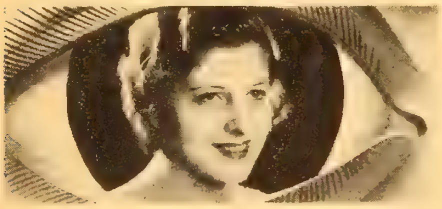
UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
403 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California



How do you look through HIS eyes?

If you'd be confident of a lovely complexion, for Him to see, entrust your skin to Luxor. Luxor Powder is delicate, fine, pure. It clings for hours. Brings skin satin-smoothness. Luxor's scent is alluring too. (It's La Richesse, an imported perfume, that sells for $16 the ounce.)

And Luxor is sensibly priced—at 50c a box. Why not try it? It's at stores everywhere, or you can send the coupon for a generous sample.

Luxor Complexion POWDER

Tested and Approved by the Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

FIFTY CENTS THE BOX
but we couldn't make it better for $5

CLIP THE COUPON

LUXOR, Ltd., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a generous trial package of Luxor Powder and Rouge. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover the cost of mailing, etc.

Check, *Powder:* Rose Rachel____ Rachel____ Flesh____
Rouge: Roseblush____ Medium ____ Vivid____
MP-5 Radiant____ Sunglow____ Pastel____

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. The rumors around the film city are to the effect that when the Zasu Pitts-Tom Gallery divorce decree is made final, Tom will marry Madge Evans, on whom he has been showering attentions since his separation. However, while Zasu was once all broken up over the busted romance, things have changed. She has been stepping out with the tennis champion, J. E. Woodall, and if things are what they seem, that will be another wedding.

2. Kathleen Burke, the 19-year-old Chicago girl who defeated 60,000 candidates in a contest for the rôle of the *Panther Woman* in the film "Island of Lost Souls," was married February 25th to Glen Rardin, photographer and former college athlete. Rardin, who had been courting Miss Burke in Chicago, followed her to Hollywood when she was given a screen contract.

3. Polly Moran, the screen comic who has been teamed in comedies with Marie Dressler, has asked Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to release her from her film contract and they have consented. Miss Moran believes that there is a wider field for her particular kind of talent in personal appearances and radio work than motion pictures offer and wants to try her hand at it.

4. Walter Hiers, the rotund comedian whose motion picture career recalls the very early screen days, died from pneumonia on February 27th. It came as quite a shock to Hollywood as he had only been ill a short time.

5. Mary Carr, who will be remembered for her excellent portrayal of the rôle of the mother in the silent version of "Over the Hill," now finds herself almost as destitute as the mother she portrayed in that picture. She has had to move her family from their very modest quarters because she was sued for back rent, being several months in arrears. However, the screen mother has hopes that she will get a break shortly.

6. Arline Judge, screen luminary and her director-husband, Wesley Ruggles, announced the arrival of a six-pound-seven-ounce boy on the 4th of February. Arline says she will return to picture work after a brief rest.

7. Lilian Harvey, recently arrived from Germany to appear in American films, has issued a statement that she is not married to Willy Fritsch, the German film actor. However, Miss Harvey admits she and Willy are in love and that she misses him very much, but it takes more than a denial from the party concerned to convince a lot of people, especially when said party is a movie star.

8. Lydell Peck, who has been unsuccessful in his attempts to win back Janet Gaynor, to whom he has been married since September 11th, 1929, is now being seen going places with Catherine Dale Owen, beautiful star of stage and screen. The know-it-alls with long memories claim that Lydell showed a romantic interest in the blonde Catherine long before he met Janet.

9. Work on "Lilly Turner" was held up because Ruth Chatterton, its star, was injured when two of her fingers were caught in the closing door of her automobile and broken. George Brent, Ruth's husband, is her leading man in this picture which will go into production again as soon as the painful injury heals.

10. According to California laws, a divorced person cannot adopt a child and the same holds for any couple whose marital status changes during the first year of the adoption, therefore, much to their sorrow, neither Marian Nixon nor her husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., will be able to keep the child they adopted on December 19, 1932, before they separated.

11. Buster Keaton, the frozen-faced comedian whose divorce from Natalie Talmadge will not become final until some time in August, admits he was married to May Scribben on January 8th, in Ensenada, Mexico.

12. The wise-cracking Jack Oakie, who was never an example of what the well-dressed man will wear, preferring sweat shirts for all occasions, has now become very meticulous about his appearance. The change was brought about by the coming of Peggy Hopkins Joyce to Hollywood. Jack has been going places with Peggy and one must dress up to play escort to the famous Peggy and her collection of jewels.

13. Esther Ralston, who has been appearing in foreign films, returned to Hollywood for the purpose of selling at auction her home, one of Hollywood's show places, and its furnishings, valued at $300,000. Esther and her husband, George Webb, the director who acts as her manager, believe they have a better future in foreign films. She is the star of "Rome Express," recently released in America.

14. Mary Brian is keeping Hollywood guessing as to whether she is in love with Buddy Rogers or with the young and handsome screen player, Dick Powell. At times she and Buddy are seen together and at other times she is seen with Dick, but recently they surprised everybody by appearing as a threesome and looking as though they were all having a good time.

15. Maurice Chevalier, who has been doing some tall stepping out since he divorced Yvonne, who now signs her name ex-Chevalier, is quite popular with the ladies. Marlene Dietrich was receiving all his attention for a while, but since Lilian Harvey's arrival, she has been seen with him almost as much as Marlene. And they do say that Adrienne Ames and Marguerite Churchill have come in for their share of the Frenchman's time.

16. Bela Lugosi, the vampire star of "Dracula," who is about 45 years old was married to Lillian Rich, a 21-year-old Los Angeles girl. The wedding took place in Las Vegas, Nevada. This is one time where the villain got the pretty girl.

17. Boots Mallory has stopped denying the rumors and has finally admitted that there has been a rift between her and husband Charles Bennett, which will culminate in divorce. Too bad they couldn't make a go of it because they were regarded as one of Broadway and Hollywood's happiest pairs.

18. For some time gossip about a divorce between Joan Crawford and her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has been denied, but now Dame Rumor, who knows all, sees all and tells all, believes she has advance information on the subject and that there will be a separation—not a divorce—between Joan and Doug very soon. Have you read the story on page 27 of this issue?

19. Gilbert Wilson, young and handsome husband of Elsie Janis, is playing his first movie rôle in "The Warrior's Husband," that of *Achilles*. He screens so well that there is no doubt he will be in demand. Elsie keeps busy writing motion picture scenarios.

20. The picture on page 14 shows Clara Bow and Lilian Harvey when they were introduced in Berlin shortly after Clara's arrival and just before Lilian sailed for Hollywood. Both film stars are now making pictures at the Fox Studio.

Once a Stilt-Walker, and Still Stepping High

(*Continued from page 89*)

screen actor, with the possible exception of Jackie Cooper, who can name stilt-walking among his talents, and he's proud that he can do it.

Hunger sent him back to England in a practical frame of mind. He spent two years in a stock company, meanwhile learning to be a baritone, so that he could return to America all prepared to step into a career as leading man in Shubert musical comedies. In "Nikki," his last show before he went to Hollywood, Cary was conspicuous because he was the only member of the cast who could really sing, and unfortunately it was a musical play.

After that he drove to Hollywood with a friend, just for a vacation. Cary considers his picture career entirely an accident. But it seems to me that when a good-looking young actor deliberately goes to Hollywood and accepts an invitation to eat lunch at the Paramount studio, in full view of all the executives, he is meeting Chance half-way. An executive saw Cary, suggested a test, and away he went on the road to screen success.

Where His Money Goes

NOW only Cary Grant, the Haberdasher, remains to be considered. Cary has an intensely practical streak. He says he prefers acting to anything else, but he is an excellent business man, and ever since he has had any money to save, it has gone into haberdashery shops. It must be said to Cary's credit that he doesn't dress like a model for one of his stores. But he knows all that there is to know about what the well-turned-out man should wear, he does his own buying, and keeps a strict eye on the business. In New York he has a concession in a well-known men's tailor shop on Fifth Avenue, and in Los Angeles he has a shop with his own name above the door on Wilshire Boulevard.

"I chose haberdashery," he explains, "because I've been tremendously interested in it for years. My father was in the business, you see. I do my own buying, from English materials. As a matter of fact, I think the idea of the superiority of English haberdashery is a myth—Americans do such marvelous work now. The English probably originate things, but Americans make wonderful copies, and often improve on them. I buy English goods simply because most men like to have an English label in their clothes. It's just an affectation, and no longer has anything to do with the real quality of the goods."

There's one foreigner to whom America will never have to say, "Why don't you go back where you came from?"

That's as much as you need to know about Cary Grant for the present, except that he lives with Randolph Scott, and wears a yellow sweater and goes around with Virginia Cherrill, and has just made "The Woman Accused" with Nancy Carroll. (He and Nancy were also together in "Hot Saturday.") Don't be surprised if Miss Cherrill is soon Mrs. Grant. Some believe that she is already.

Later, if haberdashery doesn't get the upper hand, and good parts keep coming his way, we positively guarantee to give you the inside story of his soul.

Just to get it on the record, perhaps we'd better mention that he is six feet, one inch tall and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. His hobbies are music and electrical research—either of which could be his "ace in the hole" if he ever left the movies. And he is Paramount's "ace in the hole" if singing movies really come back. And it looks as if they will.

A SKINNY FELLOW HASN'T A CHANCE. I WISH I COULD GAIN SOME FLESH
YOU CAN—EASILY. I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO GAIN POUNDS QUICKLY. LISTEN—

Posed by professional models

Skinny! New way adds pounds *quicker than* BEER

Astonishing gains with sensational double tonic. Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

FOR years doctors have prescribed beer for skinny, run-down men and women who want to put on flesh. But now, thanks to a remarkable new scientific discovery, you can get even better results — put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining pounds of solid, beauty-bringing flesh—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast* —the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized* — scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood — add abounding new energy and pep.

Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs round out attractively. Complexion becomes radiantly clear—indigestion disappears — you'll have new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I. Y." stamped on each tablet.

12 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

"After taking Ironized Yeast three weeks I gained 12 pounds." *Frank Piccunas, 6555 S. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

14 Lbs. in 21 Days

"Before 21 days were up I had gained 14 pounds. My complexion was muddy and is now perfect." *Yvonne Murray, 906 Dixie Overland Blvd., Shreveport, La.*

14 Lbs. in Month

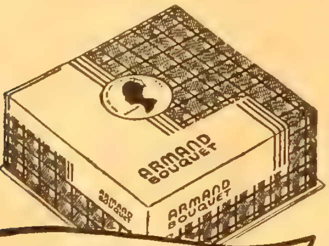
"I have gained 14 pounds in a month." *Joseph H. Clebeck, 3 Allen St., New York, N. Y.*

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 195, Atlanta, Ga.

"A BEAUTIFUL LADY," says the man, taking a second look. And that brings us to the point. Face powder is to blend with the complexion and flatter it. It should cling. It must charm. But it should not be seen!

Armand Bouquet is like that. So many stunning women have said so for years. What's 50c for flattery—after all? Try Armand Bouquet. And mind the insert in each package.



An insert in each package says: "Send 10 cents for the Miniature Make-up Box." Ignore that! Just send the insert with NO money. We'll know you read this and send you that trial supply of cosmetics—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

11 INS. $3.75 PR.
14 INS. $6.75 PR.

DR. WALTER'S
famous flesh colored gum rubber reducing garments.

LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure. $2.25

REDUCING GIRDLE: 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back. Send waist and hip measures . . . $4.50

My flesh colored medicated rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins almost at once. Fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measures.

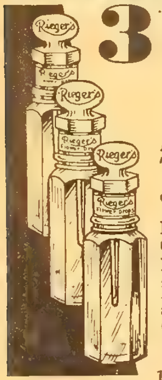
$4.50

9 inch $5.00 pair
14 inch $6.75 "
11 inch (not covering foot) . . $3.75 "

All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

USE THE NEW
Phantom Red
LIPSTICK
FOR NATURAL LIFE COLOR
PERMANENT ALL DAY
Lipstick $1.00 - 50¢ - Rouge 75¢



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THE most exquisite and refined of all perfumes! Made from the essence of flowers, *without alcohol.*
A single drop lasts a week!
Regular value of each vial is 25c—total 75c. I'll give you three trial vials of our most exquisite Flower Drops odors—Romanza, Esprit de France, Violet. To pay for postage and handling, send only 30c (silver or stamps) for all three vials.

PAUL RIEGER
America's Master Perfumer
181 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Can You Speak Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 53*)

EAR-MUFFS—(*Noun*)—Ear-phones worn on the set by sound technicians.

EFFECTS—(*Noun*)—The studio department that furnishes sounds artificially.

EPIC—(*Noun*)—Any picture, according to advertising posters. (*Adjective*)—See colossal.

FADE-OUT—(*Noun*)—1. The gradual fading and ultimate blacking-out of a motion picture scene. 2. Any star or thing that has lost importance and been forced to the background. (*Verb*)—To black-out a scene gradually; to lose importance or fade into the background.

FAN—(*Noun*)—1. Anyone who is reading this magazine. 2. A wind-machine of any design used to create storm effects.

FIANCÉ—(*Noun*)—Any male who makes more than one social appearance with a star.

FILLER—(*Noun*)—A one- or two-reel picture.

FIVE-YEAR CONTRACT—(*Noun*)—Any contract between a player and a studio, no matter how long it may last. Sometimes, "five-year contracts" last only six months, if a studio has no further use for a player.

FLASH—(*Noun*)—A short scene.

FLOP—(*Noun*)—1. An unsuccessful scene or picture. 2. An unsuccessful player. 3. Anything that is unsuccessful. (*Verb*)—To fail.

FORKER—(*Noun*)—A movie cowboy.

FREE-LANCE—(*Verb*)—To shop around for rôles. (*Noun*)—A player who isn't under contract to any one studio, but plays at several.

FRONT OFFICE—(*Noun*)—The place where the Big Boss hangs out.

GAFFER—(*Noun*)—A head electrician.

GAG—(*Noun*)—Any speech or action that is intended to be humorous. (*Verb*)—To originate any speech or action intended to be funny; also, to show the normal reaction to most attempts of the sort.

GA-GA—(*Adjective*)—Sweet, but not too bright; a bit dizzy.

GAG-MAN—(*Noun*)—A studio worker especially employed to create humorous situations for the screen.

GALLERY-GODS—(*Noun*)—Hoi polloi, the general theatre-going masses; therefore, the Fates who determine an actor's career.

GIN—(*Noun*)—A liquid concoction given that name by a bootlegger. Hollywood's most popular beverage and inspiration.

GLYCERINE—(*Noun*)—Any chemical preparation injected into an actor's eyes for the purpose of producing tears.

GO-HOLLYWOOD—(*Verb*)—To become insufferably egotistical; to become affected and "arty"; to make a complete ass of one's self in the effort to impress others.

GRAND—(*Noun*)—One thousand dollars.

GREASE—(*Noun*)—Cosmetics used in make-up.

GRIP—(*Noun*)—A laborer who does odd-jobs on the set.

HAM—(*Noun*)—1. A poor actor, especially one who overacts. (*Verb*)—To play a part amateurishly, to overact or to affect stagey mannerisms off-stage.

HEAVY—(*Noun*)—The villain in a picture.

HE-MAN—(*Noun*)—Any rugged, hard-hitting hero, whether he can act or not.

HIGH-HAT—(*Noun*)—1. A sound camera. 2. A stiff head-dress worn at premières. (*Verb*)—To give old friends a cold stare.

HOT-CHA—(*Adjective*)—Very warm and a bit daring. Said of love scenes and girls.

I'M-SO-TIRED-OF-IT-ALL—The favorite phrase spoken by most actors when being interviewed for publication.

INDIE—(*Noun*)—An independent film company.

INGÉNUE—(*Noun*)—Any new feminine addition to films, if under forty.

INKIE—(*Noun*)—An incandescent light.

IN-THE-COIN—Making big movie money.

IRIS—(*Verb*)—To close the aperture of a motion picture camera gradually, thereby blacking out all of the picture except the object to be accentuated.

JUICE-GANG—(*Noun*)—The electrical crew on any set.

JUICER—(*Noun*)—A studio electrician.

JUVE—(*Noun*)—A boyish-looking male actor; short for juvenile.

KLIEG-EYES—(*Noun*)—An affliction of the eyes caused by over-exposure to the burning rays of the incandescent lights used on a set. Klieg Lights, from which the term derives, are no longer used, having been universally replaced by incandescent lamps.

LAP—(*Verb*)—To overlap two scenes of a picture in such fashion that the first "fades-out" while the second "fades-in."

LEG-ART—(*Noun*)—A still photograph exposing a lady's lower extremities.

LEG-ARTIST—(*Noun*)—A girl with shapely limbs whose principal job is posing for leg-art; therefore, a star in the making.

LENS-HOG—(*Noun*)—An actor who tries to crowd all others from the center of the screen. Anyone who insists on being in the spotlight off-screen.

LINES—(*Noun*)—1. Dialogue written for the screen. 2. The fables told by an actor in discussing his past.

LIVE-STAGE—(*Noun*)—A set that is in use or being held ready for use.

LOAN—(*Verb*)—To rent out a player to another studio at considerably more than the player's salary.

LOCATION—(*Noun*)—1. The place where an outdoor sequence for a picture is filmed. 2. The whereabouts of a quick-witted actor who is dodging his creditors.

LOCATION-WIDOW—(*Noun*)—The mate of an actor on location.

LOUSY—(*Adjective*)—A universal term used to express disapproval in any degree. The most-used word in the Hollywood vocabulary.

LOVE-INTEREST—(*Noun*)—1. The romantic theme of a picture. 2. Actors who play romantic rôles.

LOWDOWN—(*Noun*)—The inside facts about a higher-up's past.

MAKE-UP—(*Noun*)—The sticky grease-paint a player has to apply to his face for all movie scenes—including kissing scenes.

MARXIAN—(*Adjective*)—Slightly insane.

MEGGER—(*Noun*)—A director, so-called because directors always used megaphones prior to the talkies.

MELLER—(*Noun*)—A melodrama.

MENACE—(*Noun*)—The villain.

MIKE—(*Noun*)—The microphone.

MIXER—(*Noun*)—The sound technician who supervises recording on the set.

MOB—(*Noun*)—A crowd of "extra" players. Also, a word used collectively to designate all "extra" players in Hollywood.

MORTGAGE-LIFTER—(*Noun*)—1. An unusually successful picture. 2. Any star whose pictures consistently make money.

MUFF—(*Noun*)—A beard; also, a heavily-bearded extra.

MUG—(*Noun*)—An "extra" of bestial appearance, a plug-ugly. (*Verb*)—To resort to grotesque facial expressions to express an emotion. To overact.

N.G.-BOARD—(*Noun*)—A small black-board, bearing the initials, N.G., signifying "No Good," which is held before the camera for an instant after the filming of any scene that is faulty.

NIGGER—(*Noun*)—A large black screen

used to protect the camera lens from the glare of the lights.

NO—(*Adverb*)—An expression of dissent. (*Obsolete.*)

ON-THE-MAKE—(*Adverb*)—Pursuing with amorous design.

OPTION—(*Noun*)—A clause in a contract that permits it to be renewed if the studio (not the player) so desires. Option-time falls due every six months.

PAN—(*Verb*)—1. To swing the camera on a horizontal plane in order to follow the movements of the players or to achieve a panoramic effect. 2. To criticize or censure.

PICTURE-STEALER—(*Noun*)—A minor player who wins more applause than a star in a picture.

PITCH—(*Noun*)—The tonal quality of a sound record.

PIX—(*Noun*)—Pictures.

PLUG—(*Verb*)—To give a player or picture a build-up.

PREMIÈRE—(*Noun*)—A combination fashion show and gala-opening of a new picture. An event which the public attends to see the stars, and the stars attend to be seen by the public.

PRESS-AGENT—(*Noun*)—Anybody who makes a living by getting players' names in print for doing something besides acting.

PRESTIGE-PICTURE—(*Noun*)—An "arty" picture produced to gratify a producer's vanity.

PROPS—(*Noun*)—All inanimate objects demanded by the scenario—for example, the gun with which the heroine saves her honor. 2. A workman who handles and takes care of the props.

PUBLICITY-HOUND—(*Noun*)—A player who overworks a press-agent.

QUICKIE—(*Noun*)—A full-length movie made cheaply and quickly.

RELIEF—(*Noun*)—1. A break in the dramatic tenseness of a picture. 2. An actor who plays a comic rôle in a dramatic production.

RETAKE—(*Noun*)—The re-filming of a faulty scene. (*Verb*)—To re-film a scene.

RETIRE—(*Verb*)—To leave the screen voluntarily—something few players ever do.

RIBBER—(*Noun*)—A specialist in razzing.

SALAMANDER—(*Noun*)—Any stove used to heat a studio stage.

SCENE-CHEWER—(*Noun*)—A player who flagrantly overacts.

SCENERY—(*Noun*)—The background of a motion picture scene. The costume worn by a player.

SCHNOZZLE—(*Noun*)—The nose—particularly, the proboscis of Jimmy Durante.

SET-UP—(*Noun*)—The position of the camera and the arrangements of the lights and players. (*Verb*)—To make ready for the filming of a scene.

SEX-APPEAL—(*Noun*)—That Certain Something possessed by the young and well-formed, and usually stressed by them at every chance.

SEX-ART—(*Noun*)—Feminine life in the raw.

SHEIK—(*Noun*)—A screen lover. Any disciple of Valentino.

SHELVE—(*Verb*)—To scrap a picture without ever exhibiting it commercially.

SHOOT—(*Verb*)—To film a scene or take a still-photograph.

SHORT—(*Noun*)—A one- or two-reel picture.

SHOT—(*Noun*)—A still photograph of a movie scene. (*Adjective*)—Inebriated.

SHOWMAN—(*Noun*)—Anyone who strives to impress the crowds. A master of the art of pleasing the public.

SHREDDED-WHEAT—(*Noun*)—1. Film that buckles and becomes tangled in the camera. 2. The grass skirt worn by heroines who go native.

SIREN—(*Noun*)—A languorous feminine eyeful who pursues the male of the species.

SLAPSTICK—(*Noun*)—Low comedy. A

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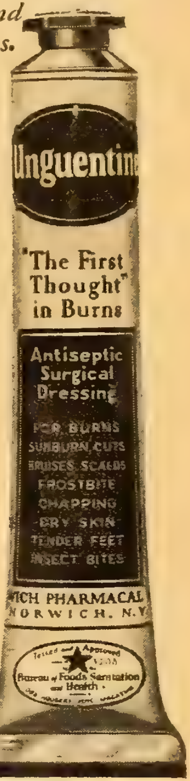

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term derived from the "slap-sticks" used by circus clowns.

SOB-STUFF—(*Noun*)—1. Anything in a picture that is intended to incite tears. 2. The stories written about the terrible trials of poor, suffering stars.

SOPHISTICATED—(*Adjective*)—Hard-boiled, but garnished with social affectations. (Remember, this is a *Hollywood* dictionary.) An actress who speaks with a pseudo-English accent and can tell that story about the traveling salesman without blushing is said to be sophisticated.

SOUND—(*Noun*)—The sound recording department in a studio.

SOUP—(*Noun*)—The chemical in which film is developed.

SPAGHETTI—(*Noun*)—Movie film.

SQUAWK—(*Verb*)—To object to a rôle or a cut in salary.

STAND-IN—(*Noun*)—A person who resembles a star and is dressed similarly and who is employed to substitute for the star while the cameramen focus their cameras.

STAR—(*Noun*)—1. Any player whose name takes precedence over the title of the picture. 2. Anyone connected with the motion picture industry who happens to become involved in a scandalous newspaper story.

STILL—(*Noun*)—A photograph.

STOCK—(*Noun*)—1. Unused film. 2. General utility film, such as scenes of a spectacular fire, which can be inserted in a later picture.

STRIPPER—(*Noun*)—A shapely miss who practically undresses for the camera.

STRUGGLE—(*Noun*)—A passionate love scene.

STUNT-MAN—(*Noun*)—A daredevil who substitutes for stars in dangerous scenes.

STUPENDOUS—(*Adjective*)—See colossal.

SUGAR—(*Noun*)—The coin of the republic.

SUPERVISOR—(*Noun*)—A vest-pocket edition of Jupiter.

SWEAT-BOX—(*Noun*)—The sound-proof booth in which a recording engineer works.

TAKE—(*Noun*)—One filming of a single scene.

TANK-I-GO-HOME—A mystic phrase meaning a semi-annual raise—to Greta Garbo.

TEA—(*Noun*)—A social function at which anything but tea is served.

TEAR-JERKER—(*Noun*)—A sad picture.

TEMPERAMENT—(*Noun*)—1. Neurotic, head-strong character. 2. Just plain, bad temper.

TERMER—(*Noun*)—A long-term contract.

THAT-WAY—(*Adverb*)—In love.

THREE-SHEET—(*Noun*)—A big ad poster for a picture.

TORCHED—(*Adjective*)—Angry.

TRAVEL-SHOT—(*Noun*)—A scene in which the camera moves from a long-distance shot to a close-up or vice-versa.

TROUP—(*Verb*)—To act expertly and like a veteran.

TROUPER—(*Noun*)—A veteran actor.

TRUCK—(*Verb*)—To move the camera nearer or away from the object being photographed.

VAMP—(*Noun*)—1. The entire musical score preceding the first scene of a picture. 2. A disciple of Theda Bara.

WAMPAS—(*Noun*)—The Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers.

WATERHOLE—(*Noun*)—The corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue, which is the unofficial gathering place of all movie cowboys.

WE'RE-SO-HAPPY-TOGETHER — The phrase spoken for publication by each star who is on the verge of divorce.

YACHT—(*Noun*)—A star's boat. Anything from a rowboat to a liner, providing it belongs to a star.

YES-MAN—(*Noun*)—Any motion picture worker in the presence of his boss.

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What the Stars Are Doing

(*Continued from page 8*)

Heaven—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Man on the Nile*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—recently completed *The Kiss Before the Mirror*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

March, Fredric—playing in *The Eagle and the Hawk*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—playing in *The Tie That Binds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *Circus Queen Murder*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—recently completed *Clear All Wires*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Miljan, John—playing in *Made on Broadway*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—playing in *The Power and the Glory*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Morley, Karen—playing in *Gabriel Over the White House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—recently completed *The Constant Woman*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—playing in *Circus Queen Murder*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marion—playing in *5 Cents a Glass*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Man on the Nile*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *College Humor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Pichel, Irving—playing in *The Story of Temple Drake*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—recently completed *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—recently completed *Private Detective*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Pick Up*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—playing in *Zoo in Budapest*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Big Shot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *5 Cents a Glass*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—latest release *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruggles, Charlie—playing in *Terror Aboard*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott, Randolph—recently completed *Murders at the Zoo*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—latest release *Smilin' Through*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Pick Up*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—recently completed *Baby Face*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Service*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—playing in *The Kiss Before the Mirror*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Talbot, Lyle—recently completed *She Had to Say Yes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—recently completed *She Had to Say Yes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—latest release *Clear All Wires*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *A Bedtime Story*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—latest release *Hot Pepper*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Walthall, Henry B.—recently completed *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

West, Mae—latest release *She Done Him Wrong*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—recently completed *Picture Snatcher*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

William, Warren—playing in *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *The Octopus*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wynyard, Diana—playing in *Reunion in Vienna*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Zoo in Budapest*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Made on Broadway*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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"You Can't Be Famous Without Hollywood!" Says Benita Hume

(*Continued from page 51*)

glamourous over there about being a star. Even the people I knew socially paid very little attention to what I was doing. Occasionally, they would say, 'Oh, yes, you play in the films, don't you? How jolly!' or something like that, and that was all they would say. You would have to commit a murder in London to break onto the front page, or any page at all, and *then* they would be likely to disregard the fact that you happened to be playing in the films while not engaged in the murder.

"Whatever the cause may be—and for whatever it is worth—you certainly do have to come to Hollywood in order to be famous. A famous editor once said to me that 'fame consists in the number of people who know you'—*and only Hollywood can introduce you to the world.*

"Then, too, you get a new feeling of self-importance in Hollywood. You have a sense of being watched, listened to, talked about that you'll never have anywhere else in the world. You begin, very soon, to know that the clothes you wear and how much you pay for them, the kind of car you drive, the man you lunched with the day before yesterday, your dog's pedigree, and your past, if any, are more than likely to be thoroughly written up and on the world's tongue tomorrow. Things that you did and never gave a thought to before become important.

"For instance, Ivor Novello and I have always been very good friends. We appeared together in 'Symphony in Two Flats' and other plays. We were never more than we are now (and will always be, I hope)—good friends. And yet I have been asked a dozen times about my engagement to Mr. Novello. A normal friendship becomes 'an ardent love affair' and actual news in Hollywood. It's wonderful. It's sort of scary, if you are the scary type. I'm not.

Reveals Her Real Romance

"I WAS engaged before I left London. One of the reasons why I did not come to Hollywood sooner than I did was because of my fiancé. Then, shortly before we sailed, his brother was killed in a racing car—and the sadness of it all made it necessary for him to have some sort of change. So he decided to come with me. What precipitated *my* coming was reading the press notices and publicity about other girls from London who had gone to Hollywood. I realized that I was staying behind—and staying behind is something unbearable to me.

"In London, just to point the difference I am trying to make, most of our friends knew that Jack Dunfee and I were engaged; the fact was accepted pleasantly, but without much comment. In Hollywood it becomes not only my engagement, but the Romance of a Screen Player, with considerably more importance because he came here with me. I am asked what he does, what he thinks about Hollywood, how we will live after our marriage, when and where we fell in love, how he proposed, and how many children we plan to have. It's wonderful.

"I think the interest in screen players is about as intense throughout England as it is in America, but that interest is simply not *fed.*"

You will first see this spirited Benita, of the chiseled features and clear, incisive voice, in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Clear All Wires" with Lee Tracy, and then you will see her in "Service" with another English girl, Elizabeth Allan. She said, "I can't imagine a better introduction to the American people than playing with Lee Tracy.

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Take Off Flabby, Sagging Fat

Don't let large, flabby breasts spoil your figure, make you look old and settled. It is so easy to regain the slim, trim figure of youth. My wonderful "PRESCRIPTION-36" treatment banishes fat, *remoulds the form.*

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Just send your name and address and I will tell you FREE how to reduce your bust, banish fat and lift the sag. Don't miss this wonderful FREE opportunity.

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209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

My wits are sharpened as never before—"

Benita is the daughter of Henry J. Hume, London barrister, who, like all good London barristers, objected heartily to his daughter's choice of a career. Benita's sister, Pamela, is married, lives a delightful English country life outside of London and has children—which is what a London barrister's daughter should do. But Mr. and Mrs. Hume were enough abreast of the times to know that parental objections are about as valid as the War debts these days—and so they gave their blessing when Benita enrolled in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

"I wanted to be an actress," Benita told me, "because, for me, there is only one thing in all of life worth having—adventure. To fare far afield, to dare greatly in every phase of human experience is the very breath of life itself to me. I cannot breathe stale air.

"When I was younger and while I was going to the Clifton High School in Bristol, I was studying to be a musician. It wasn't until I went to college and saw something of life, itself, that I knew the rarest adventure was not to be found at the piano. I saw plays and players—I felt the thrill of being other characters, grappling with new situations and problems in different settings. To be an actress, I thought, would be to have change and color and excitement. Trouble, too, perhaps, but trouble is a part of adventure to the true adventurer.

"I honestly do not believe that I am afraid of anything except not to be *alive* while I am young—vitally alive, consciously and keenly alive. Everything in life should have a savor to it while we are young. We are a long while dead. I believe that we should take To-day for all that it has to offer, forget about Yesterday and deny that Tomorrow exists.

"Yes, I've been married. I married a young journalist in London. It didn't work out—but what of that? We had a jolly time while it lasted. We had a flat in London. We knew a lot of jolly people and his work was exciting, too—full of change and color. It was great while it lasted. When the savor went out of it and when it was done, it was done. No harm befell either of us. There were no children. I do not believe that the young who are doing things should have children. They are ties to bind—to fetter you when Adventure calls. . . .

"I believe in any independent person's doing precisely what he or she wants to do. But you've got to be able to *manage* your life in order to have the right to live it freely.

"I expect to marry Jack Dunfee. I think it will be a tremendously interesting adventure. I hope it will continue to be an adventure until the end. I'm not certain. How can any intelligent person ever be certain?

"And in the meantime, here I am in Hollywood, where I expect and hope to stay for a certain length of time, at any rate. I have an apartment here. I wouldn't have a house for a gift. I might want to leave it too soon. I ride and I swim and I hike. I have a pet Peke and I'll be glad to give his past to anyone who is interested. I believe my two best friends, of the stage or screen, are Ivor Novello and Leslie Howard. I admire Fredric March enormously. I got a greater thrill out of meeting him than anyone else here.

"I have one hobby—collecting perfumes. Perhaps that's because I can smash the bottles if they bore me—and nothing is left but a sweet aroma. My favorite play is 'A Bill of Divorcement,' and my favorite picture, 'Robin Hood.' My favorite rôle of my own is the one I had opposite Leslie Howard in 'Reserved for Ladies,' filmed in England.

"And my favorite place, at the moment, is Hollywood. I feel as if I were standing on a supernaturally high Alp, stripped, with all the world able to look at me. What an Adventure *that* is!"

Cheeks no longer sallow, skin clears, *thanks to* DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if *you* don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets . . . 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 35, Chicago.

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are paid writers of songs found acceptable by publishers. Send us your best songs or poems for *free examination* and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We compose or arrange music and secure copyrights. Write *today* for our free explanatory booklet. Newcomer Associates, 1674 A. Broadway, New York.

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for our clients to the **Talking Picture Producers** in Hollywood. All major Studios in New York closed leaving HOLLYWOOD ONLY ACTIVE MARKET. Deal with a recognized Hollywood agent. Established since 1917, in daily PERSONAL CONTACT with Studios, we know market requirements. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Manuscripts may be submitted in any form for FREE reading and report. Send for FREE BOOK giving full details.

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WRINKLES DISAPPEAR NATURALLY

Marvelous new skin food and tissue builder. Send for our liberal jar of 'Claudette.' Send no money. Just pay postman 50c plus postage. Return if not satisfied.
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She Thought *her figure* was
"Hopeless!"

She was positively ashamed of herself! Was there anything more unsightly than a heavy, sagging bust? What could be done about those bulging tissues that hung in flabby masses, utterly ruining her charm? Imagine her joy when she learned of the wonderful FORMULA-X treatment, made *expressly* to reduce an oversize bust!

Banish Unsightly Fat Lift Sagging Tissues

She was amazed at the quick and easy results. Just a few minutes daily application of Formula-X and instructions soon banished that flabby fat, lifted the sagging tissues. Her bust actually became smaller until it had once more regained the firm, arching roundness of youth. No wonder that women have welcomed this safe, simple way to reduce the bust!

SPECIAL OFFER NOW!

To convince you that you can take *inches* off your bust, I make you this Special Introductory Offer: Send ONE DOLLAR for the FORMULA-X treatment—mailed in plain wrapper. Accept this sensational bargain AT ONCE—mail coupon or write.

BETTY DREW, (Dept. K-5)
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Betty Drew, Dept. K-5,
799 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me at once, in plain wrapper your famous Formula-X treatment. I enclose special price of only $1.00 in full payment.

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Town .... State ....

NOT HOUSE-BROKEN!

We call him Scotty. When your guests put cigarettes in the ash tray—and pat Scotty's head, he'll raise his little hind leg and PUT OUT THE CIGARETTE! Convenient water sack inside Scotty is easily filled. *At last a canine's most inconvenient habit has been turned into a practical and extremely funny use!* Scotty mounted on ash tray—both in attractive bronze finish.

Scotty may be had for $1.50 postpaid. Money back if not completely satisfied. Remit to

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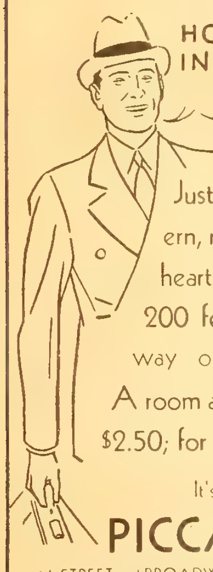

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THE BEST
HOTEL VALUE
IN NEW YORK
CITY

Just think . . . a modern, new hotel, in the heart of New York—200 feet from Broadway on 45th Street. A room and bath for one, $2.50; for two, $3.50

It's the
PICCADILLY
45th STREET and BROADWAY • NEW YORK
WILLIAM MADLUNG, MNG. DIR.

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

ECONOMY was certainly practised, however, by the fellow who wrote the advance advertisement for "Gabriel Over the White House." The scribe breathlessly —and all too briefly, we fear—advises us that "the picture depicts a President, played by Walter Huston, who goes mad and solves the problems of the country."

To Tell You The Truth Dept.:

James Dunn dislikes to comb his hair . . . Edmund Lowe is never without his yellow gloves . . . Junior Fairbanks has worn the same hat for the last six years . . . Peggy Shannon sleeps in the middle of the bed . . . despite her English accent, Madge Evans was born in New York . . . George O'Brien broke into pictures as an assistant cameraman . . . Warner Baxter once sold farm implements, Frank Morgan toothbrushes . . . and if you received a New Year's card signed "Anonymous" it was from Jimmy Durante, the old Snoz himself!

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

cent. A month later, she insisted on having a bill. It was sent through the mail—that is, a piece of paper was sent through the mail—and in the doctor's handwriting it read, "Connie says there isn't any bill." And when the friend called up Connie to thank her from the bottom of her heart, was La Bennett sore because the specialist had mentioned her name!!

On another occasion, a friend of hers needed to make a quick business trip back East—but the old bank balance wasn't up to the trip. As usual, Connie heard about the difficulty (no one seems to know just how she does it) and the next thing the would-be traveler knew, a messenger was at the door with a round-trip ticket to New York. On the card was written: *This ticket can't be returned, so it had better be used. My regards to Broadway—Connie.*

HERE is news! The Robert Montgomerys are expecting a Blessed Event, almost any day now! How have they managed to keep their secret so long? All Hollywood will rejoice with them, remembering their bravely-borne tragedy of a year ago, when their first baby died after a lingering illness.

RICHARD DIX is understood to have given his wife (the former Winifred Coe) a brand-new Beverly Hills house. But nobody seems to know just where the house is. Richard has a talent that way, for keeping his whereabouts secret. For years, even his studio had to call his late mother on the 'phone to get in touch with him. (At least, it makes a good story—and is often told.) We'll bet that the Dixes' new baby will be the most unphotographed baby of all.

MOST of the Hollywood couples who have recently adopted children are, however, refusing to allow any pictures to be taken of their ready-made babies—for fear the real parents will recognize them and take them away from them, before the "trial year" is up. Mrs. Joe E. Brown is the latest to plan an adoption—having gone to Chicago, to the home where so many stars have lately been supplied with babies, to find one to take the place of her fourth, still-born.

. . SAY WHEN

You'll be checking in at the Woodstock?

ROOM
BATH
SERVICE that CLICKS

$2.50 single $3.50 double

popular priced restaurant
coffee shop

A STEP FROM TIMES SQUARE

HOTEL
WOODSTOCK
43rd STREET EAST of BROADWAY, N.Y.
A KNOTT HOTEL

Enlarge Your Chest-Line!

Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, Rounded CURVES Now all the Vogue

Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Now you can actually fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Simply apply my marvelous new Creamo treatment at home. Send for my free offer and watch your breasts grow full, round and beautiful.

Just Send Me Your Name

Free!

and address and I will mail you my trial Creamo treatment, FREE! Merely enclose 10c for forwarding charges This free offer is limited so, write today, enclosing only 10c. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

MARIE DUNNE, Dept. K-5
122 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Let me put you in the Movies

The Movies are seeking men with perfect physiques and women with beautiful alluring figures. Many of the Stars are taking my physical Culture Course and I have placed many of my students in Pictures and on the Stage.

FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

If over 16, write for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK . . . one for **MEN** and one for **WOMEN** . . . telling how you can acquire perfect health, strength and giant muscles or a beautiful alluring body . . . and qualify for **Free Trip to Hollywood with Screen and Talkie Test.** Get my low price and easy terms! Write **TODAY.**
Joe Bonomo, 210-D Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

ECZEMA IS ONLY SKIN DEEP, AND MAY BE INSTANTLY RELIEVED and quickly healed by the use of Cranolene, the cranberry treatment for stubborn skin diseases. You pay only if you can say you are cured. Write today. Address, **CRANOLENE, Dept. 66, GIRARD, KANSAS**

*College Girls Have S. A.**

Rest your eyes. You're going to need them plenty when you examine newly discovered evidence in

April
College Humor and Sense

Mrs. Grundy has always delighted to caricature the college girl.

In the old days our matriculated sisters were derided as scrawny, hawk-faced grinds. A bookish brood of sour spinsters in blue cotton stockings and red flannel unmentionables.

More recently, the popular cartoon went to the opposite extreme. Co-eds became Flappers. Bare-thighed imps brazenly putting Sheba to shame. Hectic Hoydens hugging Sophomore Vallees on every dance floor. Necking Hot-chas publicly bathing in bathtubs of gin.

Your editors got to thinking about all this silly rot the other day—wondering what the typical feminine campus modern is **really** like. That's when we made the great discovery. College girls are exactly like other young women of the day . . . only more so.

When the College Girl is beautiful, boy, she's beautiful, no foolin'. She doesn't take a back seat for Broadway or Hollywood. The fact is many campus beauties now lend luster to both these leading national exhibits of girlish what-have-you.

Don't miss the optic-filling proof in the gravure section of April College Humor And Sense. Eight pages of superlatively lovely young things fresh from school.

If you thrill to the thud of sodden leather battering on flesh, you'll sit breathless over "Fighting Leather," Eddie Neil's startling exposé of two contending sport rackets.

* * *

Dr. Copeland Smith in "Co-Ed Farmerettes" hands sweet girl graduates some advice most of them will find hard to take. It's one answer to the question "What to do when college days are over." Other famous writers, too, contribute controversial articles that will keep you all upset until far into the night.

* * *

And then, of course, College Humor And Sense for April is still college humor in the wittiest of its rollicking fun formula. All the newest laughs and wise-cracks of the Campus dished up in one hilarious, rib-splitting package.

* * *

DON'T MISS THIS GREAT NEW MAGAZINE—

APRIL ISSUE

**Swell Anatomies*

NOW

15¢

BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES..

ILLUSION:

A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

Copyright, 1933. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED
...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels produced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally *mild*, call for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels...always fresh, in the air-tight, *welded* Humidor Pack.

KEPT FRESH
IN THE WELDED
HUMIDOR PACK

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL
20's

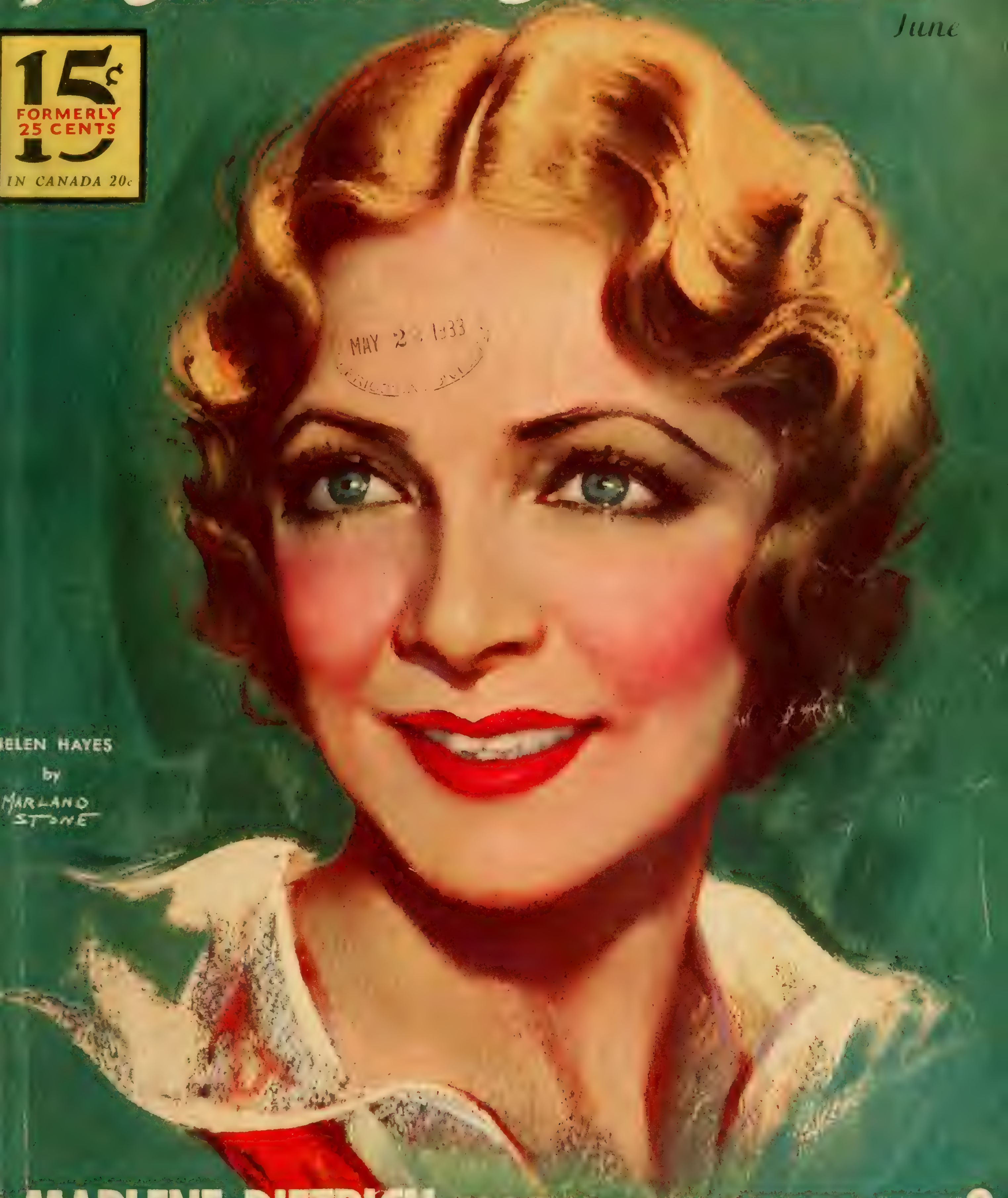
NO TRICKS...
JUST COSTLIER
TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

Motion Picture

June

15¢
FORMERLY 25 CENTS
IN CANADA 20¢



MAY 2[illegible] 1933

ELEN HAYES
by
MARLAND STONE

S MARLENE DIETRICH IN LOVE — THE SECOND TIME?

☆ THE FAKIR'S BASKET TRICK

ILLUSION: A boy is bound and thrust into a small basket. Seizing a sword the fakir plunges it into the basket. He jumps up and down as proof that the basket is *empty!* The boy then steps out of the basket, unhurt.

EXPLANATION: The nimble assistant curls around the *side* of the basket for the sword-and-jumping act. He guides the sword past himself and into the opposite wall of the basket.

SOURCE: *"Illustrated Magic" by Ottokar Fischer, translated and edited by J. B. Mussey and Fulton Oursler, The Macmillan Co., N.Y.*

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED
...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

One of the nimblest tricks of cigarette advertising is the illusion that "Heat Treatment" confers mysterious virtues upon a cigarette.

EXPLANATION: *All* cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. It is a routine process of manufacture. Harsh, raw, inferior tobaccos require considerably more intensive treatment than choice, ripe tobaccos.

But neither heat treatment nor any other treatment can take the place of good tobacco.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Give your taste a chance to appreciate the greater pleasure and satisfaction offered by the more expensive tobaccos.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's

KEPT FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

NO TRICKS
—JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Worries over a Gray Hair
But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums
and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

She gets panic-stricken about a gray hair—and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look—how dingy and dull.

If your teeth are dull-looking—if your gums are sensitive—they need *Ipana and massage.*

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—it may even endanger sound teeth.

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

IPANA

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. HH-63
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

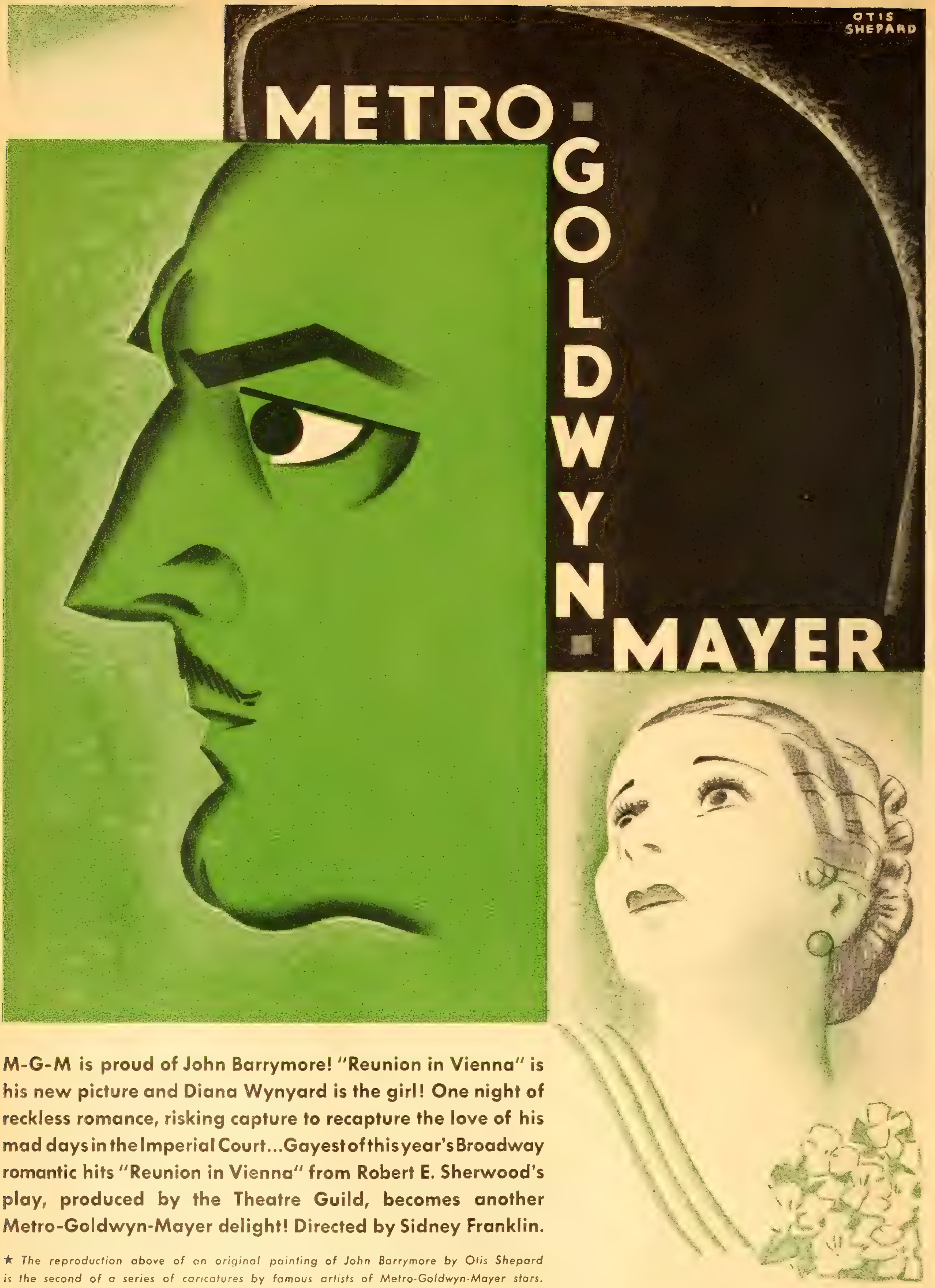
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..

Street..

City...................... *State*................

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury



M-G-M is proud of John Barrymore! "Reunion in Vienna" is his new picture and Diana Wynyard is the girl! One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court...Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "Reunion in Vienna" from Robert E. Sherwood's play, produced by the Theatre Guild, becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer delight! Directed by Sidney Franklin.

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of John Barrymore by Otis Shepard is the second of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.

Motion Picture

JUNE
1933

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLV, No. 5

HELEN HAYES
Can Pick Her Own Future!

After suffering mightily in three successive pictures—"A Farewell to Arms," "The Son-Daughter" and "The White Sister"—Helen decided it was about time to Get Away From It All. So off she sailed to Europe with husband Charles MacArthur and daughter Mary for a good long rest.

The MacArthurs are fun-loving and independent. They believe in doing what they want to do when they feel like doing it.

That's why Helen hasn't signed up for any long period of years with either stage or screen. There's no telling when she might want to go from one to the other. Both want her!

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Cover Design of Helen Hayes Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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. . SAY WHEN

You'll be checking in at the Woodstock?

ROOM
BATH
SERVICE that CLICKS

$2.50 single $3.50 double

popular priced restaurant
coffee shop

A STEP FROM TIMES SQUARE

HOTEL WOODSTOCK
43rd STREET EAST of BROADWAY, N.Y.
A KNOTT HOTEL

SHE DRIVES AN $8000 CAR

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TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By J. E. R.

After the Ball—A thin bit of fluff about the flirtation of a diplomat with a masked woman, with Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston chiefly concerned (Fox).

Be Mine Tonight—The British have turned out a musical romance that is worth your time, with a chap named Jan Kiepura making the feminine hearts go pitty-pat. It's about a tenor who switches identities with a crook (Univ.).

Gary Cooper brings his rival, Robert Young, back to Joan Crawford in the tempestuous war story, "To-day We Live"

The Big Cage—A film story of the life of young Clyde Beatty, greatest of the wild-animal trainers, which packs some real thrills—especially when forty animals run amuck in a storm (Univ.).

Blondie Johnson—Just for a change, the gang leader is a girl (Joan Blondell)—but otherwise it's that same old gangster story again. Joan does well by the wisecracking, cool underworld queen (F. N.).

Cavalcade—A saga of time marching on, carrying along a small British family, whose lives are bound up with their country's life, in war or peace, in sad or gay times. Clive Brook and especially Diana Wynyard are unforgettable in this most memorable of all talkies (Fox).

Clear All Wires—Lee Tracy glorifies another bold, bad wisecracker—a foreign correspondent who makes news when there isn't any. The plot is pretty involved, but that doesn't bother Lee (M-G-M).

The Constant Woman—When Conrad Nagel learns that his son is his in name only, he goes the way of hard liquor, until Leila Hyams revives his faith in womankind. Melodrama that has its moments—a couple of them (World Wide).

The Crime of the Century—One baffling murder is followed by a second—and then the picture pauses to ask you if you can name the guilty party. You're good, if you can. Stuart Erwin stumbles on the solution (Par.).

Ex-Lady—Bette Davis and Gene Raymond start out to be free, though married—and find that another noble experiment doesn't work. The story sounds familiar, but Bette clicks as the newest of the stars (W. B.).

Fast Workers—John Gilbert's last picture (at least, for the time being), in which he and Robert Armstrong are two rowdy riveters who are taken in tow by Mae Clarke. Mae steals the picture, which is below Gilbert par (M-G-M).

42nd Street—A tuneful, colorful version of a Broadway show in the making; backstage life with a minimum of hokum. A top-notch cast—headed by Warner Baxter, Ruby Keeler and Bebe Daniels—make it real (W. B.).

From Hell to Heaven—A variation on the "If I Had a Million" theme, showing you what one horse race means to an interesting group of characters, including Carole Lombard and Jack Oakie. It has suspense (Par.).

Gabriel Over the White House—Satirical drama of a President (Walter Huston), who suffers a head injury and then gets divine guidance—solving most of America's big problems. Both timely and absorbing (M-G-M).

Girl Missing—A feminine racketeer, who succeeds in marrying Ben Lyon, "disappears," and Glenda Farrell and Mary Brian unravel the "mystery"—if you would call it such (W. B.).

Grand Slam—A grand slam at the so-called bridge experts—with Paul Lukas faking his way to fame as one, aided by Loretta Young as his wife. And—you guessed it—bridge almost wrecks their happy home (F. N.).

The Great Jasper—Richard Dix, as a fortune-telling yogi with an irresistible wink and no desire to repent, does the same for the male of the species that Mae West did for the female. Clever fun (RKO).

Hertha's Awakening—For some unknown reason, New York censors almost banned this little German picture—which tells, simply and poignantly, the story of a girl whose first love wrecked her life (Protex).

The Keyhole—Kay Francis marries beyond her years, and her jealous husband puts a private detective (George Brent) on her trail. You can guess the outcome (W. B.).

King Kong—A movie expedition invades an uncharted island and runs up against some prehistoric monsters—chiefly a giant ape, which is captured and taken back to New York, where it goes berserk A fantastic, but gripping thriller, featuring Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong (RKO).

King of the Jungle—A jungle orphan (Buster Crabbe), who has been brought up by lions, is captured and taken to civilization, where, in no time at all, he learns English and the language of love (from Frances Dee). Amusing (Par.).

The Life of Jimmy Dolan—As a boxer who accidentally kills a man, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., vanishes and takes up a new life, which is complicated when he meets Loretta Young. There's a good fight, but not much else (W. B.).

Love in Morocco—Rex Ingram, well-remembered director, returns to America as an actor, whose acting is better than the story. He's a Foreign Legionnaire who attempts the forbidden—namely, to win a Moroccan lass (Gaumont).

The Masquerader—In his last picture before his "two-year vacation," Ronald Colman does nobly by a dual rôle—playing a drug-racked man of fame and the unknown who takes his place. Elissa Landi assists, radiantly (U. A.).

Men Are Such Fools—Leo Carrillo, of the expert broken accent, loses his head when his girl-friend plays him false—and takes it out on the other man. Good acting in a slight melodrama (RKO).

Men Must Fight—As in "Cavalcade," Diana Wynyard is passionately against war—but along in 1940 war comes and takes her son (Phillips Holmes). A picture that starts out with great promise and steadily weakens (M-G-M).

Lilian Bond is one—just one—of the problems that Sylvia Sidney (left) faces in winning George Raft in "Pick Up"

The Mind Reader—As a glib sideshow barker who turns into a fake psychic and then tries to go straight for Constance Cummings' sake, Warren William does a smooth job of exposing another racket (F. N.).

Mussolini Speaks—A picture history of the life and achievements of Italy's Il Duce, with Lowell Thomas doing the English translation. If you're headline-conscious, you can't afford to miss it (Col.).

Oliver Twist—Dickens' great story about a workhouse waif turns up in the talkies, with Dickie Moore tearing your heart out in the title rôle, surrounded by an excellent cast (Monogram).

Our Betters—Constance Bennett marries a title for love, only to find that he married her for money—so Connie goes heartless and exposes society's shams in a comedy whose wit is barbed and whose acting is Grade A (RKO).

Out All Night—The new marital adventures of Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts, who have mother-in-law trouble. They give some brand-new humor to some old (but still funny) situations (Univ.).

Perfect Understanding—When Gloria Swanson marries Laurence Olivier, both decide they'll still keep their freedom—but jealousy spoils their plans. A surprisingly trite Swanson picture (U. A.).

Pick Up—It's a question whether Sylvia Sidney picks up taxi-driver George Raft, or vice versa, but anyway, after many (almost too many) a melodramatic difficulty, they discover they're in love. Their acting saves the picture (Par.).

Loretta Young and Gene Raymond are two orphans who find both romance and excitement in "Zoo in Budapest"

Private Jones—A quiet little argument against war, with Lee Tracy magnificent as an unwilling soldier whose dislike of the fighting life has both its hilarious moments and its moments of pathos (Univ.).

Rasputin and the Empress—The Barrymores—all three of them—give you your money's worth of acting in a colorful, crowded melodrama about the rise of a peasant and the downfall of a czar (M-G-M).

Robbers' Roost—When some rustlers kidnap not only some cattle, but Maureen O'Sullivan, too, George O'Brien pulls some novel rescue stunts. A Western that has some good high spots (Fox).

Rome Express—Aboard a fast train from Paris to Rome, an interesting collection of characters runs into some suspenseful happenings. One of the best English films yet, featuring Esther Ralston and Conrad Veidt (Univ.).

Sailor's Luck—James Dunn and Sally Eilers are reunited again in a spicy romance about a gob and a girl who's out of work and wants to be "bad," but can't. The fun is a bit rough (Fox).

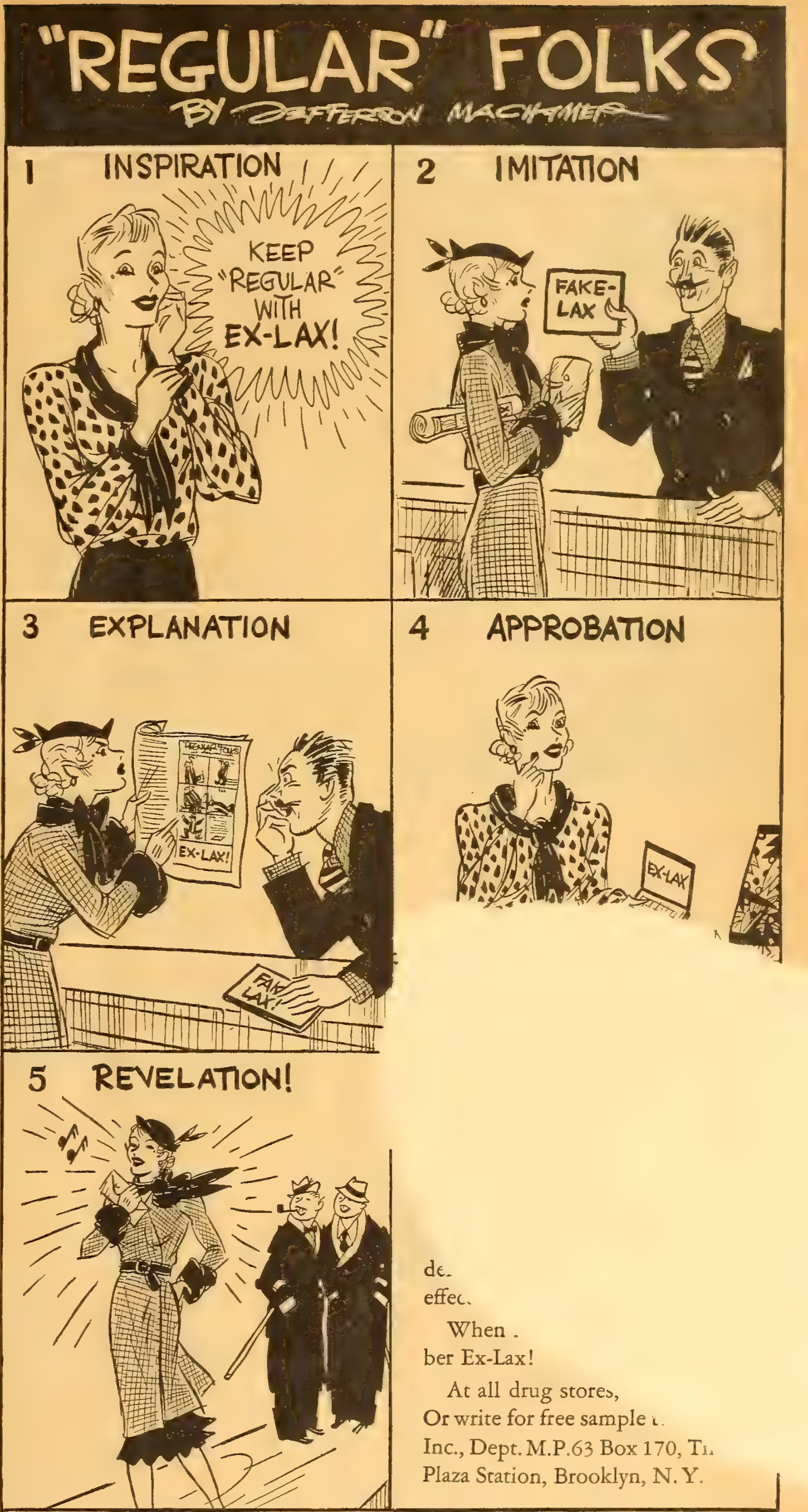
Secrets—Mary Pickford tries something new—a romance in which she goes from youth to old age, at the side of Leslie Howard, keeping secret the fact that she knows his secrets. Good acting in a slow-moving, sentimental story (U. A.).

Strictly Personal—A racketeer breaks into the "lonely hearts" (romance correspondence) business of Marjorie Rambeau, and almost breaks up the duet of Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. Slight (Par.).

To-day We Live—Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper get together in a war romance that has its dark moments when he is reported killed and she throws away her heart. You see some spectacular, if none-too-believable melodrama, some good acting, and that newcomer, Franchot Tone (M-G-M).

The White Sister—The famous love story of a girl who enters a convent when her lover is killed, again becomes something to remember, with Helen Hayes and Clark Gable as the tragic lovers (M-G-M).

Zoo in Budapest—A story of young love in a bizarre setting, with the lovers (Gene Raymond and Loretta Young) both homeless waifs, and with excitement crashing down upon them when the animals break loose. Good melodrama (Fox).



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cinated the man I was to marry. My husband now says that had it not been for my beautiful hair he does not think he would have noticed me among so many attractive girls. How glad I am I discovered BLONDEX in time!" NOTE:—BLONDEX contains no dye, no harmful chemicals—it is amazingly beneficial, giving the hair a wavy, silky softness and lustrous sheen. Get it today at any drug or department store.

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

$20.00 Letter

"Cavalcade" A Masterpiece

DETROIT, MICH.—Fox Films merits a hearty vote of thanks from American theatre-goers for bringing to the screen the greatest of all screen masterpieces, "Cavalcade"! It marks another milestone in the progress of cinematic art.

The *Marryots* are English, but for all practical purposes they might be any other nationality. Their hopes, their happinesses, their problems, their tragedies are the hopes, the happinesses, the problems and the tragedies of the whole civilized world. "Cavalcade" is a powerful chapter torn from Life's pages. Its beauty tears at one's heart.

Diana Wynyard's inspired performance wins her right to stardom and popularity; Clive Brook's peerless performance establishes him more firmly than ever in the hearts of the American public. Every actor and actress in the cast actually lives his rôle from start to finish.

The human qualities of the story, the universality of scope and appeal, the artistic restraint with which it is handled, the masterly direction and acting make it great beyond all comparison.

If the screen gave us more pictures like "Cavalcade," there would be less depression in the motion picture business. One doesn't mind spending hard-earned money when he receives such a memorable and inspiring experience in return!

Cedric S. Goodwin.

$10.00 Letter

Why Are Stars Miscast?

BOSTON, MASS.—This letter is penned in a spirit of constructive criticism. Why will producers flagrantly miscast their stars? If Will Rogers does not attempt to portray a Spaniard, why should Helen Hayes portray a Chinese? Ditto Ramon Novarro?

The hero of Sinclair Lewis' "Arrowsmith" was a typical American youth. Now who does your producer select to typify the character; a star with American features and accent? No. Ronald Colman, an Englishman with an English accent. Ronald Colman portraying an English rôle, excellent! But Mr. Colman as a middlewestern American youth—please, Mr. Goldwyn!

What is the purpose of drama? Is it not to engross one in the unfolding story, to make one feel that the spectacle is real? How can this be achieved if the character does not look and speak the part? It takes more than paint and a superficial dialect to make a person of one nationality resemble a person of another race. Until we acquire a Chinese star let's concentrate on characterizations for which we have suitable talent and personal likeness. Realism, please! *Wm. La Rocca.*

$5.00 Letter

Movie Invalids Too Robust

REGINA, CAN.—In the interests of greater realism, I would like to address a few remarks to the "invalids" of the screen. To go no farther back than "Anna Christie," wherein Charles Bickford, rescued by the barge captain after he had floated about half-dead from hunger, thirst, and cold, sat up on the deck and roared like the bull of Bashan. In fact, I can point to some truly remarkable phenomena along these lines.

People who swoon on the screen get better too soon and "dying" characters often display amazing vitality. During the past year, I have seen a great number of husky invalids, convalescents and others. In "Grand Hotel" there was Lionel Barrymore, playing a pitiable German clerk, slowly dying of an incurable malady (according to the book), yet showing a vigor that would have done credit to a prize-fighter. And some of our best gangsters with life-blood ebbing fast, have kicked off speaking their last words in the voice of a drill-sergeant. It is all quite baffling. As for our heroines who "die," all I hope is that when my time comes I'll look half as charming, and as unconvincing, as Helen Hayes did in "A Farewell to Arms."

Alison W. Free.

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

"THE SONG OF SONGS!"

"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART AWAKETH
IT IS THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED SAYING
'OPEN TO ME, MY LOVE, MY UNDEFILED' "

HER SONG OF LOVE . . . the lyric innocence of her loveliness turned into a melody in marble by the hands of the man who took her heart.

MARLENE DIETRICH

in

"THE SONG OF SONGS"

BRIAN AHERNE LIONEL ATWILL
ALISON SKIPWORTH RICHARD BENNETT

from the story by Hermann Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

a Paramount Picture

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION, N. Y. C.

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Song of the Eagle*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—playing in *Voltaire*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *I Love That Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Barrymore, Lionel—recently completed *Looking Forward*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Breadline*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *I Loved You Wednesday*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *A Bed of Roses*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *Song of the Eagle*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—playing in *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *My Lips Betray*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—latest release *Call Her Savage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, Bill—playing in *Emergency Call*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Song of the Eagle*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—recently completed *The Mayor of Hell*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *I Love That Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—recently completed *A Bedtime Story*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—recently completed *I Cover the Waterfront*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—latest release *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—recently completed *Today We Live*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—recently completed *Today We Live*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—latest release *42nd Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *Peg o' My Heart*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—playing in *Easy to Love*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—recently completed *The Song of Songs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Ad Man*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Douglas, Melvyn—latest release *Nagana*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Hold Me Tight*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *The Silver Cord*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Hold Me Tight*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *International House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *Accidents Wanted*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Captured!*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Glenda—playing in *Mary Stevens, M.D.*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *Pilgrimage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *Mary Stevens, M.D.*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Gable, Clark—latest release *The White Sister*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Garat, Henry—playing in *Adorable*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Adorable*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Grant, Cary—playing in *The Eagle and the Hawk*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hamilton, Neil—recently completed *Terror Aboard*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *When Ladies Meet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

"Well, here's looking at you, and a couple of over the rivers," says Peggy Hopkins Joyce, as she prepares to drain the bubbling, balmy beer down to its last bubble

Harvey, Lilian—playing in *My Lips Betray* Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—latest release *The White Sister*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—playing in *Morning Glory*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Song of the Eagle*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *The Woman I Stole*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—playing in *Captured!*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Huston, Walter—latest release *Gabriel Over the White House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Rafter Romance*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Joyce, Peggy Hopkins—playing in *International House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Kennedy, Merna—recently completed *Laughter In Hell*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keeler, Ruby—playing in *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—playing in *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Landi, Elissa—playing in *I Loved You Wednesday*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Linden, Eric—playing in *The Silver Cord*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *Supernatural*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *I Love That Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *When Ladies Meet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

March, Fredric—playing in *The Eagle and the Hawk*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—playing in *The Silver Cord*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Miljan, John—playing in *Accidents Wanted*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *When Ladies Meet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—playing in *The Power and the Glory*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *The Black Ace*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nissen, Greta—playing in *Maiden Cruise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—playing in *5 Cents a Glass*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *The Eagle and the Hawk*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Soldiers of the Storm*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—latest release *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—recently completed *Private Detective*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—latest release *Pick Up*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—playing in *Ann Carver's Profession*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Big Shot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *5 Cents a Glass*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—latest release *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott, Randolph—playing in *Supernatural*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Jennie Gerhardt*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—latest release *Baby Face*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Talbot, Lyle—playing in *Mary Stevens, M.D.*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—playing in *Accidents Wanted*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

West, Mae—playing in *Rings on Her Fingers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—playing in *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

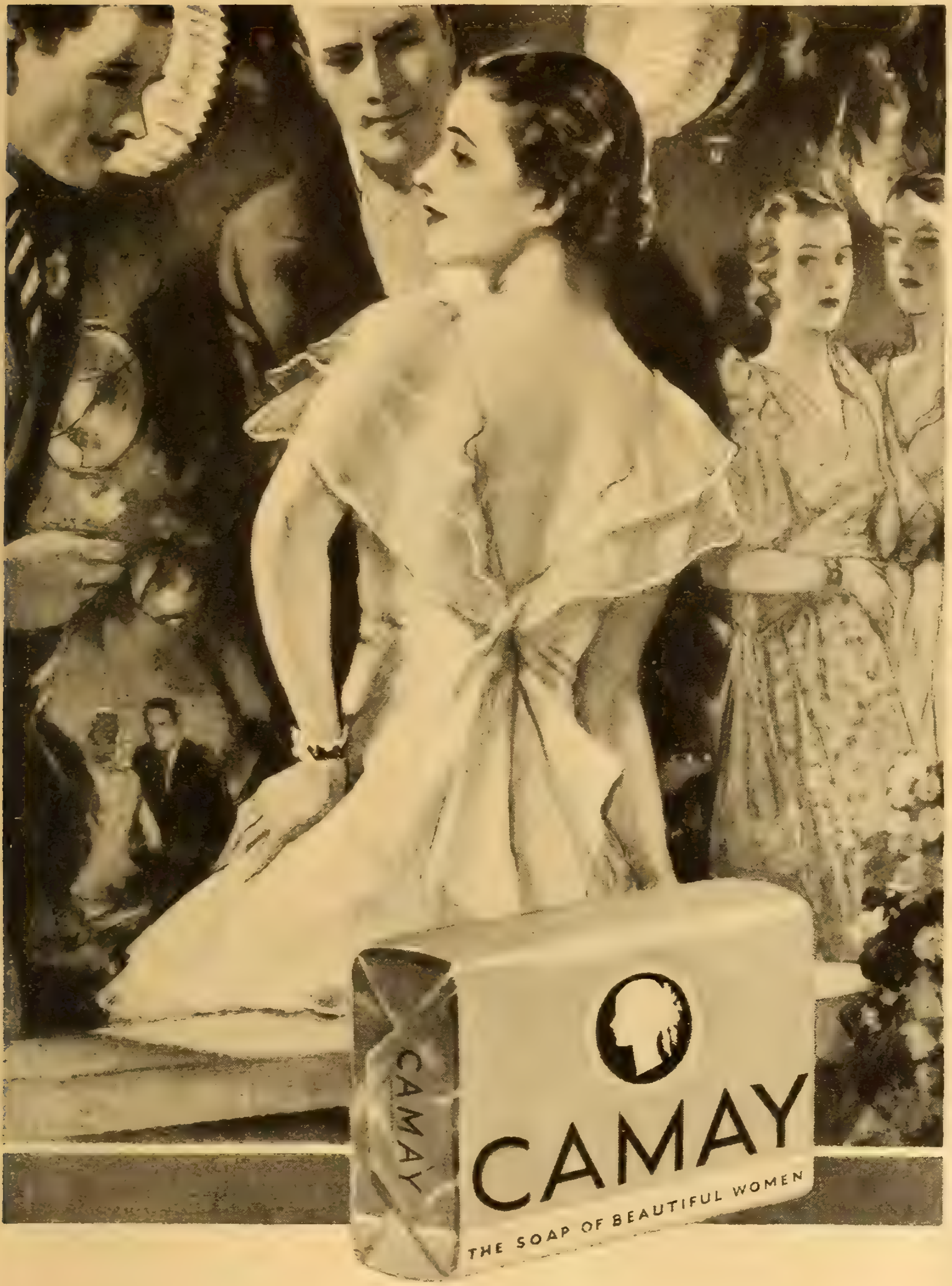
* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Breadline*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Robert—recently completed *Made on Broadway*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

♦ **Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here** ♦

Are Men's glances Keen...Women's Friendly ...Do they Admire your Skin?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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Face to face with one friend, or surrounded by people—wherever you are, someone's eyes are searching you—scrutinizing your skin. For you, like every other woman, are in a Beauty Contest every day—ever the object of critical eyes that find you beautiful or consider you plain.

- *Exquisite cleanliness is Beauty's first law. With a soft cloth, apply a rich lather of Camay and warm water to your skin. Rinse well with cold water.*

- *Camay is pure—made of delicate oils. Its luxuriant lather is as gentle and refreshing in your bath as on your face and hands! Try it today!*

You may live grandly in a mansion, or modestly in a cottage. Yet you cannot escape the Beauty Contest of life . . . the rivalry of woman against woman. Wealth and social position cannot help you. But a fresh, radiant skin is a glorious weapon.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To have a skin that is soft and velvety, use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is creamy-white—pure—delicate as dew upon your cheek. The quick, luxuriant lather it yields, in hard water, as in soft, cleanses the pores deeply and gently and brings out the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

The cost of keeping your skin lovely is amazingly low! Never in your lifetime have you known a soap so fine, so delicately perfumed, so beautifully wrapped to cost so little! Get a supply of Camay today.

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The Movie Circus

Motion Picture

presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By

FRANK MORLEY

SHARING the topnotches for the month are the bank holiday and the quaking of old mother earth. Both have been the cause of more atrocious humor than you'd ordinarily encounter in a year's meanderings, with the punsters out in full force. One gent looked at his check and cracked that it was "just a scrip of paper." Another that he's willing to play "scrip poker." And another that "it's darkest just before the pawn." Heigh-ho.

THE wise ones are busy, too, if we are to heed the instance of Jessie Ralph, the veteran New York character actress only lately come to Celluloidia. When the banks closed she was one of a group of friends about to dine together. "Now, nobody must be host or hostess," someone suggested. "Each must pay his share. Is that agreed, Jess?"

Cash, at that moment, was the most desirable thing in the world—and the hardest to get. Most folks had money in the bank, but no currency in hand. This was Miss Ralph's condition. Her friends all had bills and silver.

"That's fine," she said. "We'll dine at my hotel."

The party had a $15 meal. All the other members dug down into their purses for a pro rata sum. Then Jessie gathered up all the cash, stowed it away—and had the price of the meal added to her hotel bill!

LIONEL ATWILL found himself with only two dollars. Then he realized his luck in having hired a Scotch butler. That canny fellow had $150 tucked away—and ready to loan.

But perhaps the best of all the yarns is Relman Morin's about the gay actor who called his bootlegger and ordered a case of Scotch. The merchant took his personal check. Then the actor called his pals and told them he had some good stuff for sale. It cost him $1.47 per bottle, and he sold it for $1.45. He had more cash than any six people, during the siege.

"My theory was," he says airily, "that anybody in Hollywood can raise enough cash for a pint of whiskey."

THEN there was El Brendel, who stood by the pay station on the Fox lot for four solid hours. Whenever someone wanted to call, he had the charge reversed to his home, and collected the cash from the 'phoner. Result: $4.45.

THE earthquake jokes have been as numerous. The one we like best is that of Harpo, of the numerous Marxes. When the second temblor occurred, he rose in his seat at the Brown Derby and in a very commanding voice promised: "At this time tomorrow a volcano!"

When Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise arrived back from France, maybe they weren't glad to find that the bank holiday was over! Connie was caught in Paris—of all places—without a cent to spend

College Girls, Take Note!

If you are a co-ed, who knows?—maybe you're just the type the movies want! Anyway, there's nothing like finding out. Universal Pictures Corporation and COLLEGE HUMOR AND SENSE are getting together to find The All-American Girl and give her a movie contract. Read full details on page 15.

SPEAKING of the Marxes—and how are you going to avoid it?—there is the compromise they have sought to institute between trousers for women and skirts for men. Kilts, is their suggestion, and in them they stroll the Boulevard.

"They're stylish," Groucho averred.

"They're comfortable," affirmed Zeppo.

"They're chic," insisted Chico.

"This will 'kilt' them," pantomimed Harpo.

LA DIETRICH, who started that trouser thing, now is eligible for the "Women Who Have Dared Club." Other members are the creators of the Irene Castle bob, the Madame Pompadour coiffure, the Queen Elizabeth plumed hat, the Empress Eugenie hat, the Lady Duff-Gordon Directoire gown, and the Jean Harlow platinum blonde hair.

LAUREL and Hardy are trying to start something, too. It's the earsy, eyesy, nosey game. This is the way it goes: With thumb and forefinger of one hand grasp your nose gently, and with thumb and forefinger of the other hand get hold of the tip of your ear. Then reverse the process; continue until facility is acquired. Finally slap the palms of both hands on your knees, and come up into the earsy, eyesy, nosey positions. You keep it up until you lose your mind.

A GREATER hazard for any man's sanity is to become that sad thing, a Hollywood husband. The other night Eddie Buzzell, the director, was looking at one of the boys who married a famous star, and recalled when he was playing "Good Boy" in New York.

Across the street from his theatre, Ona Munson, then Mrs. Buzzell, was being starred in a show. When Eddie went backstage the opening night, the doorman stopped him. "I'm Miss Munson's husband," Buzzell said.

"Oh yes," the man answered. "Go right in, Mr. Munson." And though Eddie called for his wife every night until the show closed, a year later, he was always Mr. Ona Munson.

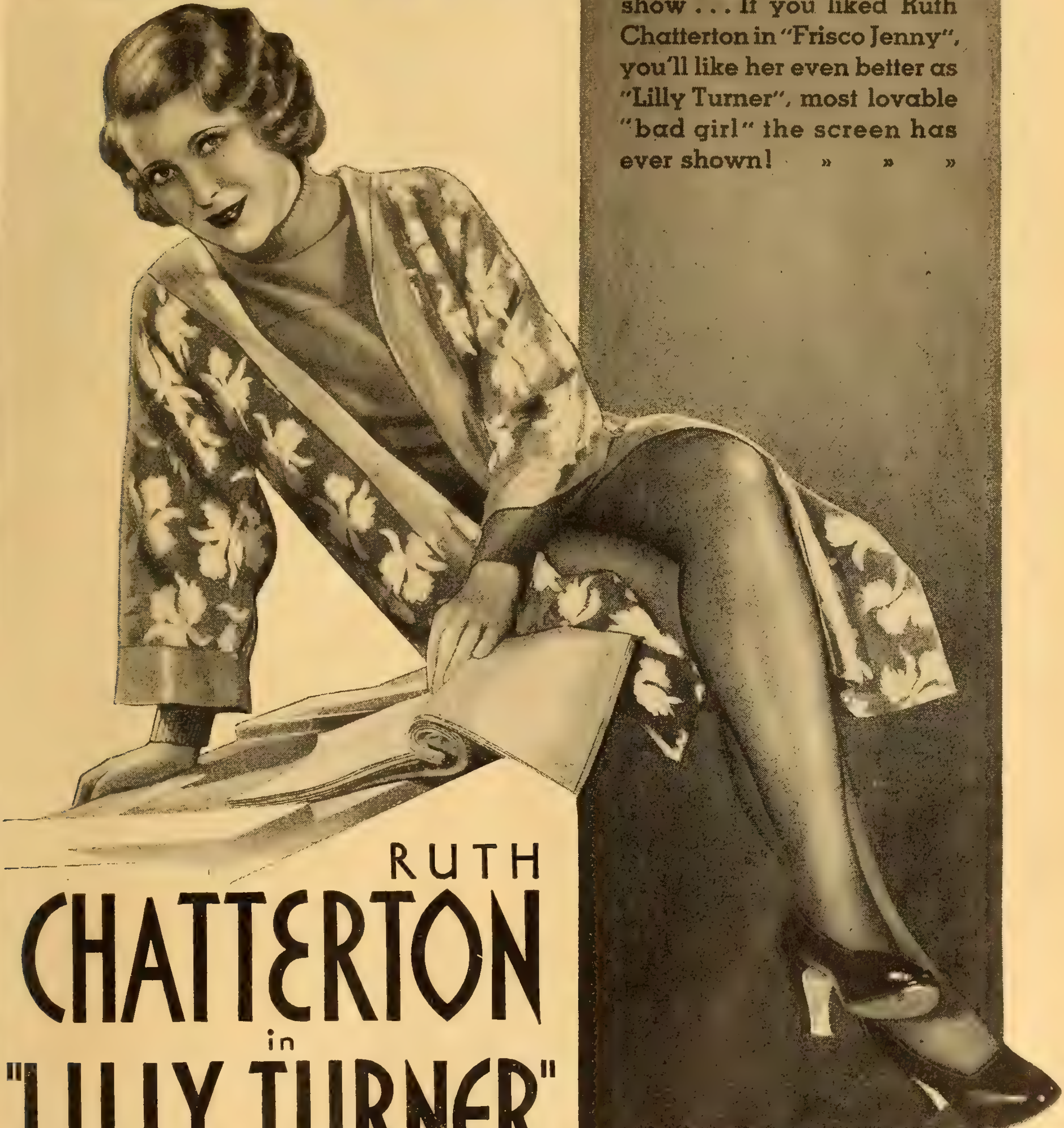
How some of these Hollywood boys can match that one!

ON the other hand, there is in town now a fellow who just seems to dote on marrying famous women. Meet Willard Mack, the playwright. This is the set-up which Mack now faces, as arranged by Producer Bryan Foy. He is to write and direct a picture in which he will be supported by Mrs. Mack No. 3 (Pauline Frederick) and Mrs. Mack No. 2 (Marjorie Rambeau), and with Mrs. Mack No. 4 (Beatrice Banyard, a

(*Continued on page 89*)

IT WILL MAKE "FRISCO JENNY" TURN PALE

Even Broadway blushed at this sensational stage play of a 1933–model Delilah who had a weakness for every "strong man" in her barnstorming medicine show . . . If you liked Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny", you'll like her even better as "Lilly Turner", most lovable "bad girl" the screen has ever shown! » » »



RUTH
CHATTERTON
in
"LILLY TURNER"

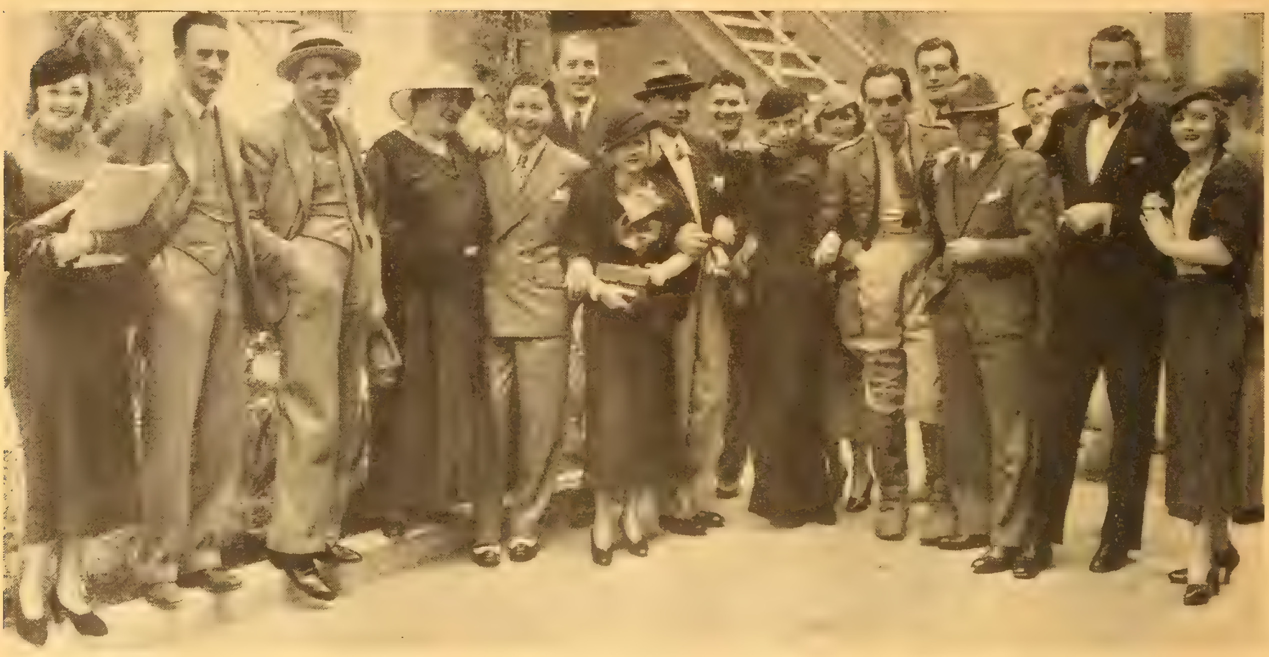
with

GEORGE BRENT
Frank McHugh
Ruth Donnelly
Guy Kibbee

A First National Picture based on a play by Philip Dunning and George Abbott
Directed by William A. Wellman

WARNER BROS. *again!*

YOUR GOSSIP TEST



1. What was the occasion of this get-together of movie folk, and how many in the group can you name?

By MARION MARTONE

2. Do you know the movie actor who was sued for alienation of affections?

3. Who is the screen newcomer who gave up a five-year contract after making just one picture?

4. Can you name the motion picture character actor who is the latest to become a daddy?

5. What famous screen star was injured recently when thrown from a horse?

6. Do you know the motion picture director and the star who were secretly married?

7. Which one of the attractive blonde girls has held a movie contract for one year without ever making a single picture?

8. To what sort of contest did a certain movie star challenge one of Hollywood's popular males?

9. Why do they call Mae Clarke "Hollywood's hard-luck girl"?

10. What is Janet Gaynor's pet superstition?

11. Can you name the red-headed screen star whose second marriage has not proved successful, according to rumored reports?

12. Who is the film executive whose name has been linked with that of an about-to-be-divorced player?

13. Do you know the film star against whom a suit for $100,000. damages was brought recently?

14. Who is the newcomer to the screen who refused to be photographed, showing her limbs, when she arrived in America from Germany?

15. What motion picture actor announced that he would attempt to woo and win his wife all over again after they had separated?

16. Can you name the young man who is being very attentive to Joan Crawford since that separation?

17. Which talented screen star has been signed to make two musicals for an English film company?

18. They say that one of Hollywood's screen sirens won't be happy until Ramon Novarro returns from Europe. Do you know her?

19. Do you know the movie pair who have been married for six years and who are now ready for the divorce courts?

20. Who is the handsome chap who was a stilt-walker before he became a movie actor?

(*Answers to these Questions on page 90*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

MOVIE STARDOM THIS SUMMER . . .

for the ALL-AMERICAN GIRL

. . . ARE YOU THIS CO-ED?

UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORPORATION *and* COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE announce a contest, beginning at once, to determine America's most typical co-ed for 1933.

The winner will be christened the ALL-AMERICAN GIRL.

She will be starred in the leading rôle of Universal's great new football picture to be filmed in Hollywood this summer.

She will be tendered a vacation contract of not less than $100 a week, with all expenses paid to and from Hollywood, and a chance for continued stardom with this famous producing company.

Already Universal has scored with the two greatest football pictures of all time—*The Spirit of Notre Dame* and *All-American.* Now a third master production offers fame and fortune to the lucky co-ed who emerges winner in this contest.

Think what an opportunity this is: An immediate salary not obtainable in any other field in less than two years. World-wide recognition and publicity. Opportunity to make good in motion pictures with unlimited future, perhaps, with radio and television as well.

Co-eds competing for ALL-AMERICAN GIRL honors and rewards need not undergo any of the disadvantages of personal appearance. Entries can be made without taking time off from classes or in any way interfering with school work.

Read the contest rules carefully and act immediately, so that your application may be certain of receiving every consideration by the judges.

ALL-AMERICAN GIRL CONTEST RULES:

1. Each entrant must be a registered student in a college of reputable standing.
2. Each entrant must submit two photographs of herself: (a) One profile photograph; (b) One full face photograph, large head of not less than three inches from chin to top of head.
3. Photographs must be accompanied by letter giving following information about entrant: Age, height, weight, color of eyes, color of hair, athletic training, theatrical training. (Do not omit any of this important data.)
4. Photographs and data as above must be accompanied by statement from elocution or dramatic teacher attesting to quality of voice.
5. All entrance material must be accompanied by cover of current issue of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE, or a facsimile thereof.
6. In case of a tie duplicate prize will be awarded each tieing contestant. Copies of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE may be read at the office of the publisher, 1301 Paramount Building, New York City, or at Public Libraries. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to enter this contest. All photographs will remain the property of the publishers unless accompanied by sufficient postage for their return.
7. All entrance material must be in the hands of All-American Girl Editor of COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE, 1301 Paramount Building, New York City, not later than midnight, July 1st, 1933.
8. A committee of judges composed of officials of this magazine, Carl Laemmle, Jr. of Universal Pictures Corporation, prominent artists and art editors will select and announce the name of the prize-winning ALL-AMERICAN GIRL before midnight, July 15th, 1933. (Personnel of judges' committee will be announced complete in the June issue of this magazine.)

All-American Girl Contest

Universal Pictures
Corporation

College Humor
and Sense

People Who Make Movies Also Make News!

Wide World

It looks as if Will Rogers' polo team won some fancy beer mugs when they captured that tournament at the Riviera Country Club. Left to right, they are, Johnny Mack Brown, Will Rogers (who's seeking the "sterling silver" label), Charles Farrell and Guinn Williams

At last you have a look at Norma Shearer's young heir! When Norma and her husband, Irving Thalberg (M-G-M production head), sailed for Europe, Irving, Jr., went along

International

International

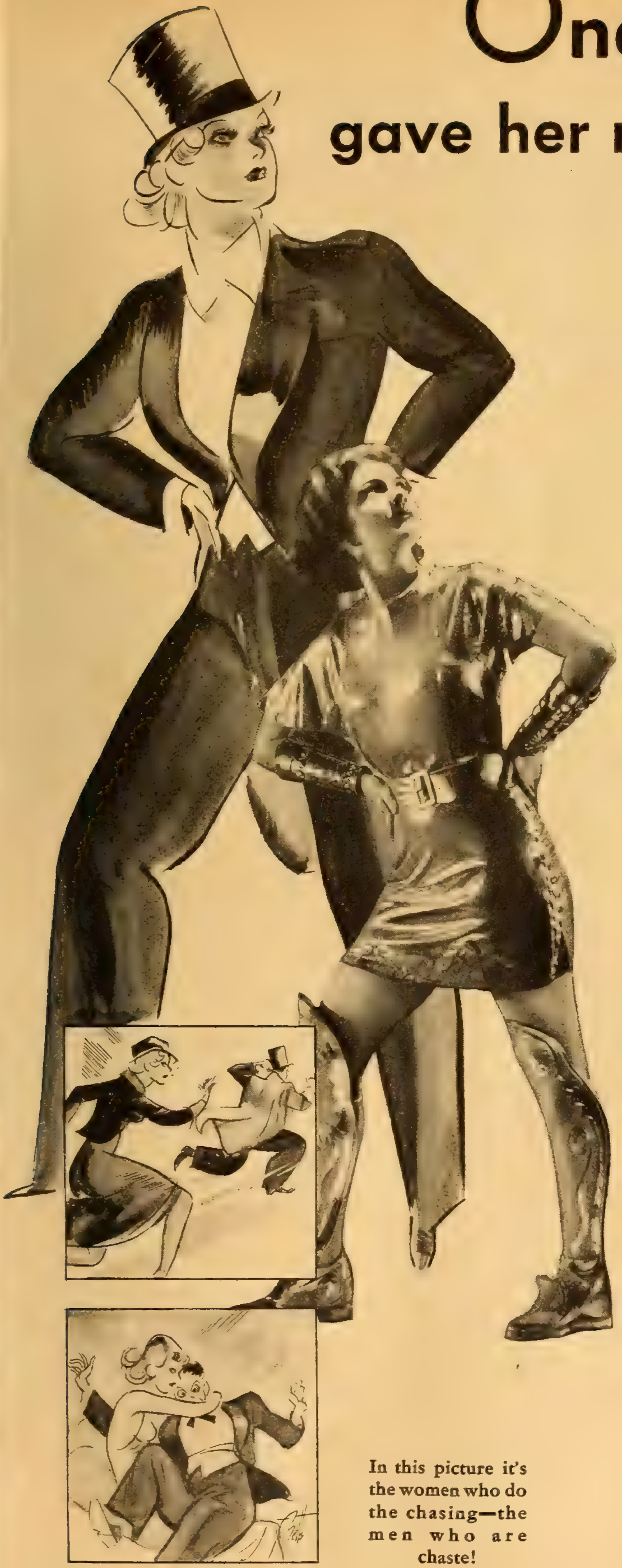
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., isn't the only Hollywood husband who's courting his wife again. Here's Hoot Gibson dancing with Sally Eilers, proving that their rift over "jealousy" is all patched up

Wide World

Joan Crawford (above) says goodbye to her director, Howard Hawks, as she gets away from reporters and heads for a retreat known only to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Read how Doug is courting her again, on page 56.) Right, Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, arrive back from Europe. And ARE they happy? See page 57

International

One real kiss gave her new ideas on life!



She could lick an army! Swear like a trooper! Drink any man down! What a man-eater she was! Until a *real* man came along and gave her new ideas on life. From then on things were certainly changed! . . . This is the "different" picture you've been longing for. So gay and merry you'll laugh yourself sick when you see it—and laugh a lot more every time you think about it. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre, now, when it is going to be shown.

"THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"

A Jesse L. Lasky Production
with

ELISSA LANDI
MARJORIE RAMBEAU
ERNEST TRUEX
DAVID MANNERS

Directed by Walter Lang

A
FOX
PICTURE

In this picture it's the women who do the chasing—the men who are chaste!

"Party Tonight?"

how's your breath today?

Don't offend . . . play safe . . . Use Listerine . . . deodorizes hours longer

You never can tell when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. The wise thing to do, then, is to use Listerine before social engagements. No fastidious man or woman would overlook this precaution.

After using Listerine, you *know* that your breath cannot offend others. The moment this amazing antiseptic and deodorant enters the mouth, it cleanses, arrests fermentation, decay, and infection—all causes of odors—then overcomes the odors themselves. *Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours.*

Don't be one of the thousands who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when, as a matter of fact, it is not. The unwelcome truth is that everyone is a victim of halitosis at some time or another.

You can readily understand why: a few particles of fermenting food, overlooked by the tooth brush, often cause bad breath. A slightly decaying tooth or a leaky filling produces odors. Also, excesses of eating and drinking, and, of course, temporary or chronic infections of the mouth, nose, and throat.

So we say: don't guess about the condition of your breath. Simply keep Listerine handy in home and office, and rinse the mouth with it every morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BEFORE ALL ENGAGEMENTS

Listerine

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS

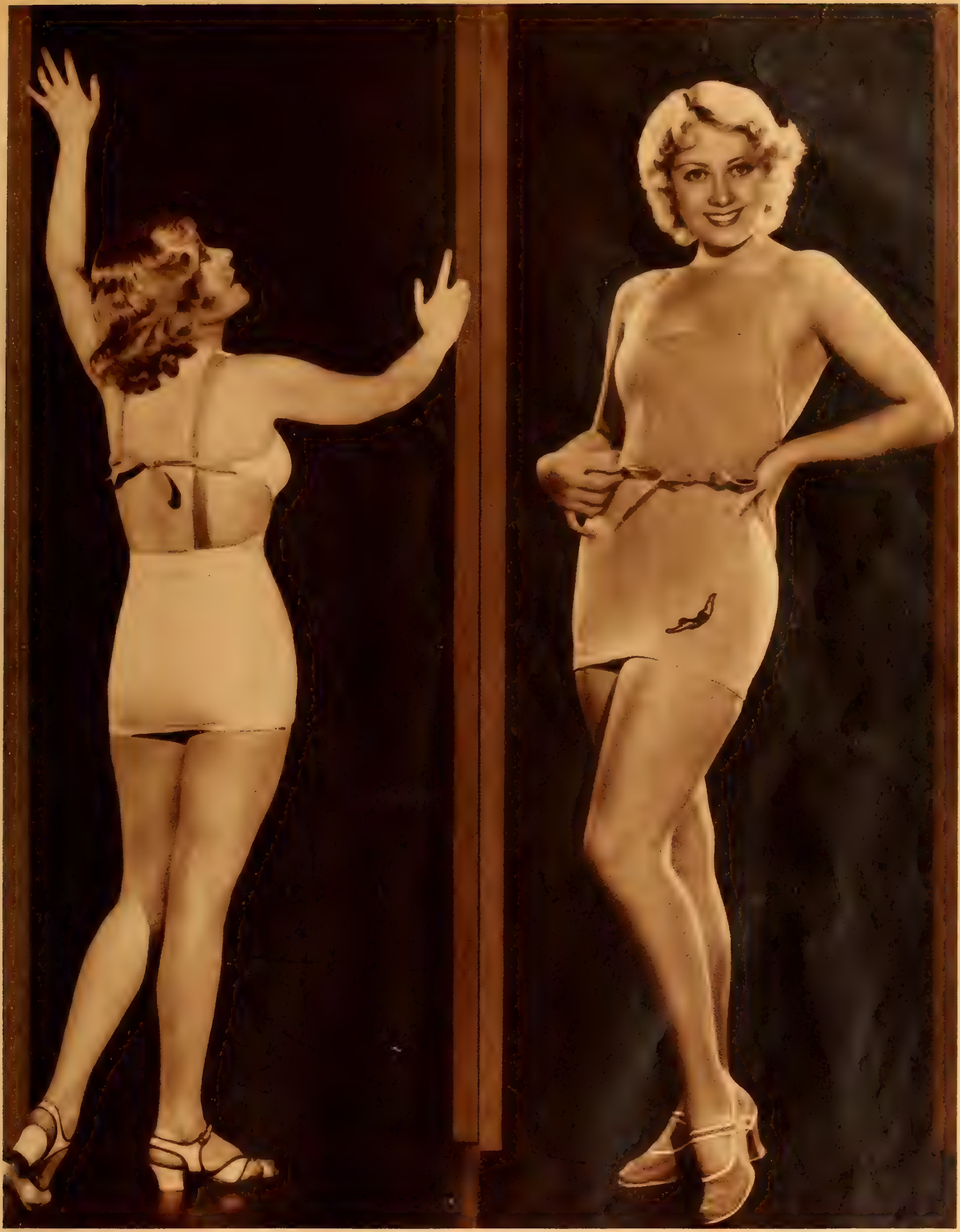
BRUCE CABOT

It took Bruce to rescue Fay Wray from the clutches of the biggest villain in film history in "King Kong." And he did such a good job of it that the crystal-gazers foresee a life of excitement ahead of him. They're thinking up more big adventures for him now.) Some folks remember when he was hailed as "another Gable," because he was a rugged, strong-featured, he-man type. But the lad has shown that he has personality—and IS a personality—in his own right. He's on his way up!

Ray Jones

Does she have glamour? "Nothing else but" is NOT the answer. She has everything else—and that, too. Lilian has made the movie town open its eyes—the way the earthquake did. She is like no other star from abroad that Hollywood has ever seen. And you'll understand why, after you see "My Lips Betray"

LILIAN HARVEY



Model by B V D

Model by Jantzen

THEY'RE IN THE MOOD —AND THE MODE— FOR SWIMMING

Let other girls take to trouser suits and go mannish! Anita Page and Joan Blondell will take to swimming suits and go swimming. And stay feminine. Anita wants a tan along evening gown lines for "Soldiers of the Storm." Joan, who's one of "The Gold-Diggers of 1933," says she's a clam-digger of 1933 in real life!

Harvey White

Well, this clinches that big argument about trousers for women. Here's Jean Harlow, than whom there is no one more feminine, wearing jeans—and still looking feminine. (As well as mighty comfortable.) But the big news about the first and foremost platinum blonde is that she's learning her lines for "Dinner at Eight"—in which she has a new co-starring date with Clark Gable!

JEAN HARLOW

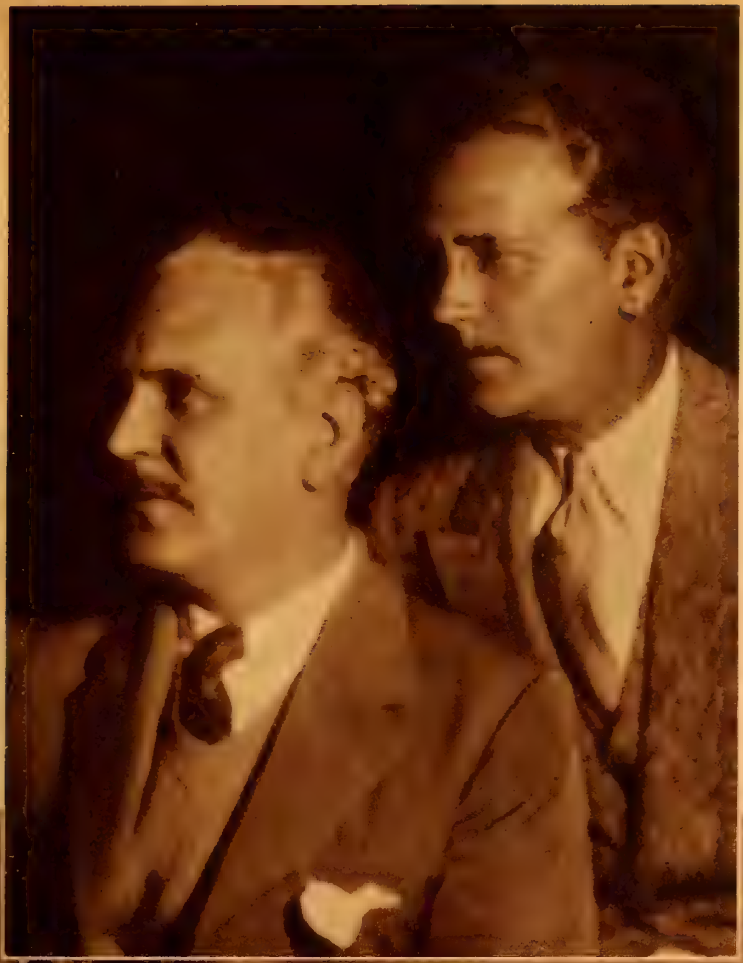
GEORGE RAFT
AND
LILIAN BOND

Even between scenes, the girls can't leave George alone. The poor lad might be lonely! Besides, they're all crazy to have Hollywood's best dancer show them some new steps. Not that Lilian needs any showing—being from Broadway, herself. And not that George needs any teasing—when the teaser is a titian. Looks as if they kept on rehearsing between scenes of "Pick Up"!

MARION DAVIES

You know Marion—she's the star who can deduct the most from her income tax for charity. And in "Peg O' My Heart," you'll see her playing an object of charity—"a poor motherless lass" who is a bit of a country cousin and who, of course, wins the heart of everybody. It marks the return of one of the screen's most gifted comédiennes to comedy drama—not to mention braids. And we warn you that if you love Marion, you will also have to love her dog!

Photos by
C. S. Bull



Next to the brothers Barrymore, the brothers Morgan are the best-known fraternity on the screen. And the most confusing. They've been accused of being twins—but this isn't so. Just to straighten out everybody as to which is who, they've been photographed together for the first time since childhood. The one on the left is—now, let's see—that's Frank (he has a touch of gray in his hair); and the one in the tweed coat must, therefore, be Ralph, who is now in "The Power and the Glory." Frank, meanwhile, is playing in "Reunion in Vienna"

José Reyes

THE MORGAN BROTHERS—WHICH IS FRANK, AND WHICH IS RALPH?

I

Hollywood is getting a look at a Marlene it has never seen before. She is no longer impassive and unemotional—but eager, excited, vivacious. She is even prettier. She is like the girl she was at seventeen—before something happened that changed her whole personality. Hollywood is looking for the reason!

MARLENE DIETRICH in *Love* for the *Second* Time?

By SONIA LEE

How much has each of these men influenced Marlene's life? Top to bottom, Brian Aherne, her new leading man; Rudolph Sieber, her husband; Josef von Sternberg, her "discoverer"; and Maurice Chevalier, her friend

MARLENE DIETRICH has changed. She has changed in the last few weeks from an emotionally inert person to an eager, laughing, enchantingly vital and young girl. Can it be, as it is whispered around the studio, that Brian Aherne—her leading man in "The Song of Songs"—has given Marlene an interest in life, the first dominating and absorbing interest that has touched her since girlhood?

Marlene Dietrich's mystery has been cumulative. Unlike Garbo, whose elusiveness has a well-defined basis in her unhappy first experiences in Hollywood, Marlene has had a placidity, an inscrutable, trance-like quality which has baffled Cinematown with greater intensity as the days have gone by. She made real the *Trilby* tale of a woman living in a dream—so complete was her seeming abstraction. Garbo hid within her home. Dietrich hid within herself!

Her face—a lovely Benda mask—revealed nothing of the woman. Her experiences, her reactions, her attitudes toward life and people were sealed within an impenetrable wall. Marlene, until recently, has given the impression of a colossal, majestic indifference, which has set her apart from the clamoring, ambitious, fame-ridden cinema populace.

No one has ever known the reason for that manifest detachment. To no one has she confided the secret that explains it. But we believe that, at last, we have the key to the Enigma of Dietrich.

Only when a woman's heart is dead can she face the world with an inflexible calm. Has Marlene's heart been comatose since she was seventeen?

Far Different at Seventeen

SOME months ago, a man who knew Marlene Dietrich well, when she was a young, aspiring violinist—eager, vibrant, hopeful, and trusting—saw the Marlene Dietrich that Hollywood has known for three years. He made a revealing comment about Marlene, the star.

"I couldn't believe it was the same girl—she's a different person entirely," he said. "When I first knew Marlene, her beauty transcended that of any woman I have ever seen. She was breath-taking, glorious, with an elemental quality that made men gasp and bow in homage. She was electricity personified. The current of her vitality reached out to everyone who came in contact with her.

"She was gay, audacious—always laughing. Her musical career seemed assured. She was something of a prodigy with the violin—and great things were prophesied for her. And she was in love. We all knew it.

"Her idol was the conductor of a symphony orchestra—and his genius had a terrifying appeal for her. And to him she gave her fresh, young worship. She gathered her beauty and her glory and her promise—her idealism and her dreams—into one concentrated cup and gave it unstintingly to this man, who stood in her mind for every worth while thing in life.

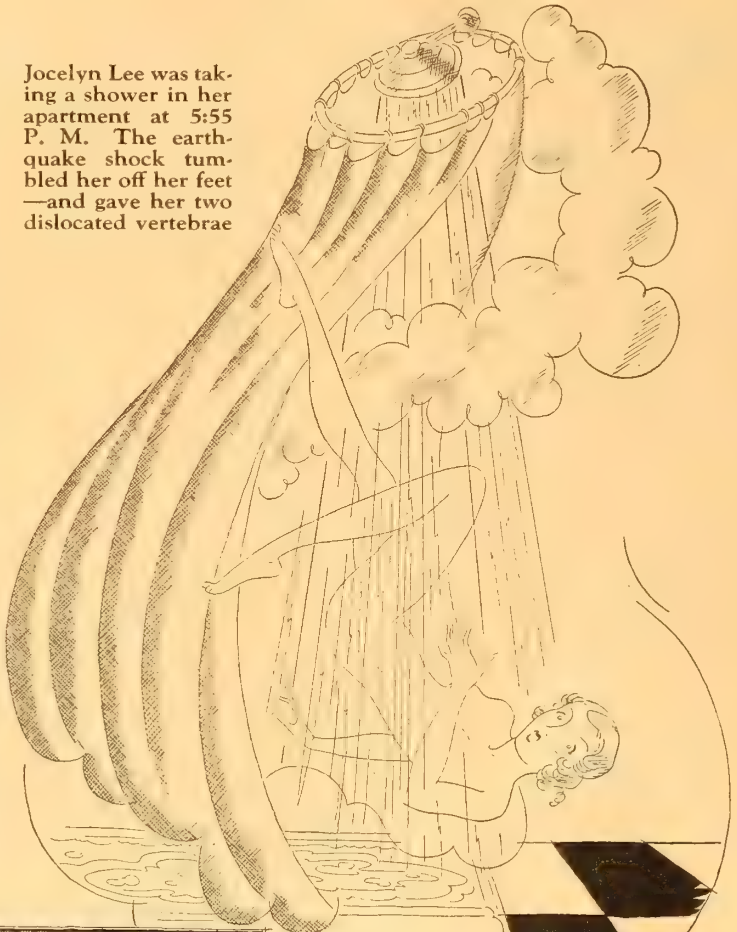
"Then, suddenly, she changed. Her vivacity departed. That appealing softness disappeared. Later we learned why.

"It seems that this man no longer found the ingenuousness of this girl engaging—her naïve love wearied him. And so one day he staged a cruel scene. He called Marlene to come to his home—and when she came, she saw this man she adored through the window and very evidently making impassioned love to a woman there with him. The lights were on and the

(*Continued on page 76*)

How the EARTHQUAKE Affected the STARS

When old Mother Earth rocked Hollywood to its foundations, the stars were caught unprepared. They were doing the things they do every day at 5:55 P.M. They didn't have time to think HOW they ought to act. They just listened to impulse. And here's how your heroes and heroines faced unexpected danger!



Jocelyn Lee was taking a shower in her apartment at 5:55 P. M. The earthquake shock tumbled her off her feet—and gave her two dislocated vertebrae

AT 5:55 P.M. on March 10, an earthquake rocked Hollywood violently for the space of one minute. It was totally unscheduled and caught the stars going about their everyday life, unaware that what they were doing was about to become historic. But thanks to the vividness of that moment of amazement and terror, the stars remember exactly what they were doing at 5:55 P.M., and we are given an entirely new slant at picture people—not as great stars stared at by envious crowds, but as ordinary human beings.

There was no time to look pretty, or remember camera angles, or what makes for good publicity when Mother Earth got the hiccups on March 10. Yet some of the movie stars proved by their instinctive actions that they were worthy of the hero and heroine rôles that they play.

There was Barbara Stanwyck, for example. Barbara has been ill lately, was in fact recently out of the hospital. She was lying languidly in her own drawing-room with a book when the first shock came. It sent her racing upstairs two steps at a time to the nursery, where her newly-adopted baby son was playing. Seizing him in her arms, Barbara dashed out-of-doors to the edge of the swimming pool—one of the worst places possible in an earthquake! And there she and the baby remained till dark.

They're still telling tales of how cocktails shook themselves at 5:55 P. M.—"the cocktail hour." Believe them or not!

John Barrymore, working in a scene with May Robson, seized the trembling woman in his arms as the lights went suddenly out at the first rumble, plunging the stage into total darkness. Randolph Scott was waiting for the traffic signal at the corner of Highland and Hollywood Boulevard, when he noticed the poles swaying. Immediately thinking of the danger of falling high tension wires, Randie leaped out of his car and into the middle of the Boulevard, where a shrieking woman rushed into his arms and proceeded to faint away!

"What did I do?" asks Randie, with an engaging grin. "Why, I held her till the earth had stopped quaking and she had come out of her faint. There didn't seem to be anything else *to* do."

Peggy Burned Herself

CASUALTIES of the earthquake among the movie stars are limited to overwrought nerves in most cases, but Peggy Hopkins Joyce has a bad burn on one cheek, the result of the hot curling iron she was using at the moment of the 'quake getting out of control. Jocelyn Lee was taking a shower in her apartment at the Chateau Elysée. The earthquake shock threw her out of the shower, and put her in bed for several days with two dislocated vertebrae.

"I was getting dressed to go out for dinner. My folks were waiting downstairs," says Anita Page. "I stood at the top of the stairs, just about to call down to my mother, when the

This portrait of Claudette Colbert was taken after Hollywood houses were all through shimmying—but it looks as if the photographer's hand was still shaking!

Adrienne Ames was "making up" for a dinner date. The 'quake sent the lipstick across her cheek, giving her a crimson "gash" that later scared her cook

'quake came. I fell the entire length of the stairs. You should see my back—it's black and blue—and my ankle has a big bump on it!"

Elissa Landi had had a bad breakdown on the set at Fox a few days before the 'quake. She was in bed when the house began to shake and a mirror flew crashing from the wall. She and her mother and the cook rushed into the garden, where they stayed all night. Elissa later was so ill from the shock that she could not see any of her friends.

At five minutes to six, Walter Byron was dressing to keep a date. The "date" happened to live in Long Beach. After Walter had retrieved a collar button, jerked out of his hand by the shaking of the house, he turned on the radio. Excited reports came that Long Beach was in ruins. Did that faze Walter? Britons are made of sterner stuff! He got into his car, went to Long Beach where his "date," amid the crashing of mirrors and household crockery, had managed to finish dressing—and the two of them went to dance the whole

(Continued on page 78)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Illustrations by Eldon Kelley

If Hollywood Failed, Stars Would Still *Eat!*

Fredric March (above) could go back into banking—maybe even with J. P. Morgan

Kay Francis (left) has modeled new styles on the screen. She'd get offers from gown shops

Neil Hamilton (left) once posed for collar ads. Maybe the job is still open

What would become of James Cagney's sense of humor if the studios shut down? You'd see it in cartoons! (Wonder if that's Joan Blondell he's caricaturing above?) Louise Closser Hale (left) is already the author of ten novels. She wouldn't starve! Neither would Elissa Landi (right), who has written both fiction and music. She has published three novels, has finished a fourth, and wrote that composition she played in "The Masquerader"

THE idea of Hollywood folding up is, of course, fantastic. We may have bank holidays, fifty per cent pay cuts, payless work days and cashless checks, but "The show must go on!" will remain our watchword. Still, if all the studios did close, tight as a baby's eyes, you wouldn't find Hollywood actors in the bread lines—not even if the stage and the radio stations also went out of business. And not even if they lost all their money. For nearly all of them have some other career open to them.

Wallace Beery could start out tomorrow as an air transport pilot. He not only has a license, but he owns a transport 'plane. He has taken the mail from Los Angeles to San Francisco on one occasion, and it's a life he likes.

Robert Montgomery wrote a "human interest" story for the Associated Press during the Olympics last summer. The A. P. thought so much of his work that they sent him a letter, offering him a permanent job as a sports reporter at any time that he cared to close with the offer. Bob has also written short stories and has a play in mind.

Irene Dunne once taught singing in a Conservatory of Music. With her prestige as a star of the stage and screen, she could start her own school and believes that it would prove interesting, as well as profitable. Now let's see. Transport pilots make not more than $400 a month; sports reporters draw as low as $35 a week; and even the head of a good music conservatory never heard of a profit comparing with the salary check of a picture star.

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Brows

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Ever get tired of seeing the same old face in your mirror every morning? Well, screen beauties know that feeling, too. And they do things about it. Read what Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Adrienne Ames, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Claudette Colbert have done to acquire their "new" looks!

—And So Can You!

By
DOROTHY
MANNERS

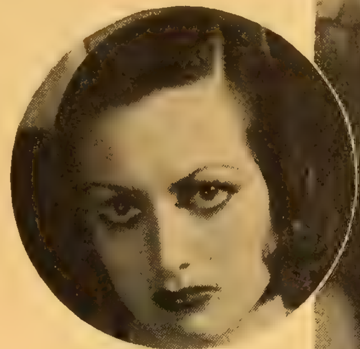
scene from under very thin, very quizzical and very modish brows! In place of the former *rounded* arch of the brow, Mrs. William Powell has *peaked* them into a fascinating V-shape over her eyes. I believe the beauty experts have a name for it: "The Satanic line." There! How is that for doing something different to a face?

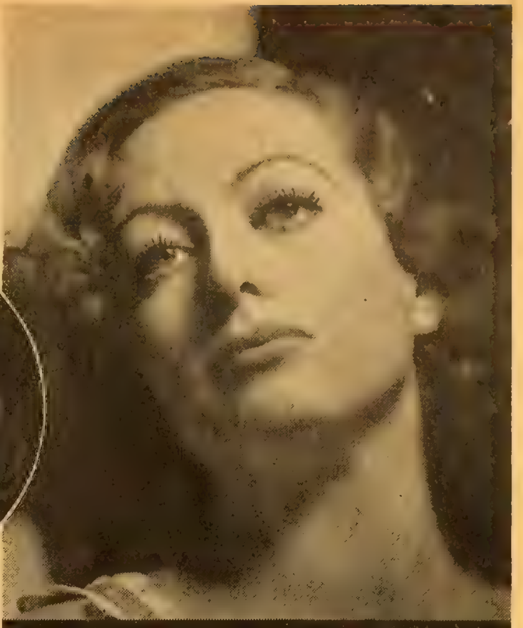
Just why she sought this change in facial expression has not yet been explained by Carole, herself. Perhaps, like Bebe, she merely grew tired of looking at the same face every morning. Or, perhaps, she considered the new "pert" styles demanded a more staccato facial expression. But whatever her reason, in case you are interested in going and doing likewise, here is how you may acquire the new Carole Lombard eyebrows:

Massage cold cream into your brows and over a generous space below and above the brow proper. This will make the process of tweezing less painful and also will give a gloss to the brows. If your eyebrows are not heavy, start the shape of the V from *underneath,* tweezing the brows to the highest point exactly over the center of the eye. From there on, it is merely a matter of shaping the brows with a pencil until the desired width and line are obtained. If your brows *are* heavy, it will be necessary for you to tweeze them from the *upper,* as well as the lower, part of the brow, being careful not to remove any natural peak of brow at the center!

Carole deliberately changed the shape of

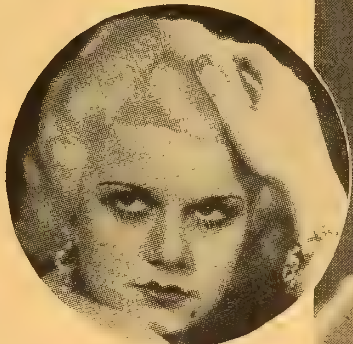
(*Continued on page 85*)

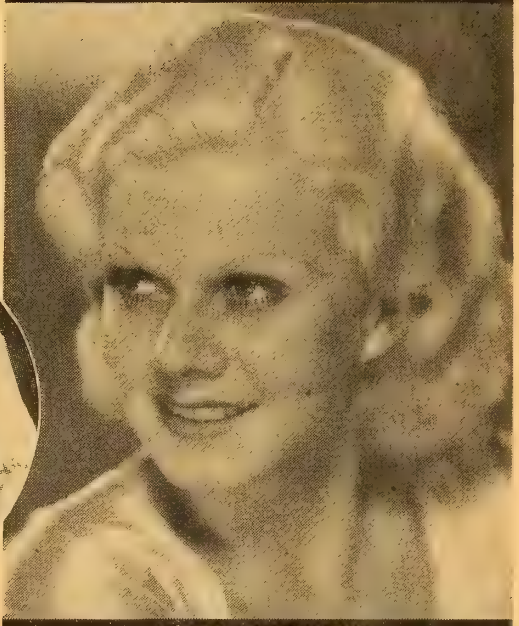




JOAN CRAWFORD

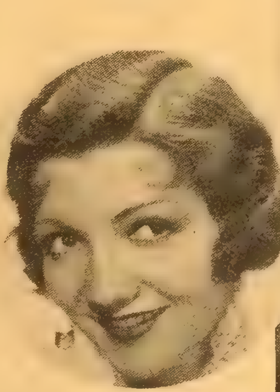
Joan Crawford has taken on new glamour simply by "making up" her lips in a different way. She used to exaggerate them (as above). Now (top right) she leaves them normal—and covers the rouge with neutral salve

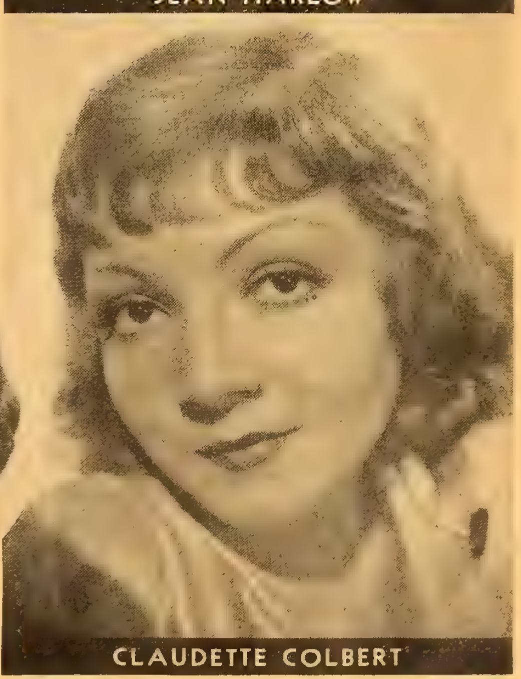




JEAN HARLOW

No star has changed more in looks than Jean Harlow (right center), who used to appear as above. Less make-up is her secret. A new hair treatment revised Claudette Colbert (below) into the "new" Claudette (right)





CLAUDETTE COLBERT

You Can't Win in the Movies —If You Don't *Take Chances*

HOLLYWOOD is a game of chance. And its studio folk, from the lowliest "extra" to the mightiest producer, are gamblers all—daring plungers who sit at the whirling wheel of chance and strew their precious blue chips of health, wealth and fame on the caprices of Dame Fate.

There are *eighteen thousand* gamblers registered at Central Casting, optimistically accepting hardship and want on the remote chance that some day the Goddess will glance their way and smile. Not two per cent of them earn a living wage. Ask any of these eighteen thousand "extras" why they play so desperate a game, and they reply:

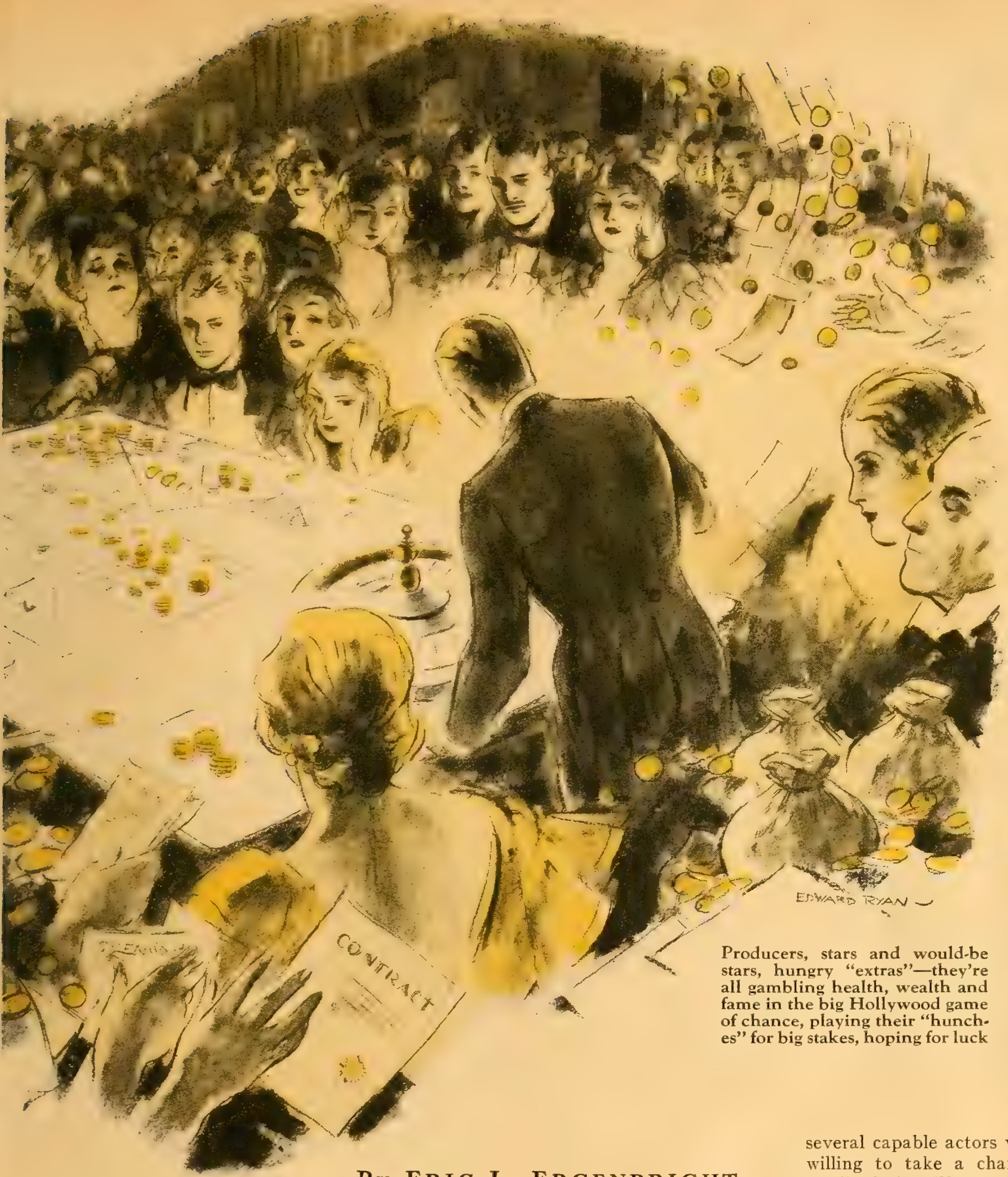
"Who knows?—tomorrow we may be lucky. See that limousine passing by? That belongs to Jane Doe. Last year she was one of us, counting her pennies and dodging her landlady as if she had the plague. Look at her now. She got 'the breaks,' that's all. Isn't it worth a gamble?"

Success—or failure, either—is never sure in Hollywood. It's all a gamble. And some of those who have taken the biggest chances have reaped the biggest winnings. De Mille made millions by risking millions. Garbo risked her whole career on a salary strike—and won. Plenty lose, too—but they never quit.

Tomorrow, maybe, their luck will change!

Perhaps it is. But when the possible rewards are so great, the odds must be in keeping. I remember a little "extra" girl, pretty, well-educated, and of the best of families. For two years she played the game, gambled her security, risked her next day's meals, tried to keep up a front, wrote lying, but cheerful letters home and prayed for the tricky ball to stop on her number. It didn't, but still she trudged from studio to studio, determined never to admit defeat. Toward the last, she pawned her rings and most of her clothes. She was destitute, but she refused when a friend offered to send her home. For two months, she *stole bottles of milk* from her neighbors' porches in order to stave off hunger.

Did she win? No—she lost. Lost just as thousands of others, equally pretty, have lost in the lottery called Hollywood. Starvation and worry finally sent her to the charity ward of the county hospital, and from there her parents took



Producers, stars and would-be stars, hungry "extras"—they're all gambling health, wealth and fame in the big Hollywood game of chance, playing their "hunches" for big stakes, hoping for luck

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Illustration by

Edward Ryan

her home. But she'll be back one of these days with a new stake, ready to take her place at the wheel. They always come back. It's the gambling fever—once in the blood, it burns like a consuming flame. But I would like to know, just out of curiosity, what the "extra's" chance for success really is.

Was a Miracle Man, Himself

GEORGE LOANE TUCKER—he's dead now—gambled his career to produce a story that other producers derided. "The Miracle Man," it was called. He had less than forty thousand dollars to spend. He couldn't afford recognized stars, but in this gamble-mad town he found several capable actors who were willing to take a chance—and small salaries. Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney—unknowns then—played the leads. All three of them had been haunting the studios, hoping for a break. Meighan would have returned to a dependable career on the New York stage, but he lacked money for the fare. Betty had reached such want that she would have been forced to quit the game just two days before she received her part in "The Miracle Man," if she had not luckily found a ten-dollar bill. Lon Chaney had recently resigned a steady job with the Universal stock company in order to gamble on securing one outstanding part.

Tucker's little drama was a ten-strike. It grossed nearly ten millions, and its unknown players became three stars.

(Continued on page 84)

COAST FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

THE big news of the month is that economy has come to Hollywood—of all places. Several stars have given up their beach homes; others have put expensive cars in storage; and housewife stars are doing their own marketing!

DREISER LIKES SYLVIA

Theodore Dreiser liked one thing about the movie, "An American Tragedy"—Sylvia Sidney. So now she's in his "Jennie Gerhardt"

AND the next biggest news of the Hollywood month is the separation of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for the reason that "when two people are unable to get along, the right thing to do is to part." And how was this magazine able to tell the movie world about their separation plans in the May issue, which reached the stands only a few days after they told said plans to the dailies? Inside information!

The announcement of a Fairbanks-Crawford separation was not so much a surprise to Hollywood as the fact that the announcement came on the heels of an alienation-of-affections suit against Doug, brought by one Jorgen Dietz, chemical engineer. Joan and Doug had protected each other from gossip for so long—and now, amid lawsuit headlines, they parted! Both insist that the suit had nothing to do with it, and Joan will testify for Doug if it will help him.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., believes that his separation from Joan Crawford will be "only temporary." Hollywood thought that the Janet Gaynor-Lydell Peck parting would also be only temporary. But Janet has gone through with a divorce (charging "extreme jealousy" and "incompatibility"), and it looks as if Lydell and Catherine Dale Owen may marry when the divorce is final, a year from now!

KEEPING up with the Hollywood heart troubles: Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Jack Oakie are still night-clubbing—and does Jack get sore when Peggy steps out occasionally with someone else?? . . . Jean Harlow and her "discoverer," Howard Hughes, have called off their ancient feud and now have lunch together once in a while . . . Maurice Chevalier isn't Such Pals with Marlene Dietrich, now cabling his flowers to Adrienne Ames, as well as Lilian Harvey . . . Lilian, by the way, says she isn't married to Willy Fritsch, the German star—but Hollywood still wonders . . . Marie Prevost and Buster Collier have kissed and made up, and are seen everywhere together . . . Another couple who are surprisingly friendly (considering those divorce charges!) are Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor . . . Robert Young has just married Betty Lou Henderson, who isn't an actress . . . While Constance Cummings is over in England, making a picture, George Raft is going places with other redheads, like Merna Kennedy and Jocelyn Lee . . . Buster Keaton, and his bride, the former May Scribbens, Culver City girl, have returned from their honeymoon in Mexico.

WATCH for reflections of the big news of the past month or two in the new pictures! M-G-M started "Gabriel Over the White House"—a tale of a fighting President—before President Roosevelt took office; and when he came in, they revised it to include some of the steps he had taken. The cast of "Dead on Arrival" was at work on the set when the recent earthquake struck; involuntarily, they cried "Earthquake!" and rushed for the doors. The camera and microphone caught it all, and now they're trying to work the scene into the story. There's going to be a picture based on the life of the martyred Mayor Cermak. There's going to be a picture about a bank teller called "The Forgotten Man." There's going to be a picture called "Beer Baron"—and many another picture starring that now-legal beverage!

GETTING READY FOR A CLEAN-UP

June Brewster is a newcomer to films (RKO brand), and the usual pose of "a newcomer in a shower bath" reveals she has —er—possibilities. Garbo had no more when she started!

# of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

Brian Aherne—from Ireland, Piccadilly and Broadway — has the town talking. He's studying his lines here for "The Song of Songs," which will have YOU talking

IT'S almost too much. Hollywood has three new heroes to rave about all at once—namely, Franchot Tone, Brian Aherne and Francis Lederer. Aherne is Irish; Tone is American; Lederer is Czecho-Slovakian. All three come from Broadway—and all three come with big reputations. Lederer, apparently, is New York's idea of The Great Lover; he is the biggest matinee idol since John Barrymore first turned his profile at Broadway. And where did he learn his technique? By haunting docks and slums, "where emotions are sincere and authentic, because they are elemental."

Ronald Colman has gone—and he didn't give Hollywood a chance to say goodbye. He sailed secretly aboard a ship bound through the Canal for Havana, where he transferred to another boat for England. He set no date for his return. He may be gone two years—traveling and acting on the stage. When and if he does return to Hollywood, he hopes to be a free-lance star and "shop around" for rôles he would like to play. He's all for a battle-cry of freedom!

LESLIE HOWARD is busily proving that the star who is under contract to no one studio gets some swell offers from them all. Now co-starring with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Fellow Prisoners," he next moves over to Fox to make "Berkeley Square," his stage hit about reincarnation, and then to RKO to make "Of Human Bondage."

IT'S just possible that Colman may do a film or two in England—for English producers are going after the British stars who have made their names in Hollywood. Boris Karloff, who hasn't been home in twenty years, is there now to make "The Ghoul." Clive Brook (Colman's pal) has gone back to make a picture or two or three. Roland Young has just made a picture on his native heath. Herbert Marshall is remaining abroad to make at least one picture. And Charles Laughton may do likewise.

WHEN George Raft "walked out," rather than play the gangster in "The Story of Temple Drake," Paramount rushed Jack La Rue, who played the priest in "A Farewell to Arms," into the sensational part. George (who has signed a truce now) says the public would have disliked him in the rôle—but La Rue is willing to take the risk. He is gambling on fame, after several years of "bit" parts. He is Broadway-trained, neither married nor engaged, taller than Raft, but similarly dark and "menacing."

Fryer

SCOTCH? With salary cuts in effect, Bette Davis thinks that Scotch is the thing to be. So it's plaid she wears in both suit and cap, for swimming between scenes of "The Adopted Father"

BESIDES luring their movie-famous countrymen to Elstree (the British Hollywood), the English producers are going after American "names" in a big way. Gloria Swanson, Esther Ralston and Corinne Griffith have recently made pictures "over there." Jeanette MacDonald is about to make one. Constance Cummings, James and Russell Gleason, and Laura La Plante are now there. And when the salary holiday hit Hollywood, the stars had a regular deluge of cabled and radioed offers. Barbara Stanwyck had two in one day. And how they have been after George Raft, ex-pal of the Prince of Wales!

AND while Hollywood is talking about all the new romantic sensations, the star who was once the greatest sensation of them all quietly steps out of the picture. We mean John Gilbert. "Fast Workers" was his swan song. He will now turn to writing and directing—or the stage. Some day, perhaps, someone will write a novel around his career—and make it symbolical of Hollywood, where fame can be so sudden and tremendous and where even the mightiest are never secure. Buster Keaton, another big M-G-M hit of the old days, is also out. And Ramon Novarro has said goodbye, heading for E[illegible]

AFTER all these years—something like ten of them—Alice Brady is returning to the screen in "When Ladies Meet." And what does Alice think of Hollywood as it is to-day? She doesn't know if she'll be able to stand the pace. She ran into an earthquake and a fifty per cent salary cut in her first week! . . . And a couple of other actresses whose return to the cameras everybody is interested in are Marie Dressler and Greta Garbo . . . Marie's health still worries her friends, who would like to see her retire and take life easy. But Marie intends to be in the new all-star picture, "Dinner at Eight," if possible. Her co-stars, if present plans are kept, will be Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Billie Burke and Madge Evans . . . There's your money's worth—or your scrip's worth—of stars! . . . The news that Garbo was returning has had Hollywood all a-dither, because of the rumors that she has grown plumper while abroad. As one wisecracker put it, "It had better be true, with Mae West around!" . . . Everybody's trying to write a screen story for Mae—but Mae likes to write her own!

TALA GOES HALF-WAY

Tala Birell will keep to skirts, but in blouse and jacket she'll listen to "let's-go-masculine" ideas

INCIDENTALLY, Mae West's press-agent (or, perhaps, Mae herself) thought up a nifty one. She has just "founded" The Society for the Advancement of Feminism, Inc.—for the specific purpose of opposing trousers for women.

De Voy

HOT-CHA

These Scandinavian girls can go hot-cha, too—as Greta Nissen is proving. And who'd ever think she would be done away with in "The Circus Queen Murder"? She's remaining Mrs. Heyburn

IS Carole Lombard lucky? She lost the $5,000 star sapphire ring that William Powell gave her—but got it back from an "honest finder"! And in times like these!

White Studios

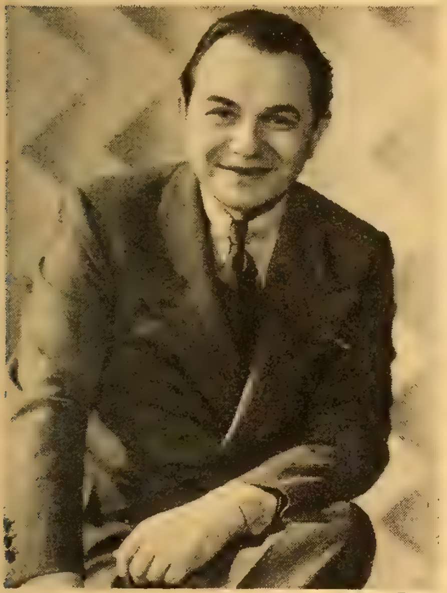
Have you listened to the "Magic Voice" series on the air? Here's the heroine, Elsie Hitz. She has screen offers!

HOLLYWOOD is being shown something in the way of self-assurance—by Ely Culbertson, the bridge czar, who can give any movie star pointers on publicity. In Hollywood to make a series of bridge shorts, he has been making statements that have put Hollywood in a gasping condition. He has remarked, for instance, that Hollywood's attempts at bridge were comic, and that Hollywood was trying to hide a colossal inferiority complex. The Four Marx Brothers took up his remark about Hollywood bridge players and challenged him to a tournament. Expensive invitations were engraved, and then Ely renegged, confessing that he thought the challenge was a joke. And Chico Marx plays bridge so well that he has written a book—a serious one—about it!

Guess who Hollywood's most faithful cavalier is! No one but Lee Tracy! For years, his inevitable companion at premières, parties and clubs has been pretty Isabel Jewel, New York actress. Those who know Lee well say that she has done wonders in making this rather frail, over-vital actor take care of his health and make his picture work possible.

PROBABLY the most lavish publicity gesture in the history of Hollywood was the "Good Times Special"—the special train that Warners sent out to ballyhoo "42nd Street." It was covered with gold and silver tinfoil; and the interior of the observation car looked like a baby edition of Malibu Beach—with sand, beach chairs and bright umbrellas. Aboard it went such personalities as Bette Davis, Joe E. Brown, Glenda Farrell, Leo Carrillo, Lyle Talbot, Preston Foster, Laura La Plante, Eleanor Holm, and Tom Mix and his horse. And maybe they weren't glad to reach their destination—42nd Street, New York! On the last lap of the journey, they held a contest to see which had the deepest circles-under-the-eyes. Glenda won, with Laura and Eleanor as runners-up. Eleanor denied, by the way, that there had been any hair-pulling among the feminine contingent. Tom Mix got sand in his boots . . . .

HE'S A DADDY NOW



Fryer

Edward G. Robinson finished "The Little Giant" in two weeks to rush East to see the Robinsons' 8-pound "little giant"

MAE CLARKE, the original hard luck girl, is on the invalid list again. One would have thought that a nervous breakdown lasting six months, a broken ankle and a burst appendix were enough for one year—but on the way home from a date with Phillips Holmes, she was in a collision and Mae's jaw was broken. Wearing bandages that prevented her from talking, she was out of the hospital a few days later, lunching with an admirer in Sardi's. Maybe it adds to a woman's attractions to be silent! Another player recently injured was Cary Grant, who was struck on the head by a plank when a bomb for a picture scene exploded prematurely.

Many a movie star is to be heard on the radio—but Mitzi Green is the youngest. You'll hear her on the Ward hour

YOU don't have to believe it, but they do tell that Vicki Baum, who wrote "Grand Hotel" and has filed first citizenship papers in Hollywood, is on the Hitler blacklist in Germany—the reason being that several years ago she wrote a novel called "Secret Sentence," which mauled secret military societies!

THE vacation exodus from Hollywood has begun early this year. Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise took a month off to go over to Europe. Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur left for Europe two hours after Helen finished her last scene in "The White Sister." Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer and Irving, Jr., went on the same boat with them. (Incidentally, Norma let New York photographers take pictures of the youngster—and were Hollywood photographers mad?) Ruth Chatterton and George Brent have obtained a leave of absence for a belated honeymoon on the Continent.

When Lola Lane divorced Lew Ayres, she said that Lew had called her "a dumb cluck" and called marriage "a millstone around his neck." Marian Nixon, in divorcing Edward Hillman, Jr., apparently took her cue from Lola. For Marian told the judge, "He called me a fool and said he was tired of being married to me." She asked for no alimony—but received title to their home, which she will rent to Eddie!

HERE'S news! Some of Hollywood's actresses are out to learn something from a radio actress! Her name is Elsie Hitz, and she has one of radio's most glamourous speaking voices.

(*Continued on page 75*)

WENT TO COURT TO WIN RIGHT TO SEEK FAME

These five girl "finds" in Warners' search for new screen talent are all minors, so they had to take their contracts to court and have a judge approve them. Left to right, they are: Maxine Cantway, Chicago; Loretta Andrews, St. Louis; Pat Wing, Richmond; Jayne Shattuck, Portland; and Ann Hovey, Mt. Vernon, Indiana

"A BEDTIME STORY"—

Seen Through Hollywood's Eyes

This is the "inside story" about one of the most unusual pictures in Hollywood history—a picture in which an eight-months-old baby has a rôle as big as that of the star (who happens to be Maurice Chevalier). When you see it, you'll wonder how they got the baby to do all the things he does. Here's how!

By JACK GRANT

This is the fifth of a series of "inside stories" about outstanding new pictures. Hollywood knows these stories and because of its knowledge, its appreciation of motion picture entertainment is increased. For Hollywood sees the drama within a drama—recognizes all of the painstaking attention to tiny details that might escape more casual observers. Read this article about "A Bedtime Story" —then see the picture. Your enjoyment of it will be keener for seeing it through Hollywood's eyes, knowing how the baby of the picture was "discovered" and realizing the amusing difficulties that star, cast and director faced in teaching the baby to "act."—*Editor.*

DO NOT TOUCH BABY

Right, Baby LeRoy Weinbrener in the carriage that the cast of "A Bedtime Story" gave him. Note the sign—a sign that was necessary!

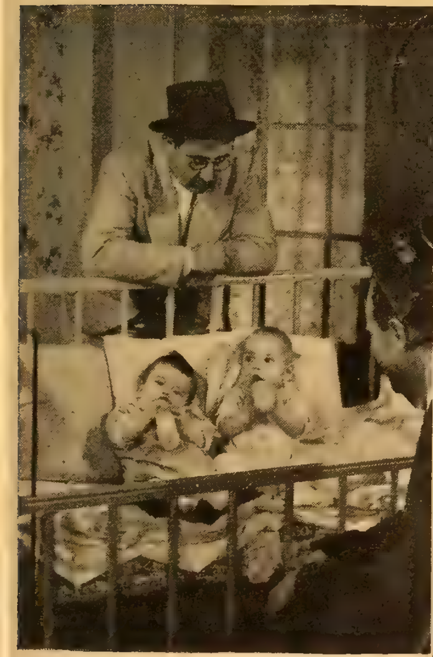
Above, some of the workers on the set try to get Baby LeRoy to laugh—a favorite pastime between scenes. At right, on box, is director Norman Taurog

Right, Baby LeRoy takes to Helen Twelvetrees, who has a new baby of her own. She plays his nurse in the picture

IN the entire history of Hollywood, there has never been a production like "A Bedtime Story." Nominally, the star of the picture is Maurice Chevalier. Actually, the star is a baby aged between eight and ten months—the aging having taken place during the filming of the story.

There have been other babies in other pictures, it is true. And, as is the habit of

The foundling, discovered by Chevalier's servants among his luggage, is dressed in his pajamas and put to bed (above). Right, Maurice feeds "M'sieur Bab-ee," while Mrs. Gwenneth Weinbrener supervises



English

Left, director Norman Taurog, leaning on crib, watches the screen test that won Baby LeRoy his screen chance. More than 170 babies were tested—in pairs

WARNING
POSITIVELY DO NOT OPEN DOOR WHEN RED LIGHT IS BURNING OR BELL IS RINGING
QUIET
BABY ASLEEP
ABSOLUTELY
NO VISITORS

Left, Adrienne Ames, who is in the picture, discovers that she can't get on the set. The signs inform her that Baby LeRoy is asleep—and not to be disturbed!

babies, they have invariably stolen the show, regardless of how short their time on the screen. There are many adages in the profession of acting, but none more rigid than the maxim: "You can't steal a scene from a baby—any baby. Don't make yourself ridiculous by trying."

Chevalier was fully aware of the fact that he would be compelled to play second fiddle to a child, when Paramount first outlined to him the plot of "A Bedtime Story." After reading the script prepared by Waldemar Young and Nunnally Johnson, he realized just how

(*Continued on page 96*)

The New Sensation

MAE

Everybody is talking about her, and asking questions about her. She's the sensation of 1933—something new and unusual in screen stars. And what would YOU like to know about her? Here is your chance to ask your question!

MAE WEST has invited you to "come 'n' see me some time," but here's something you never expected—a chance to write her that big question that's in your mind, and get her answer!

She is the surprise star of the year—and the most talked about star in many years. Anyone who isn't conscious of Mae West just doesn't know what's happening in the movies. For Mae's radiant smile, her frank sexiness, her ruthless honesty, and her sense of humor have caught on with audiences tired of artificial, brooding heroines. Men and women both want more of Mae West. And they want to know more about this new sensation. What would *you* like to know about her?

Would you like to know if she wrote "She Done Him Wrong" about a woman who actually lived, or if the character she played was purely imaginary? Or if it's true that she considers the fad of trousers for women as "a personal insult"? Or why she has just founded the Society for Advancement of Feminism? Or what she thinks of Billy Sunday's statement that she "would be a sensation in a pulpit"? Would you like to know whether she considers a sense of humor more valuable than beauty, or vice versa? Or what she thinks of Hollywood, after Broadway? Or what her definition of "glamour" is? Or, perhaps, there is something entirely different that you would like to ask her.

Whatever you want to ask, here is your chance to ask it. And Hollywood doesn't know Mae West as well as you will, after you and hundreds of other moviegoers fill in the coupon below, send it to the Inquiring Reporter, and read Mae's answers. They will appear in the August MOTION PICTURE. But be sure to send in your query so that it will reach us ON OR BEFORE MAY 20.

All questions, of course, must be in good taste—such questions as you would ask her if you should ever meet her in person. Those questions that don't heed this one condition will be tossed in the waste basket. The only other questions barred are those relating to her salary, her preferences in fellow-players, and kindred studio "secrets."

On pages 58 and 59 of this issue, Maurice Chevalier answers the questions asked him by readers of the April MOTION PICTURE. Read them to the end and discover how much they reveal about him. Next month, Jean Harlow will answer the questions that readers of the May MOTION PICTURE have asked her—and tell all about herself.

Meanwhile, rush in your Mae West inquiry—to reach us on or before May 20. Remember this date. We want ample time to sort all the questions and obtain Mae's answers!

INQUIRING REPORTER,
C/o MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California

Dear Sir:

THE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK **MAE WEST** PERSONALLY IS THIS:

____

____

____

This question is sent in by:

Name ______________________________

Street ______________________________

City and State ______________________________

WEST

. . . Ask Her a Question

CLOTHES GOSSIP from

Four of the movie stars who became fashion models for the opening of Mrs. "Skeets" Gallagher's American Maid Shop are shown in creations they modeled. Left to right, Audrey Henderson, Bebe Daniels, Sharon Lynn and Claire Windsor

Who's Wearing *What* and *How* Is Revealed in MOTION PICTURE's Advance Fashion Tips from the New Films

Diana Wynyard is displaying (above) the black crêpe dinner gown with the white maline shoulder flowers she wears in "Reunion in Vienna," and (right, with John Barrymore) the gray tucked chiffon dress

TALK about your Paris fashion premieres with their glittering salons and slinky models if you must! But Hollywood is talking (and how!) about Mrs. "Skeets" Gallagher's American Maid Shop fashion premiere in Westwood Village, with such world-famous models as Bebe Daniels, Claire Windsor, Arline Judge, Carmen Pantages Considine, Leila Hyams, Sharon Lynn and Audrey Henderson Sutherland—who paraded before the thunder-struck Westwooders in adorable little models that can be had for anything from $12.50 up to $29.50!

It is the fashion news of the month, so far as Hollywood is concerned—because, not only did the famous movie friends of "Skeets' " pretty wife pitch in and help make the opening a big success, but also you are going to see many of the gowns she has created in the new pictures of Bebe, Arline, Sharon and Leila! It was a unique fashion première in that the entranced public got "second chance" at the lovely gowns displayed. The models, themselves, were so taken by the styles they were wearing that they bought most of the clothes before the "buyers"

HOLLYWOOD

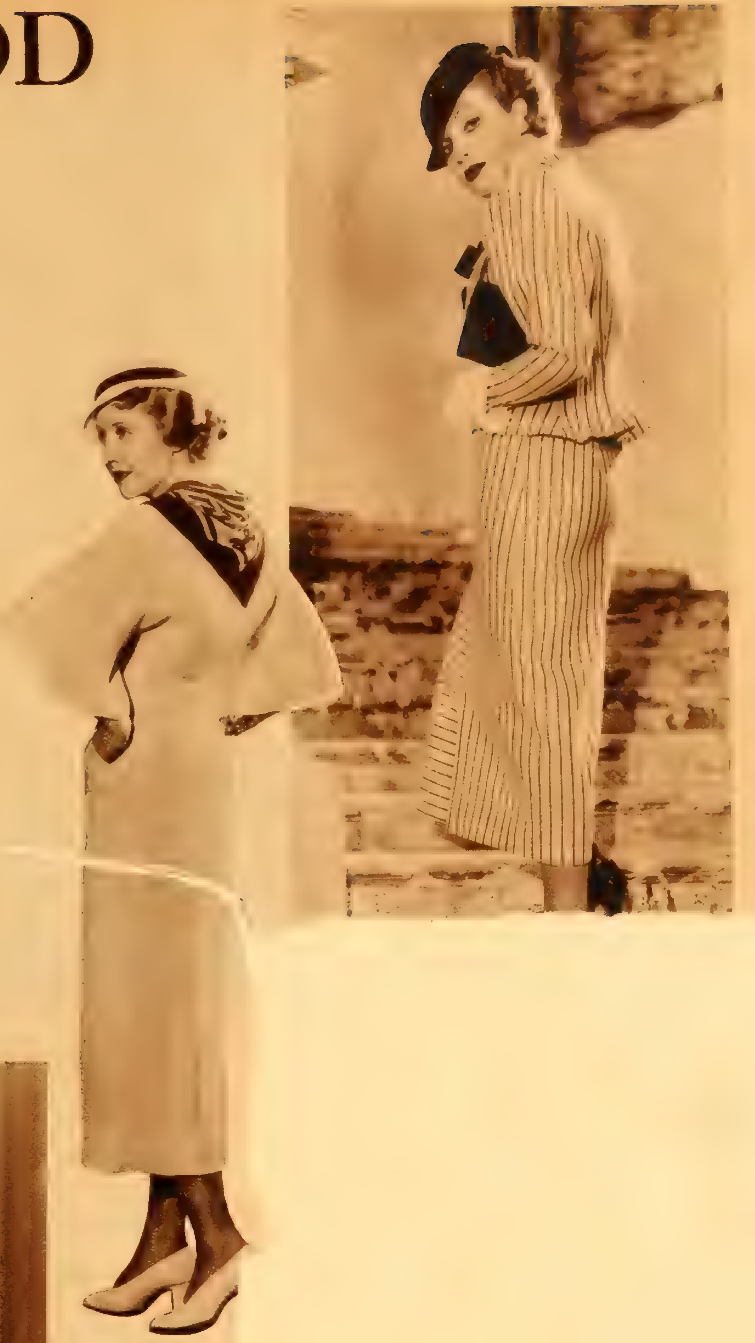
BY

Marilyn

could get in a bid. It augurs well for the new shop!

Through a packed salon and flower-bedecked adjoining patio, Bebe Daniels modeled an adorable little blue crêpe summer dress with gently puffed sleeves and a flower-petal organdie collar which you will see illustrated in the accompanying group picture. The shade is that lovely gray-blue which will be so popular this summer. And the price? $14.75! Bebe was so crazy about this little dress that she purchased it to wear in her next Warner Brothers picture.

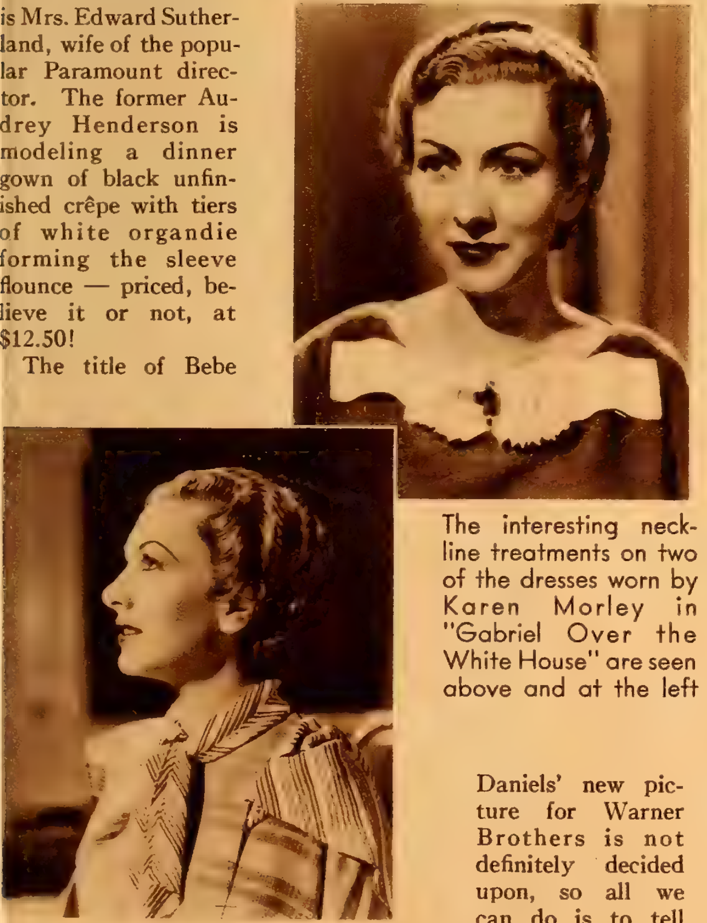
The summer street ensemble worn by Sharon Lynn is of a black crêpe skirt and white satin blouse featuring short puffed sleeves of tucked organdie! And this snappy little "going-to-luncheon" outfit cost Sharon just $22.50, in case you're curious. (And what woman isn't?)



Half-a-Cape, Half-a-Coat

CLAIRE WINDSOR (who was an extra-special beautiful model, being tall) was glimpsed moving about the throng in a lightweight gray tweed traveling ensemble priced at $29.50. Note in particular the smart cape-coat. It is the last word.

The smiling lady on the other side of Bebe is Mrs. Edward Sutherland, wife of the popular Paramount director. The former Audrey Henderson is modeling a dinner gown of black unfinished crêpe with tiers of white organdie forming the sleeve flounce — priced, believe it or not, at $12.50!



The interesting neckline treatments on two of the dresses worn by Karen Morley in "Gabriel Over the White House" are seen above and at the left

The title of Bebe Daniels' new picture for Warner Brothers is not definitely decided upon, so all we can do is to tell

tures a blou
"Russian" st
banded tight
and they are
Something tells us they will start the pajama
over again!

Adrian, famed M-G-M stylist, says: "By the tiny details of a dress shall it be noticed!" *Travis Banton* of Paramount agrees: "Summer dresses are made distinctive by their *touches!*" *Orry-Kelly* of Warner Brothers makes it unanimous when he states: "A pocket . . . a cuff . . . a collar can make or break a pastel summer frock!"

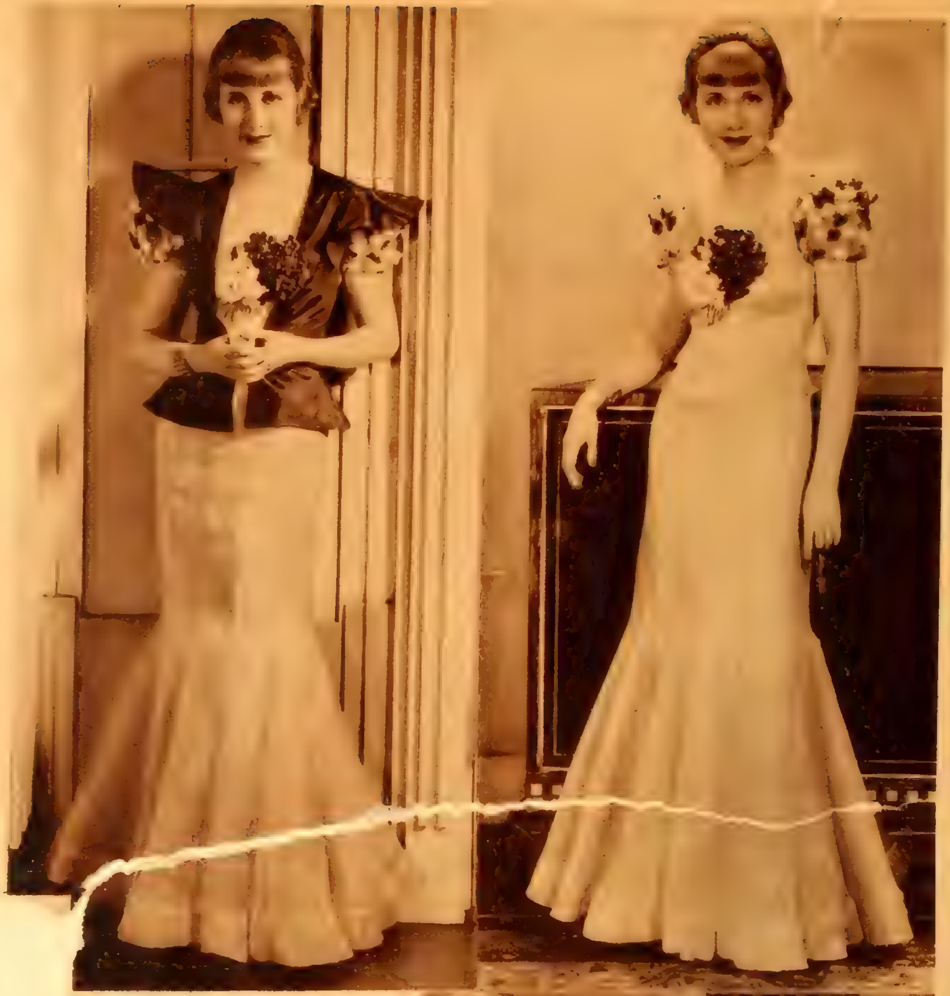
For this reason (upon which all the experts are agreed), let it be said right here that you must watch carefully through the new films for the clothes "touches" that make the gowns really distinctive. The hem and sleeve and skirt lines are not radically changed. But the "details" are so intriguing! For all the designers are practising what they are preaching, and putting "surprises" on their new creations.

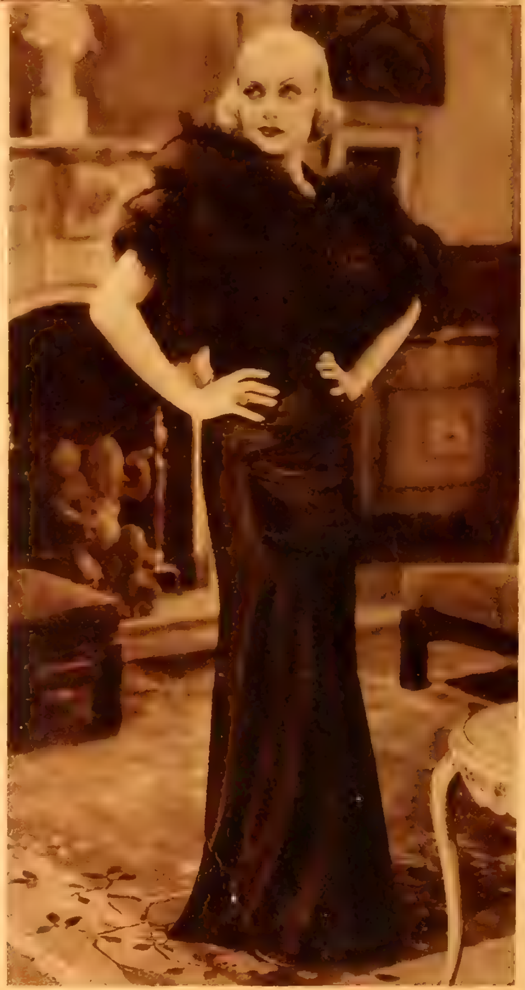
Surprises on the Shoulders

CONSIDER for a moment a very fashionably important close-up of Diana Wynyard in a scene from "Reunion In Vienna," in which she co-stars with John Barrymore. The English Diana is wearing a black crêpe gown, which is adorably "touched" with perfectly huge white maline flowers across *one* shoulder. It is the "making" of an otherwise very simple dinner gown!

Another scene from the same picture shows Diana wearing a gray tucked chiffon, trimmed with a cluster of pearls at the neck and belt. This frock is one of the smartest summer dinner frocks I have seen this month. It holds first honors along with an adorable model worn by Genevieve Tobin in "Pleasure Cruise"—but more about that later.

Keeping to this subject of "touches," don't overlook a close-up of Karen Morley in a scene from "Gabriel Over the White House," in which Karen wears a lightweight wool dress of dull green, which is so effectively "detailed" by a very unusual white grosgrain bow at the neckline and cuffs! Or consider Karen once again in a scene with Franchot Tone, in which she wears a smart red-and-white *shoulder*, as well as neck, scarf! *Adrian* points out that it permits plenty of "color" in a place (the shoulders) where we have not been led to expect color.





In this scene with Robert Montgomery from "Hell Below" (left), Madge Evans looks very young in ruffles. In "Pleasure Cruise," Genevieve Tobin wears a white organdie gown trimmed with violets. She is posed above, both with and without the blue taffeta jacket. And doesn't Carole Lombard look stunning at the right in the black satin gown with the little wrap of silver fox?

Somewhat the same effect has been achieved by *Rita Kaufman*, of Fox, who designed the ultra-smart sports outfit of white pebble-crêpe worn by Genevieve Tobin in "Pleasure Cruise." The garment, believe it or not, is one piece, with huge cape sleeves in three-quarters length. The down-the-back scarf is of brilliant blue and white. Genevieve's smart hat is of white stitched piqué.

Travis Banton contributes his bit of "unexpected color" in a catchy little Spring suit worn by Sari Maritza in "International House." It is a "mannish" little thing of black-and-white striped serge, very gay and smart, and made even smarter by a small silk bow of scarlet on the front of the jacket.

Say It With Flowers This Summer

TO quote *Adrian* once more: "Summer evening gowns this year should look like lovely garden flowers." So he has "detailed" a lovely, girlish frock worn by Madge Evans in "Hell Below" with borders of white ruffles on a white satin evening gown. It's awfully cool and nice—if you are no more than twenty-one!

Perhaps the most flower-like effect of the new evening frocks, however, has been achieved by *Rita Kaufman* in the dress which shares honors with Diana Wynyard's black and white gown. Again Genevieve Tobin is the model, and "Pleasure Cruise" the picture. Last month we showed you several other models from "Pleasure Cruise," but this little dress hadn't yet come through and it is too perfectly delightful to ignore. It manages to achieve all three of these fascinating things—quaintness, originality, and the ultimate in summer fashion trends!

The dress of white organdie shows the fashionable low waistline (which has been trying to come back for some time) and revives a decided fullness in the skirt. But it is the flower trimming at the neck and the sleeves that makes this frock a real summer creation. Blue and white violets, they are; and even the adorable smart jacket of navy blue taffeta cannot hide their midsummer charm! Step up, Miss Kaufman and Genevieve, and take a big bow!

Travis Banton, however, has not lost sight of that good old standby, "sophistication," for Milady's summer evening gown. Carole Lombard wears one of his favorite designs in "Supernatural." The gown, itself, is of black satin cut on very simple bias lines. But it is the silver fox wrap that makes this dress stand out like a fashion beacon. There is not a spare inch of material used in this wrap! The entire jacket effect is achieved by two silver fox furs carefully and trickily draped over Carole's slim shoulders! It is an expensive experiment—but you'll enjoy *looking* at it, anyway, as worn by the svelte Carole in her newest picture. Most of the other gowns I'm talking about, however, are within the range of a clever home dressmaker. Many shops will have them, too.

Adrienne Ames (left) wears a gown of massed dull-gold beads in "A Bedtime Story." Below, with Muriel Kirkland in "Fast Workers," Mae Clarke wears a new linen sports dress. Right, Benita Hume's gray flannel suit in "Clear All Wires." Top, Lilian Bond's oilskin beach pajamas

A New Backless Back

BANTON repeats his favorite fashion theme of the sophisticated and daring in a formal frock of massed dull-gold beads, worn by Adrienne Ames in Chevalier's picture, "A Bedtime Story." The décolletage of this gown strikes the unusual by covering the

(*Continued on page* 89)

Now GABLE *Does* Have a Worry—FRANCHOT TONE

He's so new that everybody hasn't seen him yet—but how he has everybody talking! There hasn't been such a clamor since Gable slapped his first heroine! And there's no telling how far this newcomer will go. But we CAN tell you where he came from—what he has done on the way—and what he's like. Here's the whole story!

By GLADYS HALL

OH, young Franchot Tone is come out of the East—! And not since the trumpets blared, the publicity department brayed and the fan writers prayed about Clark Gable has there been such a hullabaloo about a young man. Everywhere you go, you hear overtones of Tone. You can't be Tone-deaf in Hollywood these days!

The instant that young Tone arrived in Hollywood from the erudite arms of the Theatre Guild and the Group Players, he was thrust into the Joan Crawford-Gary Cooper picture, "To-day We Live," playing Joan's brother. Next he was rushed into "Gabriel Over the White House." The local Four Hundred immediately "took him up," socially. He is invited everywhere. He has been taken, convulsively, to Hollywood's hibiscus-scented bosom—or do we have hibiscus in Hollywood? I wouldn't know—but Franchot would. He knows practically *everything*, as I shall prove.

Young Mr. Tone was born in Niagara Falls. Joke away—we know all the gags. His mother and father did *not* honeymoon there, however; they *lived* there. People *do* live, as well as love, in Niagara Falls, you know.

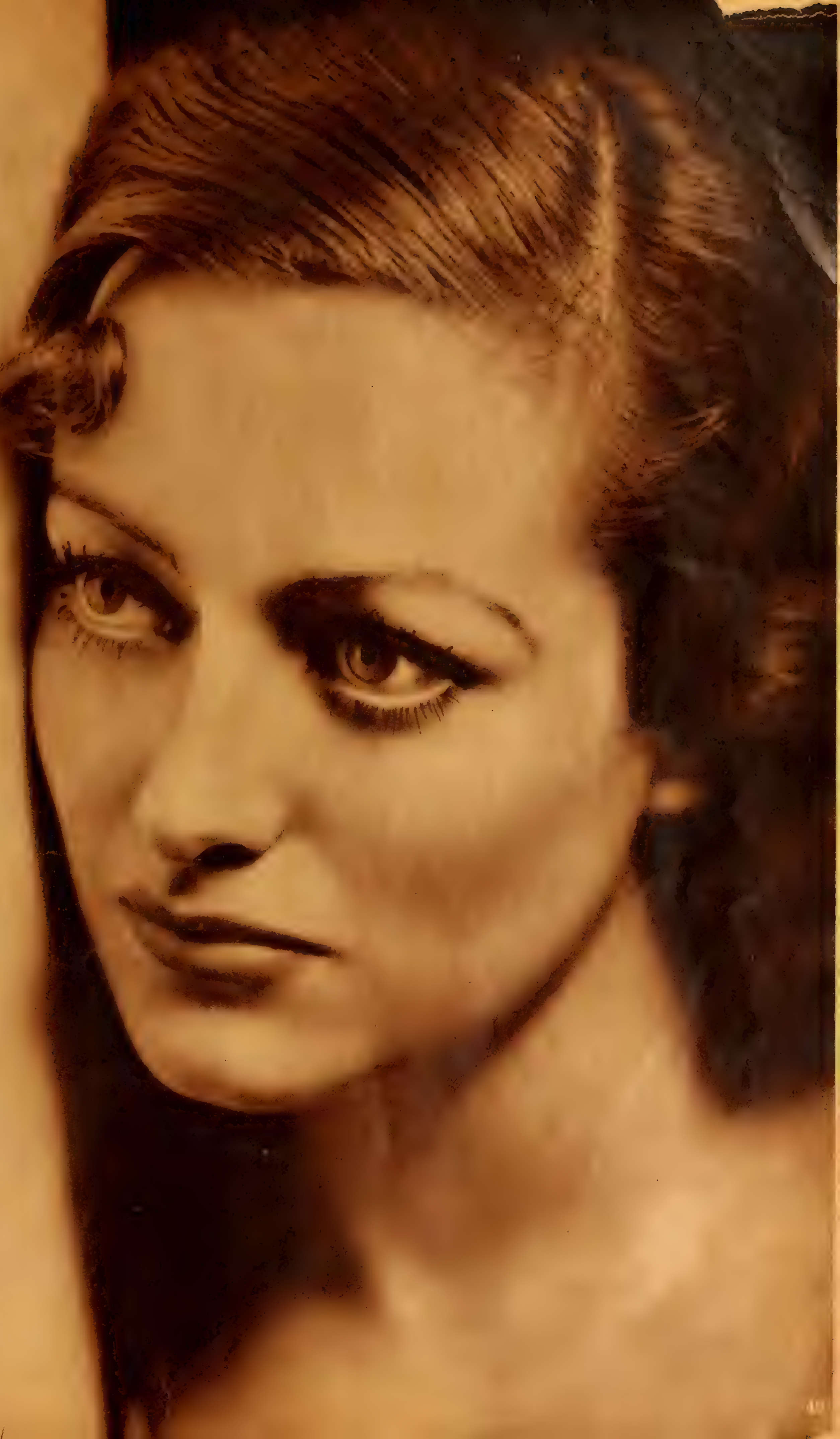
And he was born twenty-seven years ago, on February 27, if you are given to horoscopes and jig-saw puzzles. His father is Frank J. Tone, an industrial executive, now president of the Carborundum Company—and Franchot has an older brother, Frank Jerome Tone, Jr. No member of his family was ever on the stage or was even stage-minded, as you might guess from the fact that Tone, père, is an executive of the Carborundum Company. (If that wouldn't melt the greasepaint on the face of a Booth, what would?)

Where He Got His Name

THE name of Franchot was his mother's maiden name. And when he was born, he was first given two other monikers, which he would *not* tell me. Anyway, he was christened Thingumbob Thingumbob Franchot Tone. But the folks always called him Franchot and nothing else—and so does, and will, his public. It does take a little bit of getting used to, though. I thought they were discussing some new religion or ism or breakfast food or something when they first began to hum, "Franchot Tone—Franchot Tone—" But when you get used to it, you like it. (The "t" in "Franchot" is silent, by the way.)

The small Franchot attended private schools in Niagara Falls, in Arizona and Saranac Lake and several other places,

(*Continued on page* 88)



JOAN CRAWFORD

Gazing across at the lad who got his screen start as her brother in "To-day We Live," Joan looks a bit wistful and lonely. And loneliness, these days, is not just a pose with Joan. Her separation from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., after almost six years of romance and three years of marriage, has disheartened her and made her wonder what the future may have in store for her. The immediate future offers the rôle of "Dancing Lady." It sounds like old times!

C. S. Bull

Across the page, Ruth Chatterton makes the startling statement that no star is really happy in Hollywood—and tells why. She asks for a "new deal" for all players—and a "new deal" for the public, too. She asks for more art, and less "box-office"—and says moviegoers feel the same way. She would be glad to make an "artistic" picture for nothing!

RUTH CHATTERTON Tells What's *Wrong* With the Movies

By SONIA LEE

EVERY studio in Hollywood is seeking a solution to the bewildering problems that beset it today. At every party, at every conference, at every meeting of two members of the film colony, the question is asked: "What's Wrong With the Movies?" Ruth Chatterton says that the movies have not yet learned the lessons that the stage has learned.

Ball

Ruth, more than any other star, led the way when talkies first appeared—showing puzzled producers what standards of acting the new medium needed. Now, once again, producers are puzzled—this time by the fact that audiences are staying away from pictures. And, once again, Ruth is on hand to demonstrate what the movies need. Read what she says as closely as Hollywood will!

Where do the faults begin? How can they be corrected? Audiences are staying away from many pictures, wreaking havoc with studio bank accounts, making mergers imperative, devastating Hollywood's old self-confidence. A state of chaos exists, even though fine pictures continue to be produced, even though vital new personalities are introduced, even though double-paced efforts energize every lot. The widespread retardment of the national wheels of progress cannot alone be held responsible for the failure of studios to make ends meet.

Ruth Chatterton—renowned in the theatre, later a brilliant beacon-light through the first fog of the talkies, and now recognized as one of the great stars of the screen—points out a disturbing number of evils that are now a component part of picture-making. She recommends:

What Would Help the Movies

PAYMENT of stars on a percentage basis. Thus salaries would be determined by what their pictures bring in at the box-office.

Departure from the present pattern of picture-making, and a revised estimate of public intelligence.

A paternal attitude towards players.

The adjustment of shooting schedules to safeguard the vitality of every player.

The making of pictures in continuity, rather than in many unrelated scenes.

The discontinuance of the practice of starring immature players.

The adoption of the unit system—which means that each picture would be made by an independent producer and released through the parent company.

Her recommendations are not idealistic dreams. They are practical, sound conclusions, based on experience — the result of long, keen observation and astute analysis. She concerns herself primarily with the human values — and with human relationships.

"Only the motion picture industry pays its workers on a nebulous estimate of worth," declares Ruth Chatterton. "Many screen personalities, including myself, are overpaid. Others, like character actors and bit players, are underpaid. The salaries of stars should be adjusted to their drawing power at the box-office, as the salaries of stage stars are. Only in that way can there be an accurate measuring-stick of value.

"Studios sign stars to fabulous contracts, and then fail —through lack of understanding of actors' psychology — to get their money's worth. In the theatre, the producer nurses his players along right through a production. For stage producers realize that, no matter how intelligent an actor is, primarily he is a child, with a child's need for encouragement, for praise, for attention—and they see that he gets them.

(*Continued on page 74*)

To

Jeanne Eagels

The strange, intense little creature—so alive that she still must be persisting somewhere. Anyway, I like to think so . . .

Ruth Chatterton

To

Paul Bern

Open hands—open heart—open mind!—dispensing time and tolerance, charity and encouragement, inspiration and dollars with equal largesse. *Ave,* Paul—had we only tried harder to deserve your love and friendship!

Carey Wilson

To

Barbara La Marr

Her little boy, Don, and my own Ann are the same age. Together, we used to plan for their future. On her death bed, I asked her for Don and she gave him to me. No possible legacy could compare with this trust!

Zasu Pitts

To

Mabel Normand

Mime of laughter, she made twinkles of her own tears. Fame meant nothing to her love-of-life spirit; money, only the means of purchasing enjoyments for others. She was so much loved because she kept open-heart to the world. Her brilliant mind was ever seeking an ideal. She never realized she had found it in herself!

Louise Fazenda

Lest We

On Memorial Day, Hollywood does not
curtain has rung down. Every one of them
world, moviegoers, too,

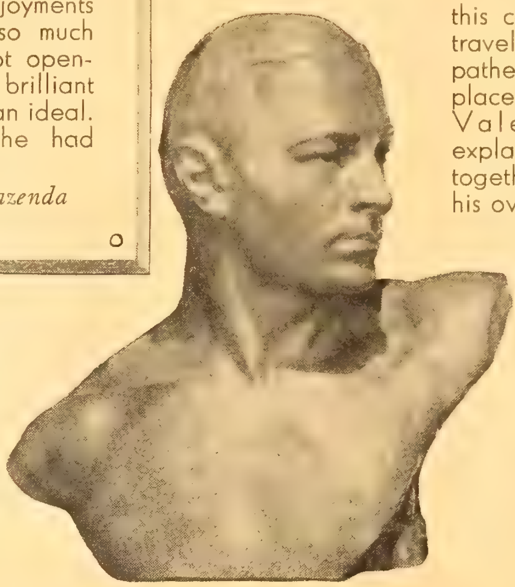
By
JOHN L.
HADDON

To

Rudolph Valentino

When Valentino's artistry is forgotten by millions, his kindness and sympathy will be remembered by all who knew him. A passing example of this came to me when I was traveling through Italy. A pathetic cripple asked me to place a little pressed flower at Valentino's crypt—and explained that as schoolmates together, Valentino had risked his own life to defend him.

Betty Compson



ON May 30, Memorial Day, we of Hollywood bow our heads in heartfelt tribute to our dead. Their memories still live. Their places have not been filled, and never can be filled.

The motion picture industry woos youth. Even its executives, for the most part, are young men. Almost all of its most famous actors and directors are in the heyday of their lives. It has always been so, yet the Grim Reaper has demanded and taken his inevitable toll.

To those of us who have spent a decade or more in Hollywood, Memorial Day summons a host of vivid memories. We recall our dead. They troop past, not as dismal spectres, but as the gay and laughing spirits that they were in life. They were ENTERTAINERS—more concerned with bringing the world a smile, than they ever were with their own sufferings and sorrows.

Somehow, it seems to Hollywood that

To
Theodore Roberts

Theodore Roberts stood supreme in his field. His loss was indeed a great one to the world which regarded him as a sterling actor. With those of us who knew and loved him as a friend, his spirit can never die.

Cecil B. De Mille

To
Alma Rubens

When death brought eternal peace to Alma Rubens, a great trouper was lost to this world of make-believe. The spotlight of that gifted career is dimmed, but it will shine forever in the memories of those of us who knew her.

John Miljan

To
Wallace Reid

There haven't been many fellows like the late Wally Reid. We were very close friends, and the memory of our friendship is still a fond one to me. As we say to-day, Wally was a Grand Guy.

Richard Dix

To
Lon Chaney

He was a genial companion and a staunch friend. He was firm to his ideals. He was a simple man. His wants were few. His pleasures were in homely things. I knew him twenty years, and never found a flaw in his character. Lon Chaney was, above all things, intensely human. And I think this is what made him the great artist he was.

Jean Hersholt

Forget . . . .

forget its dead—those for whom the final
is missed and mourned. And all over the
keep their memories alive

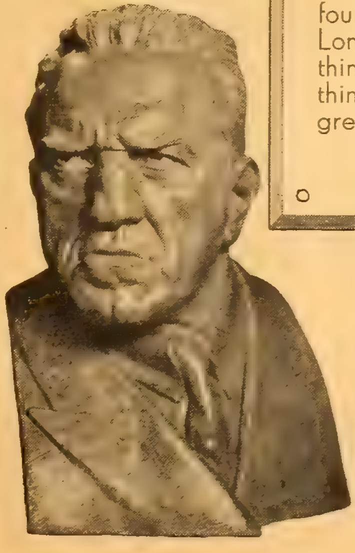
they would be displeased, if we were to invest their deaths with too much sadness, too much morbid regret. For they were troupers—and their motto was "Let the Show Go On."

To
Louis Wolheim

You can't make it too strong. Words fail me when I try to express my admiration for Louis Wolheim. He was the most marvelous person I have ever known. We might have been "buddies" in a real war. Instead, we met during the battle scenes of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and from the first moment of our acquaintance, we seemed to understand each other. His death left me lonely. No one can ever take his place. But it is a wonderful memory and one that I like to recall—Wolheim, the most human of all men, and the tenderest!

"Slim" Summerville

And on and on the show has gone. New years, new faces, new pictures, new peals of laughter, and new bursts of tears. It is as they would have wished—but, in the midst of the show, on Memorial Day, Hollywood cannot help but dream a little and remember . . .

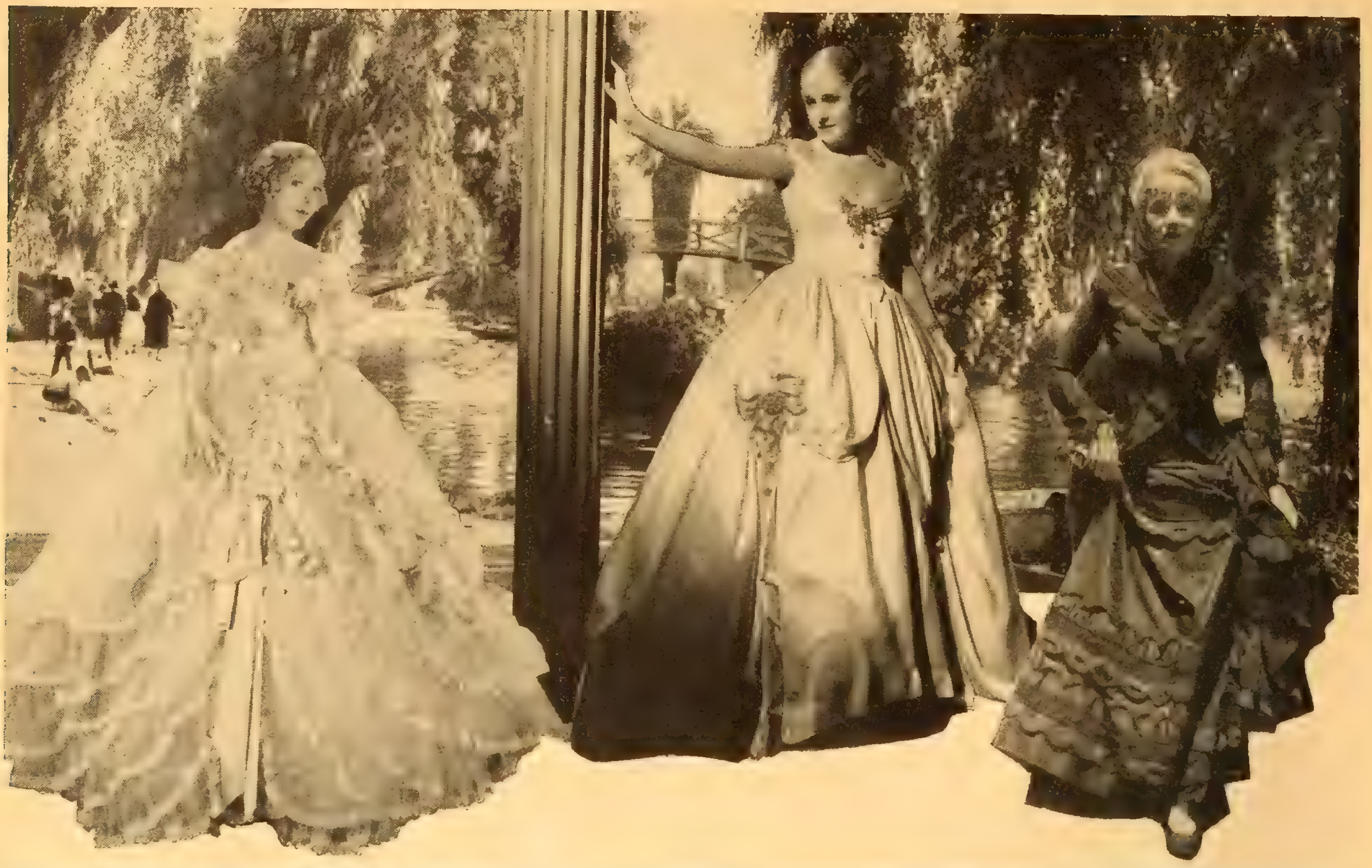


Jovial John Bunny, the roly-poly clown who brought hysterical laughter to the world, until Death rang down the curtain on his act and swept him from the stage. No one can ever take his place . . .

Beautiful Olive Thomas, who died in Paris . . . and now Jack Pickford, who loved her, and who was loved by everyone who knew him for his gaiety.

(*Continued on page 91*)

Hollywood, the New Style Capital,



1867..(Mary Pickford) 1870..(Norma Shearer) 1885..(Ann Harding)

Off with the New Clothes,

While Marlene Dietrich is waging her campaign for trousers, it looks as if the movies are waging a battle to bring back bustles and flounces and frills. Pictures have been showing you a regular parade of feminine fashions since 1867—and asking you to take your pick!

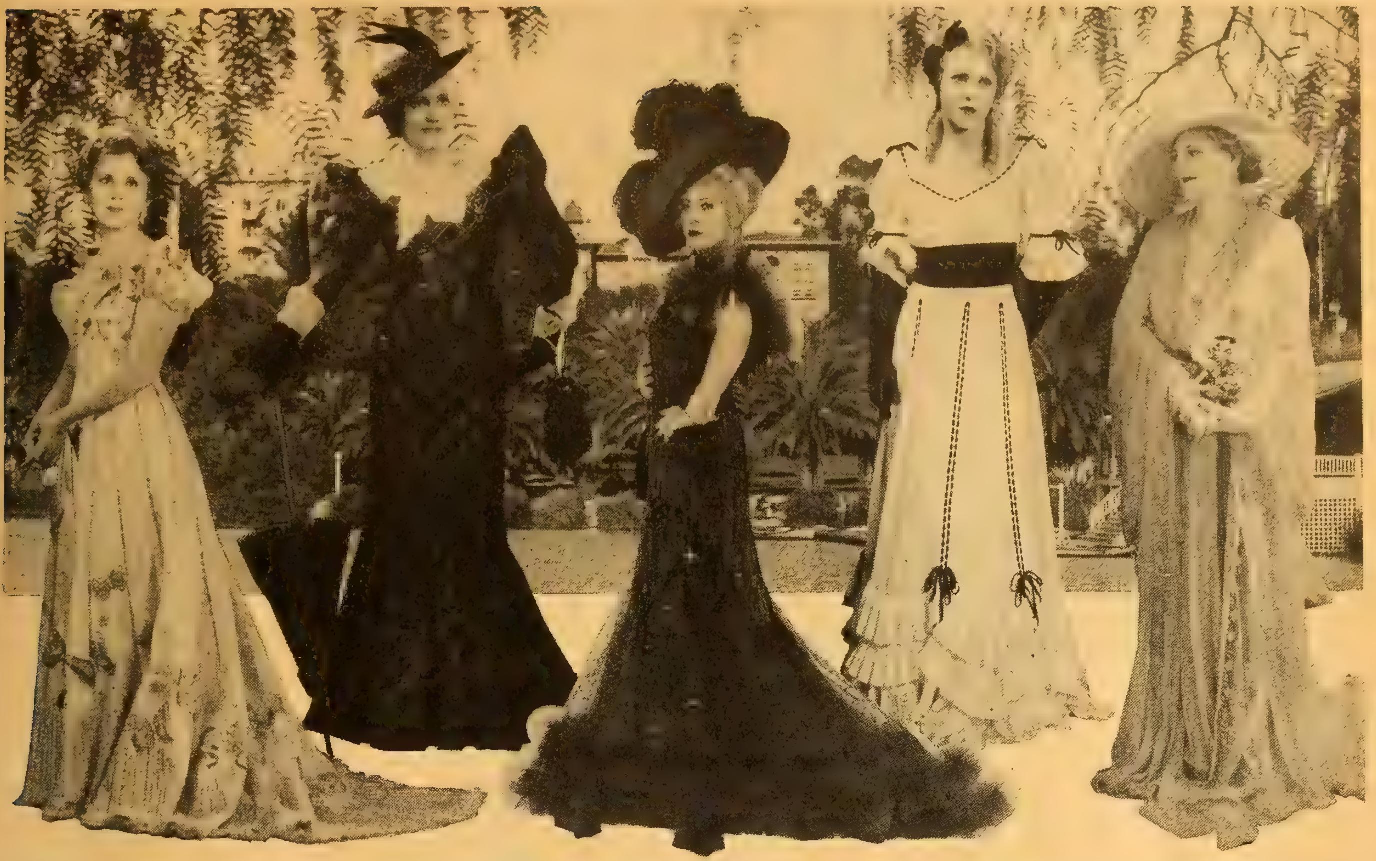
PERHAPS it is because no one dares to look very much ahead these days that the movies have been pointing the camera backward. Or perhaps the numerous recent pictures reviving the modes and manners of bygone days are just the natural revolt of women to-day against the unfeminine styles of the moment—the signal that they are longing to put on again the sweeping satins and laces, the feathers and frills and ribbons that are woman's rightful heritage. Anyway, while Marlene Dietrich is going masculine, the heroines of pictures are going ultra-feminine—and it looks as if you may have to decide between them!

Between the billowing skirts of 1867 and Marlene's tailored trousers are sixty-six years of feminine styles. In the last few months the screen has given a fashion review of these years. Studio costume departments have studied yellowing copies of *Godey's Lady's Book* (the fashion dictator of the last century); and they have shaken the dust from bustles and made frantic searches for corsets, petticoats, hatpins and other ladylike tortures of the dear, dead days. And along with the costumes, the customs and institutions of former times have been resurrected. We have even gazed upon the glittering saloon of the 1890's (in "She Done Him Wrong"), with its nude painting over the bar and its free lunch.

Irene Dunne, Diana Wynyard, Ann Harding and Ruth Chatterton have never looked lovelier in their Première Best than they have in the appliqué, ribbon bows, veils, ruchings, and flounces of *Sally*, the soubrette of the Eighties, when actresses were not considered ladies; *Jane Marryot*, the gentlewoman of *fin de siècle* London; *Carolyn Standish*, the pioneer wife of the first of America's great depressions; and *'Frisco Jenny*, the victim of the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. And Mae West's Princess gowns, feather boas, and amazing décolletage, as *Lady Lou*, have made the most dazzling 1933 evening gowns of Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard look sexless by comparison.

Across the screen, in the last six months, have passed the styles of crinolined Sixties and Seventies, the whaleboned Eighties, and the frilled Nineties, giving us a complete history

Recalls the Vogues of Yesteryear



1899..(Diana Wynyard) 1904..(Irene Dunne) 1906..(Mae West) 1910..(Ruth Chatterton) 1913..(Ethel Barrymore)

And on with the Old!

Say the Movies

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

of feminine fashions in the last four decades of the 1800's. You have seen practically all of the whimsies of fashion from 1867 to the present—with Norma Shearer at one extreme, wearing a hooped satin ball gown as the 1867 bride of "Smilin' Through," and Marlene Dietrich at the other extreme, dressed in a diamonded white silk tuxedo, 1932 model, in "Blonde Venus."

Sideburned Hollywood actors, wearing checked suits and cravats ornamented by diamond horseshoes, and Hollywood actresses, in leg-o'-mutton sleeves, basques and bustles, willow plumes and shirtwaists, have made screen love this season against the changing background of American life—ormolu clocks, Rogers groups of chocolate plaster, bead portieres, and sentimental art works, all absurd to eyes accustomed to the onyx and chromium of modern penthouse movie settings, yet glamourous with memories.

Young people in the audience giggle as the dancers of the Gay Nineties do the Two-Step and Bunny Hop, or the tenor with the drooping mustache sadly sings, "Silver Threads Among the Gold"—never realizing that two generations hence, in the Television Age, their grandchildren will be tittering over views of the rhumba and tango and the 1933 crooner moaning "The Night Was Made for Love." And schoolgirls, in the latest puffed sleeves, tight waists and tilted pancake hats, watch the exact duplicates of their costumes in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" and "The Conquerors" without realizing, perhaps, that dress designers have borrowed their new styles from the screen, which borrowed them, in turn, from the years gone by.

Many recent pictures, such as "Smilin' Through," "Secrets," "The Conquerors," "Cavalcade," "Back Street," "Sweepings" and "The Secret of Madame Blanche," have covered a dozen different periods in the lives of their heroines—and you have seen fashions change amazingly, right before your eyes.

Marlene Leads the Rebellion

AT the moment, Marlene Dietrich is crusading to free women from the tyranny of constantly changing styles. With undoubted logic, she points out that men's wear has not shown these tremendous revisions. She argues that women are blackmailed by stylists to spend fortunes on rapidly changing fashions, and she demonstrates in her own pert and

(*Continued on page 92*)

Doug realizes that he may have rivals in courting Joan — but at least he knows her likes and dislikes

DOUG *Is Courting* JOAN Again

Their separation has not parted Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford. Doug says, "I permitted myself to become merely a husband. I hope to atone for that." And what does Joan say? "I want him to court me again."

BY JAMES FIDLER

SOMETHING absolutely different in love-making (outside of stage and screen plots)—a husband courting his wife all over again—is the plan on which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is now engaged. He has already set about re-wooing Joan Crawford, from whom he was separated a few weeks ago, exactly as he did five years ago, before they were married.

Immediately following the separation of Hollywood's second most famous married couple, Doug told representatives of the press: "I shall woo my wife again and send her flowers and candy and gifts, the way I did before we were married. I shall telephone her daily, and on those days when I cannot reach her by telephone, I shall send telegrams."

Fairbanks is sorry that he made such statements. He regrets them because he believes they appeared boastful. He is of the opinion that he should have acted—not talked.

"I said all those things before I had time to think," Doug told me. "The separation happened rather abruptly, and my brain was in a state of confusion. My first impression was that, at last, the separation that we had so often talked about was becoming a reality; my wife was leaving me. My head whirled, and from the upheaval there popped only one idea: *I must win her back. I don't want to lose Joan. I love her. I will win her back. I will court her all over again.* Without thought of how foolish such declarations might appear in the newspapers, I blurted out the words as I picked them from the wreckage that was my brain.

"Later, when I read them, I felt like a perfect ass. I realized that they were absurd statements for me to make, no matter how sincerely I meant them. I knew I should have acted—not talked.

"Yes, I know that I am talking again, and that I am saying the things that were so absurd in the first place. But now I am also acting—and, perhaps, I am talking to square myself for my first ridiculous outbreaks. At least, I can now explain that I am not

(*Continued on page 71*)

BOTH SIDES OF IT

Doug: "I should have taken a lesson from European husbands. Men of the Continent do not cease courtship when the honeymoon is over.

"A thing worth having is worth fighting for. I fought for Joan once; I'll willingly fight again."

Joan: "I have been unhappy, not entirely because of things my husband has done, but because of the things he has not done.

"I want Doug to court me again. I am not interested in another man as yet."

Retire? Gloria Swanson Wouldn't Think of It!

By CRUIKSHANK

"I've always had a full life—and, please Heaven, I shall continue," says Gloria, who intends to get her share of the "new deal." Here is your opportunity to get up-to-date about the most pioneering star of them all—the one who first dared to combine motherhood and acting, and the first to produce her own pictures abroad!

GLORIA SWANSON, ever glamourous, ever glorious, is the modern, feminine counterpart of Alexander, the Great. And I don't mean the ball-player, even though Gloria has as many hits and fewer errors in life's box-score. The one she resembles is the Man of Macedon, hero of Thebes, Troy, Issus and Babylon, founder of seventy cities, master of many empires. It was this Alexander, who, according to the schoolbook legend, wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Although no tears cloud the oddly luminous, almost lavender-hued eyes of the screen's Queen, her woes are akin to his. For she seeks new triumphs. And doesn't know just where to find them.

"For the first time in my life," she told me, "I find myself without a definite goal—a fixed objective. It's a little disconcerting. I never remember a time before when my energies weren't concentrated on some particular accomplishment. At the moment, there's nothing on my mind. No plans. No ambitions.

"This attitude on my part is rather more self-willed than not. I think that just now a certain mental mobility is a desirable thing. I've purposely brushed everything from my mind, so that it may be clear to mirror conditions, receptive to ideas, ready to make the most of the fresh opportunities offered by the 'new deal,' which has affected all our lives and is about to affect them even more.

"For, make no mistake about it, there are new opportunities under the new order of things. Opportunities never glimpsed before. New chances, new triumphs. If I don't have my share, it won't be my fault. You can't keep an American down for very long. The country is mentally youthful, strong, virile, optimistic, ambitious. America, Americans, and the motion picture industry are all on the threshold of achievement. Just wait and see. I'll be saying, 'I told you so.'

No Thought of Retiring

"OF course, I shall continue in the only work I know — pictures. To me, they are fascinating. I've made fifty-odd features, and I'm more interested to-day than ever. Acting, naturally enough, intrigues me. But there isn't an aspect of the industry that doesn't hold my attention. Writing, direction, production, camera-work, sound reproduction, negative development —even the raw stock and the projection machines. And I'm not being egotistical when I say I know a good deal about all these angles. I should. But one of the many beauties of the motion picture business is that it progresses so rapidly that there is always something new to learn."

She paused in one of those headlong flights of words that bubble spontaneously from an intelligent, articulate person, enthused with a subject and thoroughly familiar with all its ramifications. And I saw in Gloria, not only the idealized idol of a world of moviegoers, but an American pioneer, courageous, determined, ambitious. In another day she'd have crossed deserts in covered wagons, shooting at Redskins

(*Continued on page 82*)

CHEVALIER *Answers Your Questions*

If there's something you have wanted to know about him, look for the information here! In the April MOTION PICTURE, we gave everybody a chance to ask Maurice a personal question. Here are his own, personal answers. Read them and know the gayest screen lover as you never have before!

By MOTION PICTURE'S **Inquiring Reporter,**
ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

NEXT? JEAN HARLOW!

This series is something new in Hollywood interviews. The interviewing is done by you and you and YOU—no matter where you are. You are the ones who ask the questions. You have your chance at last to satisfy your curiosity about the great favorites of the day—to ask questions that reporters have overlooked—to tempt stars to be frank and revealing about themselves. You, yourselves, interviewed Maurice Chevalier—and you did a good job of it. You will know him now as never before!

Next month, you will read YOUR interview with Jean Harlow; you will read her answers to the questions you asked her through the May MOTION PICTURE. And you are going to learn as much about Jean as you are learning now about Chevalier.

This month, on page 42, you have the chance to question the new star that everybody is talking about and is curious about—Mae West. Satisfy your curiosity about her! Send your question before May 20—and you'll find her answer in the August MOTION PICTURE!

CATCHING a star just before that star catches a boat to France is becoming a routine event in the life of your Inquiring Reporter. Really, MOTION PICTURE should be paid a retainer fee by the transatlantic steamship lines, for no sooner do we select a victim for this series of questionnaires than said victim books passage for gay Paree. Last month it was Connie Bennett; this month it is Maurice Chevalier.

And *voila!* What a man ees thees M. Maurice! *Mon Dieu et mon Dieu!*

When I entered his studio dressing-room, I thought I had unwittingly stepped into the precise center of another earthquake. Income tax advisers were flourishing pencils, ledgers and adding machines; valets were dashing hither, thither and yon with Monsieur's freshly-pressed pants; steamship agents were calling in person and by telephone; production managers and assistant directors were pleading for one last conference anent the new Chevalier picture, "A Bedtime Story" . . .

It was chaos—but, through it all, unruffled, serene and smiling, moved the debonair gentleman with the famous Hapsburg lip. *Vive le Chevalier!* Seeing that he could "take it," I wasted no time, but mercilessly proceeded to "put him on the spot," and plied him with your questions.

And what a stack of them there was! The quantity of the questions did *us* proud—and their quality did *you* proud. Almost without exception, your queries were pertinent and interesting. There were very few requests for money, discarded clothes or autographed photographs. Not more than three or four questions were in deliberate bad taste, and they, obviously, were submitted by smart-alecks of that type which charity urges us to pity, rather than blame.

Of course, there were many, many duplications—but that is to be expected. In the case of such duplications, I naturally chose the most representative query and discarded the others.

All in all, I was very proud to be your ambassador this month. But I believe that you can do still better, and I'm hoping to see my belief vindicated when your Jean Harlow questionnaire is made up next month.

And now, without further preamble, let's declare our grand jury in session and call M. Maurice Chevalier to the witness stand. Your questions are in light italics; his answers are in heavy Roman type:

What was your reason for refusing a new radio contract? **I think that the radio hurts the popularity of an actor whose career is one of the stage and screen.**

I think you are some relation to me—would you please tell me where your parents were born? **My parents were born in Paris. The name of my father was Auguste Chevalier.**

How old were you when you first went to war in 1914? **I was nineteen years old.**

Were you ever in love with Mlle. Mistinguette? **I can't say that I was in love with her, but I very much admired her—and this might mean that. Mistinguette was very charming.**

What dining place in Paris is the best, in your estimation? **There are many very good places to dine. I often go to the Café de Paris and the Père Louis.**

Lippman

Is Maurice Chevalier your real name? Yes.

Have you ever visited Cap Ferrat or Nice while you were in the Southern part of France? But of course. One does not miss visiting such charming resorts. I once lived at Vaucressou, France.

Do you still have your villa on the Riviera? Yes, I have, but I don't live in it. I rent it.

Is it true that you have a bullet lodged in your chest, which was received in the World War? When and where was it received? Yes, but it is a piece of shrapnel, not a bullet. It is lodged so near my spine that it cannot safely be removed. I was wounded in a battle near the Belgian frontier at the beginning of the War.

Is it true that you aren't supposed to sing, as it might mean your death? No, that is very ridiculous. If it were true, I would not sing—you may depend on that.

Did you ever appear on the Newark, New Jersey, stage? No, I have never had that pleasure.

Were you a captive in a German prison camp in 1916? Yes. At Alten-Grabow.

Were the German prison camps as bad as people say they were? I can't complain of my own treatment. I do not know about the conditions in the other prison camps.

When did you come to America, and for what reason did you come? I came to the United States in 1929 because I had been given a contract to play in pictures by Paramount.

You really seem to have a golden sense of humor—did you ever lose it during your stay in the German prison camps? Captivity was not too pleasant. I tried to be cheerful and to encourage my fellow-prisoners. Sometimes, I did not feel like singing.

Where were you born? I was born in Paris.

How did your mother—whose picture in a magazine sometime ago showed a smile quite as infectious as yours—react to your great success? She was, of course, very happy. But in her last years she did not realize the extent of my popularity, owing to her advanced age.

Have you ever appeared in a play with Irene Bordoni, the popular French singing comédienne? I have never done so.

Why did you apparently attempt to ridicule American players and music by your impersonations on the stage in Paris last summer? This is absolutely wrong! I made an imitation of American actors imitating *me*. As for the American music, I have always been an admirer of it. I was one of the first Frenchmen to sing American songs in Paris. That was before the War.

Did you play opposite Mistinguette when she appeared in Detroit about eight years ago in the musical comedy entitled "Innocent Eyes"? No. I appeared opposite her only in Paris.

Which regiment did you serve in during the World War? The One Hundred and Twenty-Second Territorial Regiment, which was in service in 1914.

If you have a middle name, will you please tell us what it is? Maurice Chevalier is the only name I have.

(*Continued on page 94*)

White Studios

This KNIGHT Was Made for MOVIES

Yessir, that's what you'll say when you get a glimpse of June Knight, straight from Broadway. She's the girl who claims she's unlucky at love! Otherwise, the breaks have come her way ever since she first started dancing. (She was six years old then.) You've already seen her, though you may not know it—as Garbo's dancing "double" in "Mata Hari"!

By BETH WALKER

GET out your handkerchief and shed a few tears for June Knight, who'll soon be coming to that favorite theatre of yours. Hers is really a pitiful case. She's lucky at work—but oh! so unlucky at love. For the boys she likes don't give her a tumble and the ones she doesn't like are ca-razy for her.

There was that young millionaire who gave her such a rush in New York. But—mercy!—how jealous he was! Why, he wouldn't let her even look at another man. And when you've seen June Knight, you realize that she can no more stop looking at the boys than Marlene Dietrich can stop wearing pants.

So this young millionaire used to send her flowers and flowers and flowers until her living room looked like a gangster's funeral, but June began to quarrel with him. Or, rather, he began to quarrel with June. June won't quarrel. She just sits there, humming a little tune, until the boyfriend gets very, very annoyed. And then when she can't stand it any longer, she gives him the air—lots and lots of air. But did that stop this lad from calling her up all the time? It did not! Why, he made her life a burden, ringing that telephone all day long and still sending all those flowers.

And that's what happens every time she's not so crazy about *him* as he is crazy about *her*. When she meets a man she could adore—it's another story. He already has a girl or something.

Are you crying?

But maybe, after all, you shouldn't shed tears over June. She has had some doggone swell breaks, theatrically speaking.

Danced Her Way to Health

IN spite of the blonde hair, June is French and her real name is Margaret Rose Vallikett. Incidentally, she's one of those native Californians you read about. Los Angeles was her birthplace and the time was January 22, 1913. Subtract that from 1933 and you've got it. Un-huh, she's just twenty years old.

She was a nice, healthy baby, but when she was twenty-two months old she had an attack of pneumonia—and her mother and father thought she wasn't going to live. When she finally did pull through, her lungs were weakened; and when she was

(*Continued on page 72*)

O Maid . . .
O Matron!

is there any reason to pay more than 25¢ for Tooth Paste?

Now we offer you at a saving, a quicker, pleasanter means of keeping mouth and gums healthy and of beautifying teeth. A dentifrice that cleanses more thoroughly, gives enamel greater luster, and sweetens the breath. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Twenty-five cents is its price.

The promises made for this tooth paste sound exaggerated, do they not, when you consider the many splendid dentifrices in the field? But there is no exaggeration.

More than two million women know them to be true. Why otherwise would they have rejected older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste? The beauty-giving results of this product are so apparent they couldn't be overlooked or denied. They have demonstrated to millions the folly of paying more than 25¢ for a tooth paste.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—permeates every crevice.

See how quickly it erases unsightly tartar, stains, and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and luster it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

Lastly, reflect that these benefits cost you about half of what you ordinarily pay. The saving of $3.00 a year is a worthwhile one in these thrifty times.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine **TOOTH PASTE . . 25¢**

YOU can have the

IF you have seen Jean Harlow on the screen—and, of course, you *have* seen her—you have noticed what an alluring complexion she has. Smooth. Velvety soft. The kind of skin men find irresistible.

Do you realize that the right care can do wonders for *your* complexion?

No feature is so easy to improve as your skin. The whole secret is the right care—followed *regularly.* Jean Harlow, like most of the lovely Hollywood stars, has discovered that secret. Listen to her own words:—

"The great actresses of the stage and screen take exquisite care of their skin," she says—"and *I have found their secret*—regular care with Lux Toilet Soap."

Have YOU tried the Beauty Soap of the Stars?

To keep their complexions always lovely, 686 of the 694 important Hollywood actresses (including all stars) use this gentle, *sure* care. Not only at home in their own luxurious dressing rooms, but in the studio dressing rooms as well.

That's why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the *official* soap in all the large film studios.

Why not begin now to use this fine, fragrant white soap for *your* skin? Why not start to make your skin softly smooth, lovely—learn a lesson from the movie stars?

Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today!

Charm men find irresistible

JEAN HARLOW'S complexion care *will make* ***your*** *skin enticing!*

LUX Toilet Soap

Lippman

How Hollywood Took the BANK HOLIDAY

By LYNN FAIRFIELD

Even as you and I, Joan Crawford and Harold Lloyd and Fredric March and every other star you can name were caught short of cash when the banks closed. And unlike most of us, they took big salary slashes—fifty per cent ones. But like everybody else, they grinned at the sensation of being "flat broke." Some issued their own scrip!

Lippman

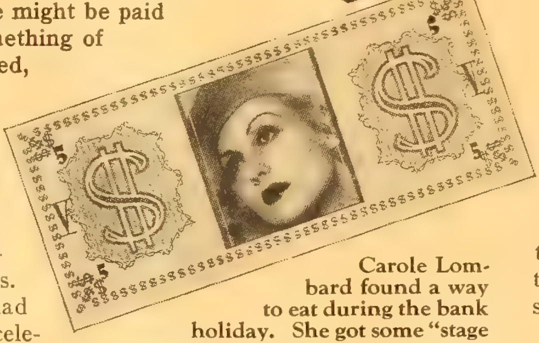
Shirley Grey (top)—couldn't cash her salary check. What to do? Joan Blondell (left) had some cash in the old feminine national bank. Verna Hillie and Gail Patrick (above) broke into brother's bank

REMEMBER that bank holiday we had, back in the days when optimism was just a word, not a sensation—and everybody was hard up for cash—and it looked for a day or so as if we might be paid in scrip or cigar coupons or something of the sort? And have you wondered, by any chance, how Hollywood met the situation? Here's how:

"Happy Bank Holiday!" was the greeting on the studio lots as Robert Montgomery met Clark Gable, or Helen Twelvetrees waved to Miriam Hopkins.

All the Beverly Hills flagpoles had Old Glory waving defiantly in celebration of the "holiday."

Jack Oakie went to his printer and had "Jack Oakie Scrip" run off, which made such a hit on the lot that "Fredric March Scrip" and "Cary Grant Scrip" appeared. Quotations on their value may be had by writing Paramount Studios.



Carole Lombard found a way to eat during the bank holiday. She got some "stage money," pasted her picture on it—and thus had her own scrip, which was as good as gold at her favorite cafés

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin found one bank that would open. It was the baby's pig bank, containing ten dollars in dimes.

The Richard Arlens (Jobyna Ralston) had just paid their cook fifty dollars. They turned right around and borrowed it back again at a ruinous rate of interest.

"Fortunately," said Dick, "the new swimming pool has just been finished and filled with water, so if worst comes to worst, we can drown ourselves."

"Brother, Can You Spare Some Scrip?" inquired Harpo Marx.

Joan Crawford was caught with twenty-two cents in her purse and couldn't get to the studio that morning because the gas station wouldn't trust her for gas.

Louis B. Mayer, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, had two dollars and forty-seven cents.

Harold Lloyd arrived back from Europe with the Missus and the three youngsters—and a hundred-franc note, which he tried to get changed at the railroad station in order to tip the porter.

(*Continued on page 68*)

★

CAROLE LOMBARD
in Paramount's
"FROM HELL TO HEAVEN"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

Like the Screen Stars... Dramatize Your Beauty *with* Color Harmony MAKE-UP

★ ***Discover how you can emphasize the dramatic attraction of your beauty with powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony . . . created by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.***

SARI MARITZA
Paramount
using Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick. It creates perfect lip make-up that lasts all day; moisture-proof; permanent in color value.

COLOR dramatizes beauty! It is the life, the appeal, the allure of feminine charm. So color in make-up is vitally important... and in Hollywood, Max Factor created face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony to accent and intensify the glorious natural colorings of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types!

In every picture released from Hollywood, in the enchanting loveliness of your favorite star, you see the magic of Max Factor's make-up . . . and now you may share with the screen stars this secret of enhancing beauty and charm.

You will be thrilled with the difference, for the beauty effect is instantly apparent. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone. Exquisitely fine in texture, even and soft in color, it actually enlivens the beauty of the skin and creates new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen... and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Proved perfect for you by the screen stars who face the close-up of motion picture lights and camera every day, you know that your make-up will appear flatteringly beautiful under any close-up test.

Now this luxury... Max Factor's Face Powder, originally created for Hollywood's stars, is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony make-up: Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover today what new beauty Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead! Permit Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, to suggest your personal color harmony in make-up. Mail the coupon for complexion analysis, make-up chart and book of illustrated make-up instructions.

★ How to Apply Face Powder for a Perfect Make-Up

CLAUDETTE COLBERT,
Paramount Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Face Powder.

1. *Start powdering at the lower cheeks ...Gently pat and blend powder toward center of the face, powdering the nose last... Use correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder.*

2. *To assure a completely powdered surface, press powder gently into the tiny lines around the eyes, nose, mouth and chin.* **3.** *With Max Factor's Face Powder Brush, lightly brush away surplus powder and clear all lines... Thus, with Max Factor's Face Powder is created that satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up that clings for hours.*

© 1933 Max Factor

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder....Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

★*Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE*

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up.*" I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. *Fill in the chart below with a* ✓

2-6-61

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

The PICTURE PARADE

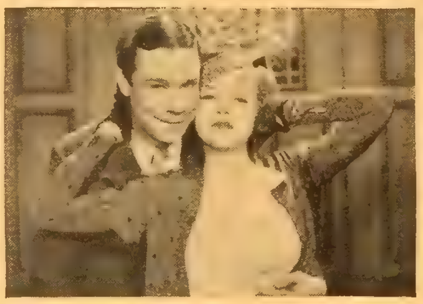
REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

BABY FACE

Not Strong Enough For Stanwyck: Here we have Barbara Stanwyck showing off in a succession of coiffures and costumes that increase in gorgeousness and decrease in décolleté as the heroine becomes increasingly successful in selling herself.

The plot calls for her to topple over the men she meets at a glance, from brakemen, office boys, department heads, bank presidents to multi-millionaires. Beautiful as Barbara undoubtedly is, women will be more than a trifle flabbergasted at her quick work.

The plot is of the early Theda Bara period. A girl who has been manhandled from childhood, yet retains a face of baby innocence, takes the advice of an old German disciple of Neitzsche and goes out deliberately to work her beauty for all it is worth in the market of a great city. Its unpleasantness is hardly mitigated by a hurried reformation at the ending. Stanwyck needs the strongest type of stories. (Warner.)



ELMER THE GREAT

For Brown's Fans—And You And You: This one is for Joe E. Brown fans and, as such, it will get a big hand from its particular audience. Seldom have Joe's peculiar talents been better cast. As the gawky, dumb grocery clerk from Hickville, who can bat out home runs and gets a big-league baseball contract, he has full scope for his mugging and familiar antics. In some scenes he is both funny and pathetic, notably the sequence where the rest of the team kid him into thinking that he is broadcasting on the radio and he proudly sends a message to mother.

The plot is bolstered by the introduction of gangsters, who persuade the hick batsman that he has been made a fool of by his teammates and get him to sign an agreement to throw the series. A prison sequence is one of the hilarious highlights of the picture, and the final scenes of the Big Game will leave a Joe E. Brown audience in what is technically known as stitches. (First National.)

CENTRAL AIRPORT

Swell Picture—Don't Miss It: Starting at rather slow tempo, and dragging a bit through the earlier sequences with too much reported action, this picture of commercial aviators and stunt fliers suddenly gets into its stride and holds the audience breathless through a remarkable rescue sequence to a whirlwind finish. Richard Barthelmess, as the airplane pilot, discharged from the service for crashing his 'plane, creates sympathy and photographs excellently. Becoming a stunt flier, he enters lightheartedly on an affair with a pretty girl pilot (Sally Eilers), only to lose her to his more seriously-intentioned kid brother (played with the aid of a mustache by Tom Brown).

The director takes you off the ground continually in all sorts of 'planes. There are crashes and air stunts generously sprinkled through a touching love story. A swell picture and no mistake—one not to be missed if you care for something interesting. (First National.)

SWEEPINGS

Triumph For Lionel Barrymore: When Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern and burned down Chicago, she started the train of circumstances which built up a great mercantile house and brought tragedy to its founder. In the quaint costumes of the period, we watch Lionel Barrymore seize his opportunity, and hold a fire sale in one of the few buildings left.

From this beginning arises The Bazaar, product of one man's vision and the cause of the ruin of his children's lives. This man tries to pass on his devotion to the store to his offspring with the result that the elder son becomes a wastrel, the second a plodder, the youngest a tramp, and the daughter goes from divorce to divorce.

The wild scenes of the younger generation are supposed to build up sympathy for the father's broken heart. Yet, somehow, one wonders just why the children should be enslaved by the store which was none of their handiwork. Not a moving story. Barrymore is grand. (Radio.)

EX-MILLIONAIRE

Sincere, Honest—Capitally Played: Dat ol' debbil depression is served up to us again, with an English accent. An all-British cast with the exception of Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and Lewis Stone, portrays the effect of the recent slump on the proprietors and clerks of a dignified London store, with a three-hundred-year tradition behind it.

We are treated to a scene in *Service's* two hundred years ago, when another depression was lived through, and then plunge into the troubles of the present.

As the loyal clerk who has served the store for forty years, Lionel Barrymore gives a superb characterization, making his four big scenes memorable. In actual footage, far too much of the picture is given to endless conferences and discussions that finally almost drive the present-day *Service* to sell out his family heritage. The picture ends on a hopeful note of optimism. It is as sincere and honest as life itself. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR

It Will Grip You—Good In Every Way: This delicately woven drama seems more like a foreign-made picture than a product of Hollywood. Dealing with the murder of a faithless wife by her scholar-husband, it leaves the more obvious paths for psychological research into the agonies and drama of the human mind.

The lawyer friend of the murderer probes into the gradual growth of the suspicion that led finally to the discovery of the young wife disrobing in her lover's room, and is so affected by his friend's recital that he begins to study his wife.

Frank Morgan, as the lawyer, does a powerful piece of work, especially in his courtroom speech, where his graphic recounting of the effect of jealousy on a human heart wins acquittal for his friend and sends his own guilty wife in hysterics from the courtroom. He steals the picture from Nancy Carroll and Paul Lukas. (Universal.)

(*More Reviews on page 70*)

"I've learned how to *flatter* my legs —

— *smooth-fitting Stockings give me this Beauty"*

"If stockings fit smoothly, they flatter your legs—make them look far more graceful than they do when bare. But stockings that wrinkle make your legs ugly. And that's unnecessary. I've learned how to keep *my* stockings smooth-fitting—make them wear better, too—I wash them every day in Lux. No more ordinary soaps for me."

Beatrice Hudson

DO YOU know *why* Beatrice Hudson's simple method makes stockings fit with such flattering beauty? Like a shimmering sheer second skin . . . snugly clinging to every curve?

It's because the Lux way of washing preserves *elasticity*, that wonderful "live" quality silk has when new.

When elastic, your stockings stretch, then spring right back into shape. But when elasticity is *destroyed* —then the lifeless silk sags. You get those unsightly wrinkles at the ankle and knee. Heel reinforcements slip around . . . seams pucker and zigzag . . . look horridly dowdy! You may get runs, too. When silk loses its "give," it *breaks* under strain.

Don't run this risk—it's so easy to *preserve* elasticity. Cake-soap rubbing, and soaps containing harmful alkali, *weaken* elasticity, but Lux is made to save it!

Simply Lux your stockings every night. It takes only two minutes! Lux will keep them smooth-fitting and *double* their wear. It takes away perspiration, too, and saves color. As you know, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Almost no runs now . . .

"I was always getting runs, it seemed—and it was all my own fault. I was washing my stockings the wrong way. Now I Lux them every night. It actually doubles the wear. I hardly ever get runs *now!*"

HELEN ARLAN

Cuts down stocking bills . . .

"No more cake-soap rubbing for my stockings! Now that I Lux them every night I get so much better wear that I've cut my stocking bills just about in half!"

MARJORIE GRIER

Mrs. J. R. Iwersen says, "I washed 457 items with one box of Lux:

118 prs. stockings, socks	26 aprons, dresses
53 pieces lingerie	4 baby blankets
30 nightgowns, pajamas	42 pieces table linen
18 sweaters, blouses	166 handkerchiefs

"and I did the dishes for 1½ weeks."

LUX for stockings { *saves the E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y that makes them fit and wear*

KEEPS expensive lingerie looking expensive

IVORY SNOW is PURE and fluffy . . . quick-dissolving without hot water

No matter what you paid for your new teddies, they are duds if they fade in the wash! And what price a white satin night-robe that looks draggled and yellow?

When these things happen to expensive new undies, you may be sure you have washed them in too-hot water and a harsh soap. Why not use Ivory Snow and be safe?

No danger of too-hot suds with Ivory Snow, because you don't need hot water to dissolve it. It's a NEW KIND of soap. Not cut into old-fashioned flat flakes, but BLOWN soft and fragile as bubbles. Each soft little drop of Ivory Snow FOAMS into suds—INSTANTLY in LUKEWARM water. No flat particles to stick to silky surfaces and make soap spots!

GENTLE as the babies' soap. Ivory Snow is made of the same Ivory Soap that doctors advise for bathing babies. You couldn't have purer, milder soap than this to use for delicate silks, gossamer wools, lovely colors.

Your hands will be grateful if you use Ivory Snow for dishwashing, too. And *you'll* be surprised at the economy. That BIG box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢!

IVORY SNOW

99 44/100 % PURE

How Hollywood Took the Bank Holiday

(*Continued from page 64*)

Gary Cooper was regarded as a millionaire. The bank holiday found him with forty dollars in cash in his jeans. Everybody was trying to borrow from him.

"Do you take diamonds?" Peggy Hopkins Joyce was quoted as asking the cashier in the Paramount cafeteria.

Claudette Colbert's cook got their butcher to cash a five-dollar check. That spoke well for Claudette's credit.

"This moratorium and the scrip idea are both of 'em good," said Will Rogers. "Everybody here approves of 'em."

John Miljan had one dollar and sixty cents.

Constance Bennett cabled that because of the bank holiday she wouldn't do any shopping in Paris.

Helen Twelvetrees was caught at Palm Springs with a big car and no gasoline. She finally borrowed a gas card from a friend, with a note identifying her and authorizing the station to fill up the tank.

Robert Woolsey appeared in a cigar store and passed his necktie to the clerk. "I just can't stand it another moment without a cigar," he said.

Henry Garat, Janet Gaynor's new leading man from France, gave the waitresses at the Fox cafeteria I.O.U.'s signed with his name. And they said they wouldn't collect on them because they preferred his autograph.

Jimmy Durante offered to have his famous schnozzle printed on scrip—to cheer up the country. And then decided, gloomily, that the scrip probably wouldn't be large enough to permit it.

The holiday brought on "moratorium styles." Marion Davies wore a $19.75 dress of pink lace to the bridge for the Earl of Warwick. Constance Talmadge Netcher, not to be outdone, wore a $14.50 flowered print to the same party.

"Checks accepted" signs were out in front of all the Hollywood Boulevard movie theatres.

Lilian Let the Boys Worry

"I'M letting Chevalier and Gary Cooper do the worrying," said Lilian Harvey. "They've got me dated up for weeks and it's up to them to feed me."

"A buck in the hand is worth ten in the bank!" chuckled Groucho Marx, who was the plutocrat of the Marx family, with $50 in his pocket.

Victor Jory had a hundred-dollar bill in his pocket when the holiday began. He never found anybody with change for it, so he still has it.

Carole Lombard borrowed stage money from the prop department, pasted her picture on it, and invited Cary Grant, Brian Aherne and Miriam Hopkins to lunch—and the restaurant accepted the "money"!

The "extras" were paid in cash at the studios, while high-priced stars with enormous pay-checks in their pockets looked on enviously.

"If we can keep our shirts on," said Jack Oakie, "we can always write it on the cuff."

Lack of cash in Hollywood! It was like lack of coal in Newcastle. Columbia Studios, which had hired two hundred and fifty "extras" for a ballroom scene, telephoned them not to come, because they couldn't gather the cash to pay them for the day's work.

The producers met for many hours, wrangling over the question of whether to shut the studios for the bank holiday, or to ask the players to take big cuts.

Contracts held by the stars may be broken "for an act of God, a national emergency, or a war." The bank holiday being the second, it was within the power of the studios to let loose all contract players.

Ralph Tapped Emergency Fund

RALPH MORGAN has always had the habit of pinning a five-dollar bill inside every coat he wears, just in case of emergency. When the bank holiday took Hollywood by surprise, he went through his coats and discovered three of these emergency stakes! No money ever looked bigger!

Cary Grant didn't have money for gasoline to get home from the studio with, or even for carfare. A studio electrician staked him.

The bank holiday found David Manners arriving at the studio with twenty-seven cents in his pockets. He intended to get a check cashed on his way home. In blissful ignorance of the impending state of affairs, David ate a twenty-five cent lunch. (Yes, it's possible, even in Hollywood!) On his way out, he saw the headlines proclaiming a bank closing. He rushed back into the restaurant and borrowed a penny, which, with the two cents he still had, paid for a newspaper.

Arriving at home that night, he found his mother dressed in her best. "What's this—company?" he asked. "No," said Mrs. Manners, "but I knew you'd be worried, so I dressed to cheer you up. I think at a time like this, every woman's duty is to look her best and keep up the men's spirits."

Tom Brown had invited a crowd of the younger film generation to dinner. Unable to cash a check, he served a tin-can dinner, and they all helped open each course!

Not Tempted to Hoard

"FIFTEEN cents," said Robert Armstrong. "That's my worldly wealth—in cash. But the cook got in a whole case of soup and another of beans the day before—so I'm not going to hoard it!"

Adrienne Ames, having finished the Chevalier picture, had started out with her sister for a holiday at Palm Springs. Stopping for a hot dog, they were told about the bank holiday by the man who served them. It was the first Adrienne had heard of it. She was so terrified that she turned around and went back home.

Fay Wray had $2.80. She said, "It reminds me of my 'extra' days!"

"Well, anyhow," said Marie Prevost, "I picked a swell time to go on a diet!"

Noah Beery, who had just forty-five cents, laughed, "Well, I'm always broke, anyway."

Al Jolson, who was reported to have withdrawn several thousand dollars from a New York bank just before heading for Hollywood, strenuously denied it.

James, Lucille and Russell Gleason arrived in New York, en route to England, with only a few dollars in cash and couldn't get any more. But they already had their tickets—so they sailed, anyway.

The bank holiday brought on a four-week "salary holiday" at one studio. All studios had to declare pay cuts. Those receiving more than $100 a week were cut 50 per cent, with a $75 minimum. Those earning between $76 and $100 were cut 35 per cent, with a $65 minimum. Those earning between $51 and $75 were cut 25 per cent. Those earning $50 or under suffered no cuts.

Even with only half their regular salaries coming to them, few players received the full amount in cash. They took five, ten or fifteen dollars in cash, and the rest in checks. And liked it.

And the bank holiday and conferences about salary cuts led to all the studios closing for one day—the first time in Hollywood history that every studio had been closed.

But, all in all, Hollywood took it with a smile—and *made* it a "Happy Bank Holiday"! And don't forget that California was already on a bank holiday when the Federal government declared one.

Program for a Successful Summer

Right ahead, now, lie the welcome months of outdoor living; days of sunshine, nights of great stars. Make it a happy season. Maybe long, quiet trails will lure your roadster into a new land. You'll study travel maps and little inn folders; you'll adore the gay new fabrics for pretty frocks; but *most of all* you'll want to make sure of a lovely, *young-looking, natural complexion.*

And *that's* where Coty can so capably help you. Coty offers powder *texture* so *smooth* that it *amazes* new users. You ought to *feel* and *examine* it—you'll be *surprised* at such *fineness.* In Summer, with active exercise and increased temperature, you can apply your Coty *powder*—and enjoy the serene content of *knowing* that your face doesn't *look "powdered."*

Coty

For a true popularity this Summer—and pleasant memories next Autumn—look for Coty's "powder-puff" box today. Find the flawless, fragrant, *match for your face* in Coty Powder.

"Speaking of MAGIC

. . . have you tried Seventeen?"

"I DON'T believe in witchcraft—magic spells and such—I'm quite 1933—but I honestly *do* think there's something mighty strange about this perfume, Seventeen! The mood it brings! . . . exciting and gay . . . and young . . . why, the very name says it! Seventeen!" Seventeen's fragrance is available in Powder, Sachet, Toilet Water—as well as Seventeen Perfume.

MAISON JEURELLE
247 Park Avenue, New York
Makers of
Seventeen

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 66*)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO

Take It—You're Sure To Like It: This is one of the best of the season's horror pictures, owing to its fantastic background and the blood-curdling characterization of Lionel Atwill as the degenerate scientist, who flags his passion for his wife (Kathleen Burke) by the cultivation of insane jealousy.

The picture opens with an ingenious murder which we actually watch being committed. Two more follow, all worked out with the help of the wild creatures of the zoo for which the scientist collects specimens. With the audience let in on the secret of each crime, the mystery lies in the murderer's final punishment, which is sufficiently grotesque to befit his abnormal methods of murder.

Kathleen Burke is elemental and beautiful and looks like a real screen find. The photography is splendid, and the direction exceptionally skillful. If you don't like "Murders in the Zoo," we don't know our movies. (Paramount.)

PLEASURE CRUISE

Entertaining All The Way: This farce of the jealous husband, who keeps house for his business wife, touches the daring at times, and then just as a gasp is forming, deftly veers away.

In the hands of such skillful players as Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin, every situation clicks. And there are plenty of situations rising from the wife's desire to experiment with romance on a ten-days' pleasure cruise while her husband, disguised as the ship's barber, goes along on the cruise to watch her.

Ralph Forbes and Theodore Von Eltz provide the wife with material for her experiments and the husband with plenty of trouble. The scene where the shipboard sheik apologizes to the heroine for not spending the night with her as he had planned, leaving her to wonder who it was who had been there, is full of naughty chuckles. It will entertain you from the start to the amusing finish—and make you wish for more like it. (Fox.)

PICTURE SNATCHER

Here's A Honey—Cagney Great: This is a fast-moving picture of a new phase of newspaper life, with dialogue that crackles and plenty of surprises. James Cagney has not had a rôle as good as this—the tough little gangster who "reforms" and becomes a picture-snatcher on a dirt-digging tabloid—for many moons.

Patricia Ellis, as the daughter of the police lieutenant, tears down his fond delusion that in becoming a sneak photographer, who steals sensational photographs for his paper, he is earning a decent living. But she doesn't succeed until he has pitted his wits against the guard in the death house and snatched an actual picture of an electrocution, and caught the death throes of a cornered gangster with his agile lens.

Ralph Bellamy is good as the hard-drinking city editor who gives the released jailbird his sorry "chance to go straight." Well written, well planned and well acted. (Warner.)

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

Strong Story—Carries A Wallop: Take a crew of hellions and ruffians on a disabled ship carrying a cargo of contraband rum, but only one cask of water, and you start off with the material for virile drama. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Tom Brown and Russell Hopton, all bristling with beards, pit their wits against a gale and against each other.

The struggle for possession of the scanty store of water ends by the terrifying discovery that the precious liquid has been spilled. With ghastly irony, they sit down to a feast which they call the Last Supper. Then appears, suddenly, a Stowaway. Miracles occur. The strange visitor heals a withered arm, turns the rum into water, guides them to harbor.

Ralph Bellamy gives a beautiful performance as the Stowaway. Betty Compson, the waterfront woman, who has also stowed away, adds the necessary love element to what is a strong, if slightly confusing story. (Universal.)

Doug Is Courting Joan Again

(*Continued from page 56*)

boasting—that I humbly hope to regain my wife's real devotion and trust, just as I had it when we were first married.

"I made at least one frightful error during the last two years of our life together—I permitted myself to become merely a husband. I allowed myself to fall into the rut in which so many American husbands wallow. I accepted marriage as a matter-of-fact convenience. I ceased to court my wife. Oh, I sent her flowers and gifts, but always with the semi-meaningless gesture of the habitual husband to his nearly-neglected wife.

"I should have taken a lesson from European husbands. They make an art of love. Men of the Continent do not cease courtship when the honeymoon is over. They make love to their wives until separated by death. I should have profited by their methods, for I was educated abroad and spent many years of my life in Paris—and Paris is the city for love and lovers.

"Where I made my mistake," Doug continued, "was in becoming an American husband. I hope to persuade Joan to give me an opportunity to atone for that.

"The separation is not of my doing. She mentioned it many times over the past few months, but I always laughed it off, or begged her to defer her plans. Hollywood and gossip writers are not to blame; this would have happened anywhere. Two people can be happy in Hollywood. I know—Joan and I were happy."

Doug's Campaign Platform

HOW does Doug intend to re-woo Joan? Is not the task of regaining lost love more difficult than that of creating a first love?

"I love Joan as much to-day as ever—or more," Fairbanks replied. "I believe she loves me, too. In that event, I have an advantage in that our years together have taught me her likes and dislikes. I know that she adores gardenias, and I shall see that she has fresh gardenias daily. I know the perfumes she prefers, the candies she likes and the theatres she favors.

"I know that Joan likes to be surprised. She would rather have an inexpensive surprise-gift than a very costly present, without the element of surprise. I realize now that I did not cater to such particular little whims. If I am given another chance, I shall change my mode of living.

"Before we married, I sent her long telegrams. Sometimes I spent hours writing them—composing and changing and transposing words until the messages expressed my deepest love and emotion. After we were married and were together, telegrams were unnecessary because I was always near enough to say the things I wanted her to know. I wish I had not ceased wiring her—I very much enjoyed writing the telegrams. I shall send them again, and I hope they will thrill her as she says they once did."

Expects Competition

I REMINDED Doug that during the final months of his first whirlwind courtship, he had Joan all to himself. Now he will have competition; serious competition, no doubt. Miss Crawford—or, pardon me, *Mrs. Fairbanks*—is a much more beautiful and more poised woman to-day.

"I know that I will not be alone in courting Joan," Doug said, and his face set gravely. "She has many fine friends, and I don't doubt that most of them, perhaps all of them, might easily fall in love with her—if they have not already. You see, I can readily understand any man's falling in love

(*Continued on page 73*)

Remarkable offer introduces important Kotex discovery
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PATENTED★ EQUALIZER

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with Patented Equalizer
for only
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A RADICAL innovation! . . . Not a mere improvement in sanitary protection . . . but something new, different. Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer! And—look!—offered at a sensationally low introductory price.

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Ends must be phantom

Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed so that the phantom effect is certain. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special shaping, making it possible to wear closest fitting gowns without the slightest revealing line. Those qualities for which Kotex is famous remain unchanged — absorbency, softness, disposability! It can be worn on either side with equal protection.

Now you can try Kotex with Patented Equalizer at less than the usual low price!

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

1 —it took two and one-half years to perfect.

2 —a board of three hundred women tested it.

3 —medical authority of high repute checked their findings.

4 —★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

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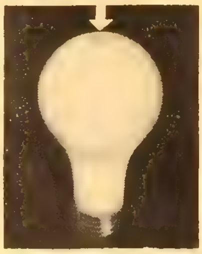

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
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This Knight Was Made for Movies

(*Continued from page 60*)

three years old, the doctor said she had tuberculosis. Her mother took her at once to Denver and then out on the desert, but it seemed as if nothing would make the child well; and when she was four and a half, she had another illness, which left her legs entirely useless. (Believe me, those legs aren't useless now—they shape a stocking very neatly—and how June can go "off to Buffalo" with them!)

But presently a doctor was found who said he could cure the child. He put her on a special diet and gave her special treatments and, after a couple of years of this, told her mother that she was as well as he could make her, but he would advise that she take dancing lessons to strengthen the little legs. And that's how June's amazing career started—doctor's orders.

Things happened pretty fast from then on. A year in the Egan Dramatic School finished in a burst of glory when, at seven, she had the leading rôle in the school play. Then came five years with Ernest Belcher, studying, and a year with another teacher until Larry Ceballos, Hollywood dance impressario, came to the school, looking for dancers to work in a Grauman Egyptian prologue. There were three hundred and fifty girls in the hall when Larry walked in. And guess who was the first one chosen. You're right, it was June. She was just thirteen years old.

Educated by Remote Control

THEN Fanchon and Marco—who have helped many a local girl make good—bought the Ceballos act and June found herself touring up and down the Coast. But she was still in school and there's a California law that says youngsters—even dancing youngsters—must go to school. So June had to do all her lessons before she went on the stage and mail them to her teacher in Los Angeles. She loved arithmetic, but reading left her cold.

Fanchon and Marco kept her pretty busy until Larry Ceballos sent for her again and when she was fifteen, she was "head line girl" and changed her name to Marie Valli—all in one fell swoop.

Then came dancing at Warners Studio and a chance to go to New York as one of twenty picked girls for "Fifty Million Frenchmen." When she caught her first glimpse of the big city, June didn't know that some years later she was going to have millionaires sending her flowers and things.

Back in Hollywood, she was made a specialty dancer and that led to her being chosen by the mighty C. B. De Mille for a bit in "Madame Satan." Her character name in that picture was—quaintly enough—*Miss Confusion in Pink*, whatever that means, and the costume she wore was the most incredible one ever seen on land or sea. There were two thousand yards of material in it, by actual count, but don't misunderstand me. Only a few yards of chiffon were on June's body—the rest was in the headpiece. And that shows you how smart De Mille is.

A lad named Jack Holland had seen June dance and that began a partnership of ballroom dancing that knocked San Francisco and Los Angeles silly. It was Holland who suggested that Marie Valli, née Margaret Rose Vallikett, change her name to June Knight.

So You Thought It Was Garbo?

NOW, here's something that will surprise you. You saw Garbo in "Mata Hari" (who didn't?) and maybe you thought it was Garbo who did the dance before the Javanese god (or maybe you were smart and didn't think anything of the kind). Anyhow, that writhing figure wasn't Garbo at all. It was—oh, you've guessed!—June Knight.

And when you saw Sally Eilers cutting ballroom capers in "Dance Team," you weren't seeing Sally, but June Knight again.

All this time, June was laboring under the delusion that all she could do was dance until one night Anson Weeks, the orchestra leader at the San Francisco hotel where she was dancing, asked her to sing with his orchestra. June laughed. She had on a little house dress, for she hadn't put on her dancing costume yet. But Weeks insisted and so, without even a spotlight on her, she sang "Love for Sale" and everybody began asking everybody else, "Who is doing the singing?" She was good—and here, all this time, she had not known she had a voice!

In Los Angeles she was engaged to be a dancer in the Coast production of "Girl Crazy," until one night the manager asked her if she could learn the leading rôle—lines and singing numbers, as well—over the week-end. And because June is that sort of girl, she said she thought she could. She got the part on Saturday at 11:30 P.M. Tuesday evening, she opened and made only one mistake.

After that June went to New York and for the first time in her life didn't have a job. Six days later Ziegfeld signed the dance team for "Hot-Cha." One day later she was in a hospital having her appendix taken out. So that sort of put a stop to dancing, but Ziegfeld told her she could have a part in the show, instead, and while she was recuperating the whole cast came to her apartment and—with a little piano moved in—she did the rehearsals in bed.

After "Hot-Cha" closed, June got the biggest break of her life—the ingénue lead in "Take a Chance," one of Broadway's few sell-out musical comedies, starring Jack Haley. And one of June's song-and-dance hit numbers had her asking whether she should be cold and lovely like Garbo, or hot and bothered-by-boy-friends like Lupe Velez—and doing swell imitations of both as she asked.

You can imagine that the movies weren't going to let a girl who has done all these things slip through their fingers. She now has a contract with Universal and you'll be seeing her soon on the screen—not as *Miss Confusion in Pink*, not as Garbo, not as Sally Eilers, but very much as June Knight.

And that's the story of June's career. No heartaches, no struggles, no sob stories. She sang without a singing lesson and, instead of hanging around movie casting offices, begging for a job, she had a nice fat contract tossed in her lap. Yessir, the professional life has been smooth sailing—it's the love life that worries June.

For all her long career, she's still pretty much of a crazy youngster. Because of her large mouth, her friends call her "pelican"—much to June's annoyance. She's a tall girl—almost five feet five—and weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds. Her voice—when she talks—is high-pitched, but when she sings, it's as low as you feel the morning after.

Blue is her favorite color, although she doesn't care much for clothes. Simple dresses she likes best. She's double-jointed and the range of her singing voice is four and a half octaves. When she had a movie test made, the little minx imitated Lupe Velez—wearing a black wig all the time—and when the executives saw it they said, "We want to see a test of June Knight—we've seen Lupe Velez!"

Or, anyhow, that's the story they tell.

Doug Is Courting Joan Again

(*Continued from page 71*)

with her. I do not hold myself superior to those other men, but neither are they superior to me. We are on equal footing. They may have a slight advantage in that what they do and say will be *new* to Joan, while my own ideas are familiar.

"But if she cared enough for me to marry me four years ago," he added, "there is the chance that I may regain that same confidence and affection. That is the chance I must take. A thing worth having is worth fighting for. I fought for Joan once; I'll willingly fight again. I only regret that I forgot to continue fighting to hold her companionship during our married life."

With Doug's words still ringing in my ears, I visited the Brentwood Heights home in which Doug and Joan lived for nearly four years. *I found Joan helping their joint business-manager arrange her husband's cancelled checks for income-tax purposes.* This surprised me.

Joan's Side of It

"DOUG and I are employing the same secretary and business manager," Joan explained. "I shall continue to help him manage his affairs and invest his money—he is so helpless about such matters. We are not being divorced, you know—just separated."

I told her of my long talk with Doug.

"All the things he says about our marriage turning into a convenience are true," she said. "I am like any other woman—I hunger for romance; I want to be *wanted.* I have been unhappy, not entirely because of things my husband has done, *but because of the things he has not done.*

"I want Doug to court me again. I am not interested in another man as yet. I love my husband, despite contrary appearances. I only want him to court me and be devoted to me as he did and was a few years ago. Can a woman be censured for wanting love?"

A huge box of red roses—deeper-than-blood-red roses—came to the house while I was there. They were from Doug, and when Joan opened them, two beautiful gardenias rested on top of the roses. She opened the box and read the card, then lifted the white gardenias to smell their fragrance. I could almost swear they lingered at her lips, but I am not sure.

And now the courtship is under way. It began the second night after their separation, when they had dinner together at Joan's home. Here and there one may read accounts of their appearances together—a theatre, or a dinner, or one of the dance resorts.

Doug's floral and telegraph bills are mounting to startling figures—so high, in fact, that Joan said to him, "Save your money, Doug—don't send so *many* flowers."

A young man in love doesn't think of the cost, however, and the flowers and gifts continue to arrive at Joan's door daily.

Doug is courting his wife again.

Did You Know That--

Whether Joan intended it or not, the announcement of the separation crowded right off the front page the news that maybe Garbo was returning?

And that all the curiosity about Garbo had been whetted very neatly—with first a report that she had sailed secretly for America, and then a report that she hadn't?

And that Joan has announced that she wants to sell the Brentwood house that she and Doug have occupied for three years?

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☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

Ruth Chatterton Tells What's Wrong With the Movies

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Here in Hollywood, practically every star is unhappy. No one can achieve greatness in an atmosphere of nagging and fussing—certainly not in a creative profession. When I was making 'The Right to Love,' I received a letter from B. P. Schulberg, then production chief of Paramount, telling me what a great picture it was to date. More recently, during 'The Rich Are Always with Us,' Darryl Zanuck continually sent notes over to my set, enthusiastically approving of the scenes completed. Both these expressions were inspiring—they were an impetus to the best in me.

"Admittedly, a producer with seventy pictures in the making and ten stars to consider can't do the babying personally. But there is no reason why orders shouldn't be given to supervisors and directors, instructing them to mete out that encouragement and commendation essential to an actor. If anybody tells me I am grand and charming and doing well, it develops confidence in me—it helps me give a performance. It is the same with other players.

"I remember an incident during the making of 'Madame X.' Lionel Barrymore was directing. An old actor had difficulty in learning his lines. We had worked with him for days. And, finally, we decided he was ready to do it. But during the actual taking of the scene, his memory failed. I was determined that we would get through, somehow. I fed him his lines—we struggled along. And at last the atrocious scene was over. I saw tears in his eyes. Knowing the Barrymore temper, I waited for the outburst—I thought I couldn't possibly bear seeing this old man at the mercy of an irate director.

Lionel Did the Right Thing

"I STARTED to walk off the set—and then seeing Barrymore approaching, I decided to go back, thinking that I might do something to ease the blows. But Lionel—product of the theatre, knowing exactly what an actor needs and noting the tears in the player's eyes—came over, and put his arm around the man's shoulders. The actor quavered, 'I don't think I can do it, Mr. Barrymore.' And Lionel said, 'Why, of course, you can do it. You were great—simply great. But listen, something went wrong with the sound box and we'll have to do it again.' And on our next take he went through it like a major. Barrymore had given him the confidence and understanding he needed.

"Producers say stars are temperamental. Of course, they are. That's what makes great performances. That's the very quality that makes them actors.

"And even as motion picture executives do not understand their players as stage producers do, so do they err more often in their estimates of audiences. If stars prove successful in certain types of rôles, producers continue to cast them in pattern rôles, stifling versatility. They hesitate to depart from standard pictures, with one much like the other in action and story and motivation.

"I have no personal quarrel with producers or with the movies—I am only impersonally discussing glaring faults. My criticisms are an outsider's viewpoint, with no definite knowledge of the problems that confront producers. But certainly, if more of those in power had vision, as certain ones do, they would realize that public intelligence is on the upgrade; that audiences demand departures from the tried-and-true formula entertainment. Too many aim at box-office success only. They have an idea that making an artistic picture entails making a dull and expensive picture.

Forgot Box-Office—and Succeeded

"THE New York Theatre Guild is a shining example of individualism. They have presented and experimented with unusual things. And they have been successful financially. It isn't the bedroom farce that has made money on Broadway, but high comedy and fine drama. Why, then, shouldn't motion picture producers strive for that achievement?

"It is this devotion to the box-office—this conviction that a departure from standard will mean financial loss—that has retarded the progress of motion pictures. In the last three years we have not advanced at all, except technically. Some worthwhile pictures have been made, but so few of them that their proportion is negligible. Motion pictures are missing their mission to be an effective force in our national life.

"You cannot industrialize the making of screen plays. A machine-made product is just that—with rough corners and raw edges. Frequently, audiences wonder why certain portions of a picture lack vitality and tempo. That's because fussy directors have retaken one scene scores of times until the nerve force of the players is depleted.

Often the too-long hours, which are the result of the short shooting schedule, devitalize the characters—and the personality of the actor falls before it reaches the camera. In the silents, photography, story and pantomime were all that mattered. But in the talkies, dramatic intensity, voice and energy are the telling factors. Cruelly-long hours wash out a personality.

"Why it is cheaper to shoot a picture in a hurry, working sixteen hours a day and paying the high over-time rates, rather than in the normal number of weeks—which will permit the requisite rest for director and cast—I have never been able to understand.

"Equally pernicious is the too-long schedule. Actors become exhausted and bored, and lose interest in the characterization. Certainly, producers can't make money on a picture that has dragged months in the making.

"But studios seem to be short-sighted on many matters. Directors—weary and worn—are given a script to shoot on two days' notice, when they should have had months for preparation and some chance for relaxation between pictures. Players often don't know from day to day what their lines will be, or the costumes demanded by their rôles.

"Instead of shooting a picture in continuity, it is chopped up—you are divorced before you're married, and you die before the love scenes. And thus neither directors nor players know whether characters are being built and developed logically. Construction and characterization are important factors in making a picture move. If a scene is a second too short or too long, there is that dangerous gap which makes audiences draw away from it.

Too Many Inexperienced Players

"ANOTHER Hollywood puzzle, which adds confusion to the state of the movies, is the starring of immature actors—of young girls and boys from behind soda fountains and department store counters—youngsters with no training to support their effort, with no experience as a background for their emotions. Eventually they become obscure—to their own heart-break and to the producer's loss.

"I will be answered in this criticism with the fact that I was starred at eighteen. But I had worked in stock for four years before then—playing everything from children to old women.

"We engage great authors and then refuse to use their brains. Producers tell them what to write, and they—putting their collective tongue in collective cheek—turn out what's demanded, take the studio's money and go back to New York or Europe, laughing their heads off at Hollywood idiosyncrasies.

"There are, however, some novelists and dramatists powerful enough not to take orders. But they don't keep faith with the men who hire them. They learn quickly the acceptable pattern, deliver drivel, and then go away without having contributed one single thing to the screen. It is difficult to cite one example of a famous writer who has really given something to the art of motion pictures.

"I believe that much of the solution to these startling wrongs lies in the adoption of the unit system—a system whereby independent producers make individual pictures and release them through the one parent company. Thus responsibility is centralized—it can be definitely placed. If this practice were general, perhaps, picture-making would become an art and not a business.

"Stars want to see good pictures made. Many of them would appear in an artistic picture for nothing, to reduce the financial hazard of making a splendid production which seemingly had no box-office future. I have offered to do so. And I know many others who have done the same. In that way, we could prove whether the destiny of motion pictures lies in a machine, or in the portrayal of beautiful, artistic reality! And there are producers who have the ability to astound the world with their magic and their brilliance, when they follow—not a pattern, but an idea! If they could only do so more often, who would ever ask, 'What's Wrong With the Movies'?"

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

Several screen favorites of the old silent days are teasing her to teach them how to get That Certain Something into *their* voices. Five years ago, she gave up a promising career on the stage to gamble on fame as a radio actress. Radio was then in its well-known infancy, but Elsie played a hunch—and now she has Hollywood on her trail. Her soft, romantic voice has made her a star with the Columbia Broadcasting System. Maybe you've heard her in "The Magic Voice" series. "Magic voice is right!" says envious Hollywood. And besides having a glamourous voice, she has looks. (Maybe you noticed, back on page 38.) Screen tests also await her in Hollywood!

HERE and there about Hollywood: Now the rumor artists have it that President Roosevelt was plenty peeved when the movies announced fifty per cent pay cuts just when he was trying to give business that "upswing" feeling . . . . And Hollywood wonders if Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks went abroad to be far from reporters when news of the Crawford-Fairbanks split arose . . . According to Fox, James Dunn and Sally Eilers will not be teamed again after "Hold Me Tight," the reason being that "team" stories cramp the style of one player or the other. . . . And speaking of James Dunn, no one seems to know just which is on his mind—Maureen O'Sullivan or Boots Mallory.

"Isn't he *thrilling?*"

CIGARS
CANDY

A new batch of snapshots is a package full of excitement . . . "Let *me* see" . . . "I *must* have this one" . . . Plenty of fun when the pictures were made. But what sport when the prints are passed around!

Millions are finding new possibilities in snapshots—they use Kodak VERICHROME Film. It has really made picture-taking quite a different thing. Easy positions—natural expressions—you get them with Verichrome. Because nobody need pose or face the sun. Dull days or bright, just snap what you want. The pictures will turn out right. Try a roll of Verichrome today! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

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THE SECRET OF A SUCCESSFUL WIFE —— by Timmins

BEFORE THE WEDDING
I TELL YOU, FRED, I'M MARRYING THE MOST WONDERFUL GIRL! SHE'S SIMPLY PERFECT— SO DAINTY, SO EXQUISITE, SO....
GOSH, BILL, YOU'VE GOT IT BAD! WELL, LET'S ONLY HOPE IT LASTS
TWO YEARS AFTER
NO, JANE, ROMANCE NEVER LASTS! BILL'S SO COOL AND DISTANT NOW THAT SOMETIMES I COULD SIT DOWN AND CRY
THE SAME THING HAPPENED WITH FRED AND ME TWO YEARS AGO. I WAS HEARTBROKEN...
...THEN I FOUND OUT MY BIG MISTAKE. I'D LET MYSELF GROW SLACK— ABOUT MY CLOTHES, MY COMPLEXION I'D EVEN BEEN CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SO I BRACED UP— GOT LIFEBUOY AND....
JANE'S RIGHT! LIFEBUOY MAKES ONE FEEL SO MUCH CLEANER AND FRESHER THAN ORDINARY TOILET SOAPS
MY SKIN'S A LOT CLEARER, TOO, I'LL NEVER USE ANY SOAP BUT LIFEBUOY NOW

"B.O." GONE — everything serene again!
WERE YOUR EARS BURNING? JANE AND I HAVE BEEN TALKING ABOUT THE WONDERFUL HUSBANDS WE HAVE
WERE YOUR EARS BURNING? FRED AND I HAVE BEEN SAYING WHAT WONDERFUL WIVES WE HAVE!

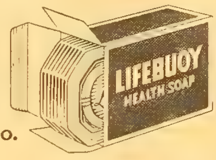
Don't risk "B.O."

(body odor)

BRIDE or business woman—modest-salaried man or millionaire—*no one* can afford to take chances with "B.O." (*body odor*)! Yet we must perspire. Pores give off a *quart* of odor-causing waste daily. Guard against offending—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its quickly-vanishing, *extra-clean* scent tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps! Its rich hygienic lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

Cloudy complexions clear

See how quickly your skin responds to Lifebuoy's gentle, yet thorough cleansing—fairly *glows* with new healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.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HEALTH SOAP

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Is Marlene Dietrich in Love for the Second Time?

(*Continued from page 27*)

drapes undrawn. The act was well-planned for the disenchantment of an eager girl.

"She stood there—in the cold drizzle. And couldn't tear her eyes away from that window. Beauty was shattered before her very eyes. Something in her must have died then. A different Dietrich must have gone away from that sight. When we learned the details, we could well understand the cool, impassive indifference that had replaced her questing, warming, vivacious nature."

The time came when an injury to her hand closed the door to a musical career. Acting claimed her. Life was no longer terrifying—it had little power to hurt her. She met it with a figurative shrug of the shoulders.

Marriage came to her. There is no question that she has given a fine, loyal, abiding affection to her husband, Rudolph Sieber, young German director. Certainly, no child is blessed with a more absorbing love than Marlene showers on her daughter, Maria. No service is too small—no effort is too great. In a town where many mothers leave the details of their children's lives to servants, Marlene has refused to recognize that need. Maria's food is frequently prepared by her mother. She is brought to the studio to lunch so that Marlene may have an extra hour with her youngster.

We aren't drawing wrong deductions when we say that the love that Marlene has given her husband, has been of a different variety from that first flaming passion which had such a signal effect on her life.

Has Been the Same for Years

CERTAINLY, she has remained the impassive Dietrich through years of marriage and success. Certainly, nothing has happened—until recently—which might awaken her to the exuberance, and awareness, and humanness, that were hers at seventeen.

Myths have arisen to explain that dead calm of hers. Josef von Sternberg was the *Svengali* to her *Trilby*. Her stolidity was only an expression of her nationality. She was homesick for her native land. She hated pictures. But not one of these reasons—in the light of the revelations of this man who had known her well—now hold.

It was this disillusioned Dietrich whom von Sternberg discovered. She was, nevertheless, an arresting personality and brought a vivid stimulant to the American screen.

But an enigma she remained. Nothing bothered her very much. Interviewers found themselves perplexed by her indifference. Even silly gossip, threats of kidnaping, troublous conflicts with her studio, and the extremes of fortune—all of which have come to her in Hollywood—have been met by that characteristic shrug of hers.

She displayed that same apathetic unconcern to public opinion during the time when she was rating yards of newspaper space with her adoption of masculine attire. She appeared at premières, in shops, and at the studio in men's tailored suits. Where another woman would have made her famous legs a public menace, she chose to hide them in unintriguing trousers.

Hollywood's more impressionable denizens catapulted their legs into trousers, and the war was on. To be, or not to be, feminine? Marlene's tailored shoulders expressed complete indifference. She was indifferent even to Maurice Chevalier's reaction. It is said on good authority that he had protested her adoption of the trouser regalia for public appearances.

"I hate being conspicuous," said this shy man. "Your pants make me so." And so a hiatus in their friendship resulted.

It may well be recorded here that the pants fad is a monument to the ingenuity and brilliance of Tom Baily, the head of the Paramount publicity department. Outside of Garbo's silence, nothing has rated the furore that the Dietrich pants have. He advantageously capitalized her personal preference to the point where it became a subject of national discussion.

Meanwhile, Paramount and von Sternberg, Dietrich's mentor parted company. And in excessive loyalty Marlene balked at making a picture under other direction than his. Finally, "The Song of Songs" was chosen—with Rouben Mamoulian at the directorial helm. Marlene was pacified.

Took New Interest in Life

BRIAN AHERNE, a strikingly handsome chap and Katharine Cornell's leading man in the celebrated stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—after withstanding flattering contract offers from every studio—capitulated to Paramount's offer to play opposite Marlene in this picture. Six feet two and a half inches tall, slender, athletic with azure blue eyes and brown hair, with an ascetic, typically British face—he is the perfect foil for Marlene.

From the first, their evident interest in each other excited comment. They lunched together, sat together on the set. And the remarkable thing was that Marlene—for the first time in months—wore skirts. Tweedy, tailored affairs. But still skirts. She sacrificed, in part, her splendid gesture of defiance to the world. Here, evidently, was someone whose opinion counted.

Suddenly, we are conscious of a new Marlene Dietrich—no longer weary and restrained, but an ardent, young, voluble, vital girl. Her face is alight with interest. The outbursts of temperament that were expected on this picture failed to materialize. She has definite ideas of what she should, or should not do. But her attitude is uncomplicated by the hysterical tantrums that actresses employ to carry their point.

In the studio commissary—when Brian Aherne and Marlene are lunching together—their enjoyment of each other's society is manifest. Marlene chatters with the excitement of a child. She curls her legs under her, or swings one restless foot. She might be a girl of sixteen out for a holiday.

Change Shows in Picture

THERE is no question but that the Marlene Dietrich of other days is gone. The change in her personality is evident. With the melting of her aloofness, she exhibits the vibrancy of elastic youth. Her face is softer, sweeter. Her eyes are believing again. And this transformation shows in her work in "The Song of Songs."

And it is a rôle which a placid Dietrich could never have played. In it are scenes that are daring in the extreme. The scenario writer has not minimized the passion that flames through the original story by Herman Sudermann. Witness the stage directions in one section of the script—a scene in which Marlene presumably poses in the nude for the sculptor (Aherne) in the drama. It reads: "Show as much of Dietrich's shoulders as the Hays office will permit."

In yet another scene, Marlene is shown thrilling at the imagined touch of the artist who is molding the torso of the statue.

What has caused this extraordinary alteration? A rather unhappy woman one month—and a human, pulsing personality the next? A nature like Dietrich's loses scars slowly. Perhaps that first experience of hers had hurt so deeply that only a similar, vital situation could arouse her from her lethargy.

To-day Hollywood is asking: Is this NEW Dietrich the result of recaptured youthful illusions through a new emotional awakening?

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Feminine antisepsis is a Husband's problem, too!

The most important health-factor in your wife's whole life! . . . Won't you help her learn these truths which science has approved?

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It's easy for *you* to side-step the question of marriage hygiene. Easy to leave it entirely to your wife.

But it's *not* easy to face the unhappiness that follows, like fate, in the wake of your neglect.

Ignorant of the principles of feminine hygiene, your wife is harried by a ceaseless fear. Nerves rebel. Beauty fades. Health fails. And the serenity of your marriage becomes a thing of the past.

Don't leave this vital problem for your wife to solve alone . . . It is always so much easier for a man to get these *facts*.

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And "Lysol" contains no free caustic alkali. It is *safe*, *soothing*, and *healing* to tender tissues.

The kindest thing you can ever do is to persuade your wife to adopt the "Lysol" method, recommended by leading physicians.

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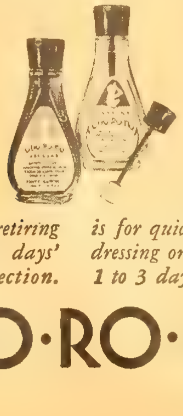

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ODO·RO·NO

How the Earthquake Affected the Stars

(*Continued from page 29*)

evening under the swaying, clinking chandelier of the Beverly Wilshire Gold Room.

Gable Still Wanted a Pipe

FIVE fifty-five P.M. seems to be a favorite shopping hour with the movie stars. Clark Gable was walking along the store-bordered corridor in the Ambassador Hotel, looking for a new pipe, when the 'quake set the cocoanuts in the Grove above him rattling. He braced himself, waited till the floor had stopped heaving—then went in and chose his pipe!

John Boles puts the exact moment of the 'quake at five fifty-six. He knows, he says, because he looked at his antique grandfather clock which has been ticking for years and it stopped at that instant. Speaks well for John's coolness!

Genevieve Tobin had just been taken home in a car by Gene Raymond. She was standing inside the hallway and Gene was looking at her Scottie when an ominous roar began. Gene smiled, and extended his hand. "It's just an earthquake," said he politely. "Won't you step outside?"

Neil Hamilton, his wife and several guests were having a cocktail in the Hamilton home when the cocktail shaker began to function without human aid. They sat in silence until quiet returned; then Neil spoke. "Maybe that was needed to open the banks," said he.

Lilyan Tashman says that a beauty parlor is the funniest place to be in during an earthquake. "I had just paid my bill and was about to turn to the door when the place began to quiver," she laughs. "Then the booths disgorged a motley crowd of women in mud packs, women in facial creams, women with hair half-curled, and women with hair screwed into permanent wave cylinders. They zoomed down on me in a mad race for the door, and, frightened as I was, I had to laugh—"

Marlene Dietrich was in the act of signing a photograph for Travis Banton, Paramount fashion designer. She had written as far as the first "e" in Marlene, when the shock sent her pen flying across the picture in a long line. After the 'quake had subsided, Travis returned to the set, intending to recapture the picture with its unfinished autograph as a souvenir of the 'quake. Imagine his amazement when he found Marlene there before him, calmly completing the signing of her name!

Marlene Went on Working

"THE Song of Songs," by the way, was the only picture which went on shooting after the 'quake. All the other stars and directors knocked off work for the rest of the day, but Marlene seems to have no nerves. However, she did keep going to the telephone, trying to get her Santa Monica house to be sure that her little girl was all right. The wires being down, it was an hour before she learned that Maria was delighted with the charming motion of a real earthquake.

Joan Crawford was alone in her living room, reading "Ann Vickers," when the house began to shake. Paralyzed with terror, Joan cowered in her chair till her gardener dashed in and dragged her onto the lawn. A few minutes later, her terror was increased by a message from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr's., company on location at Long Beach. "There has been a terrible accident, but Mr. Fairbanks is not hurt and tells his wife not to worry," said a trembling voice. Doug, home two hours late for dinner, was amazed by the message, as the company had not even stopped shooting during the tremor. (The Crawford-Fairbanks separation had not yet taken effect at that time.)

Edmund Lowe, Janet Gaynor, and Henry Garat were all in different Fox projection rooms at 5:55 P.M., looking at the day's rushes. Henry Garat had just begun to sing on the screen when a horrible roar came, apparently from the screen, itself. As they filed out, shaken and a trifle seasick, Garat laughed feebly, "I 'ad no idea my firs' Eenglish song would sound like that!" he said.

Robert Montgomery was just stepping into his car to go to Long Beach for a preview of his picture, "Hell Below," when the shock sent him backward to the lawn. The Metro publicity man who had gone ahead to the beach town to supervise the preview was dining early when the 'quake sent all the patrons of the restaurant into the street. The side of a store crashed just as he reached the street, burying him in bricks and he was badly injured.

Adolphe Menjou, at 5:55 P.M., was in the office of his attorney on the fifth floor of the Taft Building, making out his income tax, when the fifteen-story building swayed from side to side. Under his very eyes, the ceiling and walls of the office broke into huge cracks while the office boy shouted, "We're going over sure!"

Carole Trapped in Tight Gown

CAROLE LOMBARD doesn't believe in pants for women, but admits it might be the right attire for earthquakes. Carole had just donned a sheath gown in the wardrobe department of Paramount when the floor quivered. Her gown was so tight that Carole couldn't save herself and fell straight forward on the floor.

At 5:55 P.M., the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was in session in their hall at the Roosevelt Hotel to discuss the proposed salary cut. Conrad Nagel was speaking when the pictures leaped off the walls. In stunned silence, the Academy members sat motionless till the 'quake subsided. Then the telephone rang. A thunderous voice roared into the room, "This is God!" it said. "That was a small sample of what will happen if the cut goes through!" Norman Krasna, scenario writer, wouldn't let a small thing like a 'quake interfere with his sense of humor.

Stuart Erwin had just started home from the studio. He was stopping at the corner of Vine and Melrose for a traffic light when the 'quake came. A motorist just ahead of him leaped out of the car, shaking his fist angrily. "I'll teach you to bump into me like that!" he shouted.

Brian Aherne was working alone on the set of "The Song of Songs" when the 'quake came. With admirable presence of mind, he threw his arms around the nude statue of Marlene Dietrich, made for this picture at a cost of ten thousand dollars by an Italian sculptor, undoubtedly saving it from being dashed to pieces.

Fox Films had invited the press to see a preview of "Pleasure Cruise" on a French steamship in Long Beach harbor that evening. It was called off and the three hundred elaborate dinners prepared for the hungry newspaper and magazine critics were distributed to the homeless at Long Beach.

Was Adrienne's Face Red?

ADRIENNE AMES was dressing to go out to dinner (we didn't learn with whom). She was making up her lips when the 'quake struck her luxurious Beverly Hills house and sent her lipstick across her cheek. As Adrienne rushed downstairs to see whether the servants were all right, the cook observed what was apparently a crimson gash across her mistress' cheek and promptly had hysterics!

Studio firemen at Paramount, rushing about the stages to observe possible damage, were shocked to find the set of "International House" in complete ruins, vases shattered, furniture tipped over and the hotel lobby in ruins. Later they learned that it was the small auto driven by W. C. Fields about the set—and not the 'quake—which had caused the damage.

There was a wild rumor that a tidal wave was coming. J. Farrell MacDonald, his coolness and his sense of humor intact, said, "Well, the best place to see that is at the beach!"

The studio sets are especially dangerous places to be at the time of an earthquake as the heavy Kliegs and arc lights are likely to topple down on the players. Consequently, at the first tremor of the earth, everybody rushed out into the open. At Metro, however, the shock disturbed the electrical machinery operating the studio doors and they were jammed shut, leaving the occupants imprisoned in complete darkness for a few nerve-shattering moments. At Paramount, a sound recorder reached instinctively for his apparatus to shut it off at the first rumble, then on inspiration turned the amplifier on full force. As a result, he caught the first sound record ever made of an earthquake, a sudden deep and foreboding rumbling, a scream, shouts of "Earthquake!" then the roar of the full 'quake, the rattling of falling equipment.

Freddie Stayed Nonchalant

FREDRIC MARCH was lighting a cigarette, while standing on the sidelines, watching them shoot a scene in "A Bedtime Story." He feels rather proud of himself that he managed to make contact with his light. Then, remembering that Florence Eldridge, his wife, was at the beach visiting friends, when he heard a hysterical stenographer shouting "the beach towns are in ruins!" he rushed to the 'phone. It was a half-hour before Florence finally called his dressing-room to say that she had been riding in a car and missed the feeling of the 'quake entirely.

Norman Foster was riding along Sunset Boulevard. He did not feel anything, but was amazed to see office buildings disgorging crowds of white-faced, excited men and women.

"Slim" Summerville was playing with his baby in the living room of his new Laguna Beach house. The fireplace fell into the room at 5:55 P.M., and "Slim" seized his wife and baby and rushed to his car and drove like mad back to Hollywood, evidently believing Hollywood had stood so many shocks that an earthquake couldn't move it. They didn't go back for several days to see what else happened to their house.

Ken Maynard and his wife were sitting down to an early dinner at a friend's house, preparatory to going places to dance. The maid spilled the consommé on Ken. Then the Maynards suddenly remembered a house guest at their own home, left with a headache. They and their hosts rushed to the car and left dinner uneaten, while they returned home. The Maynards, unable to sleep through the successive milder shocks, went to the airport and flew all night, considering the sky safer than the earth at the moment.

At 5:55 P.M., Tom Brown was taking a bath at home. He was almost drowned, when the 'quake raised huge waves in the tub, and heard his father and mother rushing outdoors. Starting to follow, Tom remembered his unclad state, and philosophically got back into the tub and finished his bath, earthquake or no earthquake.

But, after all, the earthquake of March 10 didn't rock Hollywood half as hard as the salary cuts of March 8!

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She keeps it clear and smooth by eating this new easy-to-take type of pure yeast.

Read how this corrective food ends ugly spots and blemishes.

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Skin troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run-down nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking.

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If Hollywood Failed, Stars Would Still Eat

(*Continued from page 31*)

John Barrymore used to do cartoons for a New York newspaper; Hardie Albright was cartoonist on a Pittsburgh daily; Jean Hersholt was a painter and sculptor before he became an actor, and still "keeps his hand in." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has had some sketches published; James Cagney is an expert at drawing and declares he would go in for commercial art and perhaps for magazine illustration. Una O'Connor has made remarkably clever busts of Noel Coward and other famous people, and Harry Langdon's work in clay is favorably commented upon. Chester Morris studied art for several years, too.

Artists seemed to do a good deal of starving in garrets in the old days, but now we have leading illustrators who are reported to earn as much as $50,000 a year. Of course, that might look like a drop in a bucket to some screen stars accustomed to drawing down $5,000 a week. But maybe they could adjust themselves to it.

Closing studio gates wouldn't mean much to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Doug and Mary have a ranch of several thousand acres down at Rancho Santa Fé, where they could live in the manner of early California grandees. Already, choice avocado groves are in bearing and the Fairbankses have been experimenting with varieties of unusual fruits. They could cater to the luxury trade.

Speaking of ranches, Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, Bill Boyd, Victor McLaglen, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, Clara Bow and Rex Bell all own them.

Gary might run his as a dude ranch, but Joel, who has recently bought one within three hours' distance from Hollywood, declares his would be "just a he-man, horse and cattle ranch."

Sally and Hoot already have theirs on a profitable basis, and Clara has demonstrated that she can be happy on hers for a year at a time.

Bill Boyd and Victor McLaglen think that's no record—that anybody who didn't like ranch life would be cuh-razy.

Anyway, it would be hard to starve on a ranch—even if you called it a farm or a plantation.

There's Money in Antiques

NILS ASTHER confides that his secret ambition is to be a dealer in antiques. Hi, William Haines! Is there anything in an antique shop? Bill earned more than a hundred thousand last year with his, we hear. That's almost as good as being a movie star.

Walter Huston's former profession was that of mechanical engineer; Otto Kruger was a telephone technician; and Diana Wynyard studied to be a domestic science teacher.

Mechanical engineers seldom get more than $200 a month; a telephone technician's check is sometimes made out for $15 a week and sometimes for as high as $75; domestic science teachers begin at $125 a month. Dear, dear, their budgets would have to be rearranged at this rate!

Many actors write. I mean, really write and get paid for it. And you know Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman got $110,000 for the screen rights to "Dinner at Eight." Maybe Elissa Landi couldn't get $110,000—but she has had three novels published and she has just finished a fourth; also she composed that song she played in "The Masquerader."

Norman Foster has written a number of plays, and some have been produced. Leslie Howard, who is also a successful playwright, sells stuff to literary magazines, and so does Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Constance Bennett has written—and sold—poetry under a *nom-de-plume*.

Louise Closser Hale has had ten novels published, as well as numerous short stories. Clive Brook was a newspaper man and used to sell short stories in England, and George Arliss' autobiography, "Up the Years from Bloomsbury," was a best-seller. Wera Engels, who has Continental fame as a short-story writer, is now engaged on a diary of her experiences in Hollywood and a Berlin publishing concern is negotiating with her for the release of the work. Roland Young's volume of sketches and verse, "Not for Children," has been notably successful. Will Rogers makes a handsome living on the side from newspaper writings.

Three New Careers for Girls

THREE of our blonde beauties have odd choices in "other careers." Bette Davis states that she is the only woman who ever qualified as a lifeguard at fashionable Ogunquit Beach, Maine. Tala Birell trained to be an automobile racer and knows all there is to know about automobiles. And Wynne Gibson thinks she'd probably make more "playing cards for money," but she would go out as a female golf professional "because it's a more active life." Irene Dunne, the best woman golfer in Hollywood, might also give a thought to such a career.

Leslie Howard and Richard Dix once worked in banks. Maybe, with all their experience in handling big sums of money, they could become tellers. Charles Butterworth and Ralph Morgan, if necessity demanded, could go back to the practice of law. Clark Gable could choose between oil drilling and car repairing; Bruce Cabot also knows the oil drilling job. Maurice Chevalier was once an apprentice carpenter and an apprentice electrician—and maybe he could hit the nail on the head or make the wires hum again.

Buddy Rogers, Lew Ayres and Jimmy Durante could easily find jobs in jazz orchestras. Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe could become swimming instructors, and Eleanor Holm could become an instructress. And Richard Arlen, who once did teach swimming, might do so again. Joe E. Brown, who once played big-league baseball and now owns a part-interest in the Kansas City Club, might coach baseball. George O'Brien, ex-boxing champion of the Navy, might coach boxing. Barbara Stanwyck could go back to a telephone switchboard—and thrill all callers with that voice. Cary Grant could always fall back on stilt-walking, which he once did for a living.

Ruth Would Depend on George

GEORGE BRENT has traveled fifty thousand miles by air and would go in for aviation if the screen failed him. Ruth Chatterton, his wife, doesn't know how to do anything but act, so she would have to live on his salary, too. How much would that be? Anything like his present stipend—even if he took up stunt-flying? Well, George's tastes, fortunately, are simple. Ben Lyon and Richard Arlen are two other actors who know their flying.

If Fredric March couldn't get back into banking—he had a good job in the foreign department of J. P. Morgan and Company once—he could pose for magazine illustrators, as he used to do. He and Neil Hamilton were two of the original "Collar Ad Types."

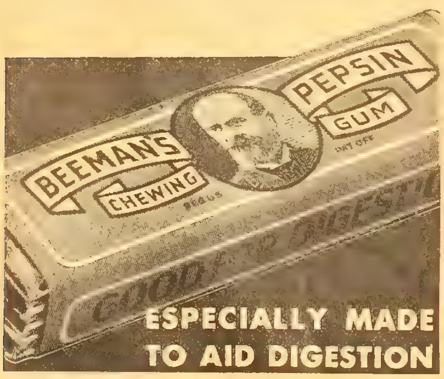
Neil thinks he was paid $6 a day for posing; he got about the same in the Ford factory in Detroit. Neil also worked in a cigar store and sold newspaper advertising.

fore!

Airplanes and dirigibles clear the skies. You're so clear-headed and keen and steady when your digestion is right that you feel as though you could place your ball on the tip of the moon.

But it's surprising how many men are handicapped by a little indigestion and yet never guess what's wrong. Beeman's is great for just such cases. Lots of healthy people chew it regularly. It's a pleasant habit, the flavor is so delicious.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM



ESPECIALLY MADE
TO AID DIGESTION

But his salary never ran into four figures until he became a star.

Gail Patrick insists that her chief ambition, now and until achieved, is to become Governor of Alabama, so if the studios shut their doors she will go into politics. I don't know what the governor of Alabama gets, do you?

Charles Mack, of Moran and Mack, would go in for building houses. He has four completed out of the eighty-four he intends to build on his property. Each house will be of Normandy design and will contain special improvements invented by Mack. Some of those already installed include: adjustable lights on dressing mirrors, concealed telephones, ice water circulating to every room, built-in beds with night lamps guaranteed not to tip over, greenhouses heated by sun rays even in zero weather. Maybe realtors and landlords aren't doing so well just now, but anybody would like to live out at Charlie Mack's!

Back to Their Typewriters?

DOROTHY WILSON, so recently risen from a place at a stenographer's desk, could go back to it without too much perturbation. Unless she preferred to take up hand knitting. Dorothy has knitted seven berets, four sweaters and several collars in the past few months.

Other one-time secretaries include Janet Gaynor and Ann Harding. Neither of them liked typing. Besides, stenographers don't make more than $35 a week nowadays. So what?

Marie Dressler has always vowed that, if all else failed, she could be a successful cook. Anyone who has ever tasted her cooking heartily agrees. And Marie could command as much as $45 a week and her keep and every Thursday out! We'd give her a reference, ourselves!

Warner Baxter once sold automobile insurance. Garbo once modeled millinery. And Charles Laughton once tended a hotel desk in London.

Cooks, insurance men, millinery models and hotel clerks can seldom afford $65,000 homes, mountain and beach cottages, and trips to Europe every year. But it's nice to have a meal ticket.

Talking of meal tickets, I suppose Peggy Hopkins Joyce will just have to run out and get married again.

Bebe Daniels knows exactly what she will do, in case of a shut-down, for she's going to do it, anyway. She's planning to leave Hollywood shortly for a concert tour of Europe, starting in Spain, where she will sing in English, French and Spanish. Ramon Novarro would do likewise—and, in fact, is doing likewise. So is Jeanette MacDonald. Doris Kenyon also is well known to the concert public. John Boles could earn a very good living via concert tours. Marlene Dietrich and Betty Compson are ex-violinists. They might also step on the concert stages.

But there are others whose training for their new choice of career isn't complete. Warren William would like to be a marine engineer. Edward G. Robinson would like to be a teacher. Preston Foster would like to be a newspaperman. And Spencer Tracy thinks it would be fine to breed polo ponies. Tom Brown would take a law course, for, says Tom, naively, "A good lawyer must be a good actor."

Let's hope they have money enough to prepare for these ambitions.

"If the screen failed me and I had to do something else," observes Harold Lloyd, "the only thing I can think of is magic. I used to be a very good magician, if I say so myself. What does it pay?"

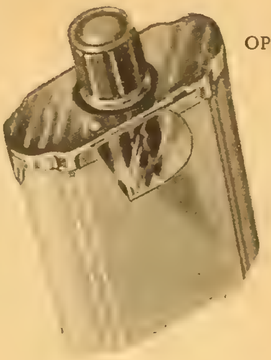
And if hard times came along—who knows? Many a "bachelor girl" might marry.

Oh no, actors won't starve!

CLOSED

NEW

OPEN



Perfume Container

[A SENSATIONAL OFFER]

A neat, non-leakable perfume container to carry in your handbag—always ready for immediate use.

These exquisite perfume containers come in six popular colors and make ideal gifts for your friends. Write for yours *now!*

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

Instantly . . . A SKIN AS

SOFT AS VELVET

Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you!

SCENTED

LINIT
DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED FOR THE BATH

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.

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The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

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LINIT
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Please send me..............................perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose $............and............LINIT package tops.

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

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JILL ESMOND RADIO PICTURES STAR

ENTICING EYES!

This new Beauty Trick gives them to you . . .

● DARK, heavy lashes give your eyes that certain "appeal,"—that sparkle and glamor so fascinating to men. But men dislike "made-up" lashes, heavy with mascara.

Winx—the NEW type mascara—always gives a completely NATURAL effect. It makes lashes look rich, dark and silken-soft. It goes on evenly. It stays on evenly. Never smears or flecks off.

Try this new beauty trick. Two forms—*Liquid Winx*, waterproof. *Cake Winx*, in the metal compact.

WINX

ZIP 50¢

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM GIANT TUBE

As White and Fragrant as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT only $1

Permanently Destroys Hair

Now Men Adore Her Milky-White Skin

ONLY LAST WEEK MUDDY SKIN MADE HER HOMELY!

SHE has the loveliest face! Once muddy skin, freckles and blemishes made her actually homely, until she learned of a delicate, dainty white cream, called Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. This new discovery brought out the hidden *natural* whiteness of her skin in three days! And now, in only ten minutes a week, this same cream keeps her skin always dazzling white. No more redness, sallowness or freckles; blackheads and blemishes never bother her. Try a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme yourself—at any drug store or department store toilet counter.

Retire? Gloria Swanson Wouldn't Think of It!

(*Continued from page 57*)

instead of box-office records. She has the dash, the daring of the pioneer. And the restless spirit and the strong heart, as well.

More, perhaps, than any figure in the industry, the tiny, slender, well-shod feet of Glorious Gloria have trod new paths and blazed new trails. She tossed aside fortunes to make pictures her own way. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a fortune any old time. And that is the sum that was offered her per picture, and which she declined to go a-pioneering as a star-producer.

Impressed with the idea that a new background, a certain fresh feeling, a different outlook might enhance the entertainment quality of pictures made in a locale other than Hollywood, Gloria sailed the seas to England to produce a picture there. She experienced the difficulties of all pioneers in green pastures. But she is still enthusiastic about her experience with "Perfect Understanding," and over the potentialities for making pictures abroad for international release. She was abroad for almost eighteen months.

"Air travel, radio, trans-continental telephone, all combine to make the world physically smaller. Where the transmission of an idea once took months, it now takes seconds. We are nearer Europe, and growing closer every day. Our British cousins, so-called, are really far closer relations. And the time will come when the Anglo-American understanding will be shared by Continental nations, and even our Asiatic neighbors will be just around the corner.

Sees Big Chance for Movies

"CONSIDERING this," Gloria continued, "I think it is about time motion pictures became imbued with an international flavor. They, more than any other medium, are international in character, because all the world understands a picture, especially a motion picture. And whether the actual filming is done in Hollywood, London, Joinville, Tifliz, Berlin or Timbuctoo, if it is endowed with a quality that makes for universal appeal, the peoples of the world may enjoy it side by side. I might add, 'in Perfect Understanding'—but I'll let United Artists do the advertising!

"Right now, I think that America is technically to the forefront in film-making. But there is no reason why her technicians may not spread the gospel of engineering efficiency abroad, so that there may be a sort of merger between the nations which, as the old circus billboards used to say, will combine the best features of both. There are many advantages in making pictures over there that offset what disadvantages exist.

"I think, perhaps, that it is because we are a comparatively new nation that we have the energy, the 'git-up-and-git' quality that aids so in speedy accomplishment. Over there, things have been going on for so long, it is a bit difficult to realize a necessity for hurry. After all, you have only to see the old Roman walls and roads in picturesque England to realize that days have been coming and going for centuries. There's more to the term 'Old England' than mere affection. It stands for something. Something that England is proud about. An ancient heritage that makes it hard to understand that a film must be finished today when there is a tomorrow.

"Maybe the attitude may be explained by my conversation with a grand, old gardener on the estate of an English friend of mine. He was busy rolling the velvety lawns, which were smooth as a baby's hand. I had in mind my own California grass and asked him how the English lawns attained such perfection. 'Well, milady,' he said, 'fust you plant the seed, then you water it, and when the grass grows, you roll it for about five hundred years!' I got the idea!"

A Pioneer Parent, Too

AS Gloria was called to a particularly persistent telephone, I noticed a flower-flanked frame containing photographs of little Gloria, and Joseph and Bridget, the year-old baby. And I recalled that their mother's pioneering instinct entered even into her personal and most private life. She made it fashionable to have babies in Hollywood. And to have them without deception, pretense or apology. When the little Farmer-ette was coming, her mother was more madly happy than over any Swanson super-production, and rather than hide the approaching fact, she shouted it from London housetops.

Of course, she adores children, with the unadulterated maternal instinct of utter femininity. Bridget is very much a part and parcel of her romance with Michael Farmer. For despite a certain pristine mental quality, an ability to make quick decisions, an unqualified self-reliance, and a courageous determination that smack of masculinity, Gloria personifies womanhood through and through. The finest type of womanhood that America has developed. Perhaps that's why this Big Business girl, this feminine Alexander, is fond of men and fond of children.

Right now little Gloria, and Joseph and the little shamrock, Bridget, are abroad. The older children are in a school selected after a close scrutiny of many by their mother, and the baby's lullabies are sung by skilled nurses while the mother devotes herself to the cares and worries that come with achievement. For being Big Business isn't all skittles-and-beer nor bubble-and-squeak. There are investments, and interests, and mortgages, and—don't forget—taxes, annoyances of which we dimeless dodos know nothing.

"There are a number of things," Gloria declared, "that must be straightened out before I contemplate the next step. When the time comes, and the sooner the better, that next step may be acting, producing, or both. There must be activity in my life, of that I assure you. Just give me nothing to do for any length of time, and you may as well call the wagon and lock me up, because I'll be stark, staring mad. I've always had a full life—and, please Heaven, I shall continue."

With Michael, and the babies, pictures and distribution problems, conferences, photographers, reporters, the constantly jangling telephone, radio offers, stage offers, motion picture propositions, telegrams and cables going and coming, luncheons, teas, cocktail-hours, dinners, theatres, suppers, not to mention modistes—(for Gloria "Buys American")—it did look like a full life. But, take Gloria's word for it, this is only a rest period, a lull between two pioneering storms. A continuation of a honeymoon that still shines with mellow beneficence.

Explaining Their Happiness

"IT'S because we're so much alike," said Gloria about that honeymoon. "I think it is a little silly to think that opposite types get along well together. Michael and I are happy because we're alike. We're the same sort of persons. We have minds of our own, and decided, definite ideas. I think we're distinct, definite personalities. But we like to do the same things. We like the same people. Thus, while we maintain our individualities, we blend well together, enjoy ourselves and one another. Perhaps the keynote to both our personalities lies in a love of activity. I have my ambitions, Michael his, and each of us is interested in both."

This Michael Farmer in whom Gloria has found romance and happiness has all the Celtic charm indicated by his name and lineage. Broad-shouldered, slim-hipped, he has the ruddy skin of an out-of-doors chap. He wears tweeds that become his slender cleanliness. And he speaks with a touch of brogue, not the "flannel-mouth" variety of the peasant, but the soft, melodious, slightly Anglicized accent prevalent in the cultured Irishman—the son of a "County Family."

Indeed, Michael is just that type. It's odds-on that he's a fine horseman, but whether or no, he's the type you'll encounter on the Celtic heath as master of some famous hunt. He is the "young lord," the "country squire," clear-eyed, clean-limbed, an easy laugher, and a good lover. And for all his grace, *savoir faire* and cosmopolitan sophistication, still a bit shy and more than a bit modest. A dashing Irishman of a breed that is the darling of the world of men—as well as women.

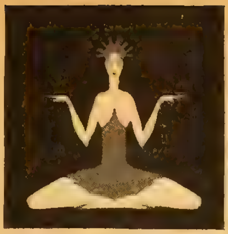
Michael, too, is interested in motion pictures. But, and he blushes as he throws up his hands, not as an actor. The business of re-takes was the undoing of the movies, so far as Squire Farmer is concerned. He saw Gloria do scenes over and over and over, and some of his own sequences in "Perfect Understanding" were repeated so often that he muttered black Gaelic curses against such follies as a Cork man strutting before such silly contraptions as lights and cameras.

"But," Michael told me, "I think there are great chances in the production end of the business. Indeed, now, if I were the 'Millionaire Irish Sportsman' the newspapers had me, my sport would be production. I've learned a lot about it while Gloria was making this last one—and I'm going to learn a lot more. It shouldn't take a man forever to learn, and I'm hoping that I'll soon know enough to be of value. As a matter of fact, I have some offers now that look encouraging. No acting, though. I've made my début and my farewell appearance as a thespian in 'Perfect Understanding.'"

And Gloria smiles admiration and approval—for here is a man to stand on his own two good feet, shoulder his way through, put up a good two-fisted fight for his lady if necessary, and ready for a frolic at the drop of a cawbeen. The indication is that he appreciates the bride he has won, and that his happiness lies much in bringing happiness to her.

Gloria deserves it. Her dazzling career hasn't been without tragedy. There have been moments of heartache, disappointment, betrayal. But as she, herself, puts it, "when these things come, there's a wrench in my heart—and then that door is closed forever." She wastes no time in vain regrets and idle tears. When a day is done, her eyes look for the new sunrise. That tip-tilted nose of hers is in the air. Her head is up. Her shoulders back. Another day. Another triumph. Another world to conquer.

On arriving in New York, she told ship news reporters, who asked her when she was going to make another picture, "Sometimes I get tired of pictures and think of giving them up. But then somebody comes along, talking about a new studio or a new play, and my ears go up like an old circus horse smelling the sawdust." And that just about sums up Glorious Gloria, the feminine counterpart of Alexander, the Great—never content to rest on laurels already won. Gloria Swanson, Pioneer of Pictures.



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There is no permanent wave like the

Eugène wave

This year there's more to a wave than *waves.* You must also have *curls* . . . Permanent curls—framing the face, softening the neckline, peeping out beneath your hat. *Not every waving method can give both permanent waves and indestructible curls!*

Eugene, alone, by the invention of Reverse-spiral Winding and the new Reverse-spiral Sachet, gives hairdressers the means to assure a profusion of permanent curls in addition to natural, rolling permanent waves.

Smart hairdressers know all about these new and revolutionary improvements that insure perfect results. Any woman, with hair of any texture or color, may sit for a Eugene wave, serenely confident that it will be a beautiful permanent—and permanently beautiful.

There's no mistaking the genuine Eugene Wave. Each Eugene Sachet (or waving wrapper) is identified by the Eugene Trade Mark figure, "The Goddess of the Wave." Look for it on each Sachet. Permit no substitutes. Remember, it's *your hair*—you're the one to be pleased. . . Eugene, Ltd., New York and Paris.

When a woman is in love

...DEW IS A FAITHFUL ALLY

Wise old Plutarch, the ancient Greek philosopher, said: "The soul of a man in love is full of perfumes and sweet odors." A clever, modern woman, reading between the lines, knows that a man loves a woman best when she is sweet and dainty.

Modern women, for this reason, depend upon Dew to protect themselves and their garments from perspiration stains and odor. With its improved, sanitary applicator, Dew may be applied in a moment. It dries at once—takes effect immediately. Keep the beautiful flask on your dressing table as a reminder. Dew will not irritate the skin or injure fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed.

A confidential booklet about the relationship of love, pleasant scents and disagreeable odors will be sent free. Mail the coupon today. Marion Lambert, Inc., St. Louis • Toronto.

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PREVENTS ODOR • PROTECTS CLOTHES

INSTANT DEW may be applied at any time—day or night—while you dress.

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Look for this counter display in your drug or department store.

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You Can't Win in the Movies—If You Don't Take Chances

(*Continued from page 35*)

Mayer, Thalberg, Lasky, Zukor, Laemmle, Goldwyn, the Warners—they're all takers of "long chances." They *have* to be shrewd, tight-lipped plungers, who are willing to risk millions on their decisions—for they deal in a commodity that lacks a definite, calculable market. The shoe manufacturer, if he's a clever business man, can forecast his market with some certainty. He deals in a necessity. But who can accurately pre-determine so intangible a thing as the public taste in screen entertainment, or the reception that will be accorded an expensive player? How were the Warners to be positive, when they produced the first talkie, that they would remake the entire industry and win great power and great wealth? They were taking "a long chance."

Cecil B. De Mille's entire career has been punctuated by nervy gambles. It is his creed to be individual, to strive for big stakes by breaking away from tradition and daring something "different." He has won a surprising percentage of his bets, but, in the old days, he kept the financiers of the old Famous Players-Lasky Company in a cold sweat most of the time.

De Mille made the first divorce picture, "Old Wives for New," at a time when divorce was one of the unmentionable screen subjects. And not content with that daring departure, he gave the leading rôles to little-known players, instead of the established stars whom the company's policy demanded. The studio officials were so shaky about the entire proposition that, even after the picture was finished, they begged De Mille to shelve it. De Mille refused, and it was finally released to pack the theatres and start a new picture cycle.

"Joan of Arc" was another of De Mille's gambles. It was regarded as such a risk that a separate company was formed for its production, in order that the possible failure would not damage the parent company's prestige.

Took a Million-Dollar Chance

But of all the De Mille long shots, "The Ten Commandments" is most outstanding. At the time it was launched, costume pictures and Biblical subjects were both studio taboos; consequently, certain of the Paramount officials were very dubious. And the costs were appalling. De Mille, on location near Oxnard, California, was spending forty thousand dollars a day. Lasky—or perhaps it was Zukor—went to him and expressed his fears. De Mille resented the lack of confidence, offered to buy all rights to the picture, and a few days later backed his proposal by taking certified checks for one million dollars to the studio. His assurance was contagious. Paramount reconsidered and refused to go through with the deal. The result is history. "The Ten Commandments" made millions.

David Wark Griffith, greatest of the early director-producers, was an inveterate plunger. Never was there a greater gamble than his great picture, "Birth of a Nation." It was started on a shoe-string and financed from day to day by small investments. Griffith directed by day and promoted frantically by night. He invested every penny that he owned. Thomas Dixon, the author, accepted an interest in the production in lieu of cash. "The Birth of a Nation," incidentally, has made more money than any other picture ever produced, and it is still returning dividends.

Every studio gambles each year on "prestige" pictures, films of a "high-brow" nature, which are frankly intended to feel out the public taste. "Strange Interlude" and "The Guardsman" were Metro's prestige pictures of the last two years. Both were risky investments, but both proved winners, though not box-office smashes.

"All Quiet" Fooled the Prophets

"All Quiet on the Western Front" was a prestige picture and a long-shot gamble. Nine critics out of every ten predicted that it would be a dismal failure. They said the story could not be successfully screened. But the Laemmles, father and son, believed in it and were willing to back their judgment with more than a million. As if to increase the gamble, they engaged a comparative unknown, Lewis Milestone, to direct, and accepted an obscure "bit" player, Lew Ayres, for the leading rôle.

Incidentally, Milestone knowingly risked his entire career by accepting the job. The picture was gargantuan—a failure would draw enough attention to damn him for all time in Hollywood. Lew Ayres faced the same risk, but he was accustomed to taking long chances. He had gone hungry for weeks at a time while waiting for his break, and once his fortunes had reached so low an ebb that he packed his clothes and started to leave, only to be called back by an offer from Pathé, just as he was checking out of his rooming house.

One cannot help but admire the persistence of the great producers in backing their gambles. "Trader Horn," a rank departure from the beaten path, seemed a disheartening loss when the company returned from Africa with some disappointing film. Instead of accepting the loss, however, Metro spent hundreds of thousands of dollars retaking scenes on the West Coast, and not only broke even, but made a profit. Much the same story can be told of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." At the first preview, it was a dismal failure. But Thalberg and Mayer were willing to gamble another fortune for its remaking, and Helen Hayes, the star, was willing to gamble her time and her salary, notwithstanding the fact that a stage contract was clamoring for her return to New York. Both the studio and Helen won. The picture not only made her a great screen attraction, but greatly enhanced her stage popularity. Whereas she received not more than twenty fan letters a week before "Madelon," last year her weekly fan mail ran into the thousands.

Borrowed—And Won Again

One of the most courageous gambles in Hollywood's history was that of Gloria Swanson, who turned down a Paramount contract that would have guaranteed her twenty-five thousand dollars a week in order to produce her own pictures as a member of the United Artists group. In the gambler's lingo, she very promptly "lost her shirt." Her first production, "Queen Kelly," cost a fortune and was never released. Other financial reverses occurring about the same time, she was brought to the verge of bankruptcy.

A less determined gambler would have been whipped, through for all time. But not Gloria. She borrowed several thousand dollars, and hired a private railway coach to use for a New York trip. She maintained, albeit on borrowed money, her huge mansion, her retinue of servants and her fabulous wardrobe. "Keeping up a front" counts in Cinemaland, and Gloria plunged again and again, on other pictures, until she had regained a large part of her lost wealth.

Even Mary Pickford has had her fling at

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These Stars Changed Their Faces—And So Can You!

(*Continued from page 33*)

her eyebrows. On the other hand, Marlene Dietrich's new brow line was purely accidental—but she liked the "accident" so well that she retained it. The Dietrich eyebrows first appeared in their newly exaggerated *upward* swerve for the purpose of showing the Oriental influence in her rôle in "Shanghai Express." Marlene had never appeared so alluring or exotic as her close-ups in that film proved her to be. And so, when "Shanghai Express" was completed, Marlene retained *Shanghai Lily's* abrupt brows.

As a brow style, Marlene's are far more exaggerated and extreme than Carole's. You must be sure you have the Dietrich type of face—the prominent cheek bones, and the same expression of the eyes and mouth—before you try this out on your own brows. On the wrong face, this sharply individual brow line would be ridiculous, for *it completely eliminates the end of the brow!* The trick is accomplished by leaving only half a brow on the face and penciling out the ends into a thin, abruptly rising line. It is purely a personal belief that Marlene's eyebrow, not Carole's, deserves the description of "the Satanic line."

You have probably read by this time that Joan Crawford has completely renovated the famous Crawford mouth. Joan's is perhaps the most publicized "new face" change in Hollywood. And Joan is frank in admitting that the reason she has changed her mouth is because you Crawford followers didn't like the way she was wearing it and wrote her and told her so.

Joan's New Secret

A PERFECT avalanche of criticism fell on Joan's shoulders concerning the Crawford mouth, following "Letty Lynton" and, particularly, "Rain." The enlarged line she had given her mouth, combined with the gobs of lipstick she was applying, seemed to harden the face of this girl who has been one of America's favorite style models for years. It was the first make-up Joan has ever affected which has not been followed without question by thousands of Crawford-crazy girls. Fortunately, Joan is not by any means a "know-it-all" who will not listen to a word of advice. She read and heeded all the critical comment on the "large, shapeless Crawford mouth" and immediately did something about it.

Although Joan has made it look like an entirely "new" mouth in "To-day We Live," all that she has really done is merely to go easy on the lip rouge. She is not making up her mouth to "look" smaller. Joan believes that Nature gave her a generous mouth for some reason, and she refuses to tamper with the shape of her lips. It is a very simple trick of make-up that makes Joan's mouth seem so much smaller. Obviously, she is using a great deal less lip goo. She is also using a much lighter shade than formerly. But here is the secret:

She is applying a colorless lip salve over her mouth to give her lips that healthy, moist look, without unduly emphasizing its fullness with color. One writer made a comment to the effect that Joan was wearing no lip color at all. This isn't true. There is color to the new Crawford lips—but overcovered with a neutral salve.

When Claudette Colbert made up her mind to get a new screen "look" in her own close-ups, she started (and ended) with a new hair arrangement. For some time now, Claudette has been complaining to her intimates about the width of her cheekbones, which she claimed gave her

(*Continued on page 87*)

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CORN SUFFERERS • Here is the safe, scientific method for removing corns, the method that has given quick, sure relief to millions of corn sufferers for 35 years.

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a Warner star, soon to appear in "Gold Diggers of 1933"

It's *care* that makes the eyes of movie players so alluringly clear and bright. Care like that urged by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, who keep *Murine* always in the studios for use by Joan Blondell, Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, Bebe Daniels, Bette Davis and other famous stars.

An eye specialist's formula, *Murine* contains 10 ingredients (no belladonna) which quickly and safely brighten the eyes and clear up any bloodshot condition. Get a 60c bottle from your druggist and apply a few drops each night and morning. You'll note an *immediate* improvement in the way your eyes look and feel!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

You Can't Win in the Movies— If You Don't Take Chances

(Continued from page 84)

taking a long chance. The old-timers will recall the independent gesture with which she turned her back on Paramount to become her own producer. She made "Less Than the Dust" and "Pride of the Clan," lost heavily, both in money and popularity, and pocketed her pride to return to the Paramount fold, not as a star, but as a featured player in "Romance of the Redwoods."

Gamblers all. Name me a star and I can unearth a convincing instance of his gambling spirit. Without it, he would never be a star.

Take Bill Boyd, for instance. For seven long years, he played microscopic bits and did "extra" work for Cecil B. De Mille, turning down offer after offer from other producers because he trusted his director and was willing to gamble on his assurance that "some day" he would make him a star. The promise was fulfilled in "The Volga Boatman."

They All Took Risks

GARY COOPER risked his stardom when he deserted the screen to tour Africa last year. Richard Arlen, sick of playing Western rôles and offered an excellent part in "Sky Bride," defied his doctor's counsels and postponed an appendicitis operation in order to play the rôle. Robert Williams risked his life on much the same gamble—and lost. Charles Ray, then one of the biggest of screen attractions, bet his fortune and his popularity that he could abandon his country-boy parts and become a romantic lover in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." He lost, but to his credit let be it said that he paid with a smile. Never will Hollywood forget the gala party with which he celebrated his professional and financial holocaust.

Lee Tracy, curtly refusing to sign a contract because he preferred to "pick his own parts," was gambling—and he won. When Clara Bow returned to the screen after a year away, it was a gamble—if she clicked, she would be at the top again; if she didn't click, she might have to think of retiring. She won. Frank Fay gambled a small fortune in producing his own picture after Hollywood declared him "through." Ruth Roland financed an attempted "comeback" in "Reno," and lost. And so on, ad infinitum.

Whenever a star stages a "walkout," he is gambling, betting his screen career on his conviction that the studio wants his services keenly enough to meet his demands. Greta Garbo, James Cagney, Clark Gable, George Raft, Lew Ayres and a host of others have made such wagers. Valentino lost tremendously, and the personal appearance tour which he undertook in order to recoup his fortune is commonly believed to have shortened his life. Noah Beery "walked out" at the peak of his career and lost heavily. Ann Dvorak walked out several months ago, just as Warner Brothers were preparing to star her—and has been away ever since.

Every "Find" Is a Gamble

THE most constant gamble of the studios concerns new talent, for which each of the major producers is continually on the *qui vive*. Have you ever stopped to think how great an investment is incurred by the studio that signs an unknown and tries to "build" him to a profitable position? The figures are appalling, and, sad to state, not one newcomer out of twenty ever justifies the investment. To cite only one example, Universal, being thoroughly "sold" on Sidney Fox, paid her approximately fifteen hundred dollars a week for nearly two years. She never became a proportionate drawing card at the box-office and finally was relegated to secondary rôles.

Each major studio keeps a battalion of scouts constantly in the field, searching for the new faces that are the life-blood of the industry. From the horde of prospects sent to Hollywood, only a few stand out and become valuable properties. Metro officials tell me that their only hope is that ten per cent will prove winners. If so, the studio profits on the gamble. One Durante, one Karen Morley or one Jackie Cooper will atone for a host of losers.

Metro is guided by the most adroit players-of-hunches in Hollywood. Their acumen is especially noticeable in their methods of star-building. "Proceed slowly" —that is the M-G-M motto. One of their officials told me:

"We refuse to star our players prematurely, for by so doing, we would limit their range and type them. Exhibitors clamored for us to star Joan Crawford three years before we did. We spent those three years testing her in a diversity of rôles, making her a 'triple-threat' star, in football parlance. With Gable it has been the same. He is a valuable asset because he has been given opportunity to prove his range."

Gamblers all! Some shrewd, some merely reckless optimists. Writers frantically rushing out scenarios "on speculation," players taking long chances in hope of a break, stars risking their secure positions to increase their salaries, world-famous paupers keeping up a Park Avenue front, producers hurling millions into the uncertain mills of picture-making and still more millions into the personality mart, stunt men carelessly gambling their lives to supply a thrill. To the "sure-thing" business man, Hollywood must present as mad a scene as the Vale of Life which *Mirza* visioned from the Hills of Bagdad.

"Take a Chance" Is the Motto

AND what is the moral effect? We Hollywoodites soon acquire the professional gambler's shock-proof psychology. We take our chances as they come, make the most of our lucky breaks and flout our disasters. Countless bankruptcies are on record—but few suicides can be found in the history of Hollywood. No class of investors was harder hit by the stock market debacle of '29 than the studio folk, who, dyed-in-the-wool plungers that they are, were recklessly trying to pyramid their fortunes. They "took it on the chin" with sheepish grins—and started rebuilding again. Better luck next time!

Not long ago, I "gave a lift" to a young, erstwhile leading man. He told me, laughingly, that he hadn't worked for nearly two years and that he hadn't been able to buy a new suit for eighteen months.

"But it can't last forever," he said. "I'm up for a big part now, and I may get it by tomorrow. If I do, I'll be on my feet again."

The very next day, I talked with a doddering old "extra." He was seventy years old, but still avidly "playing the game." He said he had not paid rent for more than a year and that frequently he had gone hungry.

"But one of these days, I'll make the grade," he vowed. "Look at Arliss; he's almost as old as I am. I'll be a star yet— all I need is the breaks."

Young and old, we worship the spinning wheel. And win or lose, there's never a whiner in the lot. Hollywood's a grand town, after all!

These Stars Changed Their Faces—And So Can You!

(*Continued from page 85*)

too much "face." Lenore, the famous hair waver at Jim's Beauty Parlor, practically solved Claudette's facial problem when she cut bangs for her and softly waved her hair down *over* her cheeks.

You will remember that in many of Claudette's early movies she wore her hair brushed back abruptly from her forehead and sometimes she wore it behind her ears. This coiffure does not tone down the face; rather, it emphasizes it! Together with Lenore, Claudette conceived the idea of covering as much of her outer face as possible with her hair. Bangs were cut, reaching almost to her brow line, and soft, loose waves protruded over the cheeks. These are the few changes that have been wrought to bring about that "different" look in the attractive Colbert.

But, of all the screen girls, I believe Jean Harlow has achieved the "newest face." It seems to me that Jean has entirely remodeled the *expression* with which she first greeted the Hollywood world. When I first met the startling platinum blonde, I thought her face was most certainly attractive—but pouty, if you know what I mean. There was an arrogant expression about Jean's face, which was not lessened by the great amount of make-up she wore. It tended to harden her youthful, provocative features.

How Jean "Softened" Her Looks

BUT lately there is a tremendous difference in the face Jean is presenting to the world. It is a much more wistful, girlish face. In place of the elaborately rouged pout, Jean's face is wearing a smile that is almost devoid of any make-up whatsoever. In place of a very "whitish powder," her skin has acquired a becoming sun-tan. Her lip rouge is delicately applied. It is true that Jean is still using mascara, but just about one-third of the amount she formerly used. If one word could describe Jean's "new face," that word would be *softer!*

Just as Jean has changed her face by a different, more natural expression, it appears that Adrienne Ames has not only "done something" to her face—but that she has actually changed the bone construction of it! Of course, that is impossible—and what really is happening is that we are seeing the real bone construction of Adrienne's face for the first time!

Three or four months ago, Adrienne was just another Hollywood "beauty." To-day she is Paramount's pride and joy. Adrienne's face has "suddenly" acquired beauty of modeling that is comparable to the lovely structure of Joan Crawford's face. Her hair has played an important part in this change.

Where she used to wear her hair carefully set in waves across her ears and lower jaw line, she recently permitted an expert barber to cut the side pieces of her hair so that it would not destroy the line of her ear and chin. And, for the first time, the camera was permitted to discover the strength of the Ames chin and the contour of the cheek bones. The rest of the "difference" is merely a matter of clever make-up. In direct contrast to the method used by Jean Harlow, Adrienne has heightened her effectiveness by wearing *more* make-up. She is decidedly brunette in coloring, in spite of her light eyes—and her dark hair makes a flattering frame for the scarlet lips, the white skin and the eye shading she uses.

If the girls keep on going at this pace, it will no longer be necessary to import "new faces" from Europe, or the Broadway stage. Hollywood is "doing over" some very familiar faces!

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SKINNY NOW. JUST FOLLOW MY ADVICE
NEW WAY FILLS OUT SKINNY FIGURES
IF I ONLY WEREN'T SO SKINNY AND WEAK I'D HAVE A CHANCE WITH YOU
quicker than BEER
Posed by professional models

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

FOR years doctors prescribed beer to put flesh on skinny, rundown men and women. But now, thanks to a new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds—but other benefits, too. Muddy, blemished skin becomes fresh, radiantly clear. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep, vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

2 greatest body-builders in 1

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, comes in pleasant little tablets. It is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding new pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, complexion clear, indigestion fly away—you're a new person.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I Y" stamped on each tablet.

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Like magic, *your* lashes can be made to appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant . . . a rich, dense fringe that will *instantly* transform your eyes into bewitching pools of loveliness. Brilliant! Fascinating! Exciting! Truly, this added enchantment will give you a great advantage over women who have not yet learned the Maybelline secret. But, you must use the *genuine* New Maybelline . . . because *this* mascara is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless, beneficial to your lashes and delightfully easy to use. Obtainable at all leading Drug and Department Stores. Black or Brown, 75c.

Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER
The PERFECT MASCARA

Maybelline

Now Gable *Does* Have a Worry—Franchot Tone

(*Continued from page 48*)

what with his family moving about quite a bit when he was small. He then entered the Hill School in Pottstown, Pa., to prepare for Harvard.

You may as well know right now that Franchot is that really unnatural growth—an intellectual actor. He knows books and plays and art and music and Europe and America. He knows things about politics and atomic energy and economics and sociology and human behavior. He has read Freud and Euripides and Bertrand Russell and Harold Bell Wright. He can wangle Greek and Latin and a few of the living languages. In spite of which, or in connection with which, he says "lousy" and "nuts!" when these expletives are picturesque and imperative. He *looks* intelligent and he has sex appeal. They tell me that, on the screen, he is devastating. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has light brown hair and rather curious hazel eyes, a thin, intelligent mouth, and narrow cheeks. *And* those brains. A fatal combination, girls!

To get back to the schoolroom—Franchot's brother, Frank, was a student at Cornell and he made arrangements for Franchot to enter there via special tutoring. So Franchot went to Cornell, instead of to Harvard, was nicknamed "Toney," and won his degree in three and a half years, "making" Phi Beta Kappa en route.

He was President of the Cornell Dramatic Club and also served as assistant to the head of the Romance Language Department, specializing in French.

The Dramatic Club and the Romance Language Department were his career eye-openers for him. He would be an actor and nothing but. And so, upon leaving college (and without any parental opposition), he joined a theatrical stock company in Buffalo and remained with them for several years. And then he appeared in "The Belt" at the New Playwrights Theatre in Greenwich Village. Yes, he even took the *Village* course in economics and erotics.

He later appeared in "The Age of Innocence" with Katharine Cornell. He played in "Cross Roads" with Sylvia Sidney, Irene Purcell and Peggy Shannon. And he joined the Theatre Guild Productions in 1929 and played in "Red Dust," "Hotel Universe" and "Green Grow the Lilacs." He was leading man for Lenore Ulric in "Pagan Lady" on little old Broadway.

Franchot was one of the original members of the Group Theatre, the step-child of the Theatre Guild, and he says he feels "kinda lousy" about leaving them. He really has aspirations to Do Good Things and I take it that whether he remains in Hollywood or not depends a very great deal on the kind of things he gets to do.

While Franchot was with the Group Theatre, he appeared in "The House of Connolly," "1931," "Night Over Taos" and "Success Story," which was a sensational hit. It was while he was in this play that he listened to the blandishments of the house of Metro.

Franchot has never been married. He is one of the rare few who are, really, wedded to their art. I'm afraid that he means it.

He says, "I have been in love twice in my life. *Really*, I mean. Of course, I'm never happy unless I have a girl—but there were only two times when I was actually and seriously in love. One of those times was more serious than the other. I was 'engaged,' I suppose you'd call it, for about two years. We didn't marry *because I felt it would be too unfair to the girl.*

"She was very talented. On the stage. She had a big career ahead of her. I knew that if we married, her ambition would go and her career would be blighted. Women have a dreadful habit of becoming domesticated after marriage. It seems to be *enough* for them. Which may be a very good thing for some of them (I wouldn't know)—but I didn't believe that it would be good for this girl. She *had* too much. We broke it off and she has gone on, as I knew she would. She is a very successful star right now—"

(I may be killed for this, my dear Public, and I may also be entirely wrong, but I had a sneaking suspicion that this girl of whom Franchot Tone talked was none other than our own Sylvia Sidney!)

Continued Franchot, "I would marry for two reasons and two only—one would be to have children, and the other would be to protect the girl, financially. So far as I know, there *are* no other valid reasons for marriage. Marriage in this profession is a very difficult matter, at best. Marriage in Hollywood would be, I should say, right next-door to impossible. It is the most sex-ridden place I have ever spotted. I've been here for only a few months and so far it hasn't affected me, but—well, I have been here for only a few months!

"I can well imagine how it would gall any woman to be called 'Poor this' and 'Poor that,' as I hear the wives of popular men like Leslie Howard and Clark Gable called so often. There may be no reason for it whatever, but the fact remains that people do feel sorry for such wives because their husbands are in the arena where emotions are played with constantly.

On the other hand, I wouldn't want to marry the typical home-body wife, either. As I've said, women have a dreadful habit of going domestic on you when wedded. And I'm afraid I can't stand the sight of bungalow aprons, cold-creamed faces, aches and pains, or stay-at-home tendencies.

"Right now, marriage is not one of my problems. I seldom give it a thought. I have rented Carmel Myers' beach house at Malibu for a time. An old friend of mine from New York is living with me. We have a Korean houseboy who does us well. We read and swim and have a highball or two and listen to the radio and turn in early.

"I've never really had anything very sensational or dramatic happen to me, I'm afraid—outside of the very dramatic fact of being born. I've never starved on a park bench or felt like attempting suicide, even when unlucky in love—and there was always money from home when I was short. In fact," young Tone laughed, "I even had to borrow the money from the family to get out here to Hollywood.

"It is my feeling, however, that this comparative comfort and ease of mind have helped me and not harmed me I have never believed that poverty was a necessary school for actors, or for anyone else. You can develop the things that are in you much better, far more quickly and far more beautifully, if you do not have to worry continually about your next meal and the state of your bed and board. I can't understand the viewpoint of the rich man who stints his son, saying '*I* didn't have so and so at your age, so you can't have it, either.' It makes money and the getting of money the only things worth while, the only ambition worth having. There are other things to do, other ambitions to foster, other dreams to dream—"

These are the overtones of Tone . . . which hover over Metro and over Hollywood, rich in promise, potential of a new fan fever.

Clothes Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

shoulders and leaving the space from waistline to lower shoulder exposed! *Banton's* fashion cry, even for midsummer style, is "Let's be elaborate"!

For "just something to put on and wear" on a warm summer day, you will be delighted with the smart linen sports dress with red-and-white striped vest and insert in the skirt, worn by Mae Clarke in "Fast Workers." By the way, be sure to notice Mae's slick new haircut! All the barbers in town are jealous because they didn't think of it first! It would be boyish—if it weren't for the fact that Mae has feminized it with over-the-forehead curls. The hat, like the very smart linen dress, is banded with red!

Benita Hume, the lovely English import at M-G-M, likes red stripes, too. In a scene in "Clear All Wires" with Lee Tracy, Benita wore another fetching all-day model—a gray flannel suit with a red-and-white striped scarf tied very loosely at the throat.

We've saved Lilian Bond's beach ensemble for the last because, while it is certainly *different*, something tells us that it will be more fun to watch Lilian wear it in "When Strangers Marry" than it would be to go out and copy it for one's own personal beach use. Lilian's unique beach ensemble consists of a red-and-white jersey bathing suit, over which she dons *oilskin* pajamas of bright green! If you must try this on your favorite bathing beach, be sure you are among friends!

And next month I'll have some more straight-from-Hollywood advance fashion news for you.

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

writer) acting as scenarist, adapting his yarn. We wonder how he happened to leave out Mrs. Mack No. 1, Maud Leone, another famous stage beauty.

IF Mr. Mack has trouble in his new venture, he has nobody but himself to blame. But look at Andy "Gravel Throat" Devine, the comic. His last two pictures have demanded that Andy stay away from the barber for four months. Now his hair is so long that, he complains, "people whistle at me."

MISS LILIAN HARVEY is another person with a complaint. She doesn't like it to be said that she is engaged or married or anything. "I'm free as a bird," she declares. "I really think I'm freer than most birds." And thata oughta settle thata.

WE also are interested by another statement issued by Miss Harvey. She is open to conviction on the subject of marriage. "Because American men ARE nice. When an American man smiles at you, you know it is perfectly all right to smile back." Ah there, Gary!

To Tell You the Truth Dept.:

JEAN HARLOW has double-jointed thumbs . . . El Brendel was a German dialect comedian until the war broke out; then Swedish . . . Jimmy Dunn's ties will knock you dizzy on a bright day . . . . . Mae West is a much smaller woman than she looks on the screen—those are pads . . . Chevalier is quite the playboy these nights . . . a lot of beer-gardens were open in Hollywood when the Big Day came . . . Skoal!

Many people don't know this about
UNGUENTINE

Unguentine
"The First Thought" in Burns
Antiseptic Surgical Dressing
FOR BURNS
SUNBURN, CUTS
BRUISES, SCALDS
FROSTBITE
CHAPPING
DRY SKIN
TENDER FEET
INSECT BITES
NORWICH PHARMACAL CO.
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IT'S everybody's first thought for burns—*and for the Sunburn that's coming!*—but not everybody realizes that its antiseptic medicaments are marvelous for the treatment of *skin disorders.*

This famous medicated ointment *really does something* for pimples, eruptions, eczematous and irritated skin. It contains *Parahydrecin*—a positive antiseptic to prevent skin infections from spreading. And, as in the treatment of burns, Unguentine is remarkably soothing and healing—takes out the inflammation, clears up the trouble and promotes quick healing. No cosmetic can possibly do what Unguentine does. Begin using it at once. 50¢—in the famous red-and-yellow tube—at all drug stores.

Free Treatment Offer—

We will send you, free, a full-size cake of *Unguentine Soap* (the famous medicated complexion soap) in return for the empty carton from your tube of Unguentine Ointment. We will also include a copy of our helpful booklet *"Getting Under Your Skin"* giving simple treatment instructions. Address The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Box D-6, Norwich, N.Y.

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. The motion picture players and directors pictured on page 14 were a happy lot even though they were photographed at Paramount Studios on the day they gathered for the meeting at which they accepted a half-pay basis for a period of eight weeks. From left to right the group includes Kathleen Burke, Norman McLeod, Stuart Erwin, Alison Skipworth, Jack Oakie, Brian Aherne, Wynne Gibson, Wesley Ruggles, Richard Arlen, Carole Lombard, Adrienne Ames, Fredric March, Charles Starrett, Charlie Ruggles, Randolph Scott and Nancy Carroll.

2. Law suits, amounting to $70,000, were brought against Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., by Jorgen Dietz, chemist, charging he alienated the affections of his wife, from whom he is now divorced. Right on the heels of the filing of the suits, Dietz married Lucy Doraine and Joan Crawford announced that she and her husband, Doug, had definitely separated. However, both claim the suits had nothing to do with their parting.

3. Wera Engels, who was brought over from Germany and given a five-year contract by Radio Pictures, asked to be freed from it after making just one picture, "The Great Jasper," starring Richard Dix. The beauty asked to be released when Radio insisted she play the rôle assigned to her in "Maiden Cruise," which she refused to do, claiming the part did not suit her.

4. Edward G. Robinson's vest buttons have been popping off with pride and chest expansion since March 19th, because on that day his wife, the former Gladys Lloyd, presented him with an eight-pound ten-ounce son. They have been calling the baby "The Little Giant," but Mrs. Robinson is all for naming him after the father.

5. While riding side-saddle, Marlene Dietrich was badly hurt when thrown by her horse while filming scenes for "The Song of Songs." Her head and left side were bruised, but Marlene remained away from the studio for only a few days.

6. Alice Joyce, prominent screen star of the silent film days, and Clarence Brown, noted movie director, recently eloped to Virginia City, Nevada, and were married. This was the third venture into matrimony for both of them.

7. Anna Sten, the Russian beauty who was imported by Sam Goldwyn and given a motion picture contract, has been in Hollywood and on Goldwyn's payroll one year and has yet to make her first screen appearance. Although they say she has mastered the English language, her film work has amounted to nothing more than screen tests.

8. Gary Cooper received a challenge from Lilian Harvey to race his high-powered Dusenberg car against her imported German speedster. The stars, however, will not drive their cars when they are matched for speed. Gary's will be driven by a professional racer and Miss Harvey's car will have her own chauffeur at the wheel.

9. It seems that the old jinx is still following Mae Clarke around. About a year and a half ago, Mae had a serious breakdown which kept her from the screen for months and no sooner was she on her feet again when it was necessary for her to have her appendix out. Now, when she thought her troubles were at an end, having completed her rôle in "Fast Workers," and started on "Made On Broadway," the jinx caught up with her again. Mae was injured in an auto crash while driving with Phillips Holmes, and Sally Eilers has taken Mae's place in that picture.

10. Janet Gaynor is superstitious about an old pair of shoes because she wore them in "Seventh Heaven," the picture she made her first big hit in, and ever since then she has insisted on wearing them in every one of her pictures even if it is just for one small unimportant scene and no director has ever been able to talk her out of it.

11. Nancy Carroll, motion picture star, and her husband, Bolton Mallory, are listed by Dame Rumor as the next couple to separate. Nancy married Mallory July 3, 1931, one week after she divorced Jack Kirkland, to whom she had been married about seven years.

12. The rumors would have us believe that Winnie Sheehan, the Fox executive, is romantically interested in Boots Mallory, who is soon to be divorced from her husband, Charles Bennett.

13. The $100,000 suit was brought against Colleen Moore by Mrs. Clara B. Decan, 63, as the result of an auto accident. Mrs. Decan alleged she was seriously injured when she was knocked down by Miss Moore's car which was being driven by her Japanese chauffeur at the time. Lois Wilson, Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, who witnessed the accident, came to Colleen's defense and testified for her.

14. When Dorothy Wieck, the German film actress, whose portrayal of the star rôle in "Maedchen In Uniform" won for her an American film contract, was met at the boat on her arrival in this country by ship news photographers who asked her to pose showing her limbs, she refused. Miss Wieck told the cameramen that she was an artist and if it ever became necessary for her to have to show her legs to be an actress, she would give up her career.

15. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., when interviewed by members of the press in regard to his separation from his wife, Joan Crawford, made the statement that he would start courting Joan all over again in an effort to win her back, by calling her up regularly, sending her candy and flowers, dating her up and doing all the things he did for her before they were married.

16. Since Joan Crawford announced she had separated from her husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., the young and handsome Franchot Tone, who played Joan's brother in "Today We Live," has been her gallant escort whenever Joan has stepped out. They sure make a lovely couple. So, in view of what Doug Jr. has said (see question and answer number 15) it seems that he is going to be faced with some keen competition.

17. Bebe Daniels accepted the offer made her by British International Pictures to make two pictures over in England in which she will have a chance to put that musical comedy personality of hers into use. This means another loss for Hollywood as Bebe is gifted with a wonderful singing voice along with all her other accomplishments.

18. Myrna Loy, the screen's exotic charmer, is not admitting a thing, but if you care to believe rumors, they say that Myrna and Ramon Novarro have been interested in each other in a romantic way and that something serious may come of it when Ramon returns from Europe.

19. Evidently even the arrangement between Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster of living in separate houses has not proved successful in keeping their marriage from reaching the divorce courts. Although they have been married for about six years, they have seldom lived under the same roof and both called it an ideal arrangement at one time. But now they will separate legally.

20. One of the jobs Cary Grant tackled before he became a motion picture player for Paramount was that of professional stilt-walker. Can you imagine Cary, who is 6 feet 1 inch tall in stocking feet, on stilts?

Lest We Forget

(*Continued from page 53*)

Rudolph Valentino, whose burial crypt is a Hollywood shrine and who painted romance in colors so brilliant that they will never fade . . .

Great-hearted Mabel Normand, who was never too busy or too tired to play the Good Samaritan . . . Lon Chaney, who portrayed the crippled and misshapen because he pitied them and loved them . . .

Dark-starred, courageous Barbara La Marr, who loved life too well and whose amazing beauty proved a curse . . . likable Robert Ames . . . Wallace Reid, the lovable, irresponsible "good fellow," whose last-act fight against overwhelming odds made his death an inspiration . . . strong-featured, strong-hearted Milton Sills . . .

Cryptic Louis Wolheim, who tried to hide his great humanity behind a cynic's mask . . . flaming, restless Jeanne Eagels . . . tragic Alma Rubens . . . great-hearted Belle Bennett . . . sad-eyed Gladys Brockwell . . . courtly Earle Williams . . .

We loved them, each and every one. Being human, they had their faults as well as their virtues; and we, being human, loved them all the more because those faults proved them our own close kin.

They troop on—we pay them tribute—and still others emerge from the shadows of yesterday to stir our memories . . .

Such talented young favorites as Robert Williams, Harold Lockwood, Charles Emmett Mack, Casson Ferguson, David Powell . . . such beautiful, tragic girls as Martha Mansfield, Mary Thurman, Clarine Seymour, Lucille Ricksen, Florence La Badie, Diane Ellis . . .

Such contagious comics as Larry Semon, Sidney Drew, Maclyn Arbuckle, Walter Hiers . . . Such "outdoor" heroes as William Russell, Fred Thomson, Art Acord, Dustin Farnum . . .

Such noted character actors as Robert Edeson, Rudolph Schildkraut, Spottiswoode Aitken, Ullrich Haupt, Norman Trevor, Thomas Santschi, Louis Mann, Holbrook Blinn, Louis John Bartels, Willard Louis, Alan Roscoe, George Beban, Edward Connelly, Frank Currier, Anders Randolf, Frank Keenan, George Siegmann—many of them pioneers of the early movies . . .

Missed Behind the Scenes

F. W. MURNAU and George Loane Tucker, the directors, and Paul Bern, whom they called Hollywood's "Father Confessor" . . . Wilson Mizner, town wit. . .

There are others. Some were players, some directors, some writers—and still others, like the well-beloved James Quirk, publisher of "Photoplay," who in the strictest sense, were not directly connected with the production of pictures.

We can never forget Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary and Lottie and Jack. She played a great part in the building of Hollywood. Neither can we forget or cease to regret the untimely death of Thomas H. Ince, one of the great pioneers, or the tragic deaths of Einar Hansen, Omar Locklear and Kenneth Hawks.

To each and every one, we pay tribute. They were men and women who strove to make the world a little happier place in which to live.

It is with unavoidable sadness that we see others portraying the rôles that they once made famous. And it is an even stranger sensation to see, now and then, the revival of their own pictures, for then it seems that they cannot be dead.

In the truer meaning, they are not dead. They were loved by the world of men and women and so long as one of us who watched them on the screen and admired them remains alive, they still live . . .

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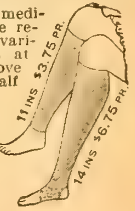
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Off with the New Clothes, And On with the Old!

(*Continued from page 55*)

charming person that a woman can wear men's clothes and still look undoubtedly feminine.

There is no better way to decide whether women look better in pants and lapels or in tulle and ribbons, than to turn to Hollywood's Fashion Review. There's something to be said for both sides!

Did women once really wear such acres of illusion, such miles of laces, such incredible yardage of satin as *Mary Marlowe's* gown in the 1867 sequences of "Secrets"? The ruffles and soft bows of satin, the frills and draperies were all planned for feminine allure, if not for comfort. The material in this gown would make twenty evening dresses for Mary Pickford nowadays—yet she never looked lovelier than in this ball gown. (They went to balls in those days, instead of to night-clubs.)

Norma Shearer is one of the most *chic* of Hollywood's young moderns, but she has never been so beautiful at the Mayfair as she was in the draped balloon skirts seed pearls, and tight bodice of the young 1867 bride in "Smilin' Through." In the 1860's, girls evidently did not have to worry about the restricted dancing space which Elsa Maxwell complains about so bitterly at Hollywood parties!

By the middle Eighties, however, the styles had undergone a striking change. *Lily Owen* and *Sarah Martin* in "Silver Dollar," set against an 1885 background, wore draped bustles, button-bedecked basques, spotted veils, fans and artificial flowers. (And when Edward G. Robinson got a look at Aline MacMahon in her 1885 imported gown, heavy with passementerie and jet bugles, he gloated, "The very latest style!") Many an elderly woman in the audience must have remembered a "best gown" of corded taffeta with puffings and ruffles and tight bodice, such as Ann Harding's *Carolyn Standish* wore in the early part of "The Conquerors."

They Stir Up Memories

EDNA MAY OLIVER'S gowns in "The Conquerors" no doubt awakened old-time memories, too, with their wired velvet hat bows, intricate braiding and boned collars and faggoting. One, of watered silk ("heavy enough to stand alone"), was trimmed with a cascade of shadow lace in a frill down the front; another, of satin, had gores and godets galore, with military frogs and velvet buttons on the front; while a third, worn with a hat piled with ostrich plumes, had a chatelaine watch pinned with a *fleur-de-lys* pin on a bodice heavily banded with velvet.

By 1888, *Mary Marlowe* of "Secrets" had become *Mrs. John Carlton,* wife of the Governor, and her evening gown was skimpier, elaborately gored and draped into a satin bustle behind, while the train and skirt were wound with pleats.

As the young actress in "The Secret of Madame Blanche," Irene Dunne wore one beautiful evening dress of tulle and satin with a cape of fluted ruffles. Only the pompadour worn over a "rat" distinguished Una Merkel from many a young girl going to the Cocoanut Grove to-day—in similar evening gowns of tulle, with flounces and shoulder ruffles. But the boned velvet, trimmed with huge artificial flowers and appliqué, which Eileen Percy wore, has no modern counterpart. For street wear in "The Secret of Madame Blanche," Irene Dunne had a plaid woolen gown with puffed sleeves and a tailored suit with an organdie jabot, both of which she could wear to the Brown Derby to-day without attracting attention.

Just as the Twentieth Century was dawning, ladies wore gored skirts (which had to be held daintily in one hand to keep their braid from sweeping the pavement), tiny muffs, and steel-beaded Eton jackets, such as *Jane Marryot* wore in the early sequences of "Cavalcade." Diana Wynyard's evening gown, with beaded butterflies and accordion pleats of tulle, is also of that period. And, curiously enough, she wore an evening gown of the same Victorian mode to the première of 'Cavalcade"—and was right in 1933 style.

Many of us can remember seeing our mothers, or photographs of our mothers, in dresses like those of *Ray Schmidt* in her girlhood scenes in "Back Street"—flowered silk mulls with puffing, ribbons on the shoulders in huge bows, veils, turbans with maline pompoms, and lace gloves. The date—the early 1900's.

"*Lady Lou*," says Mae West, "belonged to an age when you could tell the difference between a Bad Woman and a Good Woman." And now, with Marlene Dietrich and her followers strolling on our boulevards in sack suits, it's hard to tell the difference between women—and men!

Mae resurrected Princess gowns, which fitted tightly (figures *were* figures in those days!) over "straight-front corsets." Remember them? Women wore slips with lace insertion, and corset covers with baby ribbon bows, and yards of lace edging.

It was the day of the huge picture hats loaded with plumes, and feather boas and lace-trimmed parasols—all very trying to the hollow-chested modern figures, but gorgeous with Mae West's full-blown beauty. The four evening gowns she wore in "She Done Him Wrong" have made many women sigh for vanished glories and dieted-away curves. Dotted tulle adorned one dress strung with jet; a white satin was heavily embroidered with appliqués of bead flowers and vines; and another of silk lace was made with big sleeves and a boned collar.

The Eye-Catchers of 1906

A FEW years later, according to "Frisco Jenny," women were flaunting black velvet, run through eyelet embroidery, and demure accordion pleats. With this went hair bows, barrettes and Janice Meredith curls. In 1910, the same picture testifies, women were wearing willow plumes, net yokes in their dresses, and bunches of artificial violets at their waists, as well as veils with huge "kiss spots" on one cheek.

"I had a hat almost like that!" or "I've got a dress made just like hers, tucked away in a trunk!" women whispered, seeing the neck ruff of maline and the tall crowned hat with loops of wired ribbon worn by Florence Eldridge as the 1905 wife in "The Great Jasper." And reminiscences were also stirred up by the feather boa and the lace-yoked, ribbon-barred gown worn by Wera Engels, as the siren in the same picture.

1913 saw the wealthy women of society in aigrettes and beaded chiffon ensembles and garden hats, like those worn by Ethel Barrymore as the *Czarina* in "Rasputin and the Empress." Young girls were demure and modest in ruffled muslins, instead of the impudent slacks of to-day. 1918 saw women wearing coat dresses and high satin hats, with feathers spilling from the crowns, such as Ann Harding wore when she waved good-bye to her son, marching off to war, in "The Conquerors."

Sixty-six years of feminine frills, flounces, ribbons, ruching, feathers, vivid colors. Sixty-six years of feminine curves. Sixty-six years of clothes designed to capture the hearts of men. Sixty-six years of corsets. And now—Marlene. Boyish figures, straight silhouettes, dieting. Mannish sports clothes, tailored evening dresses, feminine tuxedos, flat colors. Comfort.

Which do women really want to wear?

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Chevalier Answers Your Questions

(*Continued from page 59*)

Are you a Catholic? Yes.

Do you feel the effect of your War wound after a hard day's work at the studio? Yes, slightly.

If I should meet you some day, would you speak to me, even if I am only a little girl? Of course, I would. I like very much little children.

Have you any plans for a New York stage appearance this season? No, not yet.

Do you really like acting—or would you rather live in some cozy spot and do whatever you pleased, without being criticized by the public? I would not like such a life. I like acting, and I love my profession because it has given me all the satisfaction I have had. It has helped me every time life brought me difficulties. My profession is my best friend.

What suggestion would you make regarding the training of a nine-year-old boy who has dramatic talent? Leave him to his natural inclination, and if he has talent, he will find his way by himself to success.

When you made personal appearances at the English Theatre in Indianapolis in 1932, were you pleased with your reception? I was delighted.

Do you really enjoy singing as much as you seem to? Yes, it pleases me very much to sing—especially when I give personal concerts.

Do you get a kick out of seeing Jeanette MacDonald in her "undies" so much? His answer, with a Chevalier twinkle: Don't you?

When will you come to Montreal, Canada, in person? *Your French-Canadian cousins, like me, are very anxious to see you.* I have had very agreeable offers to appear in Canada. I hope to go there soon.

Do you have a "hobby" or collection? (The word "hobby" puzzled Maurice, even after my awkward explanation.) No—except I have a collection of pictures of my mother.

If I should try very, very hard to write you a letter in French, would you answer just that one personally? Try—and you'll find out.

What are your favorite sports? Swimming, boxing, tennis and golf.

Will you have a picture directed by Ernst Lubitsch this year? I cannot say, for that depends on Paramount.

How does it feel to be the world's greatest and highest-paid entertainer? I am not that—but even my success involves great responsibilities.

Which language do you prefer to sing in—French or English? I prefer to sing in both.

Do you think a stock company offers a good start to one who wishes to act? If so, where can I get information regarding such companies? To one who is a versatile actor, I think a stock company might offer very excellent experience. I don't think it would be good for me, because I am always the same and audiences would get bored with me. I do not know about stock companies in America.

What are your intentions for your future? I would like to continue my screen career by playing more human parts.

Why do you always smile—is it just a habit, or are you really that happy? I am very happy. I smile because I cannot help myself.

Which do you prefer—comedy or drama? I like the rôle where there is comedy—but also what I call human feeling.

Do you have as decided an accent in real life as you do on the screen? Exactly the same. (And your Inquiring Reporter can vouch for the truth of that answer. I only wish I could faithfully reproduce the Chevalier accent.)

What do you think of Clark Gable? I think he is a very good actor and deserves his success. I always see his pictures.

Do you intend to get married again? Maybe some day, but not for the time being.

Are you really going to adopt the baby who is appearing in your latest picture? No.

Are you really as sad and moody as the reporters would have us believe? No, that is very untrue.

Did you take singing lessons or did singing come naturally to you? It came naturally. I never have taken lessons.

Why don't you play Prince Danilo *in* "The Merry Widow"*?* I would like very much to play that rôle—if I could approve the adaptation.

What do you think of Rudy Vallee's impersonations of you? They are very good and very friendly, but of course, like all impersonators, he overdoes certain gestures.

Why do you always play with Jeanette MacDonald? You are mistaken. I have also played with Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee and, now, Helen Twelvetrees.

Who do you think is the prettiest actress in Hollywood? All of them.

Why do you always wear a bow-tie? (For some unknown reason, that bow-tie has scored a great impression. At least one hundred of you submitted this question.) Because I think that it fits much more to the kind of suits I wear and to my personality.

Do you exaggerate your "provocative" lower lip for screen purposes? No, except when I sing. It is emphasized then because of the natural contraction.

What do you think of the mannish-clothes fad started by Marlene Dietrich? (This is representative of hundreds of queries.) I do not approve. I am much more in favor of the gowns than of the trousers. Woman loses some of her femininity, even if she wears the trousers very cleverly.

What color are your eyes?—your hair? My eyes are blue. My hair is dark brown.

What is your favorite song? (Another popular question.) I have many favorite songs. I usually like best the song which is most popular at the moment.

Do you believe censorship should be eliminated in the case of pictures such as "Maedchen in Uniform"—where the theme is handled with extreme delicacy and sympathy? In pictures of such delicacy, I think censorship should be eliminated, as you say. But in less delicate pictures I think censorship is often necessary.

Do you like the United States enough to make your home here? And do you like the American people? I like very much the United States and the American people. But I also like France. I have many friends here and many friends there. I like best to divide my time so that I can be with all my friends.

Is it true that Marlene Dietrich and you engage in friendly wrestling bouts? No, that is not true—and I would be a very poor wrestler.

Do you remember singing "Les Longs, Les Longs Pantalons" on a Parisian stage? I do not remember such a song.

Please tell me what sort of girl you think would make an ideal wife? A girl who has virtue, truthfulness, sense of humor, intelligence—and, as much as possible, obedience. (Am I wrong, or did I detect a fleeting smile on the Chevalier visage?)

Have you a cousin by the name of Vivian Chevalier in Springfield, Massachusetts? I think not.

Do you enjoy seeing movies for your own pleasure, and do you see all of your own pictures? I try to see every good picture, and I see my own several times in order to know what is wrong, so that next time I can do better.

Do you list Walter Donaldson, the songwriter, among your close personal friends? Yes. He is one of my best friends.

What is the most difficult rôle you have ever played? (Each month, this proves to be a favorite question.) **Every rôle has some difficulties. No one has been more difficult than the others.**

Do you want to continue in pictures indefinitely? **Just as long as I can be successful.**

Is it true that you are Spanish? **No. I am French.**

If ever you marry again, will you take an American girl for your wife? His answer, with a Chevalier shrug of the shoulders: **You must ask Cupid!**

Have you ever met Mlle. Blanche de Precour? **I do not remember. I have a very poor memory for names.**

Would you like to have children of your own? **Yes. I would like that very much.**

What is your favorite color? **Blue.**

Have you any dogs? **Yes. I have four German police dogs, and one Sealyham named Adolph.**

Does personality in a girl mean more to you than looks? **Both have their attractions, but personality means much more than appearance for stage or screen work. A combination of the two qualities would be ideal.**

Are American women more charming than European women? **They are just as charming—but not more so.**

Which do you like better—the old-fashioned girl or the modern athletic type? **It all depends on the girl. Both types are delightful.**

Are you planning to become an American citizen? **No.**

Do you enjoy making pictures with Jeanette MacDonald? Is she as beautiful off-screen as she is in pictures? **Miss MacDonald is very beautiful. I have enjoyed very much working with her.** (This will reply to at least fifty similar queries.)

When will you play again with Claudette Colbert? **I have little to say in such matters. They are for the studio to decide.**

Have you composed any songs? **No.**

Which of your pictures do you consider your best? **I would rather not answer that question.** (And that's too bad, for hundreds asked it.)

Which do you like best—redheads, blondes or brunettes? **I like all of them, just as I like many different flowers which have special beauty.**

Isn't Marlene Dietrich a charming friend, if one is personally acquainted with her? **She is very charming.**

Were any of your ancestors from Bourbon, France? **My ancestors, for many, many generations, were born in Paris.**

What are your feelings toward Jeanette MacDonald? Will you make another picture together? **I admire Miss MacDonald. Whether we will again play together I cannot say.**

Which do you think are the more suspicious—men or women? **Both are suspicious, but women are more suspicious than men.**

In all your pictures, you kiss your leading ladies as if you really enjoy it. Do you? **In all my life, I have never avoided the kiss of a beautiful girl.**

Why do you usually wear a straw hat in your pictures? **One of my first successes on the French stage was made in a tuxedo and a straw hat. The hat became my trademark.**

How do you think audiences would react to your appearance in a movie without a plot—one that featured just you, singing your songs in French and English? **I think it would be very tiresome.**

What is the best way to overcome stage-fright? **That is very difficult to answer. You must just know that if you are talented, success and fame will come to you.**

Do you still remember Mary Krajci, whom you used to play with when you were a barefooted boy in France? **I don't remember Mary Krajci. And though I was very, very poor, I was never barefoot.**

Do you read all your fan mail? **It is impossible to read all of it. I read as many letters as my time permits.**

Do you not consider your European success a greater personal satisfaction than your American triumph? **Not at all. I think I am the same degree happy when I make a success in any part of the world. The applause of one audience is exactly as gratifying as the applause of another audience.**

What was the title of your first motion picture? **My first picture was "Innocents of Paris."**

What is your idea of the perfect woman? His answer, with a touch of honest embarrassment: **My mother.**

Do you think as much of Ex-Mayor Walker of New York as you used to, or are you one of his "fair-weather" friends? **I am always a friend of Mayor Walker.**

Do you like to live in the country? **I like very much to vacation in the country. Perhaps I would not like to live there always, for I am of the city.**

Which is the easier way to become a movie star—via the legitimate stage or via Hollywood? **Most directors have told me that they prefer the actors with stage training.**

Please tell me why they call your lower lip a Hapsburg lip? *Hapsburg is Austrian.* **So many members of the famous Hapsburg family, who once ruled Austria, have had prominent lower lips that now the term is used to describe lips of that type.**

I always liked you until I heard that you are stingy. Idle gossip can sometimes be misleading, so please tell me the truth. Are you actually stingy? **This report is absolutely false. I have not only supported many relatives, but I have given very large donations to many charities and I have paid all expenses for a large hospital in my own country. I have been careful with my money for I was the child of very poor parents.** (And here the Inquiring Reporter wishes to give his own testimony. Taking advantage of the income tax receipts which cluttered the dressing-room, I discovered that Maurice Chevalier, in 1932, had given staggering sums to every worthy charity in Los Angeles. I also discovered that the charity hospital of which he is the *sole* support—the Dispensaire du Spectacle in Paris—treated a total of 13,139 patients last year. And that should be answer enough for anyone.)

How do you pronounce your name? **My name is correctly pronounced Mor-eece' She-val'yea.**

Some of the queries were in French, and Maurice answered them in French. Here they are:

Je n'est aucunne question a poser, je veus seulement vous acrire combien je vous admire, je ne manque jamais une motion picture de vous. Je apprecierai une response en français votre compatriote. **Je vous remercie pour vos gentilles pensées.**

Pourquoi, M. Maurice, faites vous une si vilaine bouche? J'aimerais tant vous voir naturel? **La bouche est naturelle et comme vous voyes je ne suis pas favorise par la nature.**

Pourquoi n'y a i'il pas plus d'acteur Canadien Français qu'il y en a? **Il y en a beaucoup.**

N'avez vous jamais eut le desir de faire nue visite aux Iles d' Hawaii? **Oui et j'espere y aller bientot.**

Quand vous tournez une d'amour aimerez vous mieux que la place soit deserté? **Qu'en pensez vous?**

Quel est votre patois habituel, Monsieur Maurice? **Celui de Menilmontant.**

So much for Maurice—never did a son of France rise more courageously to a difficult task! As a reward for his courtesy in answering this avalanche of questions, let's all wish him a pleasant trip to La Belle France, a happy stay, and a speedy return to Hollywood and the screen.

Next month Jean Harlow will answer the questions you asked her through the May MOTION PICTURE. What a story her replies will make! And now rush in your Mae West queries (see page 42, this issue)!

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INSTRUCTIONS

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"A Bedtime Story"—Seen Through Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 41*)

secondary would be his fiddle-playing. For in total footage, scene by scene, he found the baby would have a part more important than his own. It is the first time since movies began that an infant so young has been given a rôle so large.

To Chevalier's everlasting credit, he did not exercise his prerogative as a star to decline to play in the picture. When his friends advised him to ask for another story, he replied that he preferred a small part in a good vehicle to a big one in a poor production. Scores of times during the shooting of "A Bedtime Story," Chevalier proved the sincerity behind his remark. In answer to Director Norman Taurog's unspoken question when the baby was performing some unusually cute action in a scene, Chevalier would urge, "Never mind me. Give it to M'sieur Bab-ee." And to M'sieur Bab-ee it was given. He didn't steal the picture. It was presented to him by virtue of the never-failing graciousness of the French star.

In the previous instalments of this series, we have given you accounts of pictures much more lavish and pretentious than "A Bedtime Story"—pictures like "Cavalcade," which was an achievement in transporting and reconstructing a bit of England on Hollywood soil; "42nd Street," a glittering spectacle of authentic backstage life; "Sweepings," a historical document of the building of a merchant dynasty from the ashes of the Chicago fire; and "The White Sister," a tender and beautiful love classic having its setting in wartime Italy.

There is nothing spectacular in the production of "A Bedtime Story." It has no massive sets or tremendous cast. Having a modern locale, no vast research work was necessary. The prop man's task, except for the great amount of safety pins used, presented no unusual difficulties. The production centered entirely, as the picture you will see on your screen centers, upon the antics of a baby whose age is still counted in months.

How Baby Was Chosen

UPON Chevalier's own suggestion, a unique manner was employed of choosing an infant to play this leading part of the orphan. Chevalier held that, since extensive tests would be necessary to discover such a young child who could be made to act naturally before the cameras, children of needy families should be given preference. As a result of his suggestion, the casting office at Paramount called various local charity organizations for names of destitute mothers with babies between the ages of seven and eight months.

Several hundred names were so obtained and from them a total of one hundred and seventy-three babies were called in for tests. Norman Taurog, whose success with children in "Skippy," "Sooky" and similar film hits made him the logical choice for the directorial assignment of "A Bedtime Story," personally conducted the testing.

The children, two by two, were placed in a large crib under ordinary studio lighting and a whole reel of film recorded their normal reactions to this new and strange atmosphere. No attempt was made to have them act. Taurog wanted them to be just themselves.

In the first pair of babies tested, one was LeRoy Weinbrener. This youngster, with his seventeen-year-old mother, Mrs. Gweneth Weinbrener, had been highly recommended to Paramount by Salvation Army officials, who had personally escorted them to the studio. The baby was born, after the death of his father, in a Salvation Army home and had lived in the home ever since his birth, the mother having worked in the institution in payment for their board and room. The contract that her child won proved a godsend. She was paid $125 a week and given an endowed insurance policy of a thousand dollars for his schooling.

Not a Bit Camera-Conscious

FROM the start, Baby LeRoy won the heart of everyone. He wasn't extraordinarily beautiful; there were many handsomer babies, but none with his vitality and personality. LeRoy's tiny face fairly radiated his blithe spirits. He grinned back at all who smiled at him and seemed totally undisturbed by the glaring lights and grinding cameras. Oddly enough, in the weeks that followed, never once did LeRoy spoil a scene by looking directly into the camera lens.

The other baby with whom he was tested proved belligerent. He insisted upon fighting his companion and yowled loudly when LeRoy fought back. With one well-placed left to the jaw, LeRoy finally disposed of the belligerent one. Whereupon he turned around to smile broadly at Taurog, seeming to say, "Well, that settled his hash."

Taurog wisely observed the personal reactions of his co-workers as each child faced the cameras. Baby LeRoy, although the first, remained the favorite of the studio crew, who saw one hundred and seventy-three children in all. The winner was blond, with blue eyes, and weighed twenty-one pounds, measuring twenty-four inches from head to heel.

Meanwhile, the casting of adult actors was under way. Helen Twelvetrees, playing her first rôle since the birth of her own baby, was assigned the feminine lead opposite Chevalier. Edward Everett Horton was secured for the important part of *Victor*, Chevalier's valet. Adrienne Ames replaced Carole Lombard as *Paulette*, and Earle Foxe was given the assignment originally intended for Charlie Ruggles. In both of these latter cases, script revision dictated the changes.

The story opens with *René* (Chevalier) returning to his native Paris from an African hunting trip. Met at the station by his chauffeur (Ernest Wood), he learns that he is not expected by his fiancée until the following day. He decides to make a night of it, since his life as a gay bachelor will soon be at an end.

Then Maurice's Fun Begins

IN rapid succession, he makes three dates with as many girls—*Paulette* at nine, *Suzanne* at eleven and *Gabrielle* at one. While he is making these appointments, a foundling baby is left in his automobile during a moment when the chauffeur's attention is distracted. The infant is not discovered until after their arrival home and the servants remove the luggage. As well-trained servants, they ask no questions, but simply deliver the sleeping babe to *René* in his room.

Victor, the valet, sees in the child a resemblance to *René*. They have the same protruding underlip. *René* has cause to wonder at the resemblance and it is not until the baby is found to have a button in his mouth (making his lip protrude) that their fears are allayed.

This lip business, which is good for a big laugh in the picture, offered one of the most difficult problems with which the director had to contend. Obviously, it was impossible to follow the script in respect to

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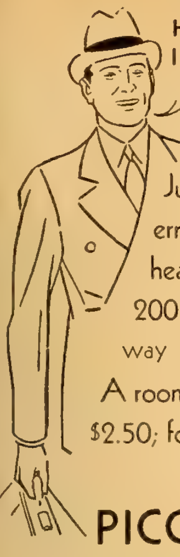

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the button. Baby LeRoy might swallow it, if it were left in his mouth.

Taurog's only hope was to awaken in LeRoy an imitative spirit—which was no mean task, in working with a child eight months old. If Chevalier and the baby had not got on so well together, the lip business might never have been successfully photographed. But Chevalier sat for days with LeRoy on his lap and stuck out his famous lower lip for the baby's amusement. Everyone else on the set did the same. LeRoy grew to enjoy the grimaces they made and crowed his pleasure. Finally, he decided that it must be fun to extend a lip and forthwith tried it, himself. You should have heard the gleeful shout of "He's done it. He's done it."

But, then, you should have witnessed the great elation that greeted practically everything baby LeRoy did. He was literally the king of all he surveyed. Ordinarily hard-boiled grips, props, electricians and cameramen became self-appointed nurses, watching his feeding and sleeping times with intense interest. When the baby was placed in his crib for a nap, the entire set became as still as the proverbial night before Christmas. Pity the man who made the slightest noise. He was glared upon and fiercely shushed.

Baby LeRoy had no carriage and precious few clothes when he started on the picture. A perambulator, the finest that money could buy, was purchased for him by popular subscription, the limit being a half-dollar for a single donation, so that all might contribute. This, mind you, during the bank holiday, when everyone was counting pennies. After the banks reopened, other presents were showered upon the child—clothing, toys and every known appliance for baby's comfort. A book on the care and feeding of infants made its appearance on the set and was read by nearly all the crew.

There was no particular reason for all of this attention, except that everyone was sincerely interested in LeRoy. A capable representative of the Child Welfare Department, Rachel Smith, was in constant attendance. It was her duty to see that the baby did not work more than the limit of two hours a day prescribed by law. She was never compelled to call time, for the entire cast and crew knew LeRoy's rest periods to the second. His care conformed with every scientific principle and he was handled as though he was a fragile piece of Dresden china. A large sign was painted to be put on his perambulator. It read "Do Not Touch Baby."

Episodes such as these led to my claim that there has never been a picture like "A Bedtime Story" in the history of Hollywood. It was, of course, a directorial achievement that called for infinite patience on the part of Norman Taurog. But Taurog is generous in sharing the praise that his direction has merited. "Without the fine cooperation of everyone concerned, the job never could have been done," he says.

"Chevalier is said to be a very temperamental player. I found him the exact opposite. He behaved like a youngster on the set, in on every joke, even going so far as to wire a chair for a hot seat. Where he gets his reputation for being a silent, morose person, I cannot understand. He is extremely fond of children, and he and LeRoy got along famously. I have been told that he offered to adopt the baby."

If true, Chevalier was not alone in wishing to adopt LeRoy. The mother received a score of offers of adoption, but refused to part with the child. Most of these offers came from famous stars and directors.

Stars on the Sidelines

THE entire personnel of Paramount studio visited "A Bedtime Story" set at one time or another during the picture's

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FEMININE SECRETS

WOMEN'S ADVISORY BUREAU
5258 So. Hoover Suite 606 Los Angeles, Calif.

shooting. Baby LeRoy's fame spread even to other studios, and stars who seldom go visiting asked permission to come over and watch him work. The whole of Hollywood awaits the picture with the keenest interest.

The wonder baby appears in practically every scene from the moment he is discovered among the baggage in *René's* car. *René* is so interested in playing with the child that he forgets his dates with the three ladies of the evening. This leads to later complications.

Before the nurse whom he has ordered from the agency puts in an appearance, *René* and his valet are distracted to know how to make the baby stop crying. Finally, a watch is given to him to play with. He immediately smashes it and laughs.

Getting LeRoy to break watches was indeed difficult—perhaps the second most difficult thing he was called upon to do. Making him go to sleep, awaken, smile or say "How-da" required only time and patience. To make him cry was also comparatively simple. It was found that he had an intense dislike for having a handkerchief placed to his nose in the traditional "blow-hard" position. The mere wiping of his nose with a handkerchief made him cry lustily.

But LeRoy had not learned to throw things. A watch was, to him, something to be put in his mouth. He was teething, incidentally, and its cool surface was pleasing to his feverish gums. The baby didn't have a tooth when he started the picture. He had four when he finished.

The watch-throwing business was attempted by again arousing the imitative spirit. It failed to work. Every time, LeRoy popped the watch into his mouth the moment it was handed him. Taurog had never before despaired, but he finally decided it was impossible. Paramount executives were called in to help decide what might be done.

Threw Director's Watch

"HE won't throw it," said Taurog. "See what he does with it," and he handed LeRoy his own watch, instead of the prop watch they had been using. Promptly the baby tossed the real timepiece on the floor, shattering it to bits. They had no more trouble making him throw things.

To return to the story, the nurse arrives in the person of *Sally* (Helen Twelvetrees). Her advent into the household brings order out of chaos so far as the baby is concerned. But *René's* troubles with his lights-of-love have just begun. The baby, of course, complicates matters and eventually causes *René's* fiancée to break the engagement.

One other incident deserves telling before this account is closed. It concerns the day Baby LeRoy found that he could make a "raspberry."

The scene in which he was playing had Chevalier approach the crib to announce the end of his engagement. The scene, of necessity, had to be played straight, as *René* is dejected over his broken romance. It is before he falls in love with *Sally*.

Chevalier finished his sad speech and was to bend over the baby, when LeRoy produced his first "Bronx cheer." He had never done it before and seemed very pleased with himself. What was a ruined scene to him? He was having fun.

Twenty-six times, they repeated the scene and twenty-six times LeRoy did his stunt the moment Chevalier approached the crib. Work had to be stopped for the day and the baby sent home. Fortunately, by the next morning, he had forgotten all about the raspberry in his interest in other things.

You can readily see from the incidents given you here how painstaking was the task of filming "A Bedtime Story." When you see the picture, remember the way in which the almost miraculous results were obtained. You will then be seeing "A Bedtime Story" through Hollywood's eyes.

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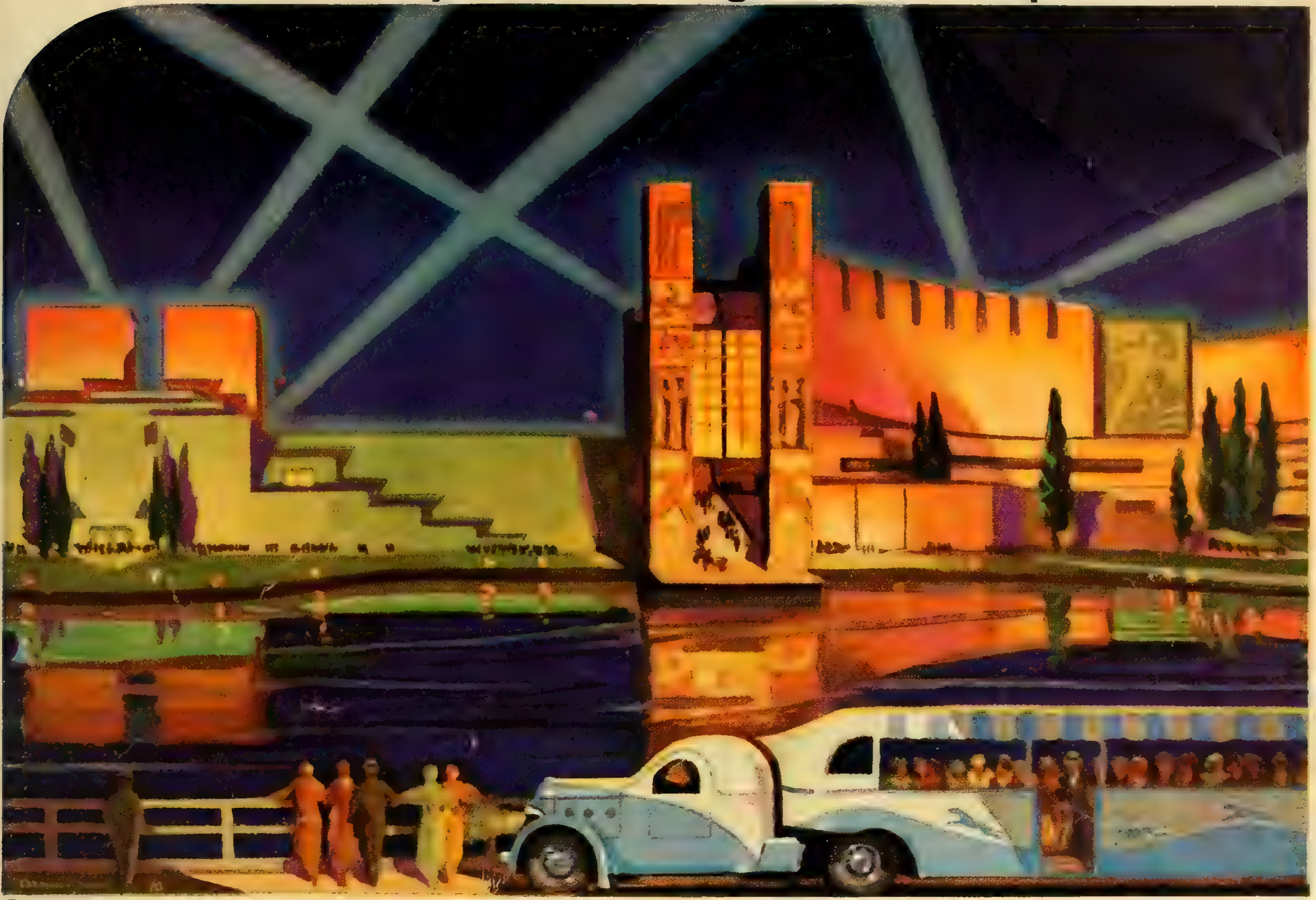

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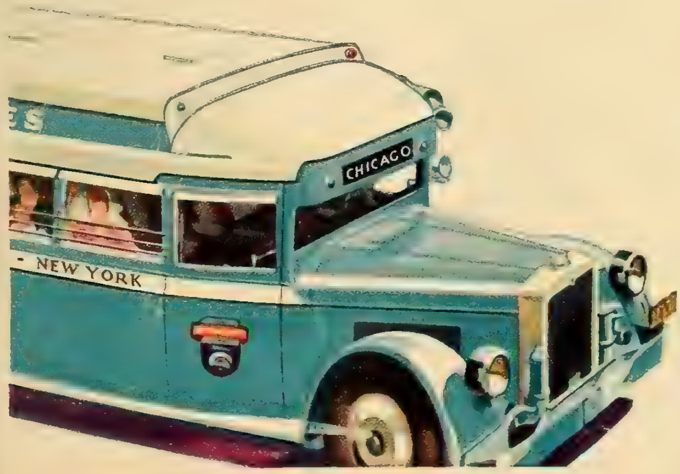

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Do You Want to Be a Movie Star This Summer

Earn $100 a week . . . get all expenses paid to and from Hollywood . . . receive international recognition for your personality?

There's a lucky girl attending classes right now in some recognized American college or university. She's going to rocket to movie stardom this summer.

This girl may be you.

College Humor and Sense and Universal Pictures Corporation are holding a contest to pick this fortunate young lady. She will be called the All-American Girl of 1933. She will leave for Hollywood and stardom shortly after July first.

There she will be featured in Universal's third great football picture, to be released this fall. She'll get $100 a week for at least four weeks.

But best of all, if she makes good, this fortunate co-ed will be offered a new movie contract, with a chance to make this glamorous profession her permanent career.

If you've secretly longed to be one of the glorified women of the screen, read the rules of this contest and send in your photographs without delay.

No one need know of your entry. You needn't lose a minute from classes. You needn't even be ravishingly beautiful, if you have charm and photograph well.

But you must act quickly. This opportunity may never come again.

All-American Girl Contest

Universal Pictures Corporation **College Humor and Sense**

All-American Girl Contest Rules

1. Each entrant must be a registered student in a college of reputable standing.
2. Each entrant must submit two photographs of herself: (a) One profile photograph; (b) One full face photograph, large head of not less than three inches from chin to top of head.
3. Photographs must be accompanied by letter giving following information about entrant: Age, height, weight, color of eyes, color of hair, athletic training, theatrical training. (Do not omit any of this important data.)
4. Photographs and data as above must be accompanied by statement from elocution or dramatic teacher attesting to quality of voice.
5. All entrance material must be accompanied by cover of current issue of College Humor and Sense, or a facsimile thereof.
6. In case of a tie duplicate prize will be awarded each tying contestant. Copies of College Humor and Sense may be read at the office of the publisher, 1301 Paramount Building, New York City, or at Public Libraries. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to enter this contest. All photographs will remain the property of the publishers unless accompanied by sufficient postage for their return.
7. All entrance material must be in the hands of All-American Girl Editor of College Humor and Sense, 1301 Paramount Building, New York City, not later than midnight, July 1st, 1933.
8. A committee of judges composed of Carl Laemmle, Jr., of Universal Pictures, Russell Patterson and Jefferson Machamer, artists, Stanley Gibson, publisher of College Humor and Sense and other magazines, and Larry Reid, editor of Motion Picture and Movie Classic, will select and announce the name of the prize-winning ALL-AMERICAN GIRL before midnight, July 15th, 1933.

All-American Girl Contest

Universal Pictures Corporation **College Humor and Sense**

are YOU the LUCKY GIRL?

Contest Closes
MIDNIGHT
July 1st, 1933

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Her Finger-Tips Gleam

Her teeth are dull . . . her gums soft and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

Examine your own teeth—*and gums.* If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For not only may "pink tooth brush" lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles, but it may spoil the brightness of your teeth—and even spell *danger* for your teeth.

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To have firm, healthy gums and good-looking, bright teeth, do this:

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, put a little extra Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip and massage it gently into your sluggish, tender gums.

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Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

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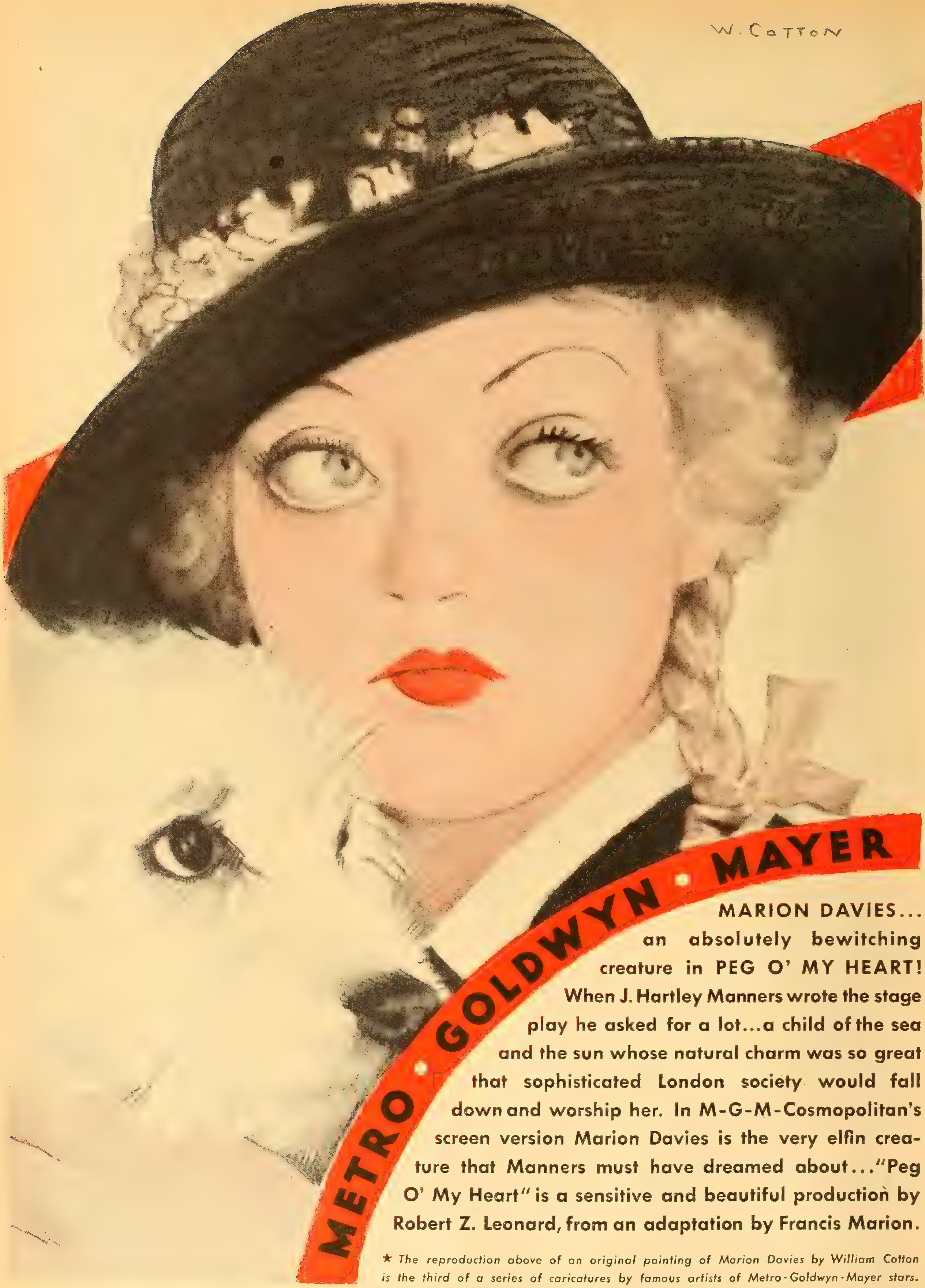

MARION DAVIES... an absolutely bewitching creature in **PEG O' MY HEART!** When J. Hartley Manners wrote the stage play he asked for a lot...a child of the sea and the sun whose natural charm was so great that sophisticated London society would fall down and worship her. In M-G-M-Cosmopolitan's screen version Marion Davies is the very elfin creature that Manners must have dreamed about..."Peg O' My Heart" is a sensitive and beautiful production by Robert Z. Leonard, from an adaptation by Francis Marion.

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of Marion Davies by William Cotton is the third of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.

Motion Picture

JULY
1933

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLV, No. 6

GLENDA FARRELL Knows Her Picture-Stealing!

To become a star, yourself, you have to be able to "steal" scenes from any star you may play with. That's one of the first laws of the movies. And Glenda—the blonde Irish girl from Oklahoma, stock companies and Broadway—is certainly obeying it!

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She's vivacious, she has a dramatic face, and a vivid sense of humor. She can play any rôle they want to give her. Are you watching her rôles get bigger?

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Cover Design of Glenda Farrell Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Arlen, Richard—recently completed *College Humor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—recently completed *Voltaire*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Jamboree*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Barrymore, John—playing in *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *Breadline*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *I Loved You Wednesday*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *Tug Boat Annie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—playing in *A Bed of Roses*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—recently completed *Song of the Eagle*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Blondell, Joan—recently completed *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *My Lips Betray*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bow Clara—latest release *Call Her Savage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, Bill—recently completed *Emergency Call*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—recently completed *The Mayor of Hell*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—recently completed *I Love That Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—latest release *A Bedtime Story*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette — recently completed *I Cover the Waterfront*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—latest release *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—recently completed *Today We Live*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Davies, Marion—recently completed *Peg o' My Heart* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Davis, Bette—playing in *Easy to Love*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—recently completed *The Song of Songs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *The Public Be Sold*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dunn, James—playing in *Arizona to Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—latest release *The Silver Cord*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—playing in *Tug Boat Annie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Erwin, Stuart—recently completed *International House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Evans, Madge—recently completed *Dinner at Eight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Captured!*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Glenda—recently completed *Mary Stevens, M.D.*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *Pilgrimage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Francis, Kay—recently completed *Mary Stevens, M.D.*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Gable, Clark—playing in *Black Orange Blossoms*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Garat, Henry—recently completed *Adorable*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Garbo, Greta—playing in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—recently completed *Adorable*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Grant, Cary—playing in *Gambling Ship*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Harding, Ann—playing in *Double Harness*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Janet Gaynor and Henry Garat are waltzing in "Adorable," the romantic musical comedy, to the strains of a new waltz song, named for the picture, which promises to become as popular as the famous Merry Widow Waltz

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Black Orange Blossoms*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harvey, Lilian—playing in *My Lips Betray*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hayes, Helen—playing in *Another Language*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hepburn, Katharine—playing in *The Morning Glory*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—playing in *The Wrecker*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Howard, Leslie—playing in *Captured!*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Huston, Walter—playing in *Strange Rhapsody*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Three Came Unarmed*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Joyce, Peggy Hopkins—recently completed *International House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Keeler, Ruby—recently completed *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Kibbee, Guy—recently completed *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *I Loved You Wednesday*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Linden, Eric—playing in *Flying Circus*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—recently completed *Supernatural*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund — recently completed *Dinner at Eight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

March, Fredric—latest release *The Eagle and the Hawk*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
McCrea, Joel—playing in *A Bed of Roses*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Another Language*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moore, Colleen—playing in *The Power and the Glory*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Morris, Chester—recently completed *The Black Ace*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nissen, Greta—recently completed *Melody Cruise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—recently completed *5 Cents a Glass*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—recently completed *College Humor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—playing in *Life in the Raw*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Pickford, Mary—latest release *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, William—latest release *Private Detective 62*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Midnight Club*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Raymond, Gene—playing in *Ann Carver's Profession* — Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Big Shot* — First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—recently completed *5 Cents a Glass*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—latest release *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Jennie Gerhardt*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—latest release *Baby Face*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Talbot, Lyle—recently completed *Mary Stevens, M.D.*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Tone, Franchot—playing in *Lady of the Night*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tracy, Lee—recently completed *Dinner at Eight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tracy, Spencer—playing in *The American*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

West, Mae—playing in *Rings on Her Fingers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Weissmuller, Johnny—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
William, Warren—recently completed *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Young, Robert—playing in *Tug Boat Annie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

How Jane changed from "PLAIN" to "PRETTY"

Jane, **THEN** . . . Men never noticed Jane in this dull, dark dress. How silly she was — this season's new gay clothes wash beautifully with gentle Ivory Flakes.

Jane, **NOW** . . . Same girl, dressed inexpensively by Vogue. *All* this tricky outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes—pique hat, red-white-and-blue linen suit, pique gloves, handbag!

Suit from Lord & Taylor, New York. Selected by Vogue. This entire outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes . . . just as salespeople in fine stores advise.

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Salespeople are that way about Ivory Flakes —awfully partial, because they know that Ivory Flakes are made from pure Ivory Soap, the soap that's safe for a baby's skin — hence it's *safest* for your saucy silk prints and pastel cotton frocks and fuzzy-wuzzy sweaters!

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Remember what Vogue says, "The girl with a lot of uncared-for dresses is dowdy. The girl with a few dresses, in immaculate condition, looks smart." Something to think about, girls. Better buy one of those bargain boxes of Ivory Flakes today, and start dipping your pretties through Ivory suds every night!

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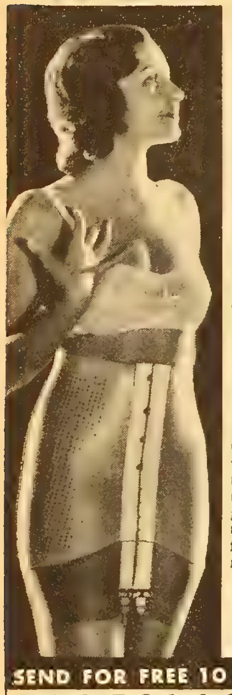

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TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About— And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID

By pretending to be playful, himself, George Arliss nimbly fools playgirl Bette Davis in "Working Man"

Adorable—A new, more sprightly, more sophisticated Janet Gaynor appears on the scene as a Cinderella in a mythical kingdom, with the new and irresistible Henri Garat as her Prince Charming. A musical romance that has practically everything, including songs you'll remember (Fox).

Baby Face—Barbara Stanwyck as a gold-digger in a bank, who starts at the bottom and goes right up to the president (George Brent). A bit torrid, and also a bit sordid. Not up to Barbara's abilities (W. B.).

A Bedtime Story—A foundling is left with gay Maurice Chevalier, who gets into no end of trouble thereby—but learns what home-life is like, with Helen Twelvetrees, the baby's nurse, as instructress. The baby steals the amusing picture (Par.).

Below the Sea—Fay Wray runs up against a new horror—the threat of death in an underwater chamber, unless Ralph Bellamy wins his fight with an octopus. Run-of-the-mill melodrama (Col.).

Be Mine Tonight—A musical romance about a tenor who switches identities with a crook. The singing of Jan Kiepura is something to hear, even if the story is a bit frothy (Univ.).

The Big Cage—Frank Buck may bring 'em back alive, but Clyde Beatty tames 'em—and this exciting film story of his life shows you how. He'll have you grasping the arm of your chair (Univ.).

Cavalcade—The most memorable of all talkies—a saga of time marching on, carrying with it a small British family, whose lives are bound up with their country's life, in war or peace, in sad or gay times. Clive Brook and especially Diana Wynyard are unforgetable (Fox).

Central Airport—Richard Barthelmess returns to aviation—being a stunt flier this time, and running into some sensational adventures and an unhappy romance with Sally Eilers (F. N.).

Christopher Strong—Katharine Hepburn, a young aviatrix, falls in love with elderly and famous Colin Clive—and you see a Spring-and-Autumn romance that will play havoc with your emotions (RKO).

The Cohens and Kellys in Trouble—Wealthy George Sidney plans a holiday on the tugboat of Charlie Murray, and they have a slapstick time of it. Some of the gags have whiskers (Univ.).

The Devil's Brother—A comedy, with music, about a bold, romantic bandit and his two dumb servants. Dennis King supplies the excellent singing, and Laurel and Hardy the uproarious comedy (M-G-M).

Elmer the Great—Joe E. Brown in his favorite rôle—that of the baseball rookie who is a sensation, but doesn't know what it is all about. It's a Grade A character sketch (F. N.).

Ex-Lady—Bette Davis and Gene Raymond try to be free, though married—and find that another noble experiment doesn't work. The story sounds familiar, but Bette clicks (W. B.).

The Fighting President—The movies go biographical and tell the life story and aims of President Roosevelt, in newsreel fashion—and an interesting history lesson it is (Univ.).

42nd Street—A tuneful, colorful view of a Broadway show in the making; a glimpse of backstage life as it really is. A top-notch cast—headed by Warner Baxter, Ruby Keeler and Bebe Daniels—makes it real (W. B.).

Gabriel Over the White House—A vision of America under the rule of a benign dictator (Walter Huston), who solves the country's big problems. Compelling drama for people who think (M-G-M).

Hell Below—An authentic—and complete—glimpse of life aboard a submarine in wartime, with Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante among the crew. But the comedy and melodrama sometimes conflict (M-G-M).

Hello, Sister—James Dunn, a sidewalk Romeo, wins Boots Mallory, from the farm belt—and then almost doesn't do right by her. Old-fashioned sexy melodrama brought up to date (Fox).

Humanity—A mild, but interesting little drama about a philanthropic East Side doctor (Ralph Morgan), whose son (Alexander Kirkland) has his difficulties, becoming like him (Fox).

Infernal Machine—A study of the reactions of a group of people on a ship, when told a bomb is aboard—with Genevieve Tobin and Chester Morris featured. Entertaining, but not exciting (Fox).

The Keyhole—Kay Francis marries beyond her years, and her jealous husband puts a private detective (George Brent) on her trail. You can guess the outcome (W. B.).

The Kiss Before the Mirror—Frank Morgan, attorney for Paul Lukas, who has killed his wife, discovers that his own wife (Nancy Carroll) is unfaithful. What to do? The answer is absorbing (Univ.).

The Life of Jimmy Dolan—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a boxer, flees his former life—but then meets Loretta Young, which complicates matters. There's a good fight, but not much else (W. B.).

Looking Forward—Not a picture version of President Roosevelt's book, but a calm, interesting tale of how an idealistic underling (Lionel Barrymore) keeps an old London store in the running. Fine acting. Previewed as "Ex-Millionaire" (M-G-M).

Lucky Dog—Another well-rounded character sketch by Chic Sale, who shows what it's like to win the affection of a mere dog. The youngsters will appreciate it (Univ.).

"M"—An unusual German horror film, based on the famous Dusseldorf child murders, in which the horror is doubly effective by being only suggested, never actually shown (Foremco).

Made on Broadway—Robert Montgomery, a big-time press-agent, has ideas for making Sally Eilers the best-known girl on Broadway, but she thinks even faster than he does. Sprightly comedy (M-G-M).

The Masquerader—In his last picture before his "two-year vacation," Ronald Colman does nobly by a dual rôle—playing a drug-racked man of fame, and the unknown who takes his place. Elissa Landi assists, radiantly (U. A.).

The Mind Reader—Warren William changes from a glib sideshow barker into a fake psychic, but tries to go straight for Constance Cummings' sake. The weakest of William's "exposés" (F. N.).

Murders in the Zoo—When his wife (Lona Andre) goes languorous for somebody else, Lionel Atwill goes murderous—in a suspenseful, novel manner (Par.).

When David Manners first sees that bold Amazon, Elissa Landi, he doesn't know he'll become "The Warrior's Husband"

Out All Night—Slim Summerville marries Zasu Pitts and his mother (Laura Hope Crews) goes along on the honeymoon. It's silly, and some of the gags are old, but it has its funny moments (Univ.).

The Phantom Broadcast—An involved, but moving melodrama in which a hunchback (Ralph Forbes) is the vocal "ghost" of a famous crooner (Monogram).

Pick Up—It's a question whether taxi-driver George Raft picks up Sylvia Sidney, or vice versa, but anyway, after many a melodramatic difficulty, they find love. It wouldn't be much without their acting (Par.).

Picture Snatcher—As an ex-convict who wants to go straight, James Cagney gets a job as a photo-hunter on a mud-slinging tabloid—and discovers that the job still makes him a racketeer. Cagney has never been better; every scene clicks; and the wisecracks crackle (W. B.).

Pleasure Cruise—Genevieve Tobin goes away on a cruise, and her jealous husband (Roland Young) pursues her in disguise—and plays a joke that was played in "The Guardsman." Fun for the sophisticated (Fox).

Rasputin and the Empress—The Barrymores—all three of them—in a colorful, crowded melodrama about the rise of a peasant and the downfall of a czar. John does the best acting (M-G-M).

Secrets—Mary Pickford tries something new—a romance in which she goes from youth to old age at the side of Leslie Howard, hiding the fact that she knows his secrets. Good acting in a slow, sentimental story (U. A.).

Among them, Richard Arlen, Louise Dresser and Jean Hersholt conquer the beer racketeers in "Song of the Eagle"

Song of the Eagle—Richard Arlen, son of an honest brewer (Jean Hersholt), finds a way to get rid of Prohibition's racketeers (led by Charles Bickford). The history-telling first part is excellent; the melodramatic last part isn't always convincing (Par.).

The Story of Temple Drake—The story of an excitement-crazy young society girl (Miriam Hopkins), whose life is all but ruined by a sinister gunman (Jack La Rue). Strong fare, for those who like spades shown as spades (Par.).

Supernatural—An intriguing idea somehow goes astray in this melodrama about the spirit of a dead murderess (Vivienne Osborne) fastening itself on lovable Carole Lombard (Par.).

Sweepings—Lionel Barrymore, the pioneer type, builds up a great store and a great name to pass on to his children—all four of whom turn out to be weak. Good acting in a slow-moving saga (RKO).

To-day We Live—You see some spectacular, if none-too-believable melodrama in this war yarn, after Gary Cooper is reported killed and Joan Crawford throws her heart away (M-G-M).

The Warrior's Husband—A high-spirited comedy about the ancient days, when women went to war and men wore the skirts. Elissa Landi is the sex-appealing chief warrior, David Manners the enemy who tames her, Marjorie Rambeau the mannish queen, and Ernest Truex her dainty husband (Fox).

The White Sister—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable bring to life the famous, tragic love story of the girl who enters a convent when her lover is reported killed. Memorable in every way (M-G-M).

Working Man—Retired and supposedly in his dotage, George Arliss becomes the adopted father of his late rival's wild offspring (Bette Davis and Theodore Newton) and teaches them how to work. Entertaining (W. B.).

The World Gone Mad—Pat O'Brien, as a wise reporter, and Neil Hamilton, as a crusading district attorney, break up a financial racket in a melodrama that has a familiar ring (Majestic).

Zoo in Budapest—An idyll of young love in a bizarre setting, with the lovers (Gene Raymond and Loretta Young) both homeless and both victims of an exciting search. One of the year's most beautiful pictures (Fox).

a last minute reminder for VACATIONISTS!

Are you planning a vacation this year? Fine! It's a splendid investment in health! But remember that different cooking—different water—irregular hours will probably throw you "off-schedule" temporarily.

Ex-Lax is a pleasant, gentle laxative for every member of the family. It is the perfect laxative for vacation time—and every other time!

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

$20.00 Letter

Gable and Hayes Give Excellent Portrayals

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—It is a great tribute to Helen Hayes and Clark Gable that they are able to invest so much sympathy and appeal to their rôles in "The White Sister" that not a single titter could be heard in the theatre where I saw it. Not only is the story rather ancient in theme, but it is heavy with sentiment. Fortunately, the emotional reactions of the characters are in capable hands and faithfully portrayed.

Too much praise cannot be given Miss Hayes for her lovely *Angela*. She makes you *feel* things so vividly and so poignantly.

And for Clark Gable, a sincere bouquet for a sensitive and splendid performance. To anyone who thinks of him in terms of only a "great lover" (how I detest that title) I would recommend seeing this film, because he is too human and too fine to be known by such a cheap phrase. Perhaps "great actor" would be more appropriate, as he certainly proves his right to it in this latest effort. When I remember him in "Hell Divers" and "The Secret Six" I realize how versatile he is and what a change he can show in his personality. I prefer seeing Gable in rôles like those in "The White Sister" and "Hell Divers" than in any other type. Of course, they are utterly different, but the same in one respect—they have depth of feeling and a real chance for acting. I hope there are no more mistakes of putting him only in stories that touch the surface of things and do not give him the opportunity for characterization.

I do not compare "The White Sister" with its previous companion. The present one satisfies me, and I believe it would be hard to find a more beautiful or wonderfully acted picture.

Ellen W. White.

$10.00 Letter

Unimportant Details Noticed

MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—Hi-Ho!—What a critical crank I've turned out to be. I notice such foolish details about pictures—not that I'm looking for trouble, but I can't help seeing little slip-ups.

Why is it that rescuers are never wet after they have ducked in to save the drowning girl?

And those hair combs! Never mussed no matter how close the embrace, the recline, or the hat, every hair (two hundred to the square inch) is in place.

Garbo left her bobby pins glaring in one scene—a second flash—and they were out.

And babies! Some are six months old when they are supposed to be just born. Karen Morley left the hospital with one at least a year old.

And what do they write for a letter? Nothing but wiggly lines.

Mascara, dripping into a tear-stained eye, is not always effective.

George Raft's tie was crooked one entire scene, and it annoyed me.

Ruby Keeler's black dancing panties didn't connect with her stockings.

Isn't there a soul at the studios who could catch such things before the pictures are released? These may seem like unimportant details, but they're noticed just the same.

Katharine E. Lushear.

$5.00 Letter

Leg Photos Are Out With Dorothea

PALM SPRINGS, CAL.—Hurrah for Dorothea Wieck, star of "Maedchen in Uniform," who refused to have her legs photographed when she landed in New York, preferring to walk into American favor under her own power as an actress, rather than be projected into prominence, legs first, according to the common (and HOW common!) practice of publicity. Even citing the much photographed fact that Dietrich allowed her legs to be featured above her acting failed to convince Miss Wieck that she was wrong and she very sensibly inquired, "What have legs to do with my acting?"

Mary Pickford arrived at the top "without benefit of legs." She was dragged up by her curls and has been spared the humiliation of many actresses of being confronted by old "stills" featuring their legs. Besides creating future embarrassment to potential stars, isn't the public fed up on this sort of publicity? Even men are beginning to get the point of view of the London bus conductor who watched the woman's slow ascent to the upper deck and finally, with bored impatience said, "'Urry up, loidy, 'urry up! Loigs ain't no treat to me!"

N. B. Parker.

Movie Themes Run in Cycles

ROANOKE, VA.—Why are the producers so reluctant to try something new? Whenever a picture with a new theme makes a hit, it is immediately copied by rival companies, creating a cycle—a deluge of a similar type of film plot. Often the imitations are not acceptable and rarely are as good as the original.

Several years ago, "The Public Enemy" caused the screen to run riot with gangster films. "The Front Page" started a rush of newspaper columnist pictures. And with the success of "Frankenstein," horror stories became the vogue. If the producers would strive for new ideas instead of turning out the type of picture popular at the moment, the public would be less apt to show boredom.

Why did people like "The Lost Squadron"? Because it was different. But that did not indicate they wanted a cycle of films about Hollywood and the picture colony. Now, "State Fair" is proving a great success. But let's hope we will not have a flood of similar pictures. Audiences like variety in screen entertainment, but not carbon copies. *Lewis D. Fackler.*

A Well-Chosen Cast

DENVER, COL.—Four stars before "42nd STREET" didn't mean a thing to me until I saw the show and then I thought four stars were not enough. The tuneful, haunting melodies, the clever new dance numbers, the well-chosen chorus, and the human interest so skillfully woven throughout the entire production—each demands a star; but in addition many individual stars should have been awarded. A bright pretty one to Ruby Keeler for a splendid and convincing performance and a new star to a new Bebe Daniels—with all her old lovable charm plus a new subtle appeal.

The work of the entire well-chosen cast showed the master touch of a directing genius and a pull on the producers' purse strings.

Now I'm looking forward to "Gold Diggers of 1933" which promises to be as good as "42nd Street."

C. E. Trent.

The Supporting Cast

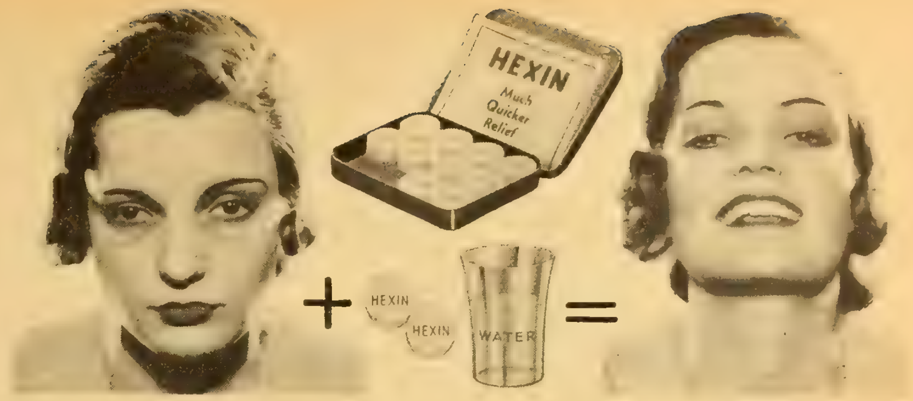
WILMINGTON, CAL.—Just a word of appreciation for that great army of screen players usually mentioned, if at all, as the supporting cast. Conscientiously doing their bit, faithfully portraying the small parts allotted to them, they carry on, year after year, with a dependability that endears them to lovers of motion pictures.

Without rising to stardom or attaining to the status of featured players, it is, nevertheless, they who create the authentic background for the plot and give an atmosphere of reality to the play. And sometimes it is they who lift a poor story to the plane of passably fair entertainment, or gloss over the mediocre acting of the stars.

I feel sure that I speak for many movie fans when I express my sincere appreciation for the work being done by these unhonored and unsung artists of the screen. *A. McK.*

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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It is foolish to let any of the ordinary aches and pains distress you. You can be sure to feel well at any particular time and need have no wasted afternoons and evenings.

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People who use HEXIN nearly always find that pains yield to 2 of these tablets with a glass of water in less than 10 minutes.

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The HEXIN formula (printed on the box) is well known to modern doctors and druggists. Part of this new 5-grain tablet dissolves at once in the stomach, giving instant relief. The remainder dissolves in the digestive tract and prolongs relief amazingly. Many users claim relief to be 3 times as fast and to last 3 times as long.

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While no certain cure has been developed for the common cold, many people find that if they take 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken, a threatened cold fails to develop. HEXIN also greatly relieves the discomfort incident to colds in the head.

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Next time you are in pain, take 2 HEXIN tablets with water and look at your watch. In most cases the pain begins to lessen and tense muscles relax in 3 to 5 minutes. In 5 to 10 minutes pain miraculously vanishes.

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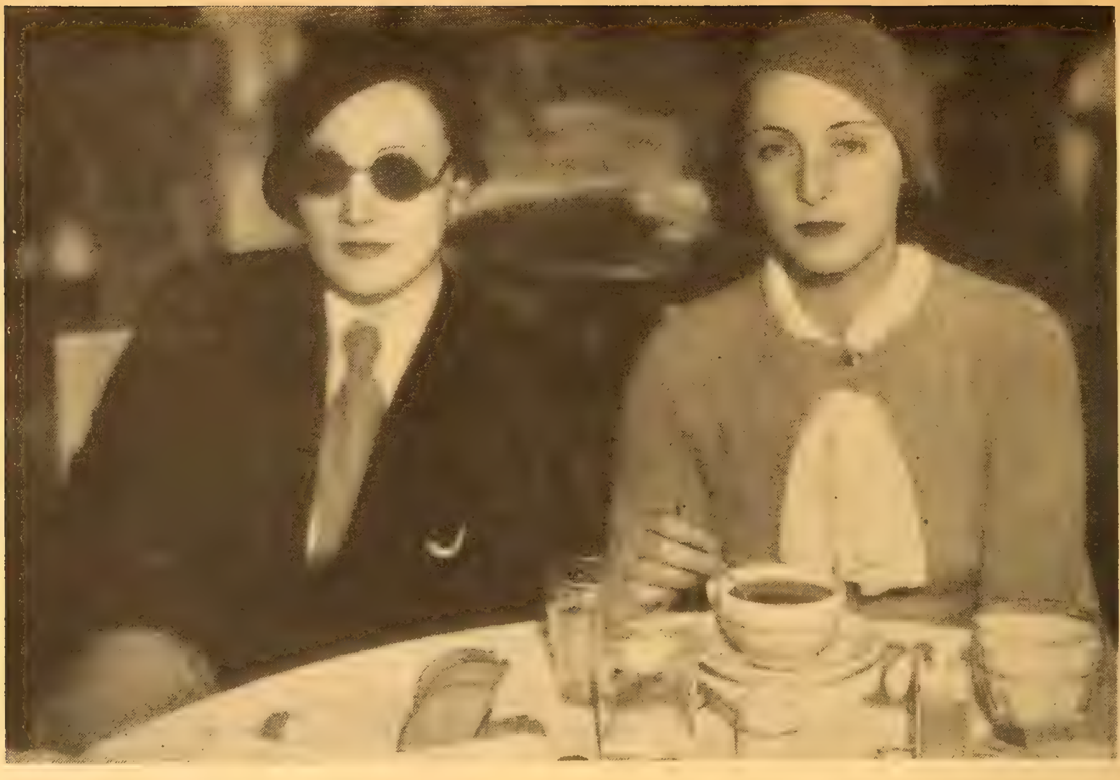


YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

1. Can you name the two girls pictured on this page? Don't be fooled by the dark goggles.

2. What is the clause in Bette Davis' new screen contract that caused much comment?

3. Has Lew Ayres found romance again, and can you name the "eligible" girl?

4. Which screen player said the Earl of Warwick was "awfully sweet and grand company," but denied they were romantically interested in each other?

5. Do you know the Hollywood pair who have apparently reached the parting of the ways before their infant daughter's first birthday?

6. What sensational testimony was brought out by Tom Mix in court when fighting the $50,000 suit started against him by his former wife?

7. Who accompanied Ann Harding on a recent flying trip to Havana, Cuba?

8. What new turn has the Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., split-up taken?

9. Can you name the screen comédienne and motion picture executive who announced the arrival of a baby in their home?

10. By whom and why is George Raft being sued?

11. Do you know what the measurement of Mae West's figure is?

12. Merna Kennedy, motion picture player, has just announced her engagement—to whom?

13. After being separated for a number of months, a comedian and his wife have been reconciled. Do you know them?

14. The recent elopement to Yuma, Arizona, of what motion picture player came as a surprise to Hollywood?

15. Who is financing the Marquis de la Falaise in his venture to produce motion pictures?

16. Can you give the name of the movie director who was married to a former screen star recently?

17. What did Greta Garbo do when she returned to the United States that made everyone say that she was a changed Garbo?

18. Do you know the two screen stars who went to Europe to make concert appearances and who will return to Hollywood soon to play in a picture together?

19. Who was commissioned a Lieutenant Commander in Uncle Sam's Naval Reserve Aviation Force?

(*Answers to these Questions on page 84*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

Remember *Her?*

How *could I forget her!*

Of *course* she remembered Helen! Helen was the kind of girl you couldn't easily forget. Poor thing—it was not her beauty, not her charm, that lingered in the memory, but something else about her . . .

HOW'S *YOUR* BREATH TODAY?

Without knowing it, *everyone* is subject now and then to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Even one offense is hard for others to forgive—or forget. They do not bother to find out whether you are *habitually* guilty of this grave social fault. They take it for granted that you are, and whisper among themselves. But do they tell *you?* Never. That, of course, is the insidious thing about halitosis. You never know . . .

There is only one way to play safe. Gargle and rinse the mouth with Listerine. Do this every morning, every evening, and whenever you are going to meet others. Make it a habit as inflexible as bathing or brushing the teeth.

Then you will be *sure.* For Listerine ends halitosis promptly. It instantly corrects the *cause* of 90% of all cases of unpleasant breath—fermentation of food particles lodged in the teeth. And simultaneously—because of its deodorant power—Listerine overcomes the odors themselves.

There is no other product for this purpose that can compare with Listerine. Ordinary antiseptics can't hide, in 12 hours, odors that Listerine corrects *at once.* Clinical tests, under medical supervision, have established that fact.

So make sure you use *genuine* Listerine. You will find it most agreeable—with none of the medicinal flavor of harsh mouth washes. Listerine is the *safe* antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE
instantly overcomes
HALITOSIS

The MOVIE CIRCUS

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By FRANK MORLEY

WITH great cheer and the creaking of unfamiliar elbows, the month has seen the coming of the long-awaited beer. What, with one of those ironic turns of fortune, however, the very section of Southern California which watched for it most eagerly still is legally denied it. Hollywood, so says the law, must go thirsty for several months to come—a sort of desert in the surrounding oasis of suds. And are the cinemaniacs indignant at the "drys" who rule Los Angeles, of which Hollywood is still a suburb! And after they took the trouble to go to the polls last Fall and vote "wet," too!

But most of them are taking satisfaction in the kind of beer that's being served in Los Angeles proper. With the supply on hand exhausted the first day of wetness, the beer that replaced it was so green that, according to Charlie Ruggles, "it would grow grass on your chest." But the Eastern beer from Milwaukee and St. Louis has finally arrived. And everybody's happy.

And is Hollywood taking it? Mae West sums it up neatly when she says: "Brass rails will be the latest in footwear. Life no longer will be a bowl of cherries, but a can of beer. I think beer will turn speakeasies into speak-louders. It will be tough for those who make a living looking out of peepholes. And what will they do with those old padlocks? They'll be as hard to get rid of as old razor blades!"

International

Wide World

A couple of good skaters—June Vlasek (left) and Verna Hillie (above)—are stepping out with a couple of good skates. It's a new Hollywood fad. Try it on *your* figure!

THE same West broke forth in a recent radio interview—perhaps prompted by the return of lager, and her own success—that thinness in women now had had its day. "If you look anaemic, you know what happens to your sex appeal." She didn't, however, offer Garbo as an example.

But Mae's opinion is endorsed by Harold Hecht, the dance director, who says: "Dangerous curves are not only ahead, but actually with us. Present-day chorus girls must be slightly more round and more curved than those of a few years ago. Girls with thin, boyish figures definitely are out." The battle, then, goes to the plump—the pleasingly plump.

WE like to tip you off to things like that. It's our old helping-hand instinct. Thus do we pass on the Five Major Qualifications for Being a Director, as outlined by Mr. Stephen Roberts. The qualifications are, in the opinion of the young megaphone wielder: story-telling ability, expressed visually; knowledge of characterization; ability to work harmoniously and constructively with others; broad understanding of lighting, photography, sound reproduction and acting; and an appreciation of the commercial side of film entertainment."

There you are. Follow those and you're all set for a chair with your name on the back. You can wear puttees, too.

ANOTHER good way to get ahead seems to be to acquire a nickname that people will like to repeat. The outstanding examples of this are the Four Marx Brothers, who are never known as anything but Groucho, Harpo, Zeppo and Chico. Actually they are Julius, Arthur, Herbert and Leo.

Others who do without their real names are Jack Oakie, Buster Crabbe, Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee, Boots Mallory and Ginger Rogers. They sign their checks, respectively, Louis, Clarence, Harry, Hubert, Patricia and Virginia. Just so you'll never be fooled. But of all the people in the business, however, there is none more nicknamed than Jimmy Durante, the old Schnozzle, himself. Buster Keaton has hung a new one on him—"Rubber Nose." And is he mortified!

WITH Jimmy, Mickey Mouse rests at the top of our preferred list, so we are greatly pleased by the announcement that the Mick has now emerged from the two-reel field and become a featured player. Get ready, folks, for M. Mouse, Jack Pearl and Jimmy Durante in "Baron Munchausen," in which Mickey's papa, Walt Disney, will animate him into acting with the aforesaid two gents. That ought to be a picture as is a picture!

You may recall in a recent issue the qualifications for the Ideal Woman? Well, just so the men won't feel slighted, our friend Peggy Joyce has come through with her description of the Perfect Man. According to La Joyce, he would have "hair like Dick Powell's, Brian Aherne's eyes, Richard Arlen's smile, Clark Gable's dimples, John Boles' chin, John Barrymore's nose, a physique like Gary Cooper's, Joel McCrea's tan, Chevalier's personality, Jimmy Cagney's treat-'em-rough tactics, Fredric March's love-making ability, and Jack Oakie's sense of humor." What, Peggy! Nobody's brains?

BY the by, Mrs. Oakie's little boy has returned to his favored sweat-shirt. Can this be the end of the Joyce "romance?" At all events, Jack is responsible for the new description of That Something which distinguishes a stand-out girl—"Mmmmmm."

"'Mmmmmm,'" he explains, "is something more than the obsolete 'It,' and yet it is not to be confused with personality. If she inspires the onlookers to mutter 'Mmmmmm,' to themselves, then she has 'Mmmmmm.'"

WE pass this on as good advice to Lilian Harvey, who, heretofore, has apparently been at a loss in classifying her admirers. Lilian has been in the habit of referring to Joseph Strassner, fashion designer, and Paul Martin, director, as "the harmless ones." And to Gary Cooper as "the long, tall, pretty one." But maybe it is Maurice Chevalier, her pal, lately returned from Paris, whom she would define as the "Mmmmmm" one.

(*Continued on page 67*)

Bikes are back—thanks to the movie stars, who are all going bike to nature, as it were. Verna Hillie (left) is starting a new cycle, pedaling to the beach. And Warner Baxter (below), his coat tails flying, is taking the corners on two wheels, headed home from work of an evening

Lona Andre (above), hunting for a good sport, isn't following the hounds—she's taking her hound, right along with her. Dogs will be worn on bicycle baskets, not radiator caps, this summer!

Acme

Get Out Your Bike And "Go Hollywood"

Free-wheeling—that's the new Hollywood fad! For when the stars aren't roller-skating, they're riding bicycles. Jean Parker (right), wearing a divided skirt, is all set to find out what makes the wheels go 'round!

Acme

What's the use of dieting, when cycling is all the rage? That's what Claire Windsor (left, above) wants to know, in her sporty new cycling outfit. Buster Crabbe (right, above) is picking up some more muscle by "stepping on it"

$3 is a lot of money in 1933

ices ¼ less than last year
SAVE
Priscilla Cab
1.95

This modern tooth paste removes film faster . . . makes teeth whiter . . . cannot scratch enamel

Save it

See what your savings on Tooth Paste will buy

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hat, or hose; sweater, gloves, or knickers; pyjamas, or underwear; bathrobe, or raincoat; collars, or muffler; sneakers; moccasins; house slippers, or shoes; rubbers, or galoshes; belt, suspenders, and garters (all 3); overalls or lumber jacket; one or two dress shirts; neckties, shirts, or cuff links.

FOR THE CAR

Spark plugs, tire chains, or jack; spotlight, or tail and stop light; a horn, or brake bands; auto clock, or inner tube; 20 gallons of gasoline; 3 gallons of oil.

SMOKING ARTICLES

Cigarette case; lighter; one to six pipes; good tobacco pouch; 30 packages cigarettes; 30 packages tobacco.

In 1929, five or six dollars couldn't buy what *three* dollars will buy today.

If you can save $3 or so on tooth paste, and at the same time keep your teeth cleaner and whiter than ever before, this is certainly the year to do it!

* * *

A week's trial of Listerine Tooth Paste will be a revelation to you. Teeth lose their dingy look . . . get steadily whiter . . . regain their old sparkle.

But not at the risk of the precious enamel! The new polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paster is *harder* than the tartar that clings to the teeth but *softer* than the teeth themselves. So it swiftly removes discolorations and tobacco stains without marring or scratching the tooth surface in any way.

Because so many millions of people have switched to this modern dentifrice for the good of their teeth and gums, it is possible to sell it at 25 cents—or about half the price of other good tooth pastes. That's where your saving comes in—and all the time you are doing the best possible thing to keep your teeth white and sound!

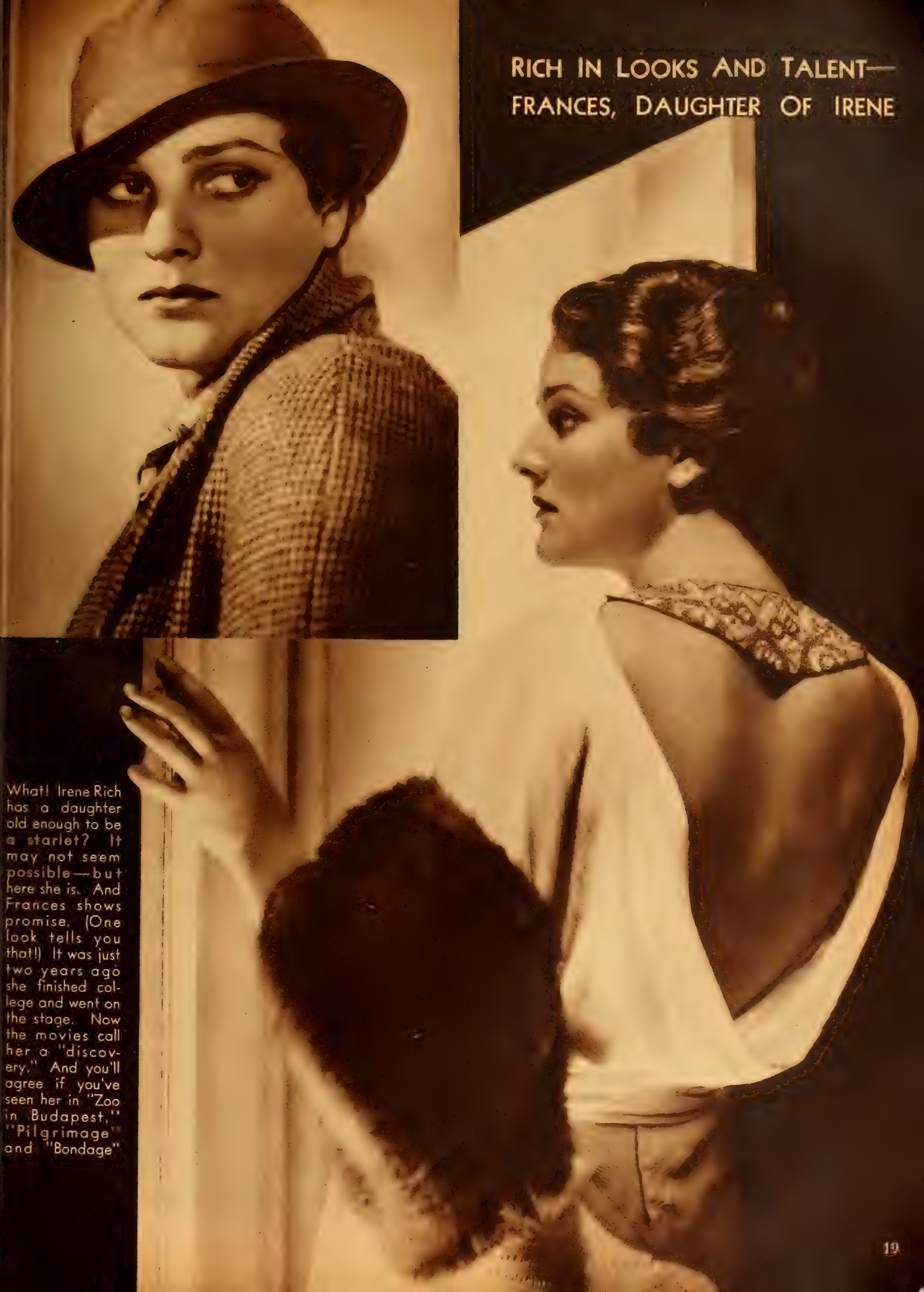
Get that big tube of Listerine Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Start for yourself an era of economy and dental health combined. You'll like the taste. You'll like the results. And you'll like the things your $3 saved will buy! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

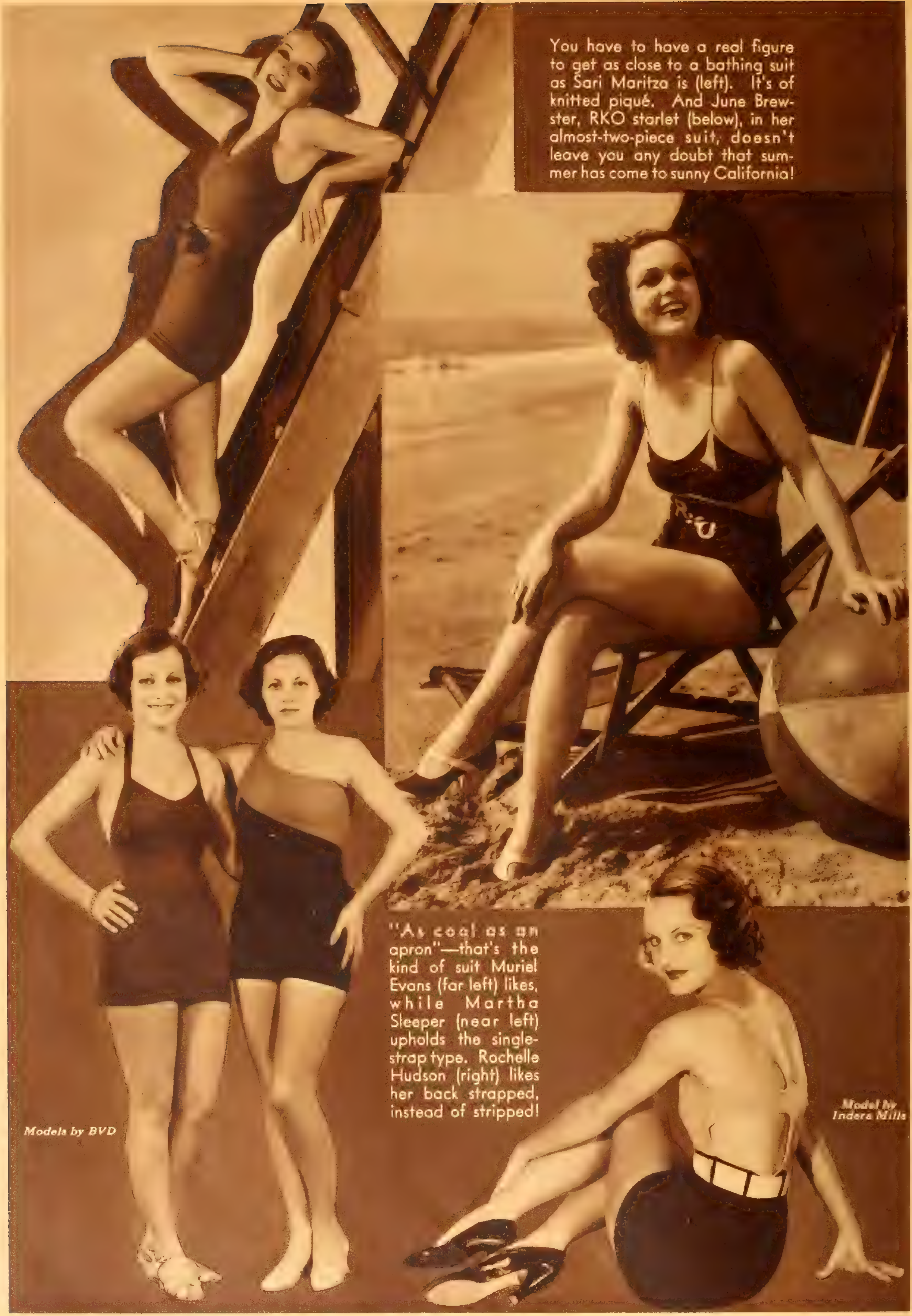
25¢

Listerine TOOTH PASTE

RICH IN LOOKS AND TALENT—FRANCES, DAUGHTER OF IRENE



What! Irene Rich has a daughter old enough to be a starlet? It may not seem possible—but here she is. And Frances shows promise. (One look tells you that!) It was just two years ago she finished college and went on the stage. Now the movies call her a "discovery." And you'll agree if you've seen her in "Zoo in Budapest," "Pilgrimage" and "Bondage"

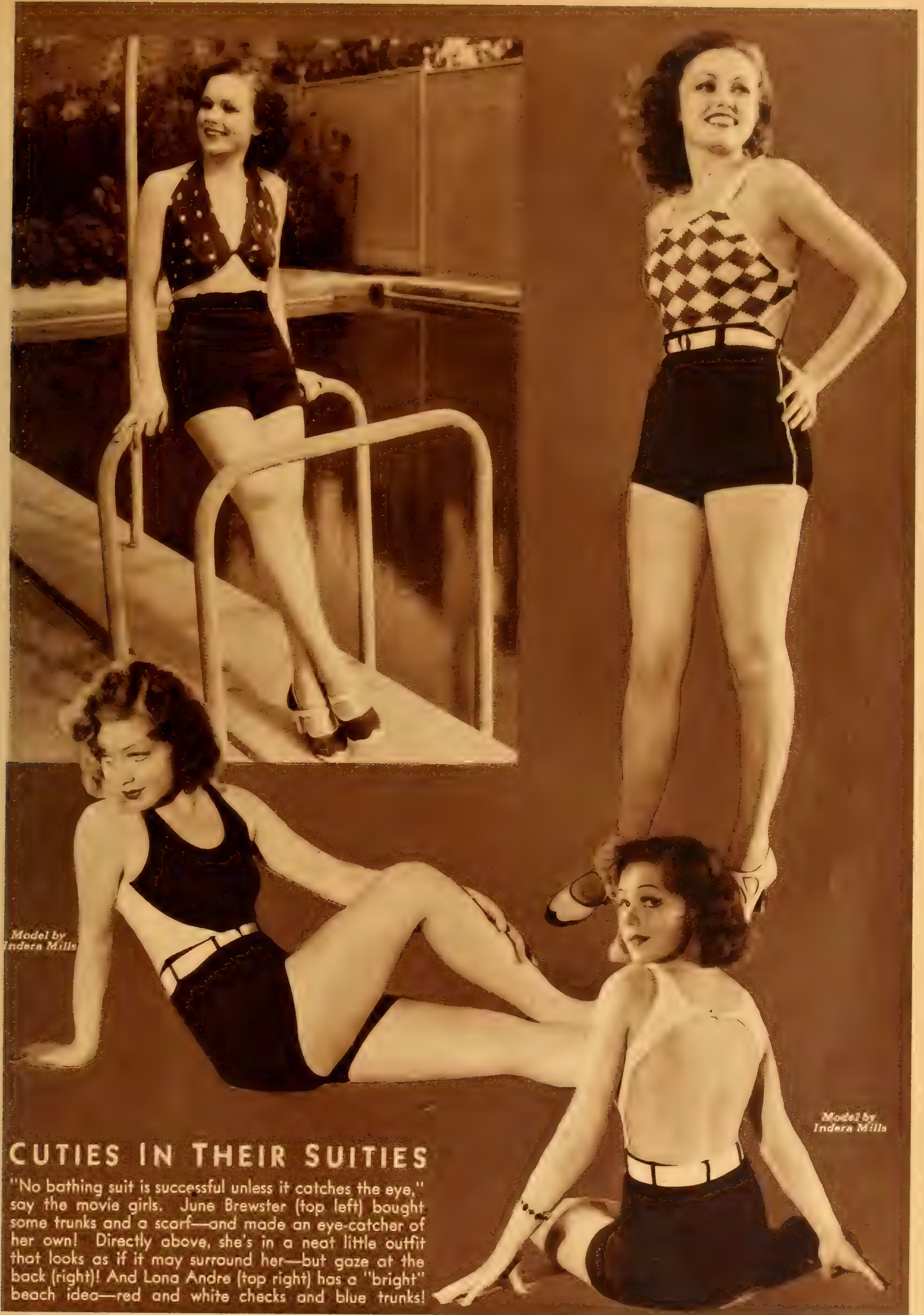


You have to have a real figure to get as close to a bathing suit as Sari Maritza is (left). It's of knitted piqué. And June Brewster, RKO starlet (below), in her almost-two-piece suit, doesn't leave you any doubt that summer has come to sunny California!

"As cool as an apron"—that's the kind of suit Muriel Evans (far left) likes, while Martha Sleeper (near left) upholds the single-strap type. Rochelle Hudson (right) likes her back strapped, instead of stripped!

Models by BVD

Model by Indera Mills



Model by
ndera Mills

Model by
Indera Mills

CUTIES IN THEIR SUITIES

"No bathing suit is successful unless it catches the eye," say the movie girls. June Brewster (top left) bought some trunks and a scarf—and made an eye-catcher of her own! Directly above, she's in a neat little outfit that looks as if it may surround her—but gaze at the back (right)! And Lona Andre (top right) has a "bright" beach idea—red and white checks and blue trunks!

MENACING MYRNA? NO, LOVABLE LOY!

It looks like goodbye to those villainess rôles for the lady who's known as Loy. The movies have finally discovered that Myrna is a beauty, that she can wear glamourous gowns, and that she doesn't have to be a siren to be loved! And Ramon Novarro found her so lovable as his heroine in "The Barbarian" that now you hear persistent romance rumors about the couple in real life!

THOSE TRACY BOYS—LEE AND SPENCER

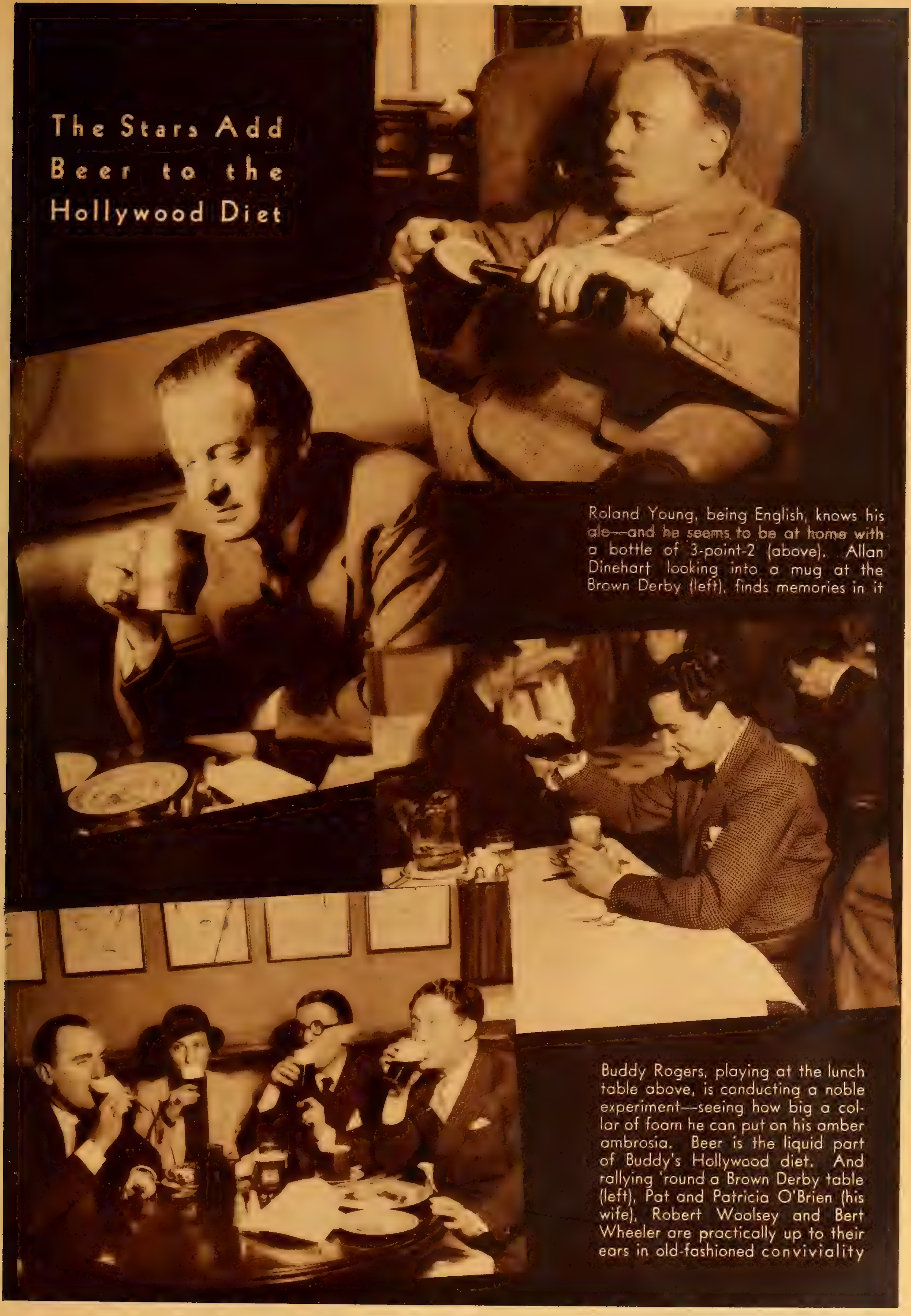
No, they didn't have the same parents. Lee, on the left, learned how to talk in Atlanta (but he never got that Southern drawl), while Spencer, like beer, is a native of Milwaukee. But they have things in common besides the name—things like wit, personality and big futures. Lee is an accident-lawyer in "Never Give a Sucker a Break," Spencer, a laborer in "The Power and the Glory"

"HERE'S TO YOU (AND 3-POINT-2)," SAYS HOLLYWOOD

That real beer has all Hollywood bending the elbow—even at home, like Robert Armstrong (top left). James Dunn and Frank McHugh (above) wash down lunch with lager

Quaffing—like laughing—is good for the health. At least, that's what Sally Eilers (lunching with a friend, above) has discovered since beer came back. Her doctor told her not to worry about gaining a pound or two. And Charles Farrell (right) is inviting your envy as he cools off—right in the sun—with iced 3-point-2

The Stars Add Beer to the Hollywood Diet



Roland Young, being English, knows his ale—and he seems to be at home with a bottle of 3-point-2 (above). Allan Dinehart looking into a mug at the Brown Derby (left), finds memories in it

Buddy Rogers, playing at the lunch table above, is conducting a noble experiment—seeing how big a collar of foam he can put on his amber ambrosia. Beer is the liquid part of Buddy's Hollywood diet. And rallying 'round a Brown Derby table (left), Pat and Patricia O'Brien (his wife), Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler are practically up to their ears in old-fashioned conviviality

THIS LITTLE GIRL NAMED EVANS IS CLOSE TO THOSE SCREEN HEAVENS

When she was a VERY little girl, Madge Evans was a star—and you can be sure she won't be satisfied till she touches the heights of stardom again. She isn't any playgirl; she's serious about this art of acting. And it looks as if she doesn't have far to go—when she's as much in demand at other studios as she is at her own, and featured with actors like James Cagney in "The Mayor of Hell" and his rival, Lee Tracy, in "Never Give a Sucker a Break"!

Open Letters to CLARK GABLE from his *Former Wife*

These letters are not an attempt on the part of Josephine Dillon to gain publicity. She doesn't need publicity—being one of the best-known dramatic coaches in America, with many famous clients. MOTION PICTURE wanted to hear her frank opinion of Clark Gable's performances on the screen to-day, not only because she was his first wife and shared his early struggles, but because, as someone who knows acting, what she has to say about his screen technique should be worth hearing. And it is!—Editor.

Don't miss these two open and very frank letters to Clark from Josephine Dillon, his first wife and dramatic coach. One is about his screen voice, and one about his acting to-day. Read them and see if you agree with her!

DEAR CLARK:

The other day, a very pretty woman remarked to me that you should never try to play the polished gentleman parts, only "the rough guy" things; for, although you could look the gentleman, you hadn't the voice.

So, as soon as I had time, I found the picture she had been discussing, and watched it to see why she had said that. I watched it carefully, through all those reels of silly story, beautiful photography, handsome people, and unconvincing dialogue; and as I watched, I thought many things.

Why is it that so many actors neglect voice quality in their characterizations? Is it because this pernicious Hollywood disease of "personality"—this constant presenting of SELF and personal habits and mannerisms—is emphasized to the extent of overshadowing the story? How long can an audience be enraptured by such presentations—how long will they pay hard-earned cash to see the same players substitute self in story after story? Could this account for the short-lived careers, the "turning and overturning wheel" of an endless succession of "personalities"—on their way up—on top—on their way down? Perhaps—

But I was writing to you about your voice.

Do you remember when we used to sit side by side on the piano bench and tune your voice—softening it and enriching the quality and making it flexible? How often we used to discuss quality then—the differing qualities that suited the different types of men!

What Every Actor Must Know

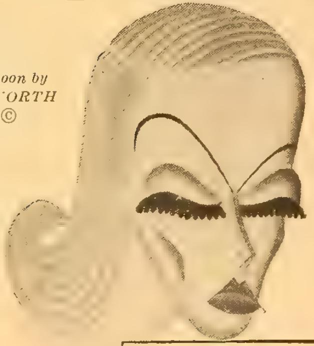
OF course, the screen actor to-day has to consider the "sound equipment," as well as his own voice machine, in his speech. Of course, also, there is a lot to know about the use of this machinery and its demands; and a lot to know about the words in the dialogue; and a lot to know about timing, and pauses, and emphasis; and a lot to know about vowels—whether one should say "cahn't" or "reely," or "bawth" or "ness'ry," or "eyether."

But, after all, those things are the acting equipment that any good performer is assumed to have, and you know all of those things. Those are workman's tools—art comes after all those things.

Don't you remember, during the days when we used to sit high up in the concert hall, listening to Rachmaninoff or Josef Hoffman, that they both played Beethoven correctly, but that they gave individual interpretations? And that when we went to the art galleries, we saw that both Frost and Vysekal could paint entirely different portraits from the same old-man model—even though they both reproduced his

(*Continued on page 82*)

Is Mae West Garbo's *Greatest Rival?*



Cartoon by HAWORTH ©

It looks as if Greta may have made a mistake in going abroad and staying so long—for while she was gone, America "went West." Mae broke the Garbo records as a box-office hit! And can Greta stop the rush to Mae now? It looks like a battle to the finish between them!

GRETA GARBO was warned. If she has returned to find herself a worried film queen, to find her throne threatened by the voluptuous and, curvy figure of Mae West, she cannot say that numerous advisers at M-G-M and elsewhere did not plead with her not to take a "vacation."

Irving Thalberg, production manager of the studio and husband of Norma Shearer, was one of them. No Mae West was looming on the horizon then; the greatest threat was Joan Crawford. But astute young Thalberg warned Greta that she might lose a large part of the vast following that had made her supreme over all rivals.

Greta wouldn't heed. "Ay tank ay go home," she reiterated.

Greta is now back. It is semi-officially denied that her return has anything to do with Mae West. But according to my information, she received a letter in Sweden from an important official of M-G-M. The letter told her that a new star had burst forth in the Hollywood firmament, and that unless she hurried back and, on arriving, made a "knockout" picture, she might be too late. There, immediately Greta sailed for California.

When Garbo, the moody and exotic, went away last July, she was queen of all she surveyed. Now, returning, she faces a battle for supremacy with the curvy and witty Mae West! And she has come back less thin and less aloof . . .

Mae West is one of those unexpected phenomena that are always occurring in the movies, but she is the most amazing one on record. Brought to Hollywood to bolster up the cast of George Raft's "Night After Night," and not considered dangerous to the sleek new male star's prestige in that picture, Mae unwittingly double-crossed her employers by stealing the show. However, she speedily repaid them, becoming, within a half-year, a veritable gold mine. Nor was any expensive ballyhoo required to make her the film industry's reigning queen (box-office money-getter). She did it, herself, before the producers realized what a "find" they had. As someone remarked facetiously, "They read about it in the papers."

Mae Had a Hunch

GARBO, herself, it will be remembered, was another of those agreeable surprises to producers; they had signed her grudgingly, as a favor to her countryman, the late director, Mauritz Stiller. It was only after the public displayed an unexpected interest in her (because she was "different") that the glamour and publicity experts set out to make her a box-office hit.

But it seems that Mae West, unlike either the film producers or Garbo, had a pretty shrewd notion of her own possibilities—not to mention a shrewd insight into audience psychology to-day.

"Yes, I thought my stuff would go in the movies," she said. "I know how to put over a show. I've had plenty of experience. Besides, I've had more national advertising than most people" (did she mean her employers?) "realize. Opening even the biggest Broadway show isn't national news—but when the police close one, it is!"

By

JAY

BRIEN

CHAPMAN

Mae reckons the value of the free publicity given her by police raids on her plays at about a million dollars, and says the days she once spent in jail on Welfare Island—ten of them, for being author and star of "Sex"—were "about the most profitable days of my life!" She doesn't mean in terms of repentance, or isn't even referring to the acts she sketched out for her next sex-play while languishing in the bastille; she refers to the publicity given her.

To-day, if there is a figure in the film industry more startling than Mae's own billowy, undulating one, it is that of the first month's gross receipts of "She Done Him Wrong." Here are a few illuminating facts and numbers:

What Makes Mae Dangerous?

[illegible] Mae West's personality—or merely a chance [illegible] scored by her first starring picture, "She Done Him Wrong"—that has made the breezy, curvy star Garbo's most dangerous rival?

[illegible] Mae's personality, and judging by these critical "raves" [illegible]

[illegible] situation and every scene."

"[illegible] Gilbert Roland, Noah Beery, David Landau and Owen Moore are never anything more than background. Miss West gets all the lens gravy."

[illegible] skims the surface of its deeper intent; whatever she [illegible]

"[illegible] with the world's most persuasive hips. Eyes, mouth, voice announce that Miss West has traveled; her nimble hips toss that final fillip [illegible] former, good to the last undulation."

[illegible]

Cartoon by HOFFMAN

How She Outdid Garbo

MAE WEST'S average weekly "take" at the box-offices of what are called, for estimating purposes, the "key" theatres of the United States, was $10,100.

Greta Garbo's average "take" in the same "key" localities of the nation, with her greatest success, "Anna Christie" (in which she talked on the screen for the first time) was $12,800.

And not considering the recent "bank holiday," movie theatre business was forty-two per cent lower during the run of "She Done Him Wrong" than in that

(Continued on page 76)

What Will Happen to MOVIE STARS' *Big Salaries?*

Believe it or not, but money is getting scarce in Hollywood. Expenses must be cut—and salaries readjusted. Some stars may be overpaid now, and some may be underpaid—but it looks as if they'll all have the same salary before long. And it won't be so high! Here's the whole story!

By GREGORY JOYCE

SALARIES in Hollywood are a jumble. Everybody is either overpaid or underpaid. It's a crazy system. While the rest of the country is getting all set to feel the effects of inflation, most stars—no matter what they are paid—are expecting their salaries to be *deflated*. For the wolf is at the door of more than one studio, with bankruptcy papers in its jaws. And studios are letting big contracts lapse, cutting down budgets, easing up on production, even thinking of closing. They want time to meditate over the terrible state of affairs.

How did it all start? And how will it end? When will the situation be straightened out so that everybody will be cheerful and happy, and Hollywood folk can live carefree lives again?

What a mess! Nobody seems to be satisfied, and everybody seems to be blaming it on the irregular way that film pay is divided, with some stars receiving exorbitant salaries, and others apparently not getting half of what they deserve for their lustrous personalities and their services.

You've heard a lot about Jimmy Cagney's two salary squabbles with Warner Brothers. They're history. Jimmy was getting something like $450 a week (and that used to be "small change" in Hollywood) when he kicked up the first of his two famous rumpuses. He felt that his salary did not match his drawing power. And he was right about it, for Jimmy was up and coming.

So he finally succeeded in raising his little emolument to $1450, where it reposed for a while. But all about Jimmy's ears dinned the clink of thousands of dollars paid stars like William Powell and Ruth Chatterton, who did not seem to be clicking as sensationally as he was.

Ruth Chatterton was to receive $375,000 over a period of two years, and Powell had a contract for approximately $8,000 a week for forty weeks, which was soon to be raised to $9,000 and over. Cagney was getting about one-seventh of that amount. So, after due debate, he broke the shackles in earnest, went to New York, threatened to give up the films entirely in favor of the medical profession, and in every other way initiated a first-class rebellion.

Cagney's Up There Now

IT might have turned out to be a stalemate, because the Warner Brothers were very obdurate about increasing their star's pay under siege. However, there was a technicality involved, and the matter was brought before the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for arbitration. It was

They get salaries that people talk about: left to right (beginning on opposite page), James Cagney, who isn't "kicking" now; John Gilbert, whose big contract was signed in silent days; Marie Dressler, the biggest "draw" at her studio, but not the highest paid; George Raft, who recently "struck" for a raise; Edmund Lowe, who gets $5,000 a week from any studio; Ann Harding, who rates $200,000 a picture; Clark Gable, whose salary battles are over; and Wallace Beery, who has worked twenty years to get his salary Up There

International

Wide World

Wall Street (top) is the money bag of Hollywood (directly above)—and Wall Street is frowning on big salaries, demanding economy. Remember when Constance Bennett (left center) briefly received $30,000 a week?

announced that Cagney would go back to work at $1,750 a week—just a nominal increase over his $1,450 and one called for by the terms of the agreement, anyway. But what a laugh that was! It might have been his salary for a few weeks on returning, but folks who know say it is closer to $3,000 now.

This famous Cagney case may be history, but it's typical. There are a dozen other examples of stars drawing salaries that do not appear commensurate with their value—that is, if any of the high salaries paid in the movies are right. Others are notoriously overpaid, because they happened to sign at the peak of their popularity—and before the depression came along. Producers and bankers have gone almost insane, trying to arrive at some sort of ideal balance. But the longer the condition continues, the more complicated it seems to become.

When salaries were cut fifty per cent for eight weeks after the late bank holiday, havoc was raised. Perplexing and intricate problems arose that required many different solutions. Some stars were being paid weekly for fifty-two weeks a year. Others were paid for forty weeks. A few even had thirty-week contracts. Some stars were paid by the picture. Others received bonuses, according to the merit of their work. Still another group shared in a percentage of the profits from their pictures.

The Academy grappled with the problem, and finally cut the Gordian knot by regarding every contract as if it were for forty weeks. Special rulings were made for stars who were paid by the picture. Other special rulings were handed down for those who received bonuses. Still another set of laws had to be laid down for those who worked for companies either enduring or threatened with bankruptcy, and involving the hazard of the suspension of all contracts.

Nobody knows at just what level salaries will stay in the future, but it looks gloomy for the big money-makers. Few, if any, are ever likely to rise to those famous sums paid Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith during their golden days

(*Continued on page 68*)

Are Movie Stars

They obey some of the oddest impulses and do some of the weirdest things—but maybe it all proves they're only human. Hollywood can't decide! Can you?

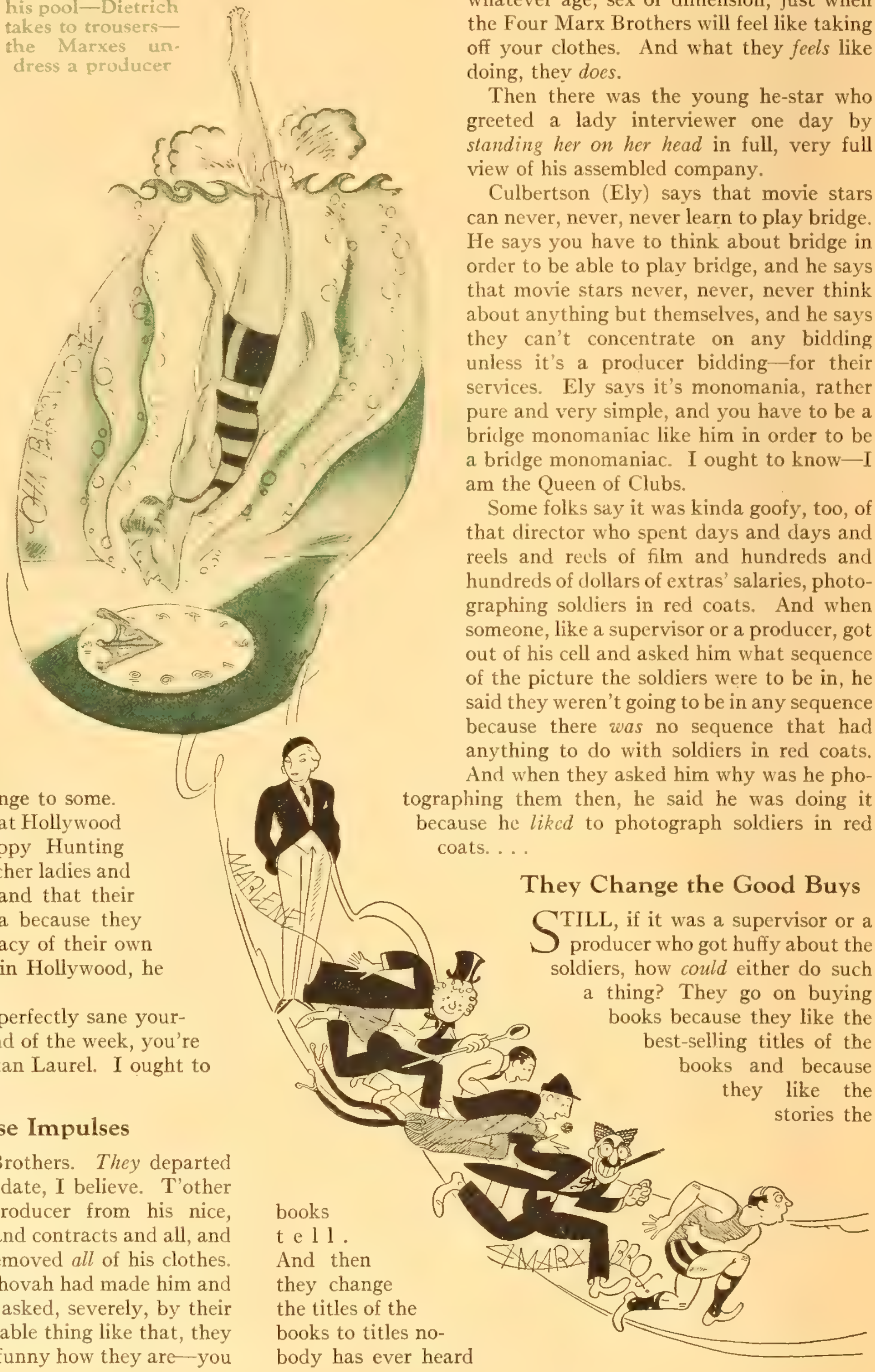
"TELL me," she cried, bashing her head against a padded cell, "IS it cuh-razy or is it not—I mean, for John of the Barrymores to have a sun-dial installed at the bottom of his swimming pool so that, in the act of diving, he can tell the time if he has a mind to?" John says that if one wants to know the time, one may want to know it while at the bottom of the swimming pool. And why not? *I* don't know why not. How should I? I live in Hollywood, myself!

Or all this about curved ladies turning into tailor-made men before your very eyes, so that the only way you can tell Marlene Dietrich from Josef von Sternberg, at a distance, is that Von has a mustache. . . .

Or Clara Bow's *white rat* being air-mailed to meet her boat when it docked in New York. The White Rat told me—but I'm more blurry than usual to-day. I can't seem to remember just what it was the White Rat did say to me, as he hopped aboard the 'plane to meet Clara in New York. I seem to remember, though, that he said he would much rat-her remain in California. And that might seem strange to some.

A famous psychiatrist once told me that Hollywood is the psychiatrist's heaven, his Happy Hunting Ground. He said that all the moom pitcher ladies and gentlemen have exhibition complexes and that their exhibition complexes amount to mania because they never moult 'em—not even in the privacy of their own homes. There's no place like a home in Hollywood, he whispered to me.

It's like entering an insane asylum, perfectly sane yourself. You stay for a week and at the end of the week, you're Napoleon—as Charlie Chaplin is, or Stan Laurel. I ought to know because *I* am Josephine!


John Barrymore has a sun dial in his pool—Dietrich takes to trousers—the Marxes undress a producer

The Marxes Obey Those Impulses

THEN there are the Four Marx Brothers. *They* departed from the norm at some pre-natal date, I believe. T'other day, they dragged a big, famous producer from his nice, business-like office with its dictaphone and contracts and all, and they took him into an alleyway and removed *all* of his clothes. They then left him standing there as Jehovah had made him and scuttled away, the four of 'em. When asked, severely, by their keepers, why they had done an inexplicable thing like that, they said that they had just felt like it. It's funny how they are—you never can tell, no matter who you are, of whatever age, sex or dimension, just when the Four Marx Brothers will feel like taking off your clothes. And what they *feels* like doing, they *does*.

Then there was the young he-star who greeted a lady interviewer one day by *standing her on her head* in full, very full view of his assembled company.

Culbertson (Ely) says that movie stars can never, never, never learn to play bridge. He says you have to think about bridge in order to be able to play bridge, and he says that movie stars never, never, never think about anything but themselves, and he says they can't concentrate on any bidding unless it's a producer bidding—for their services. Ely says it's monomania, rather pure and very simple, and you have to be a bridge monomaniac like him in order to be a bridge monomaniac. I ought to know—I am the Queen of Clubs.

Some folks say it was kinda goofy, too, of that director who spent days and days and reels and reels of film and hundreds and hundreds of dollars of extras' salaries, photographing soldiers in red coats. And when someone, like a supervisor or a producer, got out of his cell and asked him what sequence of the picture the soldiers were to be in, he said they weren't going to be in any sequence because there *was* no sequence that had anything to do with soldiers in red coats. And when they asked him why was he photographing them then, he said he was doing it because he *liked* to photograph soldiers in red coats. . . .

They Change the Good Buys

STILL, if it was a supervisor or a producer who got huffy about the soldiers, how *could* either do such a thing? They go on buying books because they like the best-selling titles of the books and because they like the stories the books tell. And then they change the titles of the books to titles nobody has ever heard

Cub-razy?

By GLADYS HALL

Who Lives in Hollywood, Herself

of and they have a scenariomaniac write entirely new stories. Does that sound sensible?

If I were Karen Morley, I'd wonder a bit about Lionel Barrymore, too, going right sound asleep in the very act of kissing her and having to be prodded awake. . . .

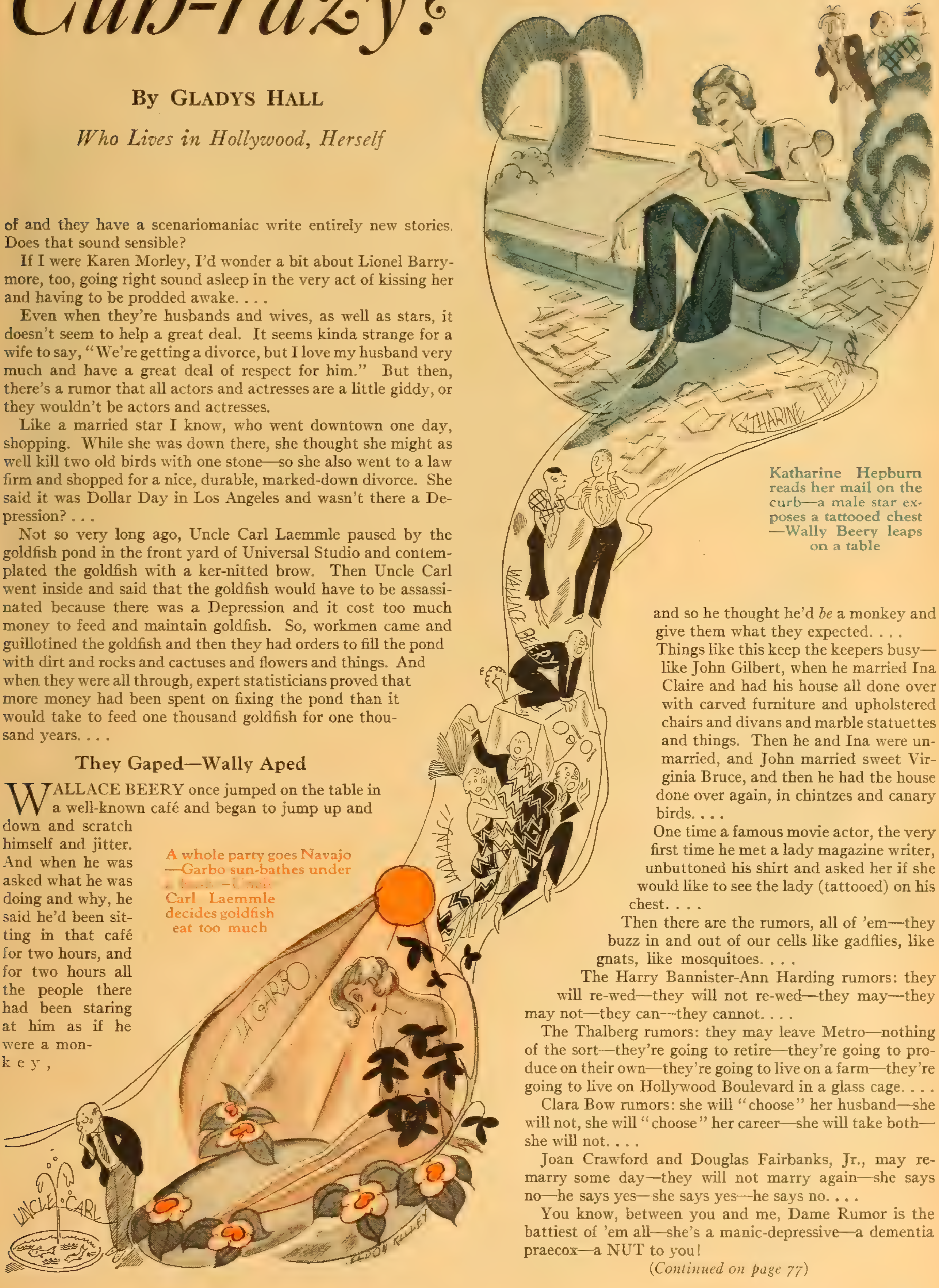
Even when they're husbands and wives, as well as stars, it doesn't seem to help a great deal. It seems kinda strange for a wife to say, "We're getting a divorce, but I love my husband very much and have a great deal of respect for him." But then, there's a rumor that all actors and actresses are a little giddy, or they wouldn't be actors and actresses.

Like a married star I know, who went downtown one day, shopping. While she was down there, she thought she might as well kill two old birds with one stone—so she also went to a law firm and shopped for a nice, durable, marked-down divorce. She said it was Dollar Day in Los Angeles and wasn't there a Depression? . . .

Not so very long ago, Uncle Carl Laemmle paused by the goldfish pond in the front yard of Universal Studio and contemplated the goldfish with a ker-nitted brow. Then Uncle Carl went inside and said that the goldfish would have to be assassinated because there was a Depression and it cost too much money to feed and maintain goldfish. So, workmen came and guillotined the goldfish and then they had orders to fill the pond with dirt and rocks and cactuses and flowers and things. And when they were all through, expert statisticians proved that more money had been spent on fixing the pond than it would take to feed one thousand goldfish for one thousand years. . . .

They Gaped—Wally Aped

WALLACE BEERY once jumped on the table in a well-known café and began to jump up and down and scratch himself and jitter. And when he was asked what he was doing and why, he said he'd been sitting in that café for two hours, and for two hours all the people there had been staring at him as if he were a monkey, and so he thought he'd *be* a monkey and give them what they expected. . . .



Katharine Hepburn reads her mail on the curb—a male star exposes a tattooed chest—Wally Beery leaps on a table

A whole party goes Navajo—Garbo sun-bathes under a bush—Uncle Carl Laemmle decides goldfish eat too much

Things like this keep the keepers busy—like John Gilbert, when he married Ina Claire and had his house all done over with carved furniture and upholstered chairs and divans and marble statuettes and things. Then he and Ina were unmarried, and John married sweet Virginia Bruce, and then he had the house done over again, in chintzes and canary birds. . . .

One time a famous movie actor, the very first time he met a lady magazine writer, unbuttoned his shirt and asked her if she would like to see the lady (tattooed) on his chest. . . .

Then there are the rumors, all of 'em—they buzz in and out of our cells like gadflies, like gnats, like mosquitoes. . . .

The Harry Bannister-Ann Harding rumors: they will re-wed—they will not re-wed—they may—they may not—they can—they cannot. . . .

The Thalberg rumors: they may leave Metro—nothing of the sort—they're going to retire—they're going to produce on their own—they're going to live on a farm—they're going to live on Hollywood Boulevard in a glass cage. . . .

Clara Bow rumors: she will "choose" her husband—she will not, she will "choose" her career—she will take both—she will not. . . .

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., may remarry some day—they will not marry again—she says no—he says yes—she says yes—he says no. . . .

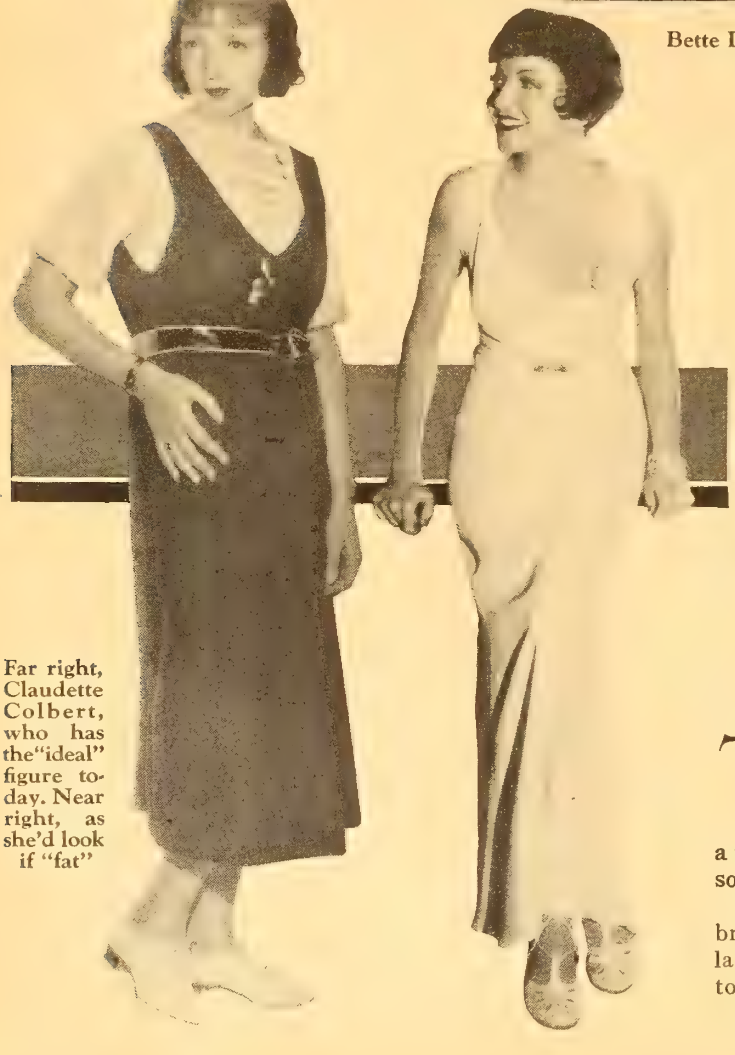
You know, between you and me, Dame Rumor is the battiest of 'em all—she's a manic-depressive—a dementia praecox—a NUT to you!

(Continued on page 77)

Curves! Hollywood Wants Them—*and So Will You!*

Fryer

Bette Davis (above) has the smallest waist in Hollywood—21 inches—and maybe dressmakers don't wish she'd gain!



Far right, Claudette Colbert, who has the "ideal" figure today. Near right, as she'd look if "fat"

Those "boyish" lines are OUT, and a new deal in figures is IN. They must be rounded, they must be "alluring," and must have "Mmmmmmm!" So all the movie girls—from Clara Bow to Connie Bennett—are on the gain, putting on new glamour. Are YOU?

By RUTH TILDESLEY

THE advent of beer, the influence of Mae West, and the newest creations of the dress designers all seem directed toward increasing the avoirdupois—and curviness—of beauty on the screen. There's a new deal in feminine film figures. And as Hollywood goes, so goes the world, according to the fashion experts.

Constance Bennett came home from Europe with five brand-new pounds. Clara Bow's waist measure is one inch larger since her trip abroad, and Ann Dvorak no longer needs to wear padding to get that alluring effect.

Chorus girls of 1933 are ten pounds heavier than they were

Clara Bow (below), who started the "It" business, has always been a big favorite—and still is—because of her curviness

Autrey

Lilian Harvey (above) doesn't believe in diets. She eats what she wants—and retains her "Mmmmmmm" by dancing! (Not to mention tight-rope walking!)

three years ago—or at any rate, it's the plumper damsels who are getting work. That starved look is OUT and dangerous curves are IN.

When I first met Greta Nissen, during the "boyish"-girl vogue, she was struggling with the eighteen-day diet. Now her maid sits on the set with a candy bar, so that Greta can nibble a weight-builder between scenes.

Girls, according to Jack Oakie, must have "Mmmmmmm!" in order to be popular these days. And what is "Mmmmmmm"? (Accent on the second syllable.) Why, it's "IT" with the bones covered!

I don't know what Connie and Clara found in their glasses Over There, but Ann's stein frankly contained beer.

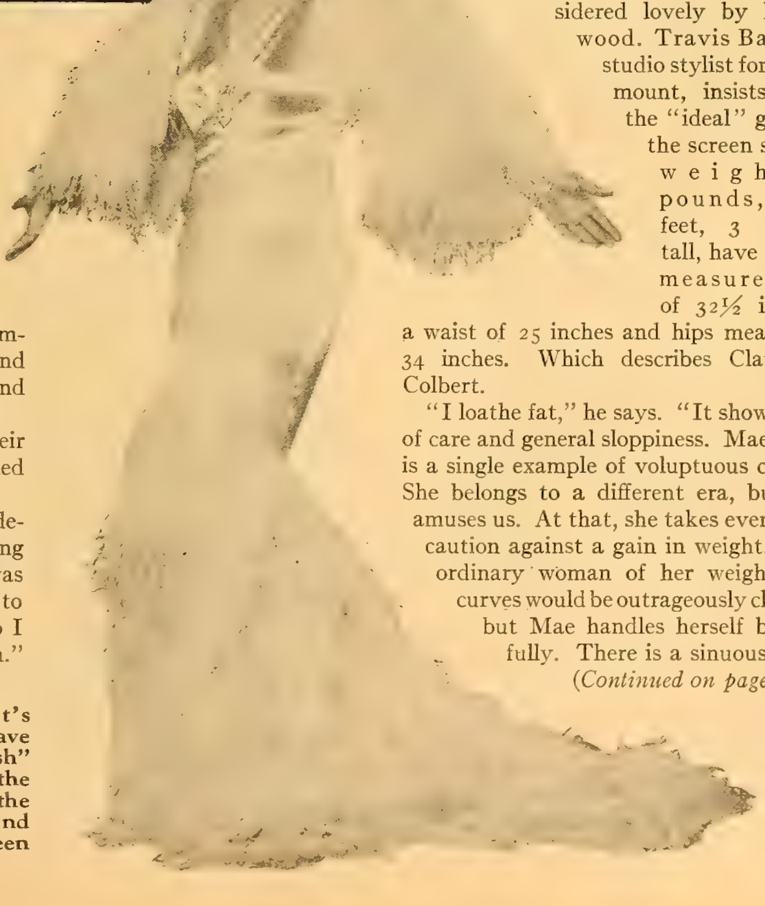
"And I didn't gain a single pound on it!" she declares. "It's like certain kinds of food—it's fattening only if you take too much. Where *I* got my curves was exercising on the boat deck coming home. I hate to wear pads and I was determined not to do it, so I worked out regular exercises and I'm still doing 'em."

There's a revolution on against the once-popular "washboard silhouette." The girls are craving that "upholstered" look again. They're convinced that they won't break any scales if they add a few pounds in the right places—and might break a few box-office records (as Mae West has).

But the beautiful American woman of 1933, as seen by thirty-two thousand beauty shop owners, is seven pounds overweight and two inches too tall to be considered lovely by Hollywood. Travis Banton, studio stylist for Paramount, insists that the "ideal" girl for the screen should weigh 109 pounds, be 5 feet, 3 inches tall, have a bust measurement of 32½ inches, a waist of 25 inches and hips measuring 34 inches. Which describes Claudette Colbert.

"I loathe fat," he says. "It shows lack of care and general sloppiness. Mae West is a single example of voluptuous curves. She belongs to a different era, but she amuses us. At that, she takes every precaution against a gain in weight. The ordinary woman of her weight and curves would be outrageously clumsy, but Mae handles herself beautifully. There is a sinuous qual-

(*Continued on page 66*)



Mae West's curves have put "boyish" figures in the shade on the screen—and off the screen

COAST FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

English

PICNIC? It looks like a magazine, not a meal, that's claiming the attention of Brian Aherne and Marlene Dietrich. But they had "as much fun as a picnic" on location for "The Song of Songs." Marlene lost her moodiness with the Broadway actor as her hero!

THE rumor that one famous couple are about to part persists, in spite of their new daughter and their new house and their new denials. Who believes denials since Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., informed newspapermen that he and Joan Crawford would never be parted—and Joan denied any divorce plans? We were willing to wager that five-dollar gold piece we've been hoarding that *they* wouldn't be getting a divorce. For only a few days before Joan filed her divorce petition we heard her say over the telephone to Doug: "Hullo, darling . . . Oh, no, dearest, it's tomorrow night we have our date . . . Oh, I'm so sorry darling, but I'm going out tonight . . . No, no, it isn't a Big Date—just a dinner . . . Yes, I'll be home early . . . No, darling, don't you stay home just because I can't go with you . . . Well, that's sweet of you to say so, darling . . . 'Bye, sweet." A writer said he'd resign from Crawford Fan Clubs after Joan refused to give him the first story. That's Hollywood!

LIKE Garbo, Marlene Dietrich plotted a secret departure from Hollywood in taking a holiday abroad. But Marlene had a good reason. She wanted to forestall any more kidnap threats against her daughter, Maria—threats that have made her jittery for more than a year. And what are her future plans? Marlene isn't telling! But it's almost a certainty that she will be back after a visit of several weeks with her husband, Rudolph Sieber. No one knows, however, which studio will give the "welcome back" party. If she still wants to be directed by Josef von Sternberg, it probably won't be the studio they once battled with. . .

Brian Aherne, Marlene's leading man in "The Song of Songs," has pulled Katharine Hepburn's stunt. Katharine, you remember, banned all ballyhoo about herself until she saw the reaction to her first picture. Brian did the same—despite the fact that he was long the leading man of Katharine Cornell, queen of the American stage, and knows his acting!

IT will no doubt be a relief to those people who object to what other people wear to hear that the trousers-for-women fad is on the wane. Hollywood shops report a sharp drop in the market for suits *à la* Dietrich. "I also hate pants," she is quoted as confiding recently, "but I had to do something!"

BLESSED Events are becoming so common in Hollywood that most natives display only pleasant interest when a star welcomes the stork these days. But the town displayed real happiness when an eight-pound daughter—named Elizabeth—was recently born to Robert Montgomery and his wife, the former Elizabeth Allen. For the newcomer may lighten the tragedy that they suffered just before Christmas, 1931, when their little fourteen-months-old daughter, Martha, died of a throat infection. . . . Mrs. Hal Wallis (Louise Fazenda to you) is the proud mother of a son . . . Lawrence Tibbett (who'll be back in Hollywood one of these days) is expecting a new heir . . . And Sidney Fox (Mrs. Charles Beahan) is getting baby showers.

A Little Stranger will arrive in the Crosby household in June—to be a future playmate for the daughter of Nick Stuart and Sue Carol, closest pals of Bing and his wife, Dixie Lee. What would a child be named, with parents called "Bing" and "Dixie"?

Fraker

In "Cocktail Hour," Bebe Daniels plays a daring creature who goes abroad for excitement. In real life, Bebe has gone over for a concert tour!

of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

WHEN John Gilbert and M-G-M shook hands and parted, he and his wife, Virginia Bruce, boarded a ship for Central America "for a rest." They ended up in New York, where Virginia's doctor has his practice and where their child will probably be born this summer. And even if John is—temporarily—an ex-movie star, he's still news to the city editors. The reporters descended upon him and learned (1) that he has no plans, but is considering both stage and screen offers; (2) that he has "no complaint against his former bosses, the studios, or anybody else"; (3) that he blames his "so-called decline, if you care to put it that way," on the "terribly unfortunate rôle" he had in his first talkie; and (4) that he doesn't feel "passé," has his health, vigor and (he hopes) his talent, and "something's bound to break." While in New York, he intends to see "a few plays." And among them may be "Biography," the hit starring Ina Claire, the third Mrs. Gilbert.

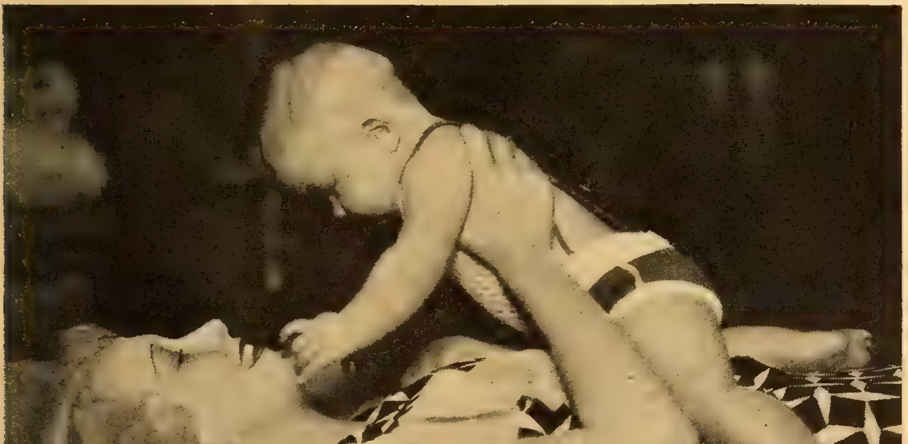
Not so long after movie fame came to him, Johnny Weissmuller was divorced —and was put "back in circulation." But soon after movie fame came to that other champion swimmer, Buster (né Clarence) Crabbe, Buster took himself "out of circulation" by eloping with Adah Virginia Held, twenty-year-old Beverly Hills débutante. Write your own comment!

ANN DVORAK seems to have suffered nothing from her runaway year. She will be starred in her first picture for Warner Brothers, who held the truant's job open. Fifty per cent salary cuts were still in effect—and her once-disputed salary was hit. But Ann seemed delighted to be back, and rushed about the lot, greeting all the executives, stars, cameramen, publicity men, electricians and scene-shifters. She insists that she and Leslie Fenton are as much in love as ever.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, whose inseparable companion at Hollywood parties has been Jack Oakie, turned her blue eyes on Jack La Rue the other day. "That man," opined Peggy, "has more sex-appeal than any other man in the movies!" And maybe she's right. Mae West had him for her leading man in "Diamond Lil," stage version!

HOW did Gary Cooper and Lilian Harvey become Such Pals? By betting which had the faster car! The race is on, and so is the romance!

Speaking of overhead—and who isn't, these days?—how do you like Lilian Bond's portable sun umbrella? She has been using it at Pasadena since finishing "When Strangers Marry."



Helen Twelvetrees played with one M'sieur Bay-bee in "A Bedtime Story"—but now, before she starts "Disgraced," she's playing with her own, Jack Woody, Jr. And Helen must be a good mama. Just gaze upon his chubby physique!

GARY, by the way, has had his troubles with that car. He has had to change its color from yellow to black because people had a habit of autographing it. How would you like to find "Millie Doakes, March 14, 1933" scribbled on your polished hood?

But the annoyance isn't always in owning a car. Often it's just as tough to be a pedestrian. As witness Will Rogers, when asked what he considered man's greatest hazard. "Well," drawled Will, "I reckon a safety zone in downtown Los Angeles would be about it."

Will's answers to questions are getting to be an institution. He was looking over the elephants on the "Zoo in Budapest" set when someone came up with one of those dumb queries as to how he liked them. Will pondered for a time. Then: "Well, I feel about elephants like I do about women. I like to look at 'em, but I hate to feed 'em." He ought to be good as the country doctor in "The Last Adam"!

Coburn

Those "Diplomaniacs," Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler, are now ambassadors-at-large—they're on a world tour

HOLLYWOOD can't keep away from the subject of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford very long at a time—and neither can we. Last month, in an exclusive story, we gave you Doug's plans for re-wooing Joan—and it's up to us to report his progress. Before "the end," he dined and danced with Joan on at least three occasions. Upon at least two others they had dinner *tête-à-tête* at her Brentwood home. (Joan, by the way, helped him to move to his present abode in Hollywood.) How many times they talked together over the telephone, it is impossible to estimate. Also, it is difficult to say what amount of competition Doug had from Franchot Tone, who likewise was dining and dancing with Joan.

Was Helen Hayes mad? She and her husband, Charles MacArthur, had no more than arrived abroad for a nice, long rest than she was summoned right back to start "Another Language." Charlie remained in the South of France, to get some writing done, while Helen sailed back. And in New York she confided to reporters that in Hollywood she goes around saying, "Me, Helen Hayes, me comédienne, me very funny"—but never gets a comedy rôle.

ACCORDING to report, Marie Dressler told friends that she was going to play in "Dinner at Eight," doctor's orders or no doctor's orders. And she's in it. But her friends now hint that after she does "Tug Boat Annie," with Wallace Beery, she may retire.

SPEAKING of Wallace Beery reminds us that he is now a lieutenant commander in the air corps of the Naval Reserve. That's how much the "hell divers" think of Wally, not only as an actor, but as a flier!

Ray Jones

A girl used to say, "Love me, love my dog." Genevieve Tobin, of "Goodbye Again," makes it four times stronger!

Fryer

Joe E. ("Elmer the Great") Brown also heard that rumor that he's buying a Pacific Coast ball team. And is he happy?

MAYBE you imagined that four Marxes were about all that one town—even Hollywood—could handle at one time. But a fifth Marx has appeared on the scene. He's the almost mythical member of the famous fraternity—Gummo—who used to say that the wholesale dress business was saner than movies. He's learning what it's all about, and will "manage" his brothers.

THE off-screen dramas of the month have been courtroom dramas. Eleanor Boardman starred in one, suing King Vidor for divorce and winning a decree, a $400,000 property settlement, and $500 a month for the support of their two children . . . But the famous director turned right around and starred in one, himself, asking the judge to reopen the case and have Eleanor bear half of the children's upkeep. . . . Estelle Taylor starred in another, supported by Sue Carol, exhibiting a scalp scar she alleged was received in an accident while riding in the car of Frank Joyce, actors' agent. She asked for $150,000; she received $20,000 . . . Colleen Moore was ordered to pay $12,000 as the result of another accident . . . Mae Madison also lost—$600 . . . Zasu Pitts got her final decree of divorce from Tom Gallery . . . Director Sidney Franklin sued his wife for his freedom.

Last Fall, Charlie Chaplin won the first round in his legal battles with his former wife, Lita Grey Chaplin, over the futures of their two small sons. He prevented them from becoming movie actors without his consent (which wasn't forthcoming). But Lita has just won the second round. Charlie lost his fight to have a say in the investments made for them with his money.

IT looks as if Connie Bennett meant it when she said that she was retiring when her contract expired (in June, 1934) and would live with her Marquis in the South of France. For when they were abroad, she may not have bought any *chapeaux*, but she did buy a *chateau!* After all, one can't "buy American" when it's a *chateau* one is shopping for!

Dyar

It's a new, grown-up Colleen Moore you'll be seeing in "The Power and the Glory." More power to her, and glory!

WILSON MIZNER is dead. Noted as an author and wit, Mizner wrote screen plays for years and his death is deeply mourned by his numerous film friends, one of whom gave him an epitaph of which any man could be proud: "The gods were in need of a laugh. So they called Bill upstairs." It was Mizner who, when his brother was reported fatally ill, wired, "Stop dying. I'm trying to write a story for Joe E. Brown." Mizner's colorful life (from the Yukon to the Brown Derby) is being dramatized for a William Powell film.

If you don't think Franchot Tone is being built up to Gable proportions, just glance over his recent assignments. While Gable is to do "Black Orange Blossoms" with Jean Harlow, Tone has the male lead in another tempestuous drama, "Lady of the Night." And now he is to play opposite Miriam Hopkins in "Stranger's Return"—in the rôle once scheduled for Gable!

HOLLYWOOD has been getting a laugh from the latest tale about James Cagney. Whether true or not, it's a good story. Jimmy took some pals down to Long Beach to see a regatta (so the yarn goes). And Jimmy—the lad nobody can put anything over on in the movies—was sold some tickets by a speculator at a sweet price. And the tickets were fakes!

C. S. Bull

Once screen-famous, now stage-famous, Alice Brady has brought her wit to the talkies for "When Ladies Meet"

DO you know what Charles Farrell is doing while waiting for that "good rôle" to show up? Along with Guinn Williams, he's breaking in polo ponies and selling them for fancy sums!

BARBARA BENNETT, wife of Morton Downey, decided to pay a visit to her sisters, Joan and Connie, and her father, Richard—especially as her singing hubby had engagements on the Coast. Just out of the hospital, she thought California's climate might help her, too. She left her new baby in New York with her mother, Adelaide Morrison (the first Mrs. Bennett). The baby developed bronchitis. Barbara took a 'plane home . . .

HOLLYWOOD sees one of those "famous short stories" in the fact that soon after Janet Gaynor married Lydell Peck, the former Oakland lawyer became an associate studio executive—and soon after Janet divorced him, his studio office was vacated. . . . Marian Nixon and Fox have also parted company. . . . And Lew Ayres and Universal; also, Tala Birell and Universal. . . . And Frances Dee and Paramount. . . . And Wera Engels and RKO. . . .

Coburn

Helen Mack's wire-haired terrier is going places, if he isn't held back. And the same can be said of Helen, who is probably the screen's youngest character actress. Remember her in "Sweepings"? She's now in "Melody Cruise"

HOLLYWOOD, which showed excessive curiosity (like a herd of fans) when George Bernard Shaw, the Irish dramatist, dropped into town, is still "burned up" over the "shot" at the movies that he took in New York. He said (talking to America): "The real thing with which you are corrupting the world is the anarchism of Hollywood. There you put a string of heroes in front of people and all of them are anarchists, and the one answer to anything annoying or to any breach of the law or to any expression which he considers unmanly, is to give the other person a sock in the jaw. I wonder you don't prosecute the people who produce these continual strings of gentlemen who, when they are not kissing the heroine, are socking the jaw of somebody else. It is a criminal offense to sock a person in the jaw. When will we see a film issuing from Hollywood in which the hero, instead of socking the gentleman in the jaw, does the civilized thing and calls a policeman?"

DIANA WYNYARD, who is beyond a doubt the most notable actress "find" that Hollywood has made in the past year, has gone back to England to fulfill a stage contract. (She'll return to California in the Fall.) Sailing from New York, which she had entered as a comparative unknown in January, 1931, she found herself a celebrity—with interviewers around her, three deep. She confessed that she felt she was lucky, and she revealed how she achieved the illusion of age. She told the *New York Times*, "I had lead weights made for my shoes, fitted to the shapes of my soles. That

(*Continued on page 88*)

Hollywood is back on full salary again. But it didn't get back on without some fireworks. Employees of one studio threatened a strike, when it looked as if they would get full pay a week later than expected. Conrad Nagel, president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, resigned after a dispute over his efforts to straighten out the tangle.

"Swimming Robs Girls of *Sex-Appeal!*"

America's best-known swimmer (of all people) claims that girl athletes lose their femininity, have overdeveloped muscles, and "sun-baked" skins—and that men don't like them!

Says JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

"There is not a single woman athlete whose Body Beautiful can compare with Joan Crawford's, Lupe Velez' or Carole Lombard's," says Johnny

Don't go near the water, Daughter,
Don't go near the sea;
Take a tip from me—
A girl is a sight, and looks a fright . . .
The moment she gets her bathing suit wet!

THIS new variation of the old rhyme expresses Johnny Weissmuller's sentiments, exactly. And himself, as the Irish say, a living example to all of the glorious benefits from swimming! It didn't sound right, and at first I wasn't sure I had heard correctly when Johnny said, "If a girl wants to lose every bit of sex-appeal, the surest way to do it is to develop into a lady athlete!"

It was a hot day, and those were stern words. Johnny, clad in white flannels and a sweater, had yawned, stretched himself thoroughly and then sprawled into a napping position on the divan in the publicity office of M-G-M, which is about to star him in "Tarzan and His Mate." Fearful lest he should snooze off before I could get the subject of our interview before him (it was supposed to be a little essay on "Why Women Should Swim for Beauty"), I said, loudly: "What is it about athletics that makes a girl more attractive?"

Johnny opened one eye and regarded me quizzically from it. "Absolutely," he said, "NOTHING!"

"But that isn't the idea!" I protested, attempting to salvage the story angle. "What about The Body Beautiful—and that sort of thing?"

It was then that he made that crack about the sex-appeal.

"Don't get me wrong," he continued. "There is nothing more attractive on a pretty woman than a good-looking bathing suit. I'm all for the good old summertime and the gay, gay bathing suit parade—but the girls should remember not to get them wet!

Claims Most Men Will Agree

"I KNOW this is going to get me in Dutch with all the gal athletes—but this is my story and I have a hunch that most men, including the he-men from the Great Outdoors, will agree with me.

"Any form of athletics for very young girls—say, those under seventeen—is the finest thing in the world. It strengthens the muscles, gives contour to the immature body, builds up resistance and strength. More than that, it lays a basis of health which is important to all beautiful women. But past the sixteen or seventeen-year-old mark girls should take their athletics very gently!

"Most of the real benefit of exercise has been derived by that time. Beyond a certain point that 'build-up' process usually turns into shoulder muscles. And shoulder muscles and enlarged thighs," opined Mr. Weissmuller, "are very, very unattractive—at least to me. If there is anything more

(*Continued on page 90*)

"Swim, If You Want *Charm* and *Grace!*"

Eleanor, who's an Olympic champion, herself, proves in person that it can be done. She has answers for every one of Johnny's arguments—and denies most men agree with him!

Retorts ELEANOR HOLM

"SO? Athletic girls aren't attractive?" giggled Miss Eleanor Holm, who is not only a star athlete, but a budding movie star. "So they are 'strong-armed'—and don't know how to wear clothes—and no man really likes them because they are boyish!"

The girl who carried off one of the Olympic Games swimming medals for 1933 had been thumbing through the pages of Johnny Weissmuller's indictment against Athletic Femininity, in which he charged that there is no such thing as a lady athlete with sex-appeal. Having mentally digested it to the finish, she carefully stuck the bitter pages behind a sugar bowl in the Warner Brothers' commissary and did an extraordinary thing. She chuckled—and then she winked!

"Now, is that nice of Johnny?"

If ever I saw a living refutation of all Johnny's good arguments, it was Eleanor Holm that day. Lady Champ though she might be, her figure was as delicate and svelte as Carole Lombard's (Johnny's particular favorite Form Beautiful). Her dark, healthy-looking hair was cut short, it was true, but not so short that it prohibited the skilled attention of the beauty parlor experts. Her eyes were the same slanting, clear blue of Gloria Swanson's. Her skin was only slightly tan, and far from "sun-baked." In fact, one look at Eleanor's *tout ensemble* was all that anyone needed to realize why Warner Brothers had snatched her right out of the swimming pool, given her a screen test, and handed her a long-term contract.

Johnny made Eleanor an exception to his remarks about girl athletes in general. She says: "I do not consider myself an exception in any way"

Exclusive portrait by Russell Ball

Calls Clinging Vines Outdated

"I HARDLY know how to go about 'answering' Johnny because—well, his arguments seem so *antiquated*. The old-fashioned definition of sex-appeal—meaning a clinging vine, helpless type of girl—seems so outdated! Perhaps, it isn't to Johnny; but I can't believe that the *average* man shares his view.

"I think the girl who is most truly attractive to the modern man is the healthy, peppy girl who can keep him interested all around the clock. I mean the girl who can do the things he wants to do—golf with him, swim with him, play tennis with him, laugh with him. A girl who is attractive to a man *at all*

(*Continued on page 89*)

"Gold-Diggers of 1933"

—*Seen Through Hollywood's Eyes*

Are you wondering if this is a 1933 version of "The Gold-Diggers of Broadway" or something entirely new? This "inside story" tells you! It gives you a hint of the story, reveals how it was filmed, and points out the drama that went on behind the scenes!

By JACK GRANT

This is the seventh of a series of "inside stories" about outstanding new pictures. They tell you what Hollywood knows about the pictures. Like Hollywood, you are aware of the drama that has gone on behind the scenes, and you realize what painstaking attention has been given to tiny details. When you see "The Gold-Diggers of 1933," after getting this "preview" of it, your enjoyment will be keener—and your appreciation of all motion picture entertainment will be heightened.—*Editor.*

WHEN "42nd Street," previously reported in this series, became one of the biggest successes of the year, Warner Brothers decided to produce another musical of the same lavish proportions. Searching the field for story material, they recalled that "Gold-Diggers of Broadway" had, in the early days of talking pictures, scored a similar popular hit. What, then, could be more showmanly than to make a second "Gold-Diggers" — a "Gold-Diggers of 1933"?

In looking for a plot to fit the title, someone had a bright hunch. The studio owned all rights to Avery Hopwood's play from which the first "Gold-Diggers" had been adapted. Comparison of the original stage play and the earlier film script brought to light how little resemblance they bore to one another. The adaptation had been so liberal that a close adherence to the Hopwood plot would result in practically a new screen story. Eureka! It was done forthwith!—with Erwin Gelsey and James Seymour assigned to the job and instructed to work fast.

The task of picking a cast was simplified by the choice of many of the players who had been acclaimed in "42nd Street." Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell were again teamed as the romantic leads. Ginger Rogers, a standout in "42nd Street," was given another "hard-boiled" chorus girl rôle; Ned Sparks, a producer; Guy Kibbee, a Broadway "gold-mine" and Clarence Nordstrom, a broken-down juvenile. With the addition of three featured leads—Joan Blondell, Warren William and Aline MacMahon—the cast was virtually completed.

Director by Request

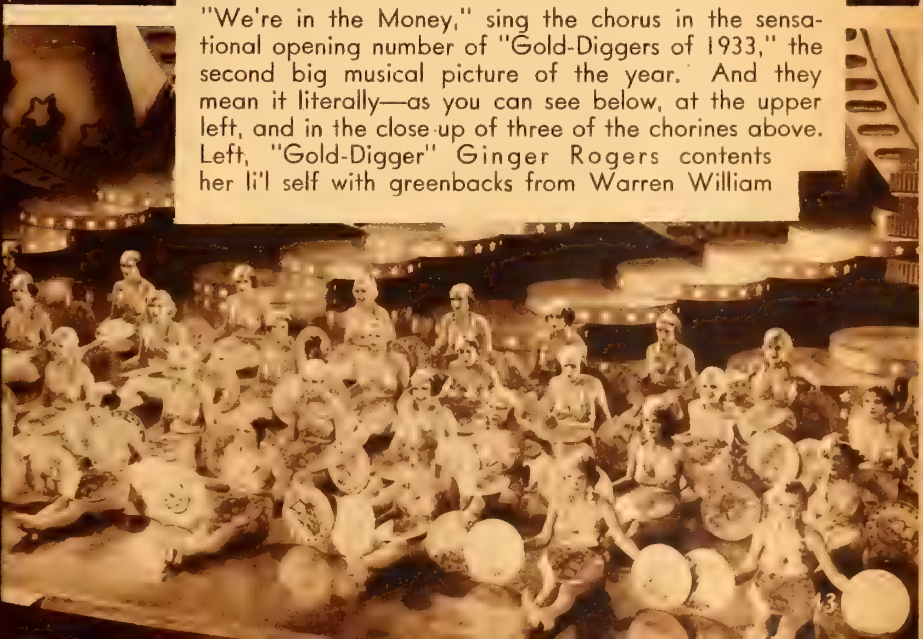
MERVYN LEROY'S assignment as director came at his own request. He had been booked to do "42nd Street," but his illness in a hospital at the time it went into production necessitated a last-minute switch and Lloyd Bacon was substituted. When "Gold-Diggers" came along, "Merv" was the

(*Continued on page 62*)

Memories saddened Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon and Ruby Keeler (above), playing jobless chorus girls. Right, Art Director Anton Grot, Director Mervyn Le Roy and Dance Director Busby Berkeley plot out dance numbers on a miniature stage, while a couple of chorines listen in

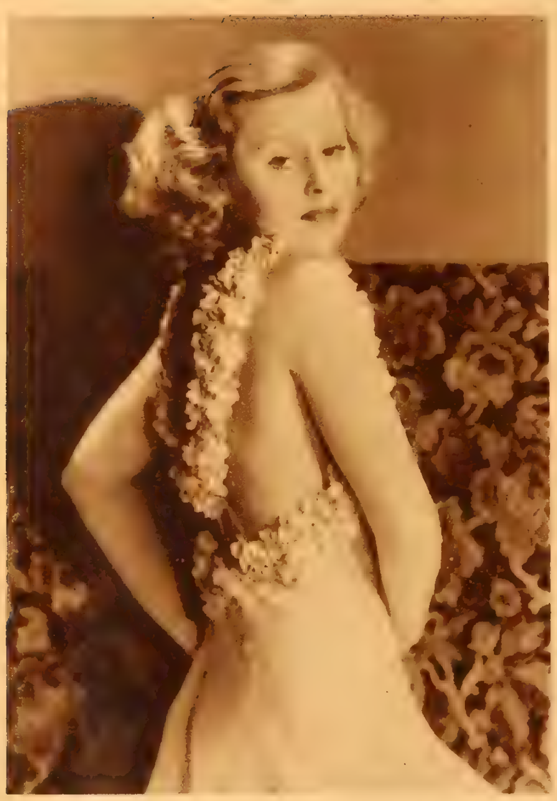
THEY'RE IN THE MONEY

"We're in the Money," sing the chorus in the sensational opening number of "Gold-Diggers of 1933," the second big musical picture of the year. And they mean it literally—as you can see below, at the upper left, and in the close-up of three of the chorines above. Left, "Gold-Digger" Ginger Rogers contents her li'l self with greenbacks from Warren William



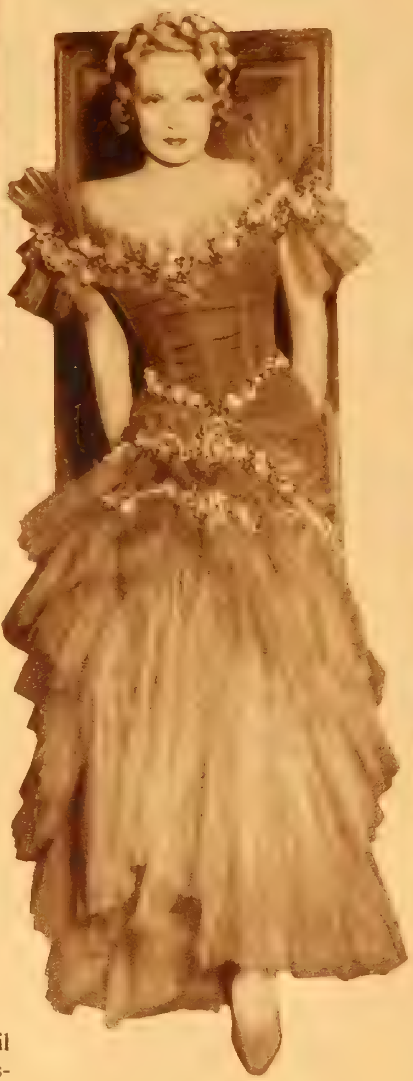
CLOTHES GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

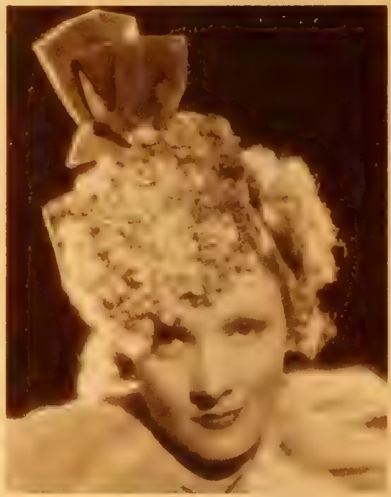
BY Marilyn



Who's Wearing *What* and *How* Is Revealed in MOTION PICTURE'S Advance Fashion Tips from the New Pictures

The flower-trimmed gown (above) is worn by Lilian Harvey in "My Lips Betray." · Marlene Dietrich (right) wears this gown and hat in "The Song of Songs." Fashion has gone "flowery"!





DRESSES that look like flower gardens . . . hats that look like beds of packed pansies or violets . . . shoulder straps as abundantly flowered as the *leis* of the South Sea Islands . . . these are Hollywood's fashion motifs for midsummer. Flowers, flowers, everywhere! On skirts, on bodices, on hats large or small. Handbags made of artificial violets . . . summer muffs made of artificial flowers . . . even a corner of Milady's handkerchief decorated with a small flat cluster of milliners' flowers . . . all these only prove how insistently Hollywood studio designers have gone to flower gardens for the inspiration back of the new screen clothes.

Such adjectives as *sleek, smooth* and *tailored* have been temporarily shelved (at least until Autumn). Bows and flowers and ruffles—all stressing femininity—are holding the center of the screen fashion spotlight.

Even Marlene Dietrich, of trouser fame, succumbs to bunches and clusters and bouquets of flowers in her rôle of the love enchantress in "The Song of Songs." Strictly speaking, the picture is in "costume" period, yet we have the word of *Travis Banton* that a certain evening gown worn by Marlene and a certain flower-decked hat could hold their own in the newest of fashion parades. Even the perky tilt of Marlene's hat cannot rob it of its old-fashioned Girl-In-A-Garden theme. Almost cap-like in shape and size, it is made of a solid pack of purple and orchid violets, with a towering purple velvet ribbon protruding from the back.

An even farther cry from "trousers" is her dance-frock of orchid tulle and purple violets. Note in particular the frilly-flowered shoulder treatment of this gown; also the "belt" of violets and pansies that loops down even onto the tulle skirt. It is an idea for your own summer wardrobe that just can't be ignored. Marlene wears this gown for one of the warmest love scenes of the picture, in which she completely captivates Brian Aherne. Considering how very few gentlemen can resist Ladies In Flowers, it is a mystery how they (the flowers) have managed to stay "out" so long. (How many years has it been?)

In the garden of her Beverly Hills home, Heather Angel is wearing the most adorable white flowered chiffon summer gown with gay poppy design. June Clyde (left) is in a rubber bathing suit and a saucy rubber beach hat that protects her waves from the breezes

Here's the tricky little flowered hat with its matching summer muff (left) which you will see adorning Sari Maritza in "International House." Lona Andre (above) couldn't resist the temptation of a flowered hat and got herself this pert and tiny one in gray, trimmed with red flowers

Sari Maritza (you'll be seeing her in "International House") proves that flowers do not need to be confined exclusively to summer nights. They can also go tea-ing or garden-partying. With a pale blue organdie summer frock, Sari introduces Hollywood's newest novelty—"The Summer Muff." It is a tiny affair of gray velvet violets, worn with a turban of blue, bordered with the same flowered trimming. This is the most irresistible combination of the season and, what's more, we hear that "summer muffs" will very shortly make their appearance in the smartest shops. Step up, *Mr. Designer Banton* and take a bow on the most popular novelty to come out of Hollywood since *Adrian* created the "Letty Lynton" sleeve for Joan Crawford.

Lilian Harvey, in "My Lips Betray," in which she co-stars with John Boles at Fox, finds another distinctive use of the flower-trim in *shoulder straps* over a coral organdie dinner frock. Starting at the back-girdle, the pale, pink primroses (milliners' flowers) encircle Lilian's slim shoulders and fall as gracefully as a *lei* across the décolleté back. An adorable style, especially with an "all-over" sun-tan!

Lona Andre, who is appearing in "College Humor," is another Hollywood beauty who has gone in for flowers in a big way. She has a little hat, the red flowers of which border a tiny crown of gray with a gray satin ribbon bow perched on top. Lona likes to wear it with her gay-colored summer dresses of flowered prints.

Naturally, Hollywood is not forgetting an old favorite stand-by—the summer gown of flowered chiffon print. Heather Angel manages to look very gardenish, indeed, in her summer frock of California poppies against a white background in the Fox picture, "Pilgrimage." If you would go Hollywood in your midsummer styles this year, you just must wear FLOWERS!

From several fashionable quarters we have heard complaints against the Hollywood hats this season. 'Tis said that they are behind the present mode, which is featuring the fez-turban, the brimmed sport hat and the straight-on-the-head angle. Hollywood's critics point out that the studio designers are still "going in for" the perky side-hat, which dips at an angle over one eye. All this is true—but it must be borne in mind that Hollywood hats are necessarily designed for the *camera*, as well as for distinctiveness.

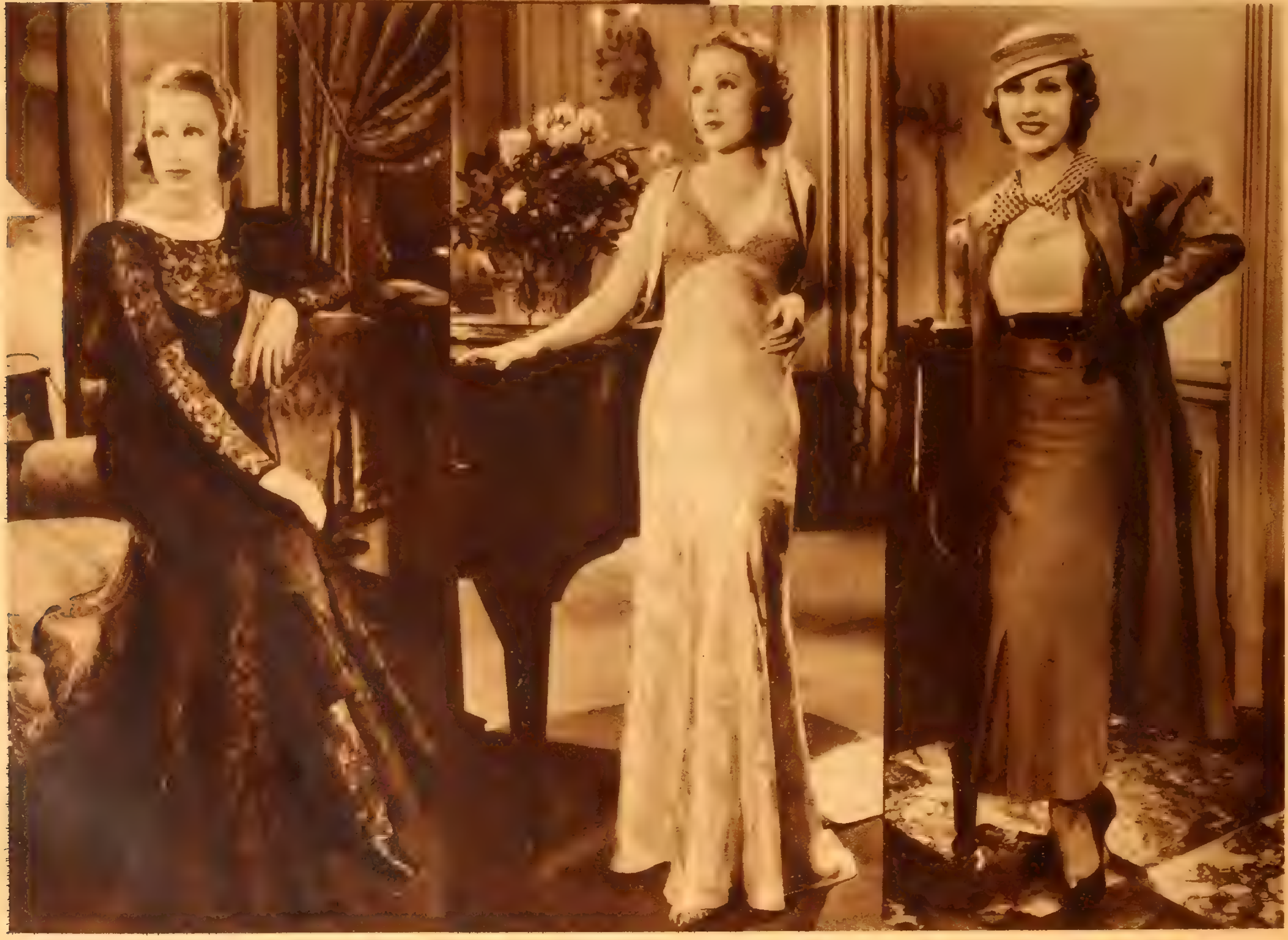
Why Stars Wear Small Hats

NO hat, no matter how Parisian, would possibly be acceptable to a director, or cameraman, if its angle covered the face of the star and made photography difficult! The little side-cap-hat, though it may not be as up-to-the-minute as many of the fashion styles they are featuring in the smart shops, is nevertheless, particularly adaptable to the full-view-of-the-face that is imperative for the camera. This is the main reason why you so seldom glimpse a Hollywood star wearing a large, brimmed hat before the camera—smart though such *chapeaux* may be!

Speaking of hats, June Clyde introduces a cute little Hollywood novelty—*The Bathing Suit Hat.* No, it is not a protective cap; at least, it is not designed to protect June's blonde hair from the water. It does, however, offer protection against beach breezes while June is sitting around in her cute bathing suit before and after the swim. Made of "crinkled rubber" (the same material as the suit), it combines the colors of orange and white. And, oh yes, that is a rubber *flower* that so perkily trims the shoulder of June's bathing costume.

Heather Angel offers another neat angle on midsummer fashions with, and in, her smart riding suit from a scene in "Pilgrimage." The

Ginger Rogers is wearing her "cocktail dress" from "Gold-Diggers" at the extreme left and, at the near left, you see Ginger in the sports costume with the suède jacket. Below, Fay Wray is smartly attired in three of the costumes she wears for her rôle in "Ann Carver's Profession"

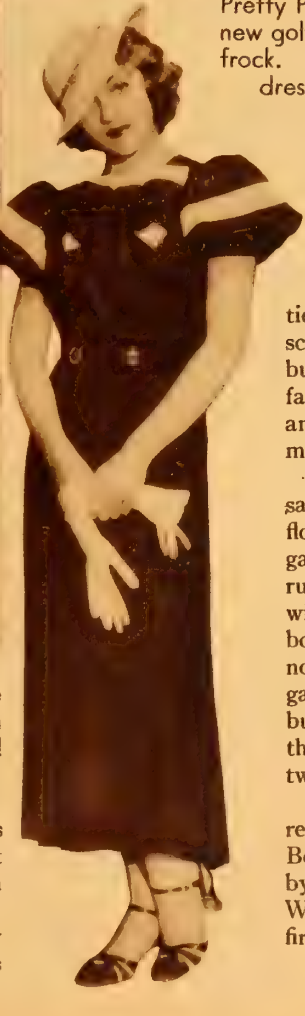


costume of brown boots, green breeches worn with a green "man's shirt," and a bright yellow tie is tailored to the point of severity. The color combination and the practicality are the highlights of this cantering costume.

Three of the cutest "all-around" summer costumes I have seen this month are worn by Patricia Ellis, a new and very pretty girl from Broadway who plays opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Narrow Corner." The popular Pat has a flair for wearing clothes that makes her the most dangerous candidate among newcomers for "best-dressed woman" honors. She doesn't exactly look like Constance Bennett, but she reminds you of her. She wears the kind of clothes of conservative good taste, but excellent style, that have been, in the past, almost exclusive with Connie.

Pretty Patricia Ellis (above) shows you her new golf outfit and white organdie dance frock. Left, Pat is arrayed in the street dress from "The Narrow Corner"

Heather Angel does her cantering gracefully in a scene for "Pilgrimage" in this riding habit with the very mannish shirt and tie. But the color combination is feminine!



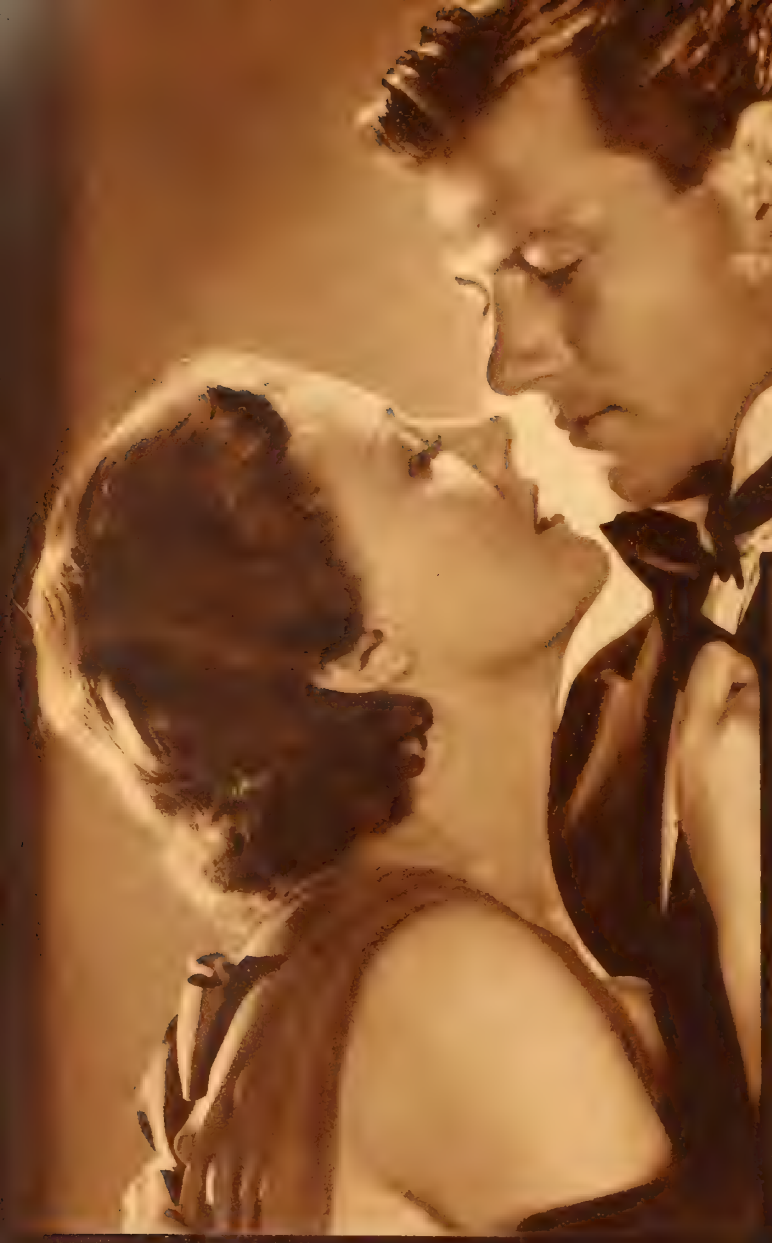
Note Pat's very cute golfing outfit. The skirt is yellow flannel, the shirt is neutral silk, and the suède jacket is orange. Both the jacket and the shirt are worn comfortably loose at the throat and, just to be different, the little Ellis dispenses with the conventional tie. Pat may make the lowest scores on the course in this outfit, but it most certainly scores high in fashion points. It's cute, colorful and comfortable—and what more can midsummer demand?

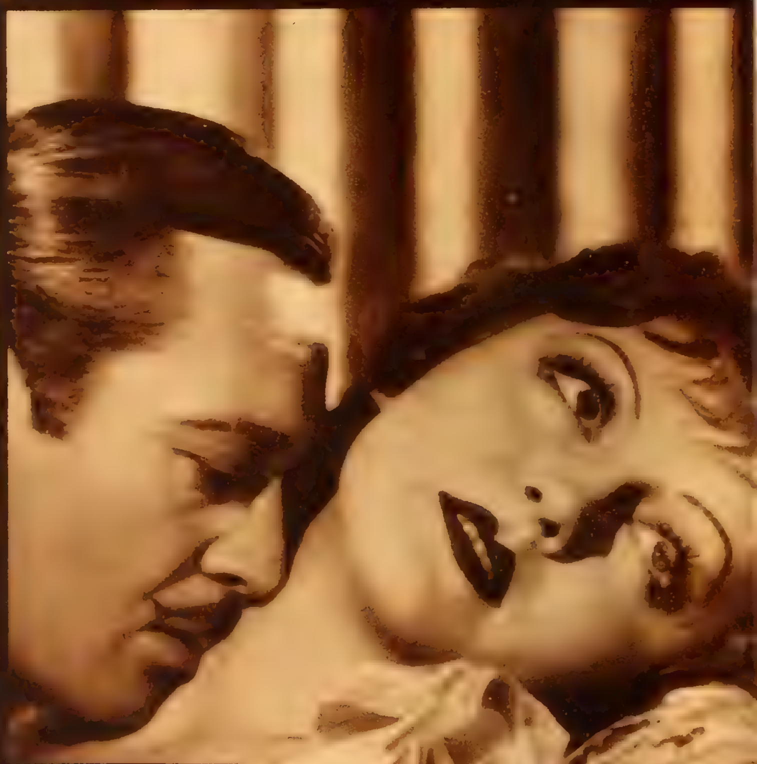
Though Pat's dance frock from the same picture is bare of the popular flower trim, it almost makes up its garden effect in its abundance of ruffles. The dress is white organdie with an enormous white organdie bow right under the chin. Another noteworthy detail is the wide organdie belt with its organdie-covered buckle. It's a pretty little frock for those on the the sunny side of twenty.

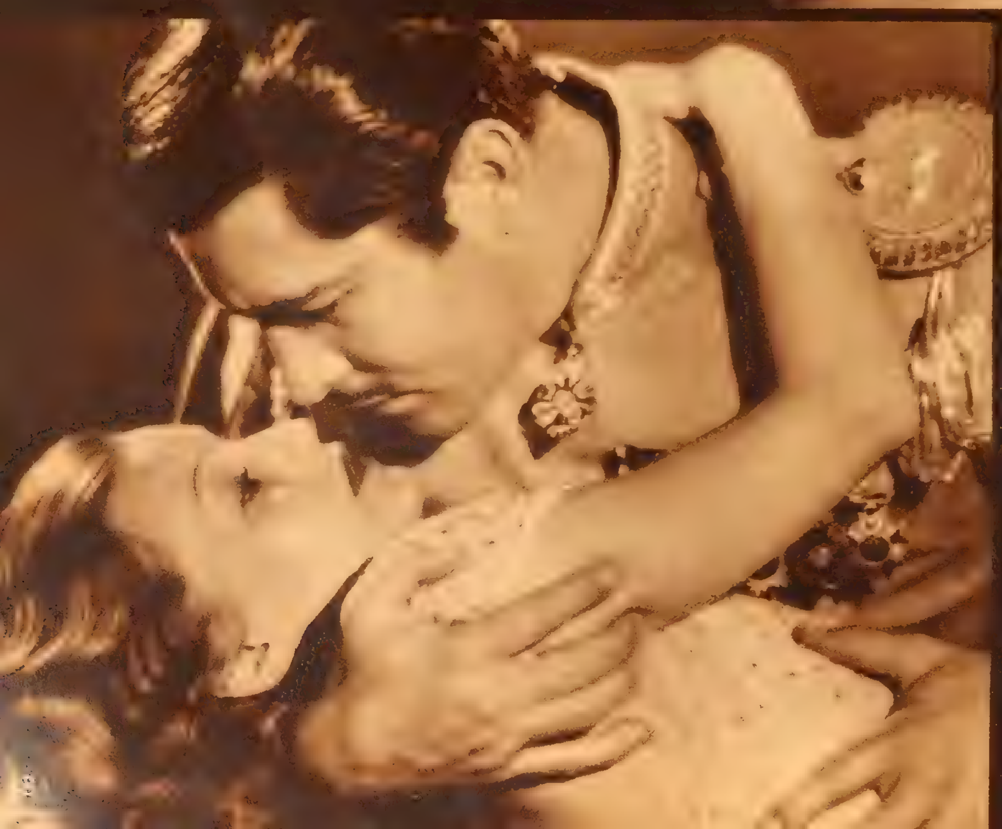
But the gown that is particularly reminiscent of the stylish Miss Bennett is the street costume worn by Pat in "The Narrow Corner." When she wore it on the set for the first time, Doug, Jr., exclaimed:

(*Continued on page* 71)

LOVE ISN'T NEW—BUT THESE LOVE TEAMS ARE!







The fashions in screen love may not change—but the faces do. The latest couple to do a bit of amorous lip-reading, for instance, are Irene Dunne and Joel McCrea (top left) in "The Silver Cord." And the twosome who seem to be expressing the moody kind of romance right now are Edmund Lowe and Nancy Carroll (above) in "I Love That Man." While love of the tempestuous order is being delivered at your favorite theatre by Lilian Harvey and John Boles (left) in "My Lips Betray." And which do YOU prefer?

YOU and George Raft Had Better Watch JACK LARUE!

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Some say that Jack La Rue looks like George Raft. You've seen him in similar rôles without knowing his name. But you'll know who he is, all right, after seeing him in the rôle that Raft refused—and after reading this story, which reveals his past, his possibilities and his ambitions!

YOU have seen Jack La Rue in seventeen gangster pictures this last year. You always knew his strange, rather tragic face. You never knew his name. But you are going to know it from now on!

You have seen him in small parts—"bits"—in a dozen other pictures. Only in five was his name printed in the cast. You have heard him say short lines like "Stick 'em up!" or "Get out of here, you rat!" or "Okay, buddie!" He earned sixty-five dollars a day for those few minutes on the screen and those few words. But such parts seldom required his services for more than a single day apiece.

On those lucky days he cashed his pay-check immediately. A third of it, he kept to pay his room rent and buy his meals. The other two-thirds, he turned into a money order, mailed to an unfashionable address in Brooklyn, New York.

He has been around for a good many years. At fifteen, he played "bits" in the early pictures, which were made in the East. Since then he has been on Broadway. Some years he had leads, some years he played small parts. Some years he didn't play at all. Twenty months ago he came to Hollywood. He got a good part almost at once in "While Paris Sleeps." After that—nothing. Now he has a contract with Paramount—and a name. A name not only in listings of casts, but in electric lights! A name that's going to be important before the year is out!

"It isn't a very good stage name," he says. "It sounds like old-fashioned stock company. I wanted to go by my own name, 'Lo Bue.' I'm Italian, you know—born on Third Avenue. Palermo, my folks came from."

He has the Broadway actor's trick of patting a woman's hand and calling her "Honey" and "Dear" and "Darling," and he tells you immediately, with an undercurrent of anxiety, "I hope for so much from this contract. I want to get ahead. I *must* get ahead."

Took Rôle Raft Refused

HE has just played the rôle that George Raft turned down in "The Story of Temple Drake"—the rôle of the brutal, sinister gunman, *Trigger*. And he is the gangster, *Sammy*, in "Identity Unknown." Next you will see him as George Raft's brother in "The Trumpet Blows."

"People say we look alike," he comments, "but I don't think so. The same complexion maybe. But it was George's success in 'Scarface' that gave me a break in similar rôles—small ones."

Once—ten years ago—Valentino was searching for an Italian actor to play his brother. Several answered a call for tests. Jack was among them. Rudie passed by the others and stopped before La Rue. "I think you'll do. We don't look unlike. How about it, Natacha?"

"As soon as I saw her eyes go from him to me, I knew I would not get the part," Jack says. "I was two inches taller than Rudie. I tried to crouch down, but it was no use. 'Hm,' she said, as cold as ice. 'No, I don't think you are the type!' Her word was law with Rudie then. I went away. I've often wondered what my life would have been, if Natacha Rambova had not shaken her head that day. But it wasn't meant."

He believes, simply and unashamedly, that things are "meant" to be or "not meant to be." But his fatalism was not born of futility.

"God knows best," he says. "He knows why I need success—to take care of my family: my mother and father and five sisters. There have been times when I had to have money for them, and no work in sight anywhere. I've prayed and a part would come." (In a studio cafeteria such confession of faith sounds strange and touching.)

"My people try not to write me about their worries at home. They know that I will send them what I can. But the first of last December there was a payment of four hundred to

(*Continued on page 86*)

Leslie Howard is intellectual, idealistic, a bit boyish and shy—an unusual screen lover. Women say, "There's no one like him!" Which proves how little most people know about Leslie—for his son, Ronald (left), is decidedly like him. You'll know Leslie better after meeting his family in the story opposite!

Explaining Leslie Howard, Who Needs Explaining!

Romantic? Leslie Howard married Ruth Martin (left) after a three-week courtship! Their 8-year-old daughter (above) once called screen love-making "amazing business"

By **JACK GRANT**

J. P. Graham

He isn't the Great Lover type—but he's putting all the Great Lovers in eclipse. What's the secret? When you read about his private life—never revealed before—you'll have the explanation!

LESLIE HOWARD isn't particularly handsome, as handsomeness is judged by screen standards. He isn't the brawny, burly type that women the world over are alleged to adore. He isn't the embodiment of the dashing, breath-taking lover of whom schoolgirls dream and whose image they carry always in their hearts, although they grow up to marry entirely different sort of men. He has none of these qualifications for movie preferment. Yet Leslie Howard is unquestionably the most romantic fellow in Hollywood. What is the secret?

Producers shake their collective heads in complete bewilderment as they admit the fact of his popularity. Box-office returns and the unusual deluge of his fan mail have forced upon them the knowledge of Howard's tremendous romantic appeal. He has long since established himself as the most sought-after leading man in films. Ask any feminine star to choose between Leslie Howard and Clark Gable, Fredric March, George Raft, Herbert Marshall or anyone else. Almost invariably, they signify Howard as their choice. And the producers, still unable to understand the whys and wherefores, attempt to obtain his desired services.

Really, Hollywood has made a mystery of a thing that isn't at all mysterious, if you know Leslie. The answer to the riddle is to be found in his private life. It is very simple. He is to-day's most romantic screen actor because he is, himself, romantic—incurably so!

Unfortunately, most examinations of an actor's off-screen life are all too cursory—and this is particularly true in the case of Leslie Howard. His calm British exterior repels intimacies. He tells interviewers that he is happily married and the father of two fine children. Further than that reserved statement, he does not reveal much about himself. Adroitly, he turns the conversation into the more general topic of the art of acting and, somehow, the interviewer forgets to steer it back into intimate channels again later.

I know all too well. Twice has Leslie thus charmingly evaded my attempts to pry into his off-screen life. And each time, I have been unaware of his artful dodging until after we had parted. He is that elusive. Determined upon a third try, I requested an appointment at his home. If I couldn't nail him on his own hearth, I might just as well go out on called strikes. (Three is out, you know, Leslie, in American baseball.)

His Private Life Unknown

TO my knowledge, Leslie Howard's family life has never been reported for publication. It deserves to be. His is one of the most unusual households in Hollywood. Let me take you there, just as I went for tea that afternoon.

You arrive at four, the appointed hour. Outside the house, several young boys are engaged in a game of scrub baseball.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Lionel Atwill (above) claims one of his profiles is kind, and the other cruel. He seldom uses make-up—as he did in "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" (right)

He's the *Mental* Lon Chaney!

By FAITH SERVICE

It was make-up that made Chaney a Man of Horror. But it's something else that makes Lionel Atwill a man you can't forget—for he looks the same off the screen as on. That "something" is MENTAL CRUELTY. Here is an amazing man—amazing in real life, too!

YOU shuddered at Lon Chaney—with his amazing masterpieces of legless and armless deformity, his figures of horror, with their painfully distorted faces. Didn't you? And you shudder at Boris Karloff, who emerges, after hours of masterly make-up, as a mummy of centuries ago or as a monster, stupendous and nightmarish. Of course, you do.

But here enters another Man of Horrors, without benefit of make-up—a Man of Horrors more blood-chilling, more horribly hair-raising, more poisonously unforgetable than either Chaney or Karloff, with Bela Lugosi thrown in for good measure. His name is Lionel Atwill.

Here is a *handsome* man who makes women's hearts beat faster—*until he stops them.* Here is a charming and very polished gentleman, who makes women's blood run warmer—*until he chills it.* This man murders with a smile, violates with a chilling laugh, tortures with a bow from the waist and a gardenia in his buttonhole. Here is a man with the most sardonic mouth I have ever seen, the coldest and most merciless eyes ever set in a man's skull. Here is a man who uses no make-up, no props to build his demoniacal power.

They said of Lon Chaney, "There *is* no Lon Chaney!" And after watching Lon in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and some of his other pictures, that was rather a comfort. But there *is* a Lionel Atwill—and as you see him on the screen so, to the last detail, he appears to be in real life. And after watching him in "Vampire Bat" and "Murders in the Zoo," that is not such a comforting thought.

I looked at that taut, sensitive face, at that slightly twisted, sardonic mouth, at those cold eyes (the color of water), and I wondered if the man in "Wax Museum" was in any sense this man, the *real* man.

Part of His History

I THOUGHT back to the days when Lionel—who has just played with Marlene Dietrich in "The Song of Songs"—was the sensitive romanticist in David Belasco's famous "Deburau." Drama critics have said that the two finest performances of the past twenty-five years have been John Barrymore's *Hamlet* and Atwill's *Deburau.* It made Atwill a star and he went on to such triumphs as "The Outsider," with Katharine Cornell as his leading lady; to "The Russian Grand Duke," "The Comedian," and "Caesar and Cleopatra," with Helen Hayes playing opposite him. And, more recently, "The Silent Witness," both in New York and in Los Angeles and, again, on the screen. One of the late Belasco's favorite stage sons, Lionel Atwill learned his craft under that magic wand.

He said to me, "I learned from that great old man a meticulous passion for detail in everything I do." I wondered *how far* that "meticulous passion for detail" might carry him.

I thought back to what I know of his even earlier history. I know that he was born in England forty-six years ago; that he studied to be an architect and then decided to forego the blueprint for the greasepaint. I know that he made his professional début in London's noted Garrick Theatre in 1905 and that he came to the United States in 1915 as leading man for Lily Langtry in "Lady de Bath."

(*Continued on page 70*)

Hollywood Grabs the "Maedchen" Beauty!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Dorothea Wieck is her name. (It's pronounced "Vheek.") She played the sensitive teacher in "Maedchen in Uniform"—and taught Hollywood something new in screen acting. Now Hollywood is teaching her English—for she has a Certain Something that the American screen needs!

Richee

Did you misinterpret "Maedchen in Uniform," in which Dorothea Wieck (above) played *Fraulein von Bernburg* (left)? If you did, she's anxious to straighten you out!

ACH, JA, another foreign invader. Dorothea Olavia Wieck of Berlin—pretty, middling plump, middling tall, past mistress in the art of repressed acting—is Paramount's newest importation to compete with the Teutonic Marlene Dietrich, not to mention Wera Engels and Lilian Harvey. She is the latest addition to the long list of Continental maidens who have come to dimple and coo for the American screen.

But this one, as Ed Wynn would say, is different. She can do more with those blue-gray eyes, lash-fringed, than ever Dietrich did with her rhapsodic legs. Pardon!—limbs. She can do more with her cool, clear, meaningful gaze than ever did Marlene with all her oblique brows. Rush out and see "Maedchen in Uniform," and you'll get what I mean.

This one has a mind geared for thinking, a heart adjusted for acting, a face fashioned for high tragedy. And she likes oysters for breakfast. She also likes argument; and reason, pure and otherwise, for reasoning's sake. She is twenty-five, married, thinks Americans are amazingly childlike (not childish), was a student of Max ("The Miracle") Reinhardt, has played Shakespearean rôles and dotes on chicken, Vienna-style, with little boiled potatoes.

Fraulein Wieck (pronounced Vheek) was born in Davos, Switzerland, January 3, 1908, and cannot understand the insatiable curiosity of the American reporter, who asks her what she eats for breakfast, what she does for exercise, if she loves her husband and what about her preferences in undies.

Comes Right Out and Asks

"DO you," she demanded with a little frown, stretching her left arm across the flat-topped desk, flattening an accusing index finger on the blotter, "do you enjoy asking me all these questions? Let me ask you that."

At this sally, her manager, Georg Gumpel, slightly rotund and very friendly (he, too, is from Berlin), and Kenneth Whitmore, press-agent, sitting in on this intimate get-together, leaned back amiably in their chairs. There was to be no talk, immediately, either, of Hitlerism, the Nazis, Jewish "persecutions," Steel Helmets, State motion picture control, war debts, boycotts or any of the more turbulent questions that are rocking Central Europe. These gentle subjects, we gathered, are *verboten*. One does not declare oneself politically, if one wishes to return to the Fatherland.

The meeting continued with all the gaiety of a Sing Sing picnic with the turnkey as guest of honor.

She made twelve silent motion pictures before talkies came along, played the singing rôle of *Metella* in Offenbach's "Parisienne Life," was a member of the Josephstadter Theatre in Vienna, has spent summers in the Tyrol, in Sweden, in Freiburg, in Grunewald, in Falckenburg, in Vienna, in Frankfort, in Munich. Also a few winters. She has a Swedish grandmother from whom she got her middle name but, "Olavia" being too synonymous with olive oil

(*Continued on page 80*)

JEAN HARLOW Answers Your Questions

So you're curious about the girl with the platinum hair? Here is your chance to know her as she knows herself! Just read her frank answers to all the personal questions asked her by readers of the May MOTION PICTURE—and you'll understand Jean as you never have before!

By MOTION PICTURE'S **Inquiring Reporter,**

ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

YE GODS! And again, Ye Gods! What an inquisition! What a deluge of questions you asked Jean Harlow through the May MOTION PICTURE! From every state in the Union, and from almost every city and good-sized town in every state, your questions poured in, until finally the battle-scarred desk of your Inquiring Reporter groaned under their weight. And you movie-goers up there in Canada have convinced us that Jean Harlow must be a Dominion favorite. Your queries settled on my desk with the rapidity and regularity of snowflakes in one of your own winter storms.

Again—and this time we're thanking Allah for it—there has been a large percentage of duplication in the questions asked. Otherwise, we would have faced the necessity of publishing a special issue of MOTION PICTURE to accommodate Jean's answers.

How does Jean care for her famous platinum tresses? . . . How does she care for her equally famous complexion? . . . Which colors does she favor in selecting her clothes? . . . Will she marry again? . . . Does she object to the "hard-boiled" rôles she has played? Those questions proved favorites—they were asked by scores of you—and you will find her answers in these pages. How is she furnishing her home?—there's another query that was duplicated on many of your coupons. Unfortunately, it was asked too soon, for Jean's new home is as yet unfurnished. She can only answer that *comfort* will be the deciding factor in her choice of furniture.

As luck and production schedules would have it, I was forced to call her to the witness stand during the production of a picture. I'll never forget the courtesy—and the courage—with which she faced that gargantuan pile of question blanks.

Without any further waste of time, let me present the "cross-examination" that tells more about Jean Harlow than any mere interview has ever told. Your questions are in light italics; her answers are in heavy Roman type:

What are your favorite sports, if any, and are you athletic? **Swimming and golf, especially golf. No, I'm not particularly athletic.**

Which colors are most becoming to you? **I consider yellow, white and black my best colors and wear them almost exclusively.**

MAE WEST *Next!*

The star who has overnight become "Garbo's greatest rival" (see pages 28 and 29)—what would you like to know about her? You're due to have your curiosity appeased in the August MOTION PICTURE! For next month she will be answering the questions—hordes of them—that readers of the June MOTION PICTURE have asked her. And you know how frank the one and only Mae can be!

Is Jean Harlow your real name or just a screen name? **My real name is Harlean Carpenter. Jean Harlow is my mother's maiden name.**

Which picture did you enjoy the most—"Hell's Angels" or "Red Dust?" **It's difficult to compare those two pictures. In "Hell's Angels" I had my first important rôle and, naturally, I was nervous and tense. I believe I enjoyed working in "Red Dust" more.**

Have you ever met Greta Garbo? **No, I've never met Miss Garbo.**

Is it true that you were a cripple when you were younger? **No. I was very ill with spinal meningitis, but fortunately it did not leave me a cripple. For several years, though, I took special exercises to strengthen my body, and to prevent any possible complications.**

Which of your rôles to date do you like best? **I believe I prefer my rôle in "Red-Headed Woman."**

What kind of work did you do before entering the movies? **None. You see, I was married before I had graduated from school.**

What picture do you expect to make next, and who will play the leading male rôle? **Clark Gable and I will be co-starred in "Black Orange Blossoms."**

Did you enjoy your personal tour in Rochester, New York, and did you enjoy going through the Eastman Kodak factory? **Yes. Very much.**

You played opposite Clark Gable in "Red Dust"—will you please describe his off-screen personality? **That's really a difficult task. Perhaps Clark can be described best as "a man's man." He is very sincere and unaffected, and he has a grand sense of humor.**

What is your attitude toward the adverse comment that is *sometimes directed at you?* If it is constructive criticism, I appreciate it and try to profit by it. If it's just destructive criticism, I pay no attention to it.

If you should marry again and your husband should ask you to give up your career, would you be willing to do so? Yes, of course. If I loved a man, I would give up any career to make him happy.

Is it true that you have only half an eyebrow? (This query left the Inquiring Reporter a little groggy, but he presented it to Jean, just the same.) I'm happy to report that my eyebrows are all present and accounted for.

What is your hobby? Do you like jig-saw puzzles? Golf is my principal hobby. So far I haven't had time for jig-saw puzzling.

How many times have you been married? Twice.

I have an inferiority complex and whenever I go out with a girl it is very embarrassing. How can I get rid of it? Quit thinking about yourself and try to become absorbed in whatever is most interesting to the girl.

Did you, as a child, live on Columbia Avenue in Albuquerque, New Mexico? No. As a child, I lived in Kansas City.

Have you any relatives, that you know of, in Windsor Locks, Connecticut? Not to my knowledge.

Do you like to travel, and would you like to go to Europe? I'm very ambitious to travel, and I fully intend to do so in the near future. Of course, I'm particularly anxious to see Europe.

Do you like jewelry? I think jewels are very becoming to some people. Personally, I seldom wear jewelry. I don't think it suits my type.

In which picture do you think you did your best acting? In my own opinion, I've given my best performance in "Dinner at Eight," which is not yet released.

Do you prefer to play the type of person you have portrayed in all of your pictures? I hope I won't be definitely typed as that sort of person.

What do you think of the gaudy "ballyhoo" printed and posted about your appearance in "Red Dust?" When I've finished my rôle, my part in the picture is at an end. The advertising is in far more capable hands than mine.

Do you know Marlene Dietrich? Boris Karloff? Karen Morley? I know Karen Morley well and I have great admiration for her. I'm not well acquainted with Miss Dietrich or Mr. Karloff.

What is your personal impression of Hollywood? To me it has always been the kindest, most friendly of cities. Its people have gone out of their way to aid me in my troubles. I've never even glimpsed the cold, selfish Hollywood that so many writers have described.

Who is your favorite male orchestra leader and singer? My preference in that matter changes with the seasons.

Do you all think as much of Clark Gable out there as the rest of the world does? Indeed, we do. He is very popular.

Are your manners and conduct the same as in your recent picture, "Red Dust?" I hope not! Don't you think it's rather unfair to judge the private character of an actress by the rôles she plays?

Is Janet Gaynor a friend of yours? No, I'm not well acquainted with Miss Gaynor.

What is the difference between "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," "Fox," "Radio Pictures," et cetera? Those are the names of different companies that produce pictures.

How much is your salary per week? I can't answer that question. It is barred by studio policy.

Do you have to learn your parts by heart? Yes.

(*Continued on page 72*)

The Picture

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK

Riot Of Laughter—One Of Season's Best: Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. The one and only Lee Tracy is on display. Faster and funnier than ever.

No fooling, you can believe everything the ad writers say about this story of a shyster lawyer who stops at nothing to win his cases. Fortunately, there is no attempt to point a moral against the "ambulance chaser," the picture being content to rest upon its laurels as entertainment. It moves at a pace so speedy that it contains enough plot for a dozen movies.

Lee Tracy has a rôle perfectly suited to his redoubtable talents. Not since "Blessed Event" has he been seen to such advantage. Frank Morgan and Charles Butterworth lend support that would steal the show from anyone but Tracy. Even the conventional heroine is given something to do, with Madge Evans doing it charmingly. You can't afford to miss this laugh riot. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

LILLY TURNER

Fair Enough, But Not Up To "Frisco Jenny": Apparently encouraged by Ruth Chatterton's success as a lady of easy virtue in "Frisco Jenny," her producers have cast her as another girl familiar with many gutters in "Lilly Turner." Her plight here is again due to a man's infidelity. *Lilly* is more of a vacillating creature than was *Jenny* and Ruth's characterization, while eminently workmanlike, has less strength. It is difficult to accept her as a weakling, traveling with carnivals and hootch shows, eventually winding up as a medicine man's perfect example of health.

Her support, however, is infinitely better with George Brent shining brightly as an honest taxi-driver. Frank McHugh, doing his sympathetic drunk, scores magnificently, and the strong man of Robert Barrat's is a fine job, as, in a lesser vein, is Guy Kibbee's medicine man.

The theme is far from subtle. At best, it is an unimportant effort in depicting life in the raw. (Warner.)

REUNION IN VIENNA

A Honey Of A Picture—Don't Miss It: As gay as it is clever, and as clever as it is naughty, this story of life among the war-impoverished aristocrats of Vienna is adult entertainment fare. John Barrymore is his most brilliant and most impudent in the flashy rôle of the ex-Archduke and present taxi-driver. Frank Morgan makes the professor-husband of the Archduke's former mistress romantic, and with excellent restraint turns the situation where the three of them meet from possible farce to suave comedy. Diana Wynyard, rapidly become indispensable to the American screen, is genuinely glamourous.

The dialogue sparkles, the action startles and the entire plot hovers delightfully on the edge of the risqué. If this is successful with screen audiences—as we prophesy it will be—there is no further excuse for moronic movies.

The preview audience in a family neighborhood theatre loved it and missed none of its subtleties. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

PEG O' MY HEART

Star Shines In Old-Fashioned Comedy: Marion Davies, clever comédienne that she is, attempts the impossible in breathing new life on an out-moded theme, which saw yeoman service on the stage. The other members of the cast are unable to shine because of the obvious characterizations, though J. Farrell MacDonald transcends his material to smash through with an outstanding performance.

The plot is too familiar to need recounting here—too familiar, in fact, to hold the interest of an adult audience accustomed to looking for surprises. Even though this may be its first view of "Peg O' My Heart," it knows what to expect from the moment the young solicitor appears to offer the young Irish lass her heritage. It knows exactly the social errors she will commit when first introduced to society. It anticipates, unfailingly, the outcome of her romance. And it gets in every instance just what is expected. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

I COVER THE WATERFRONT

It's A Swell Dish—Action And Thrills: A highly-exciting adventure yarn, crowded with smugglers, gun fights and danger to young reporters who "cover the waterfront." The locale of the book is about all that was retained, for the plot was seemingly concocted by the scenarist.

Ernest Torrence contributes a rousing performance as the smuggler, playing the rôle for all it is worth. You may have difficulty reconciling the idea of the svelte Claudette Colbert as a smuggler's daughter. It is a change of pace for her and she achieves it neatly. Ben Lyon does the reporter in approved movie style.

The film is a bit too rowdy in spots for the youngsters—that is, immature youngsters. For full-grown kids, it is a swell dish, filled with fast action of the pre-talker days. Pardon us for falling into the vernacular. It is the influence of these waterfront characters, roughnecks who can scratch matches on their Adam's apples to prove it. (United Artists.)

THE BARBARIAN

Your Old Pal, The Sheik, Still Pleases: It might be labeled "for ladies only," certainly for ladies mostly. "The Barbarian" is our old friend, the Arabian sheik, all dressed up in his flowing romantic robes and casting the wistful eye—politely lustful as well—toward English girls. How daintily the eternal feminine thrills at his approach!

The story has a few new twists since Valentino swept to deathless fame in the first version of it. But stripped to fundamentals, all sheik stories are the same, regardless of who technically authors them.

Here Ramon Novarro is doing the dashing Arab and doing very well, thank you. The songs he sings in his small, pleasing voice add to the glamour. In fact, everything adds to the glamour including, of course, Myrna Loy. And again it is the new Myrna whom we first caught a glimpse of in "Love Me Tonight" and learned to know much better in "Animal Kingdom." (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Parade REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK

Be Sure To Give It The Once-Over: Distinguished by a really great performance by Fredric March and another fine portrayal by Cary Grant, "The Eagle and the Hawk" should be placed upon your "must see" list. With intelligence and restraint, it presents the horrors of aerial conflict, depicts the gradual disintegration of a traditional hero faced with the necessity of wholesale killing and, very praiseworthily, allows you to draw your own conclusions. The ace commits suicide in preference to continuing with the slaughter.

A nice balance is maintained between the psychological study and visual thrills. It is good theatre that is seldom obviously theatrical, holding suspense until the end.

March does his part with due regard to the man's sensibilities that lead to death by his own hand. Grant's role is a sympathetic heavy to whom killing is a job. Quantities of comedy relief are supplied by Jack Oakie but unless you look closely you will not see Carole Lombard at all.

THE SILVER CORD

Well Done, But Talky: Faithfully transcribed from Sidney Howard's fine and thoughtful play, "The Silver Cord" nevertheless is better stage than screen fare. There is too much talking for the average moviegoer's taste and the action is confined to drawing-rooms. When will the movies learn that the theatre and pictures are two entirely different mediums?

Performances, dialogue and direction are brilliant. Laura Hope Crews again plays the mother, a cruel, however true, portrait of suffocating parental love. Joel McCrea and Eric Linden are the boys bound by her apron strings—Irene Dunne and Frances Dee the girls whose love is stifled in this powerful "Silver Cord." In each romance, the mother is the ever-present third party of a vicious triangle.

If you do not object to photographed stage plays, the picture will entertain you. We do not prescribe it for those who attend the theatre to avoid thinking of their own troubles. (Radio.)

DIPLOMANIACS

Girly-Girly Show Has Its Moments: Disregarding completely anything we may say, Wheeler and Woolsey addicts will flock to the nearest theatre that displays their names in lights. But it is only fair to warn even the most avid of their legion of followers that "Diplomaniacs" cannot be numbered among their best efforts.

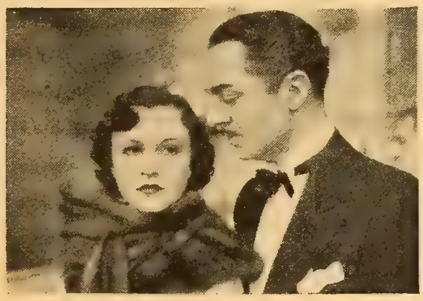
As two delegates to the international peace conference, they wander through a story that should have been funny—and isn't, except for a few, all too widely separated incidents. The girls who prance through the several musical interludes, led by the peppy and noisy Marjorie White, are high spots in the proceedings. Another high is reached by Hugh Herbert. The rest is, unfortunately, not so hot—below see-level, if we may be allowed a pun as bad as many in the picture.

It must be reported that, although the gags are dull, they have been kept very clean. Unusual, eh what? It has its moments. (Radio.)

BONDAGE

Nothing New, But Fairly Entertaining: This one is quaintly reminiscent of the early D. W. Griffith era. Injured Innocence and Black Villainy are the characters in this story of the charity hospitals, homes for wayward girls and night courts. Betrayed by her own inexperience, the schoolgirl heroine (tearfully portrayed by angel-faced Dorothy Jordan) has an illegitimate child by a radio crooner.

As the picture opens she has run the gamut of degradation and suffering, and is about to be sent to prison. A compassionate young doctor (Alexander Kirkland) tells the court her piteous story of abuse at the hands of a hag in the home for wayward girls, the loss of her child and its death when, through incredible struggle, she gets it back. The court is tricked, whether the audience—grown a trifle skeptical since this plot was first put on the screen 20 years ago—is convinced or not. It's fairly entertaining—and has the virtue of sensitive frankness. (Fox.)



PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62

Powell Excels In Mild Entertainment: A number of excellent performances, some neat dialogue and several clever situations just barely lift this from mediocrity. The difficulty seems to be the implausibility of the basic plot. To give you a single instance of what you are asked to believe, a "big shot" gambler attempts to welch on a loss of forty thousand dollars and employs a detective agency to frame the girl who has won this sum from him so that he may avoid paying it.

It is indicative, however, of the carelessness with which "Private Detective" was made. We insist that William Powell, although achieving his best work in recent pictures, should be given only top-notch material. Margaret Lindsay, who plays his light of love, proves herself a young lady who will bear watching.

The picture will afford an evening's mild entertainment. The material was there, though, for something much better than mild entertainment. (Warner.)

THE LITTLE GIANT

Robinson Has Another Winnah: With uncanny feeling for timing, Warner Brothers and Edward G. Robinson answer the newly raised question—"What Will the Beer Racketeers Do Now that Beer Is Legal?" In the title rôle of gang leader and beer baron Robinson listens in to the election returns with his long-faced henchmen, snaps off the radio and announces, "Well, boys, that's that. It was swell while it lasted." Pockets stuffed with his winnings, the hero drifts to Santa Barbara to become a gentleman.

It is a typical Robinson rôle of mingled bravado and pathos and the star makes the most of its opportunities for comedy as he blunders and suffers in his attempt to muscle into the society racket while a family of climbers tries to victimize him.

The use of gangsters and their simple and direct tactics to put a crooked bank into solvency gives a new twist to an old plot and finished the picture in a gale of laughter. (Warner.)

By
JOHN L.
HADDON

Lil *vs.* Hedda —*What a "Battle"!*

Is Lilyan Tashman the "best-dressed woman in Hollywood"? Hedda Hopper denies it, and says what she thinks of Lil's attire. And Lil comes right back with her frank opinion of what Hedda wears. It's a bigger "war" than the one about trousers for women!

"WAR" has been declared in Hollywood—a strictly feminine war, polite, but deadly. The battle-cry was sounded when Hedda Hopper not only intimated, but boldly asserted in a newspaper interview, that Lilyan Tashman, far from deserving her repute as Hollywood's "best-dressed" woman, "wears the theatre on her back." To which Miss Tashman replied, just as boldly, "At least, I am not actually *dowdy*."

Oh, challenge most irreverent! That first broadside from La Hopper also dared to accuse La Tashman—who is better known to Hollywood as "Lil"—of wearing on her jacket collar *four* diamond clips, instead of one. "War," after that, was inevitable.

To date, however, hostilities have been modeled after the far less important conflict in Manchuria. There has been no open declaration of war, no open brandishing of bayonets, no frank admission of hostile intent. But, behind the screen of endearing terms, sharp and merciless skirmishing has raged.

The first hard-fought engagement of the campaign was an indecisive one—and will be known to posterity as "The Battle of Lower California." It was precipitated by one Harry Pollock, publicity chief of the fashionable Agua Caliente resort—who may have been innocent and, again, may not have been. He invited the already embattled ladies to act as co-judges of the annual Agua Caliente fashion show. On the following day, he received two torrid dispatches.

The first, from Field-Marshal Hopper, read: "I resign in favor of Miss Tashman, who will fit the glamour and *flamboyancy* of your casino to a dot."

Plainly, 'twas a murderous assault and might have routed a less courageous campaigner than General Lil. But *she*, nothing daunted, had already mustered her reserves and launched an equally devastating counter-attack. *Her* wire read: "Sorry, but I am giving a cocktail party on Sunday. Miss Hopper is perfectly qualified to judge anything *passé*."

Impartial referees ruled the bout a no-decision draw—and Peggy Hopkins Joyce substituted for both of them; albeit her reputation as a fashion judge is secondary to her other fame.

By this time, the Hopper-Tashman fray had assumed an

(*Continued on page 87*)

MOST OF ALL . . . THROUGH THE SUMMER MONTHS

Every skin must beware of Dryness

● EVEN BIG FLOPPY HATS CAN'T PROTECT THE SKIN. BUT A NEW ELEMENT IN WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM—KEEPS IT LUSCIOUS, SOFT, THE SUMMER THROUGH

ANYONE can begin the summer looking like a fresh-plucked water lily! But when August arrives what have you? A skin that crackles with dryness like an ancient Chinese parchment? Or a texture that's still adorably fresh, soft, and smooth?

Unless the oil glands are kept highly active, August will find the loveliest complexion—brunette or blonde—coarse, rough, dry! It all depends upon choosing the *right way* to help Nature resist the sun!

For this, Woodbury's excellent Cold Cream now offers more than the aid of a mere beauty cream! Woodbury scientists have recently injected into this Cold Cream a new Element, 576, which definitely and actively combats dryness.

Element 576, never before incorporated in any face cream, is similar in essence to the vitamin principle in foods which bring the body energy, vitality. Now, Woodbury's Cold Cream with the new Element 576, arouses the skin to greater activity. And so, the little oil glands that lie just beneath the skin, secrete more actively the oil that alone keeps the surface fresh and supple, secure against the harmful thieving of the sun!

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream this summer and your skin will go through June, July and August fresh, supple, soft, and smooth. The cream is 50c in jars, 25c in tubes.

Follow this simple ritual during summer months

Upon rising in the morning dash your face with the coldest water you can get! A sea plunge, if you're lucky enough to be a salt!

Before you go out into the sun give your face, arms and shoulders a brisk once-over with Woodbury's Cold Cream. Let it stay on ten or fifteen minutes. Wipe off. Follow with a thin film of Woodbury's Facial Cream. Now powder, but lightly, please!

Upon returning to the house, dash for the Woodbury's Cold Cream jar again. Slush the Cream on generously. Leave it till the bell for luncheon sounds. Wipe it off and be brave!—go to lunch without powdering. Let the Cold Cream work down deep into the pores.

If you go out into the sun again repeat the same sequence—Cold Cream first, then a *very* little Facial Cream and Powder.

Upon retiring, a warm bath with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rinse with cold water. Massage with Woodbury's Cold Cream. Leave on all the Cream that hasn't been absorbed. Sleep the sleep of the conscience-clear, for you've done the right thing by your skin!

COLD CR
FACIAL

MADE ESPECIALLY TO PREVENT DRY SKIN

FREE SAMPLE Send coupon for tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming Loveliness Kit, containing samples of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, new Facial Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6331 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Name ____________________

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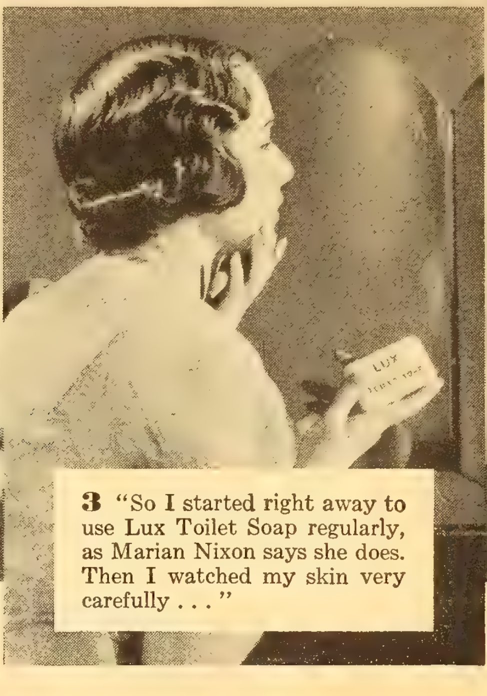
TUNE IN on Woodbury's new radio program over station WEAF and N. B. C. network every Wednesday evening at 8:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

"I followed Marian Nixon's advice —

Recent portrait of
MARIAN NIXON,
fascinating screen star.
Read how
this lovely star's advice
brought happiness to
Miss Autumn Sims,
of Cincinnati

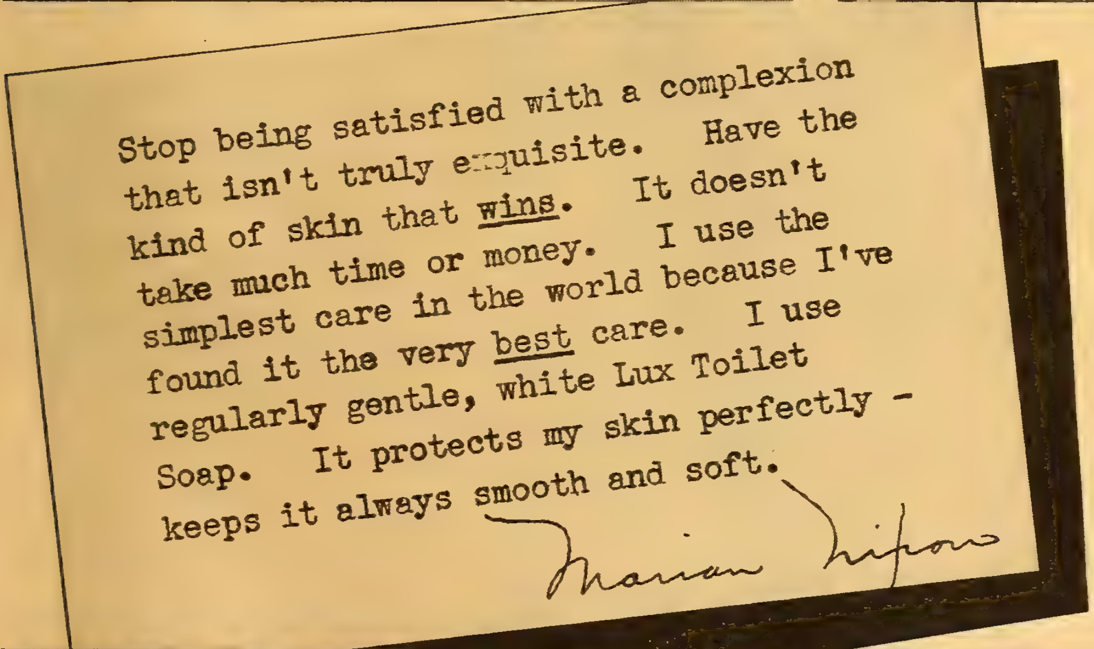


3 "So I started right away to use Lux Toilet Soap regularly, as Marian Nixon says she does. Then I watched my skin very carefully . . ."

and Now—"

1 "I'm certainly glad I followed Marian Nixon's advice," says Miss Autumn Sims of Cincinnati. "A few years ago men seemed to *like* me well enough, but something was lacking, and I couldn't help knowing it. When it came to dates and flowers some other girl was likely to win out."

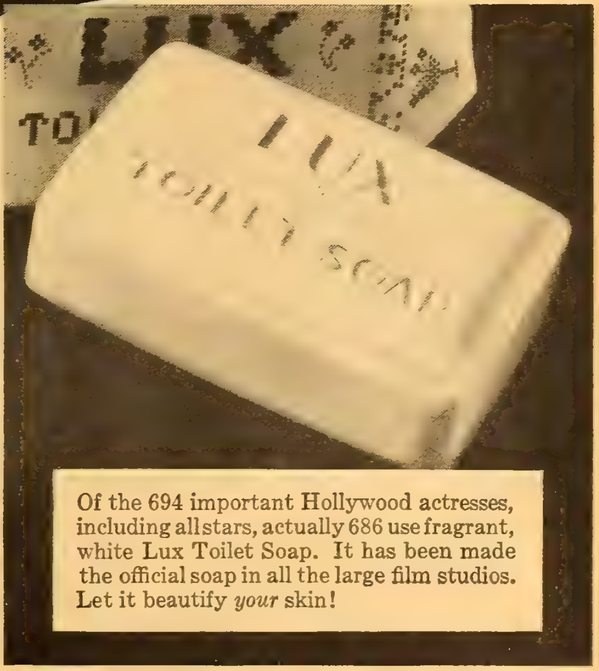
2 "Marian Nixon was my favorite star. I've always thought her adorable. One night it occurred to me that following her complexion advice might make me more attractive."



Stop being satisfied with a complexion that isn't truly exquisite. Have the kind of skin that wins. It doesn't take much time or money. I use the simplest care in the world because I've found it the very best care. I use regularly gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. It protects my skin perfectly - keeps it always smooth and soft.

Marian Nixon

4 "I knew the trick was turned when men began to pay me the kind of attention I'd always longed for. I realized for the first time what a tremendous difference lovely skin makes. Do you wonder I'm grateful to Marian Nixon?"



Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the official soap in all the large film studios. Let it beautify *your* skin!

"Gold-Diggers of 1933"—Seen Through Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 42*)

first to ask for a chance at the musical.

While LeRoy directed the "book" (musical comedy term for plot), Busby Berkeley began his work in staging the four big dance ensembles that are a feature of the show-within-a-show. It might be supposed that Berkeley, who was responsible for similar numbers in "42nd Street," would have had little difficulty in recruiting his chorus. He had as a nucleus some twenty-odd of the most beautiful and talented girls from previous choruses, now under long-term contract to Warners. It would seem that he would encounter no trouble in increasing their ranks to two hundred by simply calling others who had formerly worked for him.

But Berkeley—"Buzz," as he is familiarly known—is one of those chaps who are never content to rest on their laurels. He believes that nothing is so perfect but that it can be improved upon. He reasoned that if his need was for two hundred chorines, he had better look for them among two thousand. And he saw many more than two thousand girls, first in a state-wide tour and later in groups at the studio. He eliminated all but an even thousand, from which number he made a final selection of two hundred.

The rigorous training of the two hundred began several weeks before production of the picture actually started and continued another fortnight after LeRoy had finished direction of the principal players. It is estimated that at least two weeks of time and effort were expended on each of the four musical interludes that form just a part of the new edition of "Gold-Diggers"—a total of two months of labor for more than five hundred people, if we count the set builders, the costumers, the musicians, the electrical and technical crews. And this exclusive of the four hundred "unemployed" who march in the big "Forgotten Man" number. Such is the work that makes possible a bit of tuneful, eye-arresting entertainment on the screen.

Two Stories Widely Different

THE story of "Gold-Diggers" differs radically from "42nd Street." The fact that both have their locale in Broadway's theatrical district and concern the doings of theatrical folks, plus the fact that both are embellished by musical numbers, are the main parallels between them. But "42nd Street" was the dramatization of a musical comedy in the making, while "Gold-Diggers" has to do with the activities of chorus girls off-stage.

The picture opens with a large ensemble number called "We're in the Money." The chorus is led by *Fay* (Ginger Rogers) and in the front line are to be seen *Carol* (Joan Blondell) and *Trixie* (Aline MacMahon). *Polly* (Ruby Keeler) is the solo dancer.

In this scene, there are fifty-four dancing girls on the stage, and the costume for each comprises a thousand silver coins—fifty-four thousand coins. You don't need to be a movie expert to realize the technical feat accomplished by the electricians and cameramen in lighting and photographing this sequence. Hollywood will revel in its beauty, just as you will. But part of Hollywood's applause will be meant for Cameraman Sol Polito and his crew. You, too, should give them a hand.

As the number finishes, we see that it is merely a dress rehearsal, for the theatre is empty except for *Barney Hopkins*, the producer (Ned Sparks), and his dance director (Robert Agnew). "We're in the Money," sing the chorus and, as they do, scenery starts moving off-stage behind them. They stop in confusion. The sheriff's officers are engaged in proving the song a lie. They're not in the money. Creditors have closed the show before it can even open.

Charles Ray, screen favorite of the silent days (top), pays Ginger Rogers a call on the "Gold-Diggers" set. Center, Doris Kenyon attired for her rôle in "Voltaire," the George Arliss picture, posed with two of the cute little "gold-diggers." In the bottom picture, Busby Berkeley, dance director, is demonstrating a new violin technique to Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who also visited the set when not working in "Captured." The set was overrun with distinguished guests!

Girls Played Scene Sadly

WE next see *Carol*, *Trixie* and *Polly* at home in their tiny kitchenette apartment. Things have been going from bad to worse and they are broke—stony broke. All have tried for other jobs without success. Mervyn LeRoy finally asked Aline MacMahon if anything was wrong.

"Nothing," she answered. "Only this business strikes too near home. I was once a chorus girl, you know."

"So was I," said Joan Blondell in surprise. "And I've been broke, too, just like this."

"You're telling me," chimed in Ginger Rogers, "an ex-chorine like myself."

Even the usually shy and retiring Ruby Keeler joined in the conversation. She confessed previous experience as a chorus girl in similar straits.

"I should tell you how to play this scene," announced Merv, "when I've never been in any chorus! You know your lines and you'll get no direction from me. Go ahead and play it."

And play it they did—it must be admitted a little sadly. Perhaps you can detect this when you see the picture.

But to continue with the story: *Fay* has come with the good news that *Barney* is going to produce another show. The girls are greatly excited and *Carol* is delegated a committee-of-one to call on the producer to discover when, how and where. They dress her quickly, each contributing a piece or two of wearing apparel, and making her presentable with the aid of their combined wardrobes.

How the Girls Find Work

CAROL finds *Barney* and learns that he really has a show. She calls the girls to announce that she is bringing him back to the apartment. They, in turn, call other girls and by the time the producer arrives, there is an array of feminine beauty awaiting him. He announces that his show is about the depression and that he'll hire the whole gang. That is, he'll hire them when he gets the money to back this depression show. Money is all he needs.

The girls are furious to be called out on a wild-goose chase by a producer who has no financial backing. As they are voicing their feelings, a piano is heard from an apartment across the areaway. It is *Brad* (Dick Powell), a songwriter, playing one of his own compositions. *Barney* is interested in the song he hears and calls *Brad* over.

The supposedly penniless composer learns of their plight and offers to advance the money for the show, much to everyone's amazement. *Barney*, in gratitude, agrees to use *Brad's* music. "I'll cancel my contract with Warren and Dubin," he says. "They're out. You're in."

(This will bring a chuckle from Hollywood, for Hollywood knows that Warren and Dubin are the real names of the writers of all of the music and lyrics for "Gold-Diggers of 1933." It knows furthermore that the composers are not aware of the use of their names in the script and will not hear about it until the picture is shown.)

Barney's show, with *Carol*, *Trixie*, *Polly* and *Fay* featured, goes into rehearsal. The scenes you will see in these sequences are exact duplicates of the actual rehearsals as conducted by Buzz Berkeley, the only difference being that you don't see Buzz.

It was during this particular period of production work that the Warner studio

(*Continued on page 64*)

MONDAY.. TUESDAY WEDNESDAY.... Doomsday!

IS "CALENDAR FEAR" UNDERMINING YOUR HEALTH?

With maddening slowness time drags on! . . . And woman waits! . . . Waits and worries over her upset health.

Seldom does she know that FEAR itself . . . FEAR of an imaginary crisis is the very thing that throws her delicate feminine mechanism out of gear . . . Seldom does she realize that this health-stealing FEAR is the direct outcome of either timid ignorance or gross neglect of proper marriage hygiene.

She has failed to follow that correct method of feminine antisepsis as endorsed for over 40 years by leading doctors, clinics, hospitals and gynecologists. They have freely recommended the regular and continual use of "Lysol" for feminine health, daintiness, and mental poise.

The "Lysol" method is so simple and easy to follow . . . The result so refreshing and agreeable . . . so safe and effective.

In sharp contrast to certain chlorine-type antiseptics, "Lysol" contains no free caustic alkali to inflame, sear and toughen tender tissues . . . And unlike these chlorine compounds, which lose 95% of their effectiveness in the presence of organic matter, "Lysol" retains its power to destroy germ-life.

Don't be caught again in the grip of "CALENDAR FEAR" . . . Practice intimate feminine cleanliness. Use "Lysol." Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . One thing more, write for a copy of the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." You will welcome its trustworthy advice. Please use the coupon.

WRITTEN BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN

A brand new book on woman's oldest problem . . . Frank and fearless . . . Contains three leading articles by world-famous women physicians . . . Send today for "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage."

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.

Lysol
Disinfectant

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
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Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

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*Street*______________________________

*City*____________________*State*__________

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FOR "CLOSE-UPS"

Trust Vicks Mouth-wash

...and save 40¢ a bottle (a 75¢ value for 35¢)

WHAT a clean, tingling taste Vicks Antiseptic leaves in your mouth! You just *know* you can trust it!

Besides, it's made by the makers of Vicks VapoRub; it had to be *extra* good to carry the Vicks name.

It actually *exceeds* accepted standards of antiseptic strength. You can depend on it...full-strength or diluted.

Yet Vicks Antiseptic costs you only *half* the price of other quality antiseptics...the big 10-ounce bottle...a 75c value...for only 35c. You save 40c.

The real *proof* of the quality of Vicks Antiseptic is actual use. Try it for a week. If not delighted, return what's left to your druggist and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

BAD BREATH . . . . . . (*Halitosis*)
GARGLE . . . . . . *Sore Throat, etc.*
MOUTH-WASH . *After Smoking, etc.*
ANTISEPTIC LOTION . . *Dandruff, After Shaving, Minor Cuts, etc.*

VICKS VORATONE ANTISEPTIC

By the makers of VAPORUB

"Gold-Diggers of 1933"—Seen Through Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 62*)

police requested that girls in rehearsal costume would not leave the stage so scantily clad. It seemed that their wandering about the lot was causing disruption of work on other sets. Their smiles were generous, but their shorts were a bit too short. The girls retaliated by buying uniform sweaters and slacks of white duck. The police were heard to protest no more, but other men on the lot said unkind words anent censorship.

It was also about this time that a young lady known to you as Merna Kennedy began to visit Buzz Berkeley's set. For a while it was a secret. But when a large diamond made its appearance on the correct finger of her left hand, the secret was out. Buzz, the unsusceptible, had fallen. They plan a marriage very soon, probably before you read this.

But to get back to "Gold-Diggers" again: Opening night of the show arrives, and all is confusion. Just as the curtain is about to go up, it is found that the juvenile (Clarence Nordstrom) cannot go on. He is suffering with lumbago. *Brad,* despite his protests, is pressed into service to take the juvenile's place.

I shan't attempt to describe to you the show-within-a-show. It must be seen to be appreciated. High spots are the elaborate "Pettin' in the Park" number with its four changes of scenes and costumes denoting the four seasons; the spectacular "Forgotten Man" song, with nearly a thousand people taking part; and the lovely "Shadow Waltz," the violin number that features some of the most beautiful lighting effects ever witnessed on the screen.

Upset Producers Literally

AN incident regarding the production of these routines deserves telling, however. It has to do with the treadmills upon which the returning soldiers march in "Forgotten Man." A trick effect was contrived by building two treadmills and starting them running in opposite directions. The several illusions worked out with great ingenuity are worthy of your close attention. See if you can learn how the column of men appear to be walking by the cheering girls.

There have been several references to the good humor and practical joking that constantly went on during the "Gold-Diggers" filming. The use of treadmills when the camera was not grinding is perhaps best illustrative of how far this joking was carried. No one was immune, as Jack Warner, Darryl Zanuck, Hal Wallis and other Warner executives discovered, when they chanced one day to stand in conference without noticing that they stood on a treadmill. Mervyn LeRoy couldn't resist the opportunity. He started the machinery that ended one Hollywood conference. He must have known his men, however, for they all picked themselves up smiling. A moment later Jack Warner came over to ask how to start the mill. He had found another unsuspecting victim.

But what happens to the show-within-a-show? The opening is a success. The papers the next morning hail it as a hit, at the same time revealing where *Brad* got the money to finance it. *Brad's* reluctance to appear publicly in the show is explained by the fact he is hiding out from his wealthy Boston family, pretending to be following technical studies, while in reality composing popular tunes. By this time, a real romance has developed between *Polly* and *Brad.*

Then the Gold-Digging Starts

BRAD'S brother, the rich *J. Laurence Bradford* (Warren William), accompanied by the family lawyer, *Peabody* (Guy Kibbee), arrives to extract *Brad* from the designing clutches of a showgirl. They call at *Polly's* apartment and there find *Carol,* whom they mistake for *Polly.* Their refusal to allow her to explain anything angers her and, with the aid of *Trixie,* she resolves to show them how she can be the gold-digger they call her.

The two girls lead their staid Bostonian companions a merry chase through New York, digging ruthlessly for all the gold they can get. *Carol's* purpose is, of course, merely to teach the men a lesson. But *Trixie* thinks it fun. *J. Laurence* plays along merely for the purpose of showing his younger brother what sort of girl he has become mixed up with. He never sees the real *Polly.* As a foursome, they do the town for more than a week at the fastest possible pace. And late one night, they end up in a night-club where *Fay* is an entertainer. She sings a hot torch song.

It may be remembered that Ginger Rogers, who plays *Fay,* and Mervyn LeRoy, the director, were once announced engaged, but have since broken up. The matter was never mentioned on the set until Ginger did this number. She has never been in better voice, and every word of her song was delivered right at Merv. There is no denying that he was flustered. His fiery red face attested that, when Ginger sang,

"*Romance passes by—that's why*
I've got to sing a torch song
To someone far apart.
For the torch I bear
Is burning there—
Right in my heart."

Both of Them Kept Mum

STRANGELY enough, the matter ended there. No one had the nerve to tease Merv about it. And he never said a word about its effect on him. Nor did Ginger.

J. Laurence has drunk more than his wont and upon their return to the girls' apartment he falls into a stupor. Finding him "passed out," *Carol* and *Trixie* plan a hoax that will end his interference with *Brad* forever. They scheme to put him to bed in *Carol's* room and let his brother find him there in the morning.

This scene led to the first and only dissension that occurred during the filming of "Gold-Diggers." Aline MacMahon refused to do the bit where the girls were to half-undress *J. Laurence,* and made evident her refusal by simply not appearing on the set. It so happened, according to report, that all of her other scenes had been recorded and her failure to appear for this one was the only inconvenience caused the company by her sudden departure for New York. Warners subsequently filed suit in Superior Court for $2157 alleged damages incurred by her delaying the company. The matter at this writing has not been adjusted, but it is reported that an amicable settlement is under way.

How the difficulties that involve the screen characters are eventually and pleasantly solved, we will leave to you to find out when "Gold-Diggers" is shown at your local theatre. When you see the picture, you may recall some of the things you have read in this article. You will then be seeing "Gold-Diggers of 1933" as Hollywood will see it—with Hollywood's knowledge—through Hollywood's eyes.

"I keep my lingerie lovely looking with LUX"

says *Wynne Gibson*

"No fastidious woman would think of wearing underthings a second day. It's so easy to Lux them, and Lux keeps colors and materials so exquisite! I also insist that my maid wash all sweaters and washable dresses in Lux. It's so economical that any girl can keep her things lovely the Hollywood way."

WYNNE GIBSON
Paramount Star appearing in "The Crime of the Century"

Why don't *you* follow this thrifty Hollywood rule

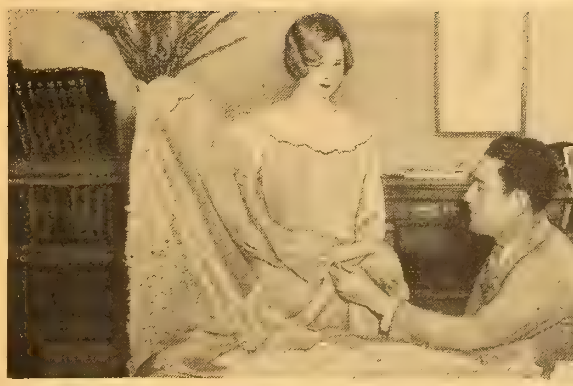
Everywhere girls follow the method lovely Wynne Gibson uses to keep lingerie exquisite looking...daily washing with Lux.

These gentle suds whisk away perspiration odor, yet protect color—keep fabrics looking like new. Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali. Never rub with cake soap—it weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Official in all the big studios...

Frank C. Richardson (right), Wardrobe Director of the Paramount Studio, says:

"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded. That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials . . . keeps them new longer . . . and saves money."



LUX
For all fine laundering
For washing dishes
LUX

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck
— TRUST TO LUX

Guard your **DRESSES**
Spare your **FRIENDS**

Perspiration can Cost You Both

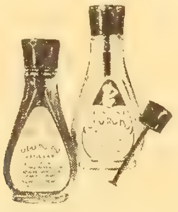
New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you *can* afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* for the sake of your dresses and your friends. And greasy creams, sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps cannot save you. But with Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO REGULAR *for use before retiring—gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.*

INSTANT ODORONO *is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.*

ODO·RO·NO

Curves! Hollywood Wants Them—and So Will You!

(*Continued from page 35*)

ity in her walk and gestures—very sexy.

"Marlene Dietrich is a big woman, but she handles her body perfectly and gives the effect of slimness and grace. Claudette is the thin type. The formation of their bones is different. Claudette is willowy, graceful—there are no knobs or ribs sticking out to mar her beauty, yet she is definitely not *fat!*

"I'd say the live, graceful figure is the thing. Women must learn grace and poise through exercise, dancing, walking—their bodies should be beautiful machines, kept in proportion by exercise. Maybe girls not on the screen can afford to gain pounds, but the screen magnifies so that our stars must watch their weight. They'll *look* larger, anyway."

Carole Lombard's doctor has ordered her to drink beer. But Carole is a fraction under Travis Banton's "ideal" measurements, so it won't be disastrous if her curves become more perilous.

New Styles Encourage Curves

PERC WESTMORE, beauty expert of Warner Brothers-First National Studios, informs me that there is no doubt that girls are getting heavier.

"No woman cares to look 'fat,' but she will not mind looking curved if she knows it is fashionable," he observes. "Clothes to-day are definitely styled to take care of added pounds. Full sleeves and wide shoulders give the illusion of slimness. I think high waistlines will come in shortly to add to this effect. Stripes—which are being shown everywhere—are an aid to those who want to seem more slender.

"No star will let you compare her measurements of yesterday with those of to-day, unless she has been much too thin—but most girls are filling out."

Karen Morley was considered so thin that liver injections and all sorts of fat-producing foods were ordered for her; but her dressmaker found it necessary to make two sets of fastenings for her waistline in her latest outfits. Other actresses on the M-G-M lot, however, will not be encouraged by Adrian, studio fashion creator, to go in for wider waistlines.

"I don't believe beer will be guzzled to such an extent that figures will be affected," he states. "I believe we are in for a period of gracious living. The depression has taught us the value of simpler things; and if prohibition is repealed, I am sure speakeasies or whatever succeeds them will be definitely OUT. It will no longer be considered smart or chic to drink. See if I am not right! Tea will be served instead of liquor.

In 1900, for some reason I've never yet fathomed, the pouter-pigeon figure, with swelling bust and hips, was admired. We of to-day can't understand that. I don't believe it will ever come back. The minute a figure borders on fat, it ceases to be up-to-date. Curves, yes. But curves haven't been out, really. We've always built up flat busts because a gently rounded bust is considered alluring, and our stars *must* be alluring."

If YOU would like to be "alluring" in the Hollywood manner, you might follow the instructions of Willy Pogany, Universal art director, to his artists' models—and gain ten pounds in two weeks.

Each night, after you are undressed and your abdomen is thoroughly relaxed, you take a cocktail shaker and put in it a pint of milk and cream. If you can manage it, you add a raw egg—but if this seems going too far, leave out the egg. Put in a little sugar and a tablespoonful of whisky. If there isn't any whisky, try malted milk. Then walk up and down the floor, shaking it vigorously *four hundred times!*

It's the shaking that starts circulation in vital digestive tracts, so that by the time you've walked the allotted paces and shaken the allotted shakes, your body is ready to absorb the liquid where it will do the most good. Yes, ten pounds in two weeks!

How Mae Clarke Plans to Gain

MAE CLARKE, who now weighs 114, is beginning to worry lest that won't be considered enough, but Mae has a way out. She has bought an avocado ranch.

"I shall eat some of my produce and sell some of it to other Hollywood girls who would like to gain," she plans. "There's nothing like avocados for putting on Mmmmmmmm!"

Greta Garbo probably won't have to invest in Mae's avocados, because her waistline is 27, her bust 35 and her hips 38, which are fairly Mmmmmmmmmish, wouldn't you say? And the legend has been that Greta has the foremost "boyish" figure of them all! It only shows what effects gowns can give! In her new picture, she is playing an early queen of Sweden—and her regal costumes (designed by Adrian, incidentally) will reveal a more rounded Garbo.

Lilian Harvey, the newest foreign sensation, is a tiny thing. She weighs 95 pounds, is 5 feet, 1 inch tall, and measures 30½ bust, 22 waist and 32 hips. Lilian doesn't drink, so nobody knows what beer might do to her. But she eats. My word, how she eats! Pie *à la mode* topping her luncheon every day! And whipped cream. Yes, ma'am! It's her dancing that keeps those healthy-looking curves in trim.

"Girls in America needn't worry about drinking beer if they'll go in for dance drills," says Lilian's fashion designer, Joe Strassner, who came with her from Europe. "American girls work so hard at whatever they do that regular exercise will keep down any excess weight.

I notice the difference in women in several different countries. In France, the chorus girl is very thin, so thin that her face looks older than that of the girl anywhere else and she does not seem so attractive to me. In Germany, the girl is heavier than here. But in Austria, the entire professional world is much, much heavier than here. Austrian men will not have thin women around them.

"The reason Clara Bow was the idol of Europe was because she was not thin, but pretty plump and cuddlesome. American girls are the best groomed I have ever seen. I think it is good that they are putting on more curves and are not trying to be boys any more."

The smallest waistline in Hollywood belongs to Bette Davis, and it's 21 inches. Her dressmaker is going to indulge in loud cheering if Bette attends beer gardens and imbibes the contents of steins, for at present, with both hips and bust measuring 34, it is all but impossible to design a gown that will come off over Bette's head or hips and still fit neatly at the waist.

Boots Mallory, Glenda Farrell and Gloria Stuart are good examples of the increasing heft of beauty. Of course, none of them compares to Mae West, but they do exemplify the New Deal in Figures.

So blow the foam off the beer, girls. Or if you turn to tea, as is prophesied, you can take four lumps of sugar.

Mmmmmmmmmmmmm!

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 14*)

BEFORE he left, Maurice's blood pressure went up a couple of points, due to Baby Leroy, who lips like him in "A Bedtime Story." One time it was due to the trick of some "extras" in teaching Baby the "bird," which he would lustily bestow upon the Frenchman during his best scenes. Another was when Leroy, at the tooth-cutting age, used Chevalier's script for a teething ring. No wonder Maurice needed a rest when he finished that one!

WHICH, too, was the state of most of the studio by the time Gracie Allen, of the radio team of Burns and Allen, finished her part in "International House." We listened in the other day when Dr. Psmythe, the noted psychologist, examined Gracie. When they were introduced, Gracie protested that there was nothing wrong with her feet.

"Psychologist," George Burns told her, "not chiropodist. He doesn't want to look at your feet. He wants to test your brains."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of it."

"I'm just going to try a few simple tests," explained Dr. Psmythe. "Are you well read?"

"Not yet. I haven't been to the beach this year."

"What do you think of Browning?"

"I never eat meat, well done or rare. I'm a veterinarian."

"Vegetarian," Burns broke in, "not veterinarian."

"But my brother—" Gracie began.

"Never mind," said George. "Veterinarian."

"Miss Allen," Psmythe went on, "have you any pursuits?"

"My, yes, I've played in lots of melodramas!"

"Melodramas?"

"Sure. You know: 'The villain still pursuit her!'"

"What do you think of Shelley, Keats and Byron?"

"I think Tinker to Evers to Chance was better."

"Are you interested in science?"

"Incense? My yes, I burn lots of it."

The faint, galloping sound was Dr. Psmythe going over the hill.

THELMA TODD, the voluptuous beauty who rose from school-marm to movie star, is convalescing in Europe from an appendix operation. She is divorcing her husband, Pasquale J. de Cicco, whom she married July 17, 1932, and will probably become a new bride any day now.

WHEN you see the opus, "Supernatural," you'll see kissing as is kissing. The action calls for eight—count 'em—different kinds of kisses. The varieties of osculation demanded by the hopeful author (did the censors cut the kisses in your town?) are Repulsively, Lightly, Lightly and Affectionately, Affectionately, Warmly, Warmly and Tenderly, Intensely, and Passionately. Mmmmmmmmmm!

To Tell You the Truth Dept:

BING CROSBY wears orange neckties . . . When going with Brian Aherne, Marlene Dietrich doesn't wear the pants . . . Gary Cooper night-wires it instead of writing letters . . . To their friends, Burns and Allen are known as Nat and Googie . . . Jean Harlow's latest fad is geese, and the noise around her house is fierce! . . . And Charlie Ruggles bets you can't say "Some ships are twin-screw steel cruisers" fast . . . Try it!

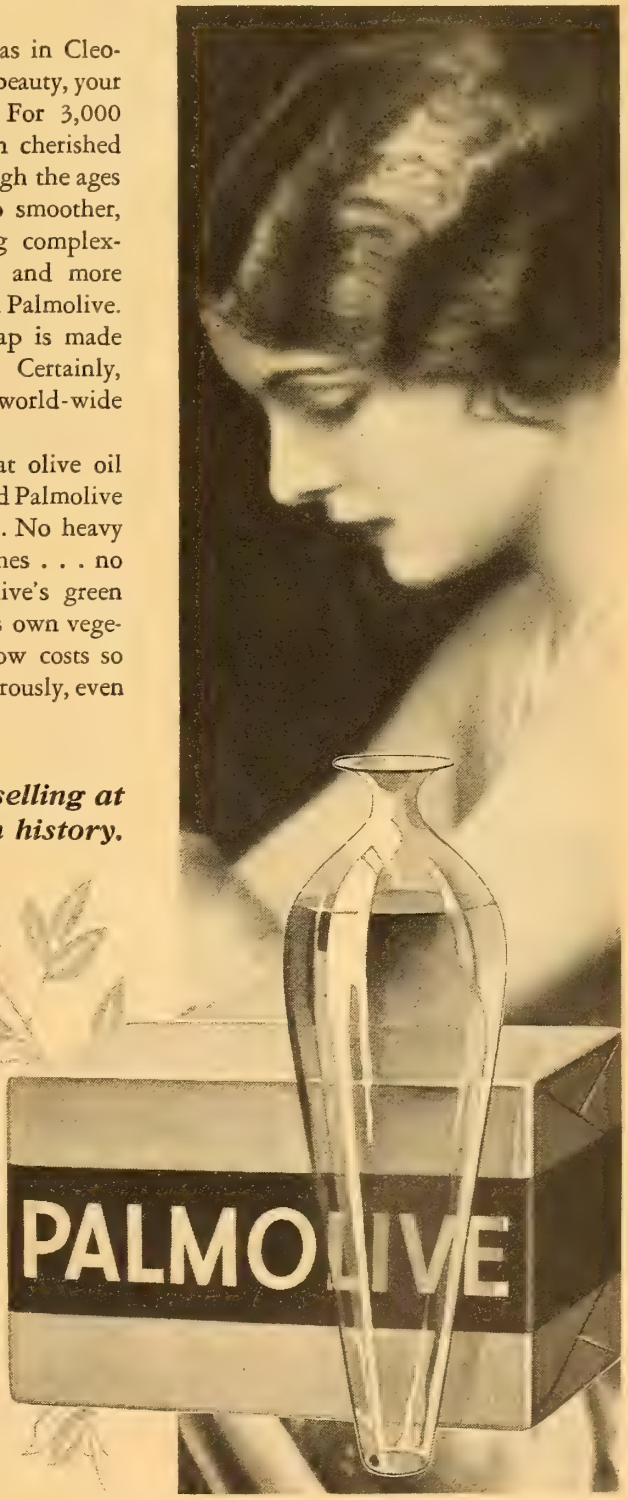
Olive Oil makes your skin alluring

. . . *and makes Palmolive green*

AS true today as it was in Cleopatra's time—"for beauty, your skin needs olive oil." For 3,000 years, olive oil has been cherished for skin beauty . . . through the ages the unfailing answer to smoother, lovelier, more charming complexions. That's why more and more women every day cherish Palmolive. For this olive-green soap is made of precious olive oil. Certainly, Palmolive deserves its world-wide enduring success.

Everybody knows that olive oil makes skin alluring—and Palmolive is abundant in olive oil. No heavy perfumes . . . no bleaches . . . no artificial colors. Palmolive's green is the green of Nature's own vegetable oils. Palmolive now costs so little, you can use it generously, even in your beauty baths.

Palmolive is now selling at the lowest price in history.



This much olive oil goes into every cake

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. That's why 20,000 beauty experts recommend Palmolive, including Vincent, of Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Hotel, who says: "Since all this olive oil goes into every cake . . . naturally I prefer Palmolive."

FINE GIRL?
MEN WONDERED UNTIL...

New Beauty Secret ...changed her whole Appearance!

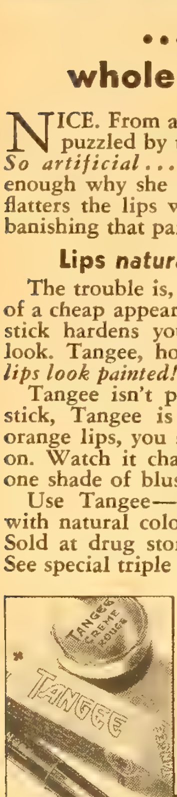
NICE. From a fine family. Yet men were puzzled by the appearance of her lips. *So artificial...so conspicuous.* Reason enough why she switched to a lipstick that flatters the lips with rich, natural color... banishing that painted look!

Lips *naturally* rose-colored!

The trouble is, you never suspect yourself of a cheap appearance. Yet any ordinary lipstick hardens your mouth with a painted look. Tangee, however, *cannot make your lips look painted!*

Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick, Tangee is orange. Does that mean orange lips, you say? Absolutely no! Put it on. Watch it change color instantly to the one shade of blush rose perfect for you!

Use Tangee—for alluring lips... fresh with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters. See special triple offer below.



Tangee Creme Rouge

Use Tangee Creme Rouge for perfect summer make-up! Cheeks glow all day with natural looking color . . even in swimming. For Tangee is waterproof. Greaseless . . . cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base *protects* your skin.

New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. MP 7
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Rush Tangee Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature **Lipstick, Rouge Compact** and **Creme Rouge.** I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________

Extra! What Will Happen to Movie Stars' Big Salaries?

(*Continued from page 31*)

at First National—namely, $10,000 a week for each week in the year. Nor will anybody, for a long while, be given $500,000 ($50,000 a week) for a single picture, as was John McCormack when he made "Song O' My Heart."

Tremendous contrasts stand out everywhere, though. Constance Bennett's famous salary of $150,000 for five weeks' work (that was a couple of years ago) has been almost matched by Ann Harding's purported $200,000 per picture, with the possibility of a raise to $300,000. George Raft, until recently, was reported to be drawing $350 a week, though fast outdrawing most of the other stars on the Paramount program.

Nobody knows how successful Greta Garbo will be in her new films, but it seems pretty well settled that she will get anywhere from $10,000 a week to $13,000, for at least forty weeks annually. Marie Dressler, the biggest box-office draw at the same studio, receives approximately $2,000 a week on regular contract, though she does also get some large bonuses, and has been carried by the studio during long periods of illness. Still, there is a very violent difference between her rate of basic pay and that of, say, Wallace Beery, who receives about $5,000. Clark Gable, going over like a house afire, also had his salary battles, and finally was raised to a more normal level than the $500 to $750 a week he was drawing. At first, this came in the form of bonuses, and then later as a definite salary raise to at least $2,500.

Yet, despite the fact that it all seems fantastic, there is some rhyme and reason to the system. You may have a hard time believing it, but then it can be analyzed. Let's get down to cases.

Only 1,500 Salaried Players

FIRST of all, it's hard to believe that there are only fifteen hundred persons in the movies who get more than fifty dollars a week regularly. It's hard to believe because there has been so much talk of big money made in Hollywood. That's the truth of the matter, however, backed up by Academy investigation.

This doesn't count the free-lancers, who may sometimes range high, but who are not so sure of what's going to happen to them. They do well in some instances. Edmund Lowe gets around $5,000 a week, with five weeks guaranteed on each picture. Victor McLaglen is paid about a similar amount. Edward Everett Horton, with his comical contributions, seldom works unless he can be assured of a $5,000 weekly stipend, but he'll take it for only two or three weeks occasionally, rather than five. These men have their price, and they don't cut under it.

But the contract players, numbering only one hundred and seventy-five at the very most, are a rangy lot in their finances, and are affected by all kinds of strange and mysterious circumstances, understandings, secret agreements, psychoses and hysterias. It's the deuce to unravel the tangles that bind them, and to try to solve the puzzle of what they are being paid and why.

The most important thing in connection with the signing of a contract for big money is enthusiasm. It's enthusiasm that boosts the figures at option time almost beyond reason. Enthusiasm runs high in days of prosperity; it is terribly low during a depression. A big-money star is then in more danger of finding himself without a job than a small player. Witness the parting of John Gilbert and M-G-M, and rumors of nonrenewals for Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, Ronald Colman and George Arliss that have come about during the bad times. Constance Bennett's $7,500 a week looks very hefty now; so does Gilbert's $250,000 a film, and it *is* large.

But none of these things would ever be thought of, if the screen were flourishing as it did when the talkies came in. Almost any price was paid for stars then, and also for good directors and writers. Nothing costs too much when the movies are prosperous. And very few howls are heard about the difference in payments, while walk-outs are conspicuously absent.

The producers sign stars and pay them fabulous sums for a variety of reasons. And some of these don't strike the average observer at all, unless he knows the ins and outs of the game. Greta Garbo's $10,000 a week looks like a terrific salary, but Greta is what is called in Hollywood a "prestige" star. She attracts matchless attention to the company that has her under contract.

There are at least four stars who are more popular in America, including Marie Dressler, Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer, but Garbo gains much more interest. She is the big attraction in the big cities. Where she fails to charm is in some of the rural places, and the rural places have gradually become less than nothing in the estimation of some of the movie barons. It is from the big places that the big money comes. It is in the biggest place of all that Wall Street, which furnishes money for the movies, has its habitat.

It's the same with Chevalier, as with Garbo. According to most check-ups, he is not one of the five biggest male sparklers in America, but Chevalier cuts a terrific swath in the foreign market—so big a swath, in fact, that he took Jeanette MacDonald right along with him. And Jeanette goes so far there that she drew a gross of more than $50,000 for a two-week theatrical engagement in Paris.

John McCormack got $500,000 for his one and only picture engagement, and most of it might have been charged off to profit and loss, if it had depended on what he grossed in America. But the American gross was a mere incident with a film that drew big money in Australia, England and elsewhere. It wasn't entirely because of a lack of returns that McCormack wasn't brought back again. It was fear of a depressed market abroad, combined with the difficulty of getting proper rôles for him.

Al Jolson was the czar of the talkies in their first hectic days. He packed the theatres. Such a record did he make for a while that any producer would have been willing to offer him $500,000 for a picture. He would have drawn that much money four times over.

Then he commenced slipping, and many felt it was due simply to bad pictures. Maybe it was. But a good picture could bring him back. That was sound reasoning. In normal times, with a good film, he would have been worth $500,000. That was when his contract was signed, by the way, but his film "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" was made during abnormally depressed days, and consequently may never pay out.

Producers and stars are pretty well agreed that there's only one effective procedure in the movies, and that's to cash in while the cashing is good. It can't be done before; nor afterward. Gilbert looked as if he were worth $250,000 a picture when he signed up. It was just before the talkies. That he missed fire was something that couldn't be reckoned with.

Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, who both get $2,000 or $3,000 more per week than Marie Dressler, deserve their stipends, because they have been in the films longer. If M-G-M discovered a brand-new star, they wouldn't pay her a Shearer, Crawford or even a Dressler salary, even if she were a big success tomorrow. They would build her up, gradually, to the high figure. They, or any other organization, would probably make her fight for the additional money.

When Warners signed Ruth Chatterton and William Powell, they wanted these stars for business reasons. They were having a competition battle with another company. This whetted the struggle to get them. No price was too high to pay for prestige, and Chatterton and Powell represented prestige. Warners won them, but the cost was terrific. Even so, Chatterton and Powell are the kind of stars who have good, solid, well-grounded drawing power. The investment wasn't a foolhardy gamble.

Will Rogers is a prestige star. He gets about $125,000 a picture. He started with Fox at $75,000 per picture. He made good in a big way; hence, the raise. He's worth it because his films draw well not only in this country, but in England and its possessions. When he's with a number of other stars in such films as "State Fair," a special arrangement is made for his services, which are figured by the week at the rate of $25,000 while he's working. His "Down to Earth" was a great popular hit.

How Stars May Be Paid

THE movies are in for some sort of new set-up financially—that is certain. No one knows yet what it will be. But it looks as if contracts, in the future, will be for shorter terms—and that straight salaries will be lower. Producers may get together and agree on what will be the top price that any of them will pay for a star. (There has been talk of a $2,000-a-week maximum salary—and equalization of salaries.) Such an agreement would put an end to the fierce, competitive bidding, which was what sent salaries zooming up in the first place.

Already, producers have reached a tentative agreement whereby featured players (as separate from stars) will eventually be eliminated from contract lists. The plan is to have such players registered at a central talent bureau, where their services would be available to all producers at "reasonable" sums. As it is now, these players are constantly "loaned" by one studio to another.

Maybe, eventually, all stars will work on a percentage arrangement. Many express a preference for that system, if they can be sure that the percentage will be figured by an impartial auditor. Most of them are afraid of percentages on net profits, because too many things are always charged against the picture as "overhead"—such things as writers' salaries, directors' waiting time, executives' conferences, supervisors' sick headaches, advertising ballyhoo, ink, office stationery and telephone conversations with the New York office. The stars would rather have a smaller "cut" on the gross receipts of the picture. And even that might not amount to much, in these days.

Anyway, most of the stars who don't accept percentages will probably be paid by the picture in the future, with an option after each feature and adjustments of their contracts, depending on how they are luring the public's quarters and dimes to the box-office. Only about fifty per cent of the stars are so paid nowadays.

It's imaginable that any percentage or payment-by-the-picture plan is likely to be junked at any time. A pick-up in theatre receipts will make everybody feel good in Hollywood; big companies will become ambitious, they will forget discretion, and grow wildly competitive, and salaries will rise. There's a slump in the market for stars right now, but wait until tomorrow!

Refreshing to your thirst
—but a stain to your teeth

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth—
COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

MANY AN attractive woman wonders why her teeth are often dull, lustreless—even after brushing.

She doesn't know that the things she eats and drinks put *seven kinds* of stains on her teeth.

She doesn't know that ordinary toothpastes *will not remove all seven.* That Colgate's will.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

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Group No. 6—Fruits
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Some food stains yield to polishing action, some only to *emulsive* action. Both are needed to give teeth spotless lustre.

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For beautiful, stain-free teeth, use Colgate's twice a day, and see your dentist frequently.

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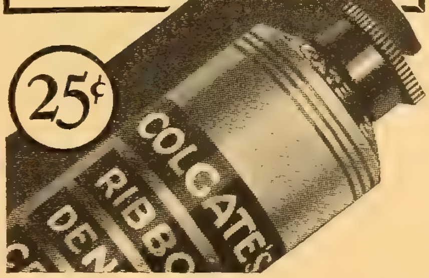

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New: ZiP Deodorant Pencil 50¢
Convenient — Efficient — Smart

He's the *Mental* Lon Chaney!

(*Continued from page 52*)

He has not said "farewell" to the stage—not believing in "farewell" announcements, even for publicity's sake. But he admits that he likes work in the movies, the people he works with, and the well-known climate. Incidentally, he believes that the screen and the stage demand different kinds of acting technique.

I thought again, coming back to the present, of Lionel's home on the peak of a high and isolated hill back of Hollywood—so high and so isolated that *no cry for help could be heard from there.* I thought of his second wife, that clever and witty lady culled from the Washington, D.C. socialites, and wondered what had become of his first. I thought of that great pack of Great Dane dogs, mammoth hounds that greet you with hellish baying as you approach the Atwill estate. Within that remote house on the mountain, in the dim and vaulted living room, a fire burns by night and by day—and Mr. Atwill reminded me (with mental cruelty, perhaps) that in the old days primitive tribes kept fires burning to hold back the evil spirits, lest they infest the bodies of men.

There's No Place Like His Home

CROUCHED in the heat of those flames, two great cats' eyes look out at you, andiron eyes with more than animal ferocity. Mr. Atwill serves you red wine and caviar when you are his guest—*there are not many guests, I'm told*—and when you are with him, his stupendous vitality charges the atmosphere, gives you a sense of tremendous stimulation and smothering strangulation. He talks, he paces up and down the room, he acts, he pours the red wine, he lights one cigarette after another. *What manner of man is this?*

I said to him at last, "Mr. Atwill, these parts you play—do you realize that you have created something entirely new on the screen, a new character opening up a new, dark future, giving a new conception to the possibilities of human nature? This mental cruelty you specialize in—do you—are you——?"

"Am I such a man, you mean?" he asked. He laughed. I froze. He said, "See, one side of my face is gentle and kind, incapable of anything but love of my fellow man. The other side, the other profile, is cruel and predatory and evil, incapable of anything but the lusts and dark passions. *It all depends on which side of my face is turned toward you—or toward the camera.* It all depends on which side faces the moon at the ebb of the tide.

"You want me to draw you a portrait of myself? I shall tell you that I am a Good Man, capital G, capital M. I am domesticated. I am kind to children. I never drink. I never swear. I never smoke. I never cheat. But while I am stating these things to you, how can you be sure that I am not exercising mental cruelty as I talk? How do you know that I am not willing you to believe these things of me? What if I should turn to you the evil side of my face? What then?

The Cruelest Cruelty of All

"MY wife tells me that I am cruel—that I have a streak of cruelty. And what do I do, when I am cruel? *Nothing.* NOTHING. To do nothing is the most blood-curdling, the most demoniacal form of cruelty there is. Because it is *mental cruelty*, compared to which mere physical cruelty is the brute brawling of a boy. Physical cruelty is soon over.

"Nothing — *nothingness* — what can be more horrifying than waiting in the vacuum of nothingness? What can be more deadly than suspended action, the implication of what may follow nothingness? To imply is to learn the secret of mental cruelty. Not to do anything, but to imply.

"What is more potently terrible than the man in correct evening attire over the heart of a killer? Honey catches more hapless flies than caustic. A kiss can kill. And so, I do nothing when I am being cruel. I am cold. I am silent. My wife tells me that I strike her here, in the breast—

"She loves me the more for it, not the less. All women love the men who are capable of mental cruelty. All women love the men they fear. All women kiss the hand that rules them. There is not enough mental cruelty exercised by men, who were once the overlords of creation. The American man, for instance, is a splendid specimen, physically. He is a genius in the world of finance and a god on the field of football. Where his women are concerned, he is a fool.

"He puts his women on pedestals. He tells the world, in hushed accents, 'This is my little wife . . .' He gives way to her in all things. He obeys her or he lies to her. He has allowed her to come out of her seclusion and defy him. Women should appreciate this kindly fellow. They do not. They take advantage of him. They belittle him. *I do not treat women in such soft fashion.* Women are cat-creatures. Their preference is for a soft, fireside cushion, for delicate bowls of cream, for perfumed leisure and for a master. Which is where and how they belong.

Those "Possible" Selves of Yours

"WHICH brings me back to horror—and the probably helpless love of it in every heart, male or female. Do you realize that the two characters of drama that have survived and made the most money for producers and actors have been *Richard, the Third* and *Hamlet*? *Richard, the Third,* that deformed man, with his horrible attitude toward women, his lust for killing and then more killing,—and *Hamlet,* with his pitiful diseased mind, his ability to conjure up nightmare pictures of his mother and his uncle—these are the two characters that men and women have never tired of since Shakespeare first committed them to paper. There is something about horror that is horribly compelling. Is it because we see our *possible* selves in these dark mirrors?

"And the abnormal people are not always the people who behave abnormally, or even erratically. The abnormal person, as noted by Krafft-Ebbing, is very likely to be your quiet, well-behaved partner at the family bridge table—the man or the woman whom you have known intimately for years. You never know. You never suspect, and perhaps nobody but a Krafft-Ebbing ever does know or suspect—and then he or she is recorded only as Case History 33,379 for psychologists to study.

"Am *I* such a person? Are you such a person? Or you? Or *you?* How are we to know? Who is there to say? I shall not say—for myself. Look at this side of my face—it is gentle and kind and good. Look at this other side—it is evil and predatory. There is your answer, which is no answer at all.

"I shall say this much: I believe that I am a Good Man, but I break loose on Fridays and this—*this is Friday!*"

There may have been no Lon Chaney. I am not sure that there is a Boris Karloff or even a Bela Lugosi—but there *is* a Lionel Atwill. And for nocturnal peace of mind I'll give you Mr. Atwill and take the other three.

Clothes Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

"Gee, Joan would like that dress!" . . . which sounded like a compliment for both Pat and Doug's estranged wife. The model is of navy blue ribbed crêpe with sleeve striping and other details of white taffeta. A shallow-crowned white felt hat, white gloves and black moire sandals complete this ensemble, which is the smartest summer street frock I have seen.

Orry-Kelly, First National designer, seems to prefer ruffles and bows to flowers to get his summery effects. But he manages to make a black tailored "cocktail dress" worn by Ginger Rogers in "Gold-Diggers of 1933" look very midsummery and cool by the selection of material he used and the trim. The dress is a combination of black striped net and satin, with collar and cuffs of starched, pleated white piqué. It's a grand dress for wearing to the theatre on summer nights, even if *Mr. Orry-Kelly* does limit it to the cocktail hour.

Ginger's Sporty Outfit

"GOLD-DIGGERS of 1933" also features the pert, red-headed Ginger Rogers in another one of *Orry-Kelly's* favored suède jackets. This sports costume combines red and gray and is worn with a stitched chamois hat and a flannel skirt.

Over at the Columbia Studio, Fay Wray is playing a lady-lawyer in the film, "Ann Carver's Profession." A new (at least to me) designer, *Letty Lee*, made Fay several smart costumes for this picture. They are more formal and stately-looking than our other midsummer styles of this month—but, then, the Law is a formal and dignified profession.

The light wool suit, worn by Fay for the "business office" scene, is an extremely attractive little number for summer travel. Note in particular the *length* of the suit coat, and its large buttons, which extend from the collar down to the hem. The vestee is of white, pleated organdie and the collar is of brown and white checks. For that boat or train trip to your favorite vacation resort, you'd have a hard time beating this little going-places ensemble.

But *Ann Carver's* time is not devoted exclusively to Law. There are, for instance, some very ardent love scenes between Fay and Gene Raymond. For the less technical moments of the picture, *Letty Lee* has created two very nice evening gowns—one of black lace (always popular) and the other of peach brocaded satin with a bodice of coral fish-netting. By the way, this color combination of peach and coral is very popular with the Hollywood designers this summer. It is cool and, at the same time, rich. A note of grand formality is added to Fay's satin gown by the long, imposing train which begins at the hip line. Both gowns prove effectively that even summer gowns can retain a note of dignified formality if, say, one is a lady lawyer.

Just one more little word: Don't forget to try this Hollywood fad for flowers somewhere in your own summer wardrobe. It is so amazingly flattering!

It may be clothes gossip to Hollywood, but it's clothes NEWS to the rest of the world, when the designers create new styles for stars. And they're constantly doing it—which means that *Marilyn* has news for you every month!

With Pompeian you can be confident of your loveliness for hours
How often you are apt to find your nose in this condition one-half hour after using ordinary powder!

There's no longer an excuse for

half-hour nose!

From now on it's your own fault if you're caught with a disillusioning nose shining out from the perfection (God-given or man-made) of the rest of your face. It's your own fault if you have to dive for a mirror and a powder puff every time you turn around.

For after a good deal of research and experiment, Pompeian has created a powder that will cling for hours. Not the old-fashioned type of "clinging" powder that coats the face with a dull heavy mask, but a soft, fine powder that gives a delicate and smooth perfection to the skin. . . . Now you can leave your dressing-table serenely confident that your good looks will last throughout the evening.

The new Pompeian comes in a variety of flattering skin tones, expressly created to complement and enhance every complexion type. Its perfume is charming and subtle. And it is smartly boxed in an ingenious manner.

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Jean Harlow Answers Your Questions

(*Continued from page 55*)

Why don't you like to go to the "wild parties" in Hollywood? Is it because of your many tough breaks that you like to be alone? The "wildness" of Hollywood's parties is greatly exaggerated. However, since childhood I've not cared for large parties or crowds. It's my nature to prefer a few close friends.

When will you make another personal appearance tour? (This represents dozens of queries.) I haven't the least idea. Not this year, at any rate.

What is it like to have your pictures published and to be admired by thousands of people you do not know? It is very gratifying; also, very terrifying.

Is being a motion picture actress very tiring work? Yes, acting is a severe nerve-strain—but it has its compensations.

Did you ever attend a dramatic school? Were you on the stage before entering pictures? No.

With whom did you attend the première of "King Kong"? I was in California at the time and saw you. You must be mistaken, for I didn't attend the première.

Do you know Joe Humphrey of Dallas, Texas? Yes, I know him well.

Have you ever written a personal letter to a fan? Many of them.

What do you collect? One of my hobbies is the collection of rare perfumes.

Of what nationality are you? English and French.

What were you doing at the time of the earthquake, and what first entered your mind when the shock occurred? I was walking across the studio lot to take a dancing lesson. My first thought, I believe, was of my mother's safety.

Are you really happy? Is anyone completely happy? I have my work, my family, my home and many friends.

Do you ride horseback? Yes, I ride a great deal.

How long does it usually take for you to make a picture? From four to six weeks, not counting the time spent in preparatory work.

Have you ever met Arthur Jarrett, the radio singer? Yes, I've met him and seen him often at the Cocoanut Grove. I like his voice very much.

Do you expect to marry again? I hope to, some day, because marriage and a family are part of every normal life.

What do you think of the mannish clothes so many Hollywood stars are wearing? Personally, I wouldn't wear them, for they are not becoming to me. I think the average woman looks much better in feminine clothes. Mannish clothes are just a freak fad.

Why do you wear such suggestive and immodest clothes? I do not select the clothes I wear on the screen. The studio designers try to match the clothes to each rôle.

Would you like to play different rôles from the type you have played? I'd like to play as wide a variety of rôles as possible—but I'm afraid my field is limited.

Do you enjoy wearing slacks? Yes, and I wear them most of the time.

Do you believe fifteen-year-old girls can really fall in love? It all depends on what you mean by love. Love at fifteen is certainly not the same as love at twenty-five.

Did you know Heinie Haag when you lived in Kansas City? I don't think so.

When playing opposite Clark Gable in "Red Dust," did you have any personal feeling for him, or was it all purely professional? I number Clark among my good friends, but our screen emotions were all in the line of work.

How many pictures do you make a year? The number varies—usually about four.

Have you ever gone to parties or dances with Joel McCrea? No. But I have met Joel and like him.

Have you any brothers or sisters? I'm an only child.

If one of your great admirers came to Hollywood to see you, would you give her a few minutes of your time? I would be glad to, if I were not working at the time and could arrange it. Few people realize that even between pictures we are almost as busy, with portrait sittings, fittings, interviews and so forth, as we are when actually working in a picture.

Were you popular in your high-school days? No, I wasn't. I went to boarding school and spent my week-ends at home. I think the girls liked me well enough, but I knew very few boys.

Do you ever send out any autographed photos of yourself? Yes—dozens.

Where can I write you, as I want one of your pictures? You can address me at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Do you ever lose your temper off-screen? Rarely. I'm *handicapped* by a very even disposition.

What do you do with all of your beautiful clothes when you are through with them? My personal wardrobe is very limited, for I don't care a great deal for clothes. The studio supplies my screen costumes. What clothes I have, I give to various charitable organizations.

Did you enjoy working with James Hall in "Hell's Angels"? Yes. He's a very fine actor.

Are you allowed to select your own leading men? No, I've nothing to say about that. The choice is made by the studio executives.

What type of girl do you like best? One with intelligence and vitality.

Do you mind playing in pictures where you have to do a lot of "necking"? It's all a part of the work.

How does a husband really like to be treated? I imagine that all depends on the husband.

Are you related to a commander in the Navy, who is now stationed at the Naval Academy at Annapolis? No.

Which of the modern novelists do you like best? It's hard to choose. I believe, though, that I prefer Ernest Hemingway.

Would you mind telling us about your new home? It's Georgian architecture. We have not completely furnished it yet. I'm especially proud of the view and the swimming pool.

Do you remember me when we attended Ferry Hall together? (Signed by Miss Bobbie Drake.) Yes, and I would be very glad to hear from you.

How much do you weigh, and what are your exact measurements? According to the studio wardrobe department's chart, I am five feet, one and one-half inches tall and weigh one hundred and eight pounds. My other measurements are: bust, thirty-five inches; waist, twenty-three and a half inches; hips, thirty-five and a half inches. I wear size twelve dresses, size six-and-a-quarter gloves and size three-and-one-half-B shoes.

Do you smoke? Yes.

Can you give the name of a good bleaching agent to bleach hair? I can only advise you to consult a beauty expert. Chemicals that might be harmless to one person might be very harmful to another.

What kind of soap or shampoo do you use on your hair? A pure castile soap.

What is the first thing you notice about a man—his physique, teeth, eyes, hair, or what? His personality! I know many men whose features I could not describe, yet whose personalities are magnetic and forceful.

Which color of nail polish do you prefer? I use medium red.

Why do you always wear a beauty spot? It's just a personal idiosyncrasy, I guess. For no particular reason.

Do you know the daughter of Alice and Ted Mark? No.

What exercise do you recommend to develop chest and shoulder muscles? Swimming and golf are ideal, I think.

What shade of face powder do you use? I use a dark sunburn powder. I'm heavily tanned most of the year.

Do you know Patsy Parker, formerly of San Antonio, Texas? No.

If you were not a motion picture actress, what line of work would you follow? I would try to take up newspaper work—or some form of writing.

Do you know Anna May Wong? I've never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Wong.

Who are your best friends in Hollywood? Have you always lived in California? Most of my intimate friends are non-professionals. I've lived in California about five years. Before coming here, I lived in Kansas City and in Chicago.

Do you prefer men of your own age or men much older? All ages have their charms.

As I was in the same grade school with you, I would like to know your address and drop you a line. You must be mistaken, for I never attended grade school. You can address me in care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Does fame mar the character of movie folk? Sometimes. It depends entirely on the individual.

Do you consider screen magazine reporters just a little bit too inquisitive? I welcome their questions as long as they are in good taste.

Have you ever visited in Connecticut? When and where? I've never been in Connecticut. I hope to visit there soon.

What was the funniest thing that ever happened to you? Getting into pictures.

Do you expect to go to the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago this summer? I'd love to go, but I'm afraid it will be impossible.

Would you appreciate a pastel of yourself that I have done? Yes, of course.

What would you do if you wanted to become an actress, oh so badly, and your parents wouldn't allow it? I'd wait until I was very certain that my parents were mistaken.

Are visitors permitted to enter the studios and see how pictures are made? Because of the multitudes of people who want to go through the studios, the producers have been forced to impose a great many restrictions. It is difficult to obtain a visitor's pass, but not impossible.

What kind of music do you like best—modern or classical? Usually, I prefer modern music.

Is Joan Crawford a friend of yours? I know her and have the greatest admiration for her.

If television is perfected soon, do you think you will leave the movies to act on the television screen? I can't say. Television is still in the experimental stage. Perhaps I wouldn't be suitable.

Tell us about your ambition to write—is it true that you are writing a novel? I wish it were true. As yet I write only for my own pleasure. Maybe some day . . .

What sort of radio programs do you enjoy the most? At different times and in different moods I enjoy different programs.

How did you get into the movies? As a lark, because a friend bet me I couldn't. I played only unimportant bits, though, until

"We're Engaged"

What a world of pleasant talk can start from a snapshot! That's one of the reasons why you're in such a hurry to get the prints . . . "Oh, isn't *this* good!" "He called me up again last night." "Do you remember when we took this?"

Snapshot possibilities are immensely greater now because of a new kind of film. With Kodak Verichrome Film you don't need to have bright light. Dull or sunny—even in shade—go right ahead. No more squinting, no more posing. Snap when people are relaxed and natural—you'll get the finest pictures you've ever made. Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

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KODAK VERICHROME FILM

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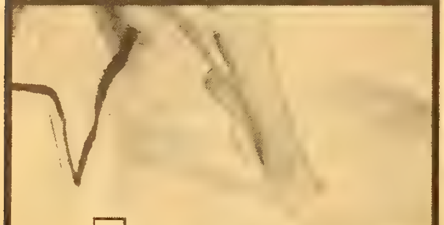
CORNS

Gone in 3 days

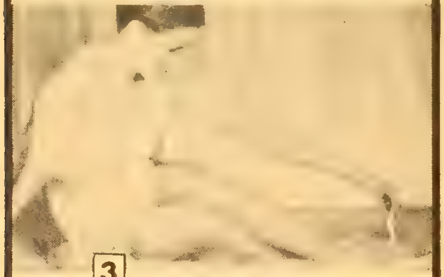
THIS SAFE, SCIENTIFIC WAY



1 SOAK THE FOOT for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.

2 APPLY BLUE-JAY, centering pad directly over the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS: A is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn. B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once. C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.



3 AFTER 3 DAYS, corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out the corn. (Old, tough corns may need a 2nd application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action).

Blue-Jay, used by millions for 35 years, is the invention of a famous chemist. It is made for you by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over. *Be kind to your feet.* When a corn appears remove it with Blue-Jay.
25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions, calluses.

BLUE-JAY

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Name__________

Street__________

City__________

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Ben Lyon and James Hall saw me working in a comedy and persuaded Howard Hughes that I could play the girl in "Hell's Angels."

As Motion Picture Magazine *reporters would say—"And ne'er did chisel trace a nymph, nyad or grace of finer form or lovelier face."* (The Inquiring Reporter resents this!) *My question is: "After the big show, what?"* If you mean to ask what I'll do after I leave the screen, I can only answer, "It lies in the laps of the Gods."

Why is it that you insist on being a real platinum blonde, when anyone with common sense can see you are not? I've always been a pale towhead.

For other than financial reasons, do you ever wish you were not in motion pictures? No, I'm sincerely in love with my work.

Do you read every bit of your fan mail and answer it personally? It would be absolutely impossible to read and answer every letter. I do all I can; my secretary does the rest.

Are you an Italian? Many of my friends say you are. No, I'm not Italian. My stepfather, Marino Bello, is, and perhaps that has confused your friends.

Don't you believe that darker hair would improve your photographic possibilities? On the contrary, cameramen say that blondes are the best photographic subjects—because they stand out against the dark background of the average scene.

Do you wear pajamas? Yes, often.

Have you been in Chattanooga, Tennessee, during the last three years? No.

Did you attend the Convent of the Sacred Heart in your school days? No.

I would like to know if you had lunch at a place on the William Penn Highway around Thanksgiving Day, 1931. No. I was in California at that time.

Were you in Murray Bay, Quebec, in the summer of 1931? How did you enjoy lunching with H. Booth of Ottawa, Canada? I don't remember being in Murray Bay—but I did have lunch with Mr. Booth and enjoyed it very much.

Has a woman by the name of Agnes Le May ever had anything to do with the selection of your clothes? No.

How do you care for your hair? I shampoo it every four or five days and, when I do, I put a few drops of liquid bluing in the shampoo soap, not in the rinse water. I never use a hot iron.

Do you believe in brushing your hair much? Do you use a stiff or a soft brush? I very seldom use a brush of any kind.

Do you diet to keep your figure slender? I do not follow a rigid diet, but I eat few sweets and never over-eat. I try to plan sensible, well-balanced meals—anything I want in small quantities.

Do you know a young man in Kansas City named Milo Gish? I believe not.

Have you ever visited Eastern Long Island? No, but I hope to soon.

Do you remember the artist who brought the pastel of you backstage at Loew's State Theatre in New York—and would you like to have the painting I promised? Yes, I remember you very well and I would appreciate the painting.

Do you know Katharine Hepburn? I've never met her.

How can I get thin? I am stout and would like to lose weight, but I can't seem to stop eating. I believe it's much better to reduce by a course of carefully-planned exercises than to starve yourself. You should consult an expert physical culturist.

What kind of clothes would you wear, if you had brown hair and brown eyes? Brown hair and eyes usually harmonize with vivid colors.

How do you care for your complexion? I wash my face with a pure soap and always use a good cleansing cream after washing, in order to keep my skin from becoming dry. I use ordinary make-up, but I always give my face a thorough cleansing with cold cream before going to bed.

What is Joan Bennett's address? Creighton Chaney's? I believe you can address Miss Bennett in care of Fox Studios, Westwood, Los Angeles—and Creighton Chaney at Radio Pictures Studio, Gower and Melrose, Los Angeles.

What color are your eyes? Gray-blue.

What is your opinion of "the ideal man"? I think honesty, kindliness, a sense of humor, courage and intelligence are the most important qualities.

For summer wear, which of the three kinds of gloves—chamois, doeskin or pigskin—do you prefer? Chamois, in white or natural.

What is your favorite pastime when not working? They call me a golfo-maniac.

Are you really as sophisticated and "hard-boiled" in real life as you are on the screen? Hardly!

Do you remember meeting me at Loew's Theatre—I was introduced by Bert Froman? (Signed by Ruth Mosher.) Of course, I remember you.

Do you think that Hollywood's stars regard themselves as far superior to "regular" people? Certainly not. Most of them have terrific inferiority complexes.

I know a young man who has your pictures all over his room—and I would like to know if you appreciate such admiration from your fans. Certainly. It's the only applause a screen actress can have.

Is it hard to learn the parts that are assigned to you? Sometimes I find it rather difficult. They require a great deal of concentration.

Do you really keep only one evening gown at a time in your wardrobe? I have often had only one evening gown, and never more than two or three. I don't care a great deal for clothes.

Do you consider that you have yet been given a rôle that is worthy of your talents? I only hope that my talents have been equal to the rôles I've been given.

You manage to have your gowns fit so smoothly. Is it true that you wear absolutely nothing underneath? It's not true. I'm afraid some of the gossip writers have been exaggerating. As for the fit, my dressmakers are responsible.

Was Jean glad when she got all those questions answered? Her happy smile will answer that for you

Do you remember meeting Adrian Crossett in Rochester, and do you think he has the height, posture and looks to make an actor? I don't remember him.

Were you in Miami Beach, Florida, at the Community Theatre to see George Arliss in February, 1933? I've never been in Miami Beach.

How do you dress your hair? I wear it in a long bob, curled on the ends and parted in the middle.

Is it necessary that all movie actors have good-looking teeth? It is necessary that all leading players have attractive teeth.

If you loved a man with plenty of ambition, but very little money, would you marry him—or would you prefer a man with money and social position, regardless of love? If I loved a man, I would marry him, regardless of his wealth or position.

Other stars have said that the best way to get in the movies is via the stage. How can you get on the stage? Is that the way you were spotted for the movies? No, I was never on the stage, and I know so little about the stage that I can't answer the balance of your question with any authority.

Do you remember meeting W. H. Reinemeyer in New York? Would you answer a letter of mine personally if I should write? I remember Mr. Reinemeyer and I'll be happy to answer your letter.

If you marry again, will you marry a professional, or a non-professional? I can't say—but if I marry again, the man's profession will have nothing to do with it.

Is it true that "some of our best actresses are born without either a sense of morals or fair play," as someone wrote some time ago? Actresses are just like the women in every other line of work, good or bad, according to their individual characters.

Did you receive the water-color I did of you, about Christmas? Yes. And I'm ashamed that I haven't thanked you before this.

Would you like to make another picture with Clark Gable? There is no one I enjoy playing opposite more than Clark.

Have you ever been in love with a sailor? (Signed by one of Uncle Sam's sea-dogs.) Not yet.

How do movie directors find girls for the movies? Do they have to be pretty? Beauty is not nearly so important as personality. Most of the girls who are being given screen contracts now are recruited from the legitimate stage.

Why do motion picture stars frequently become very indifferent to the common people from whom they come? And why do so many of them lose happiness and peace in their private lives? Human nature is the same the world over. The motion picture industry absorbs all of one's time and vitality, and so it is only natural that old contacts are dulled. But they are not forgotten. I don't believe that stars are necessarily more unhappy than anyone else. It's just that their troubles are more publicized.

Do you get a "big kick" out of answering these questions? (This query came in the mail, not from your Inquiring Reporter.) Jean's answer was a smile—a smile at the same time pleasant and cryptic.

But, then, Jean *has* answered and acquitted herself nobly. She gave her replies "between shots" on one of the huge sound stages at M-G-M while Clark Gable, having already been a victim, frequently glanced her way and signalled his encouragement and sympathy. It seems to me that, from her answers, we should all know Jean a little better.

Next month we put Mae West, the "Diamond Lil" of Broadway fame, to the third degree. It should be a "cross-examination" to go down in Hollywood history!

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The Perfect Mascara

Is Mae West Garbo's Greatest Rival?

(*Continued from page 29*)

heyday of film prosperity when "Anna Christie" was showing.

Therefore, Mae's weekly "key" theatre box-office receipt, mathematically translated into terms of 1928–29 prosperity for comparison with Greta's, becomes more than $17,000—roughly, $4,500 more than Greta's best!

Film producers like to think of star popularity in dollars. The figures become more illuminating to most of us when converted into terms of human beings—"fans."

By taking into account the difference in admission prices then and now, it is easy to change the financial into the human equation. We find that approximately thirty thousand Garbo "fans" crowded into the key theatres each week to see their favorite in "Anna Christie."

Admission prices were then nearly fifty per cent higher than at present, at the houses in question. By rough, but sufficiently accurate estimating, we learn that Miss West drew a "good times" equivalent of more than sixty thousand "fans" per week per theatre—more than two to Garbo's one!

No new film celebrity, in deposing a reigning one, ever scored a victory half so impressive. If Garbo had remained in America, fighting Mae West for supremacy, could she have stopped the rush to Mae?

Mae Gives Them Laughter

HOLLYWOOD'S best prophets do not believe so. They think that Mae represents a change in public taste, a change that in itself would have baffled Greta. They question that the Swedish star's melancholy personality is what audiences crave in the midst of economic depression.

Mae, on the other hand, fits the temper of the times, say the experts. This, they aver, is the day of directness, honesty, "facing things." It is the day of Roosevelt in the White House—warm, human and earthy, a forthright person doing understandable things to comfort us. It is the day of Mae West in films—warm, human and earthy, doing equally understandable things to cheer us!

But the omen most alarming of all to Greta's friends and backers is the rout of the various other languorous, exotic pretenders to the film throne. Of the two foremost in favor, Tallulah Bankhead retreated in haste to the stage, and Marlene Dietrich has long talked of leaving America.

By succeeding easily and sensationally where these ladies of exotic languor and mystery have found success a struggle, Mae directly challenges the queen of them all. Greta's situation is, in fact, like that of the champion prize-fighter who, "retiring" undefeated, hears that a newcomer has swept through the other contenders with ridiculous ease.

It is an ironical fact that the most loyal supporters of Garbo and Dietrich were earliest to demand a change. They wrote letters to Paramount and M-G-M asking that "livelier, more realistic stories, and characterizations with more action" be given these favorites. Before Mae's eye-arresting figure loomed on the horizon, and before Greta departed for Europe—specifically, during the five months between January and June, 1932—these letters arrived in quantities sufficient to attract attention.

The letter-writers thought naïvely that it was only necessary to change Garbo's characterizations; they didn't imagine it would be necessary to change their favorite, herself! Producers would have been glad to oblige, had they been magicians. But they knew that Garbo, deliberate in mind, speech and body, and well suited to enact languorous Sphinx characterizations, could not negotiate anything much more vigorous or realistic.

And Dietrich, although buxom and vivacious in German films, would not change because von Sternberg stood in the way. He had originated her ultra-repressed, slow-motion tempo of speech and action, and could not bear to see his work undone to suit changing public favor. That was the real reason behind the Paramount-von Sternberg quarrel over "Blonde Venus." The picture had all the elements to make it just as lively as "She Done Him Wrong," which basically it much resembled. Von insisted on making an artistic dirge of it.

Strangely enough, not even the most famous critics found it necessary to disagree with the public verdict hailing Mae West as the new queen of filmdom. Many a reviewer confesses that he sat through "She Done Him Wrong" time after time, fascinated by Mae and her effect on the spectators around him. Incidentally, the spectators frequently held their seats for two or more performances, to the distress of the theatre managers and the lines waiting to get in.

This tendency to hold seats means just one thing to seasoned showmen and critics. Experience has taught them that when an audience likes a picture because of its story, it does not remain to see the show a second time, which tends to spoil the plot's effect. It is when the star's personality is the attraction that seat-holding becomes a nuisance.

What the Critics Have Said

BEFORE Mae's spectacular triumph, one critic called her "a distinct personality" and prophesied conservatively, "There's no one just like her and she can be built up to mean something at the box-office." And then, after she had begun shattering records, another remarked significantly, summing up hard times on Broadway: "But what does it matter—so long as Mae West still reigns as queen of the Great White Way? The little girl this week reopened the Rialto, closed for a month and until now thought to be shut for all time." That, we assume, was written *sans* collusion with another critic who typed: "She'll cure sick box-offices, bring dead theatres to life, and cause blood to race in hardened arteries."

No one in movie history has established such an amazing variety of broken attendance records. There are literally scores of them, many of freak interest. For instance, her picture, usually "booked" for a week and held for two or three, often did more business the second than the first week of its run! With Mae in person, "She Done Him Wrong" was recalled by popular demand to the Paramount in New York City for a third week, *after* it had been taken to Brooklyn, following the first two weeks of the New York City run. Then it was hastily recalled to Brooklyn! The breaking of three, six- and seven-year records was simple for Mae, in spite of the depression. One of these broken records was for New Orleans. It followed a start that was unimpressive because, the theatre manager explained, "Nobody knew who she was at first."

The Censors Weren't Kind

EXHIBITORS and producers alike are wondering how much more business Mae's picture might have done, had it not been mutilated by censorship in several States. Its spice was not removed—that was impossible, for the real wallop emanated subtly from Mae, herself. But often the story coherence was destroyed. Ohio censors, for instance, cut it so badly that instead of beating its powerful competitor, "State Fair." As expected, in following it at the Palace in Cincinnati, "She Done Him Wrong" brought in only $11,000 for the week, against the rival's $11,900!

The famous Pennsylvania censors took but four minutes' playing time from the picture, but made it ragged in sequence. They left in some odd things—Mae's remark to Cary Grant, for instance: "You can be had!"—and they nearly forgot to remove her opening line, "I'm the finest woman that ever walked the streets!" The songs "Easy Rider" and "I Like a Man Who Takes His Time" were eliminated.

Suppose the producers were mistaken about Garbo's inability to change. Certainly, it is not impossible for her to emulate Mae in appearance; her figure was curvy and buxom when she first came to America. And while she was abroad, she gained.

Suppose, too, that some latent, unsuspected power within our Greta enables her to cope with Mae in portraying, in modern, realistic style, "that certain element." Suppose, in other words, Garbo can and does "go West."

What a battle of elemental Amazons there'll be—for the throne of cinema sex-appeal!

Are Movie Stars Cuh-razy?

(*Continued from page 33*)

There was a party once. It was at a director's house. All the guests and Mine Host ran about clad only in Navajo blankets. There was a visitor from the East there. He had been in town for only five hours. He was still almost sane and slightly surprised. The five hours ran up to eight and pretty soon there was our visitor running around in a Navajo blanket, too, and announcing to anyone who wouldn't listen that he was Great Chief Garbo Schnozzle. It was all very simple. They just felt like running around in Navajo blankets. . .

It all comes down to this—if you feel like frying an egg in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard, why in H——(Hollywood) shouldn't you? Katharine Hepburn feels like sitting down right kerplunk in the gutter and reading her fan mail, and she does it; and she also wears old patchy overalls that she has worn for years and years. And Garbo feels like sitting under a bush and taking a sun-bath in the altogether—and, moreover, does it. And with picture snatchers, these days, trying to get all the nudes that are fit to print, that might look like the height of folly. . . .

Then there's Barbara Stanwyck and her Fay. Some alienists say that Barbara is fey over Fay. They say it's monomania taking a Frank form! How should *I* know that? I'm only Queen Elizabeth. . . .

Some of the gentlemen stars, well, *one* anyway, give interviews to ladies while wearing their shorts. Because they feel like wearing their shorts. . . .

Big strong men like Charlie Bickford open pink lingerie shops, and nice little boys like Buster Crabbe play with roaring lions and get bitten. . . .

Lupe goes about yodeling that she loffs her Garee and parts from him, and then she goes about yodeling that she does NOT loff her Tarzan and will not part from him. . . .

They cast Helen Hayes in "The Son-Daughter" with Anna May Wong rickshawing about the place—and four or five ladies a month rise up and say that Lewis Stone is all their husbands, and Lewis Stone says he is not—and I'd tell you more about it all, only my keeper is dragging me back to my cell and saying that it's crazier to talk like this than to *be* like this, which makes him Abraham Lincoln, and that's what I tell him as he starts the cold water cure. . . .

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Explaining Leslie Howard, Who Needs Explaining!

(*Continued from page 51*)

One looks so startlingly like Leslie that you have no difficulty in identifying him in the crowd as Ronald Howard, aged fourteen. A butler admits you and guides you to a large cheerful room, where Mrs. Howard, an accomplished and lovely hostess, sits before a blazing log fire.

Mrs. Howard's cordial greeting and explanation that Leslie has not as yet returned from the polo field are interrupted by her small daughter, aged eight. The daughter's name is Leslie, too, though she is called more intimately "Doodie," just as Ronald is called "Winkie," a name that his advancing years have caused to become distasteful to him.

Doodie's dog is lost, strayed or stolen—therefore the interruption. The dog's name, it seems, is "Whimsey." The police have been notified, but please may she go out to join the search? Mrs. Howard grants permission with the admonition that the afternoon is becoming chilly. "Wear your coat, Doodie," she says.

Like Father, Like Son

NO sooner has Doodie gone than Ronald, otherwise Winkie, arrives. He comes in with the moisture of honest play on his brow. His mother takes one look at him and orders a quick shower and fresh clothing.

"Winkie is just like his father," she explains, "—vague, impractical and careless about his health. He needs to be told what to do and kept after until he does it. I shall have to listen now for the running water in the shower—although even that is not an evidence of bathing. He may turn on the water and, half-through undressing, sit with one shoe off and one shoe on, absorbed in one of his hobbies.

"Right now it is Napoleon. Winkie reads everything he can lay hands upon about Napoleon. He is collecting books and prints having to do with the Napoleonic era and has a regular army of little figures which he moves about to re-enact historic military maneuvers. Musically, he is currently inclined toward martial airs. How long his devotion to Napoleon will last it is hard to say. His father changes hobbies rapidly. Only photography has endured for any time with Leslie. He putters about with other things only spasmodically.

"To see the great resemblance between father and son, not only physically but mentally, you should see Leslie correcting Winkie. He approaches the task much in the manner of the scene in 'The Animal Kingdom' in which he was attempting to tell the pugilist-butler that his services were no longer desired. 'Look here, old man,' Leslie will say to Winkie. Then there is a long pause before he resumes, 'Your mother says—' Another pause while he apparently searches for a gentle wording of the reproof. If Winkie can think of another subject to introduce during these pauses, he can easily divert the conversation!

His Eight-Year-Old Protector

"NOW, Doodie is a completely different child. There is no evading her. If she asks a question, she will continue asking it until it is answered. She is positive and direct about everything she does, and she mothers her father.

"Leslie's interests are Doodie's, also. She worries about him and in his behalf, and takes violent dislikes to people she believes might impose upon his unfailing good nature. Leslie would run a mile, rather than become embroiled in a quarrel. Doodie does his fighting in her championship of him.

"She is actually jealous. Not very long ago, Leslie changed masseuses, and Doodie did not like the new woman who came. She was too attractive, Doodie said, and wore her white nurse's dress much too tight. 'That woman' is flirtatious, I was warned by my child, eight years old.

"Doodie has always been like that when it comes to Leslie. She was only six when she conceived a tremendous dislike for the movies. It came about upon her first—and, incidentally, her only—visit to a studio. Leslie at the time was appearing in 'Never the Twain Shall Meet,' and Doodie went down to see him one day.

"When she came upon the set, Leslie was playing a love scene on a couch with Conchita Montenegro. Doodie watched the scene for a moment in silence. Then she uttered her now-famous comment. 'Amazing business!' she said, and, turning on her heel, walked out and has refused to go near a studio since.

"She can seldom be induced to go to the movies, although she is fond of the theatre. And she is an amazing little critic. 'Animal Kingdom,' which she loved on the stage, she thought was not so good on the screen. 'They left out the best scene,' she said and, in naming it, found Leslie in agreement. 'Cavalcade' is the single picture she has seen that she enjoyed thoroughly. And that's hardly to the taste of the average eight-year-old."

Mrs. Howard's Third Youngster

"TALKING about your children, my dear?" asks Leslie, as he makes his appearance in the doorway.

"Yes, all three of them," Mrs. Howard replies. And looking at Leslie's flushed, boyish face, you are inclined to agree. Returning from his polo, he is exactly like Ronald coming in from the baseball game. And Mrs. Howard makes the same fuss over him, omitting only the shower orders.

"Imagine," she says, "going out to the polo field with your ankle in that condition! Had I known you were planning to ride, I wouldn't have allowed you to go. He hurt himself yesterday," she explains to you, "and he shouldn't ride so soon."

"I am perfectly fit," Leslie protests.

"You weren't fit last night when I had to send for a doctor," his wife overrules. "He told you not to exercise—when you stopped discussing wet-plate photography long enough for him to examine you."

Doodie causes a halt again as she rushes in to greet her father and tell him about the lost dog. Then Ronald puts in an appearance, his hair giving evidence of a shower taken, to request a cup of tea and to start off bearing two cups. His mother wants to know why the second cup.

"I have a friend in the other room, waiting for a game of chess," Ronald states.

"Is there money involved?" Mrs. Howard asks.

"My word, no! I only taught the chap to play yesterday!" exclaims Ronald, who has the broadest English accent in the family.

Tell How They Fell in Love

SOMEHOW, the conversation turns to the Howards' first meeting. It was in London during the second year of the Great War. Leslie was a British officer on leave. They met in a tea-room.

"You were eating sponge cake and drinking milk," Mrs. Howard recalls. "That was what drew my attention to you. You looked just like a boy whose mother had told him to eat sponge cake and drink milk."

"As a matter of fact, she had," Leslie admits.

"A fellow-officer from your regiment presented you. And three weeks later we were married."

"Three weeks?" you ask, amazed. You hadn't suspected Leslie of a whirlwind courtship.

"It was romantic, wasn't it?" Mrs. Howard continues. "Leslie was engaged to another girl, the daughter of a wealthy diamond mine owner. Her name was 'Buzz,' and she had two sisters called 'Fizz' and 'Pop.'"

"Nicknames," says the embarrassed Leslie, for fear you may misunderstand. "The girl was only eighteen and it really wasn't an engagement. Her father would not acknowledge an engagement until she was twenty-one."

"Still, Leslie wrote Buzz long, endearing letters every Sunday. We had been seeing a good deal of each other—theatres, dinners and dancing nearly every night. After the first week, I stood by while he wrote to Buzz on Sunday; in fact, I added a postscript, telling her not to worry about him. Then we went to tea. The third Sunday, Leslie didn't want to write. Finally, he said 'Look here—'"

"I said," Leslie interposed, "'Look here, let's chuck it and get married!' It took a bit of arguing, but I eventually convinced you. We planned a wedding the next day, but I couldn't get leave. It was Tuesday before the ceremony was performed. You should have seen me pacing camp."

"I saw you pace the church. You were too nervous for words. And you had forgotten to get a ring."

"But I did get one."

"Yes, but you told the jeweler you were buying it for a friend who was being married."

"Do you remember," inquired Leslie, who was up to his old trick of introducing a new subject to turn the spotlight away from himself, "how we left the church and went to stand by those flood gates? As we watched the water racing madly past the gates, we imagined ourselves aboard ship."

Their Proudest Possessions

"I THINK of it every time we do actually cross the ocean." Mrs. Howard is rather wistful. "And I think, too, of my medal.

"You see," she says, turning to you and displaying a small golden medal that hangs by a chain around her neck, "Leslie gave this to me when I had a very serious operation years ago. I was unconscious for three days and, when I awoke, I found I was wearing it. I've worn it ever since. It is a copy of the Victoria Cross and is inscribed 'For Valor.'"

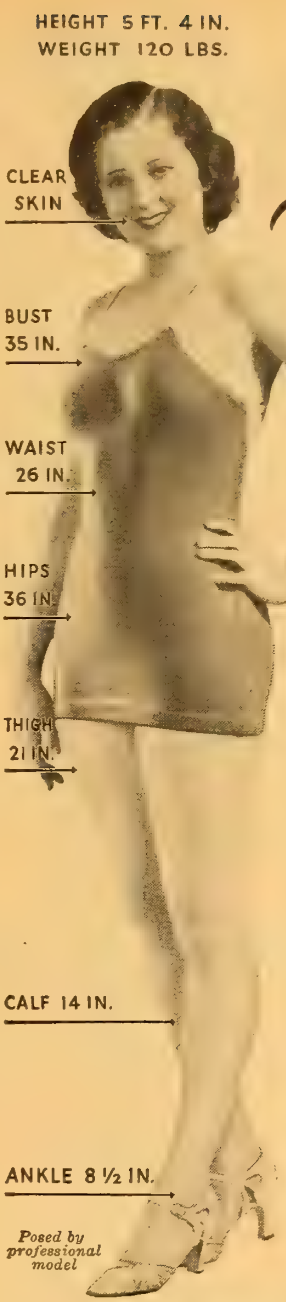
"And my proudest possession is this sovereign," says Leslie. He, likewise, wears it on a chain. "My wife gave it to me as a good-luck piece when I came alone to America to play 'The Cardboard Lover,' my first New York appearance. It seems to have brought me luck."

"I have a medal, too," says Doodie, very soberly. She is back from her periodic search for the dog. "Father gave it to me when I had my tonsils out. It is just like mother's, only smaller. I'd rather have it than a real Victoria Cross, which is bronze. Mine is gold."

Yes indeed, it is, Doodie. The purest gold, wrought in beautiful sentimentality.

Now, do all of you understand why Leslie Howard is the most romantic fellow in Hollywood? You have seen revealed the true romance that is his private life. The riddle is solved, and you need no explanatory comment from me.

In case you might worry about it, "Whimsey," the dog, came home of her own accord.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Wilma Tesar, Houston, Tex.

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In the few minutes it takes to look over the advertisements in this magazine, you may learn of something to help you into fresh pleasures—some new commodity to serve you all your life.

Hollywood Grabs the "Maedchen" Beauty!

(*Continued from page 53*)

in Germany, made her forget it. She is sensitive enough, girlish enough, not to want people to laugh.

She has had thirty-five English lessons and knows enough American to defend "Maedchen" indignantly against the rumors that it was not altogether wholesome motion picture fare; that there was too much and too exquisite devotion between members of the same sex in this story of a girls' boarding school, conducted solely for the daughters of Prussian army officers. And that her tenderly portrayed schoolmistress, *Fraulein von Bernburg*, might have been a slightly complex lady.

Not Maedchen Fun of Uniforms

"THE WIECK," as her Berlin playmates fondly call her, also denies that the film is a slap at militarism. There was no attempt in it, she claims, to show the German government the error of its ways by depicting the tragedies of a militaristic school where girls are disciplined like soldiers; where childish hearts beat beneath ugly striped uniforms; where sympathy and tenderness are stifled, and sensitive adolescence is molded into Prussian womanhood; where "Might is right" is still the best motto.

Dorothea Wieck willingly poses for pictures like this one, but refuses to be photographed showing her legs

"No. Nothing like that," she interposed hastily, looking at her manager. Mr. Gumpel agreed.

"It is just a story, like any film. Maybe it is a little different from what the American audience sees, but the German audience is not like the American, no? In my country, the people go to the theatre to take something home with them, something to think about and wonder over. In America, the theatre is more like a playground. In Germany, it is a clinic. In America, the people go to the theatre to relax, like children; to play. I think the American audience is quite child-like in its theatrical preferences.

"About the actors, too. In Germany they never wonder, as your people do, what their private lives are. If they give satisfaction, that is well enough. They let them be. They do not send their reporters to them to find out their innermost thoughts, their secrets.

"You ask me, 'What do you think about Garbo's secrecy act? She will not see the interviewers.' I say this:"—a smile, faint and fragile, passed her thin, red mouth—"there must be a reason. There is a reason for everything. I do not know. You want to know. Perhaps you should go to her and ask her yourself, no?

"About Marlene Dietrich's trousers, I say the same thing. There must be a reason for them. People do not do things without reason. You ask her."

Mr. Gumpel beamed at this diplomacy.

Describes Her Latest Rôle

"OH, NO. 'Maedchen' is not unwholesome. It is the kind of story that satisfies the German picture-goer. Look, we have since then done 'Anna and Elisabeth' together—Hertha Thiele, the *Manuela* of 'Maedchen,' and myself. Perhaps they will say the same thing about it. Incidentally, I am very happy about 'Anna and Elisabeth.' It is the first film to receive the approval of the Hitler government.

"In this film I am a crippled girl, mistress of a castle. I have an incurable nervous disease. Hertha is a peasant girl, a miracle worker. Ah, I like to work with her! There is a sympathetic feeling between us; we have a spiritual communion. In this film, Hertha is supposed to have divine power. At least, the villagers set her up as a local saint after she revives her brother when the doctor has pronounced him dead.

"Later she is brought to me, and my belief in her makes me walk. Very well, then I ask her to cure a man who has tuberculosis. But he is too far gone. He dies. I lose my faith in her. I go mad. I go raving through the streets to find this peasant girl and kill her. I find her with her lover, about to be married. There is a big scene. The end is suicide for me.

"What will Americans say about this picture? The Germans like it. To-day I received cables from my husband saying that it has opened in Berlin to great success. But for America . . . ?" The answer was a shrug.

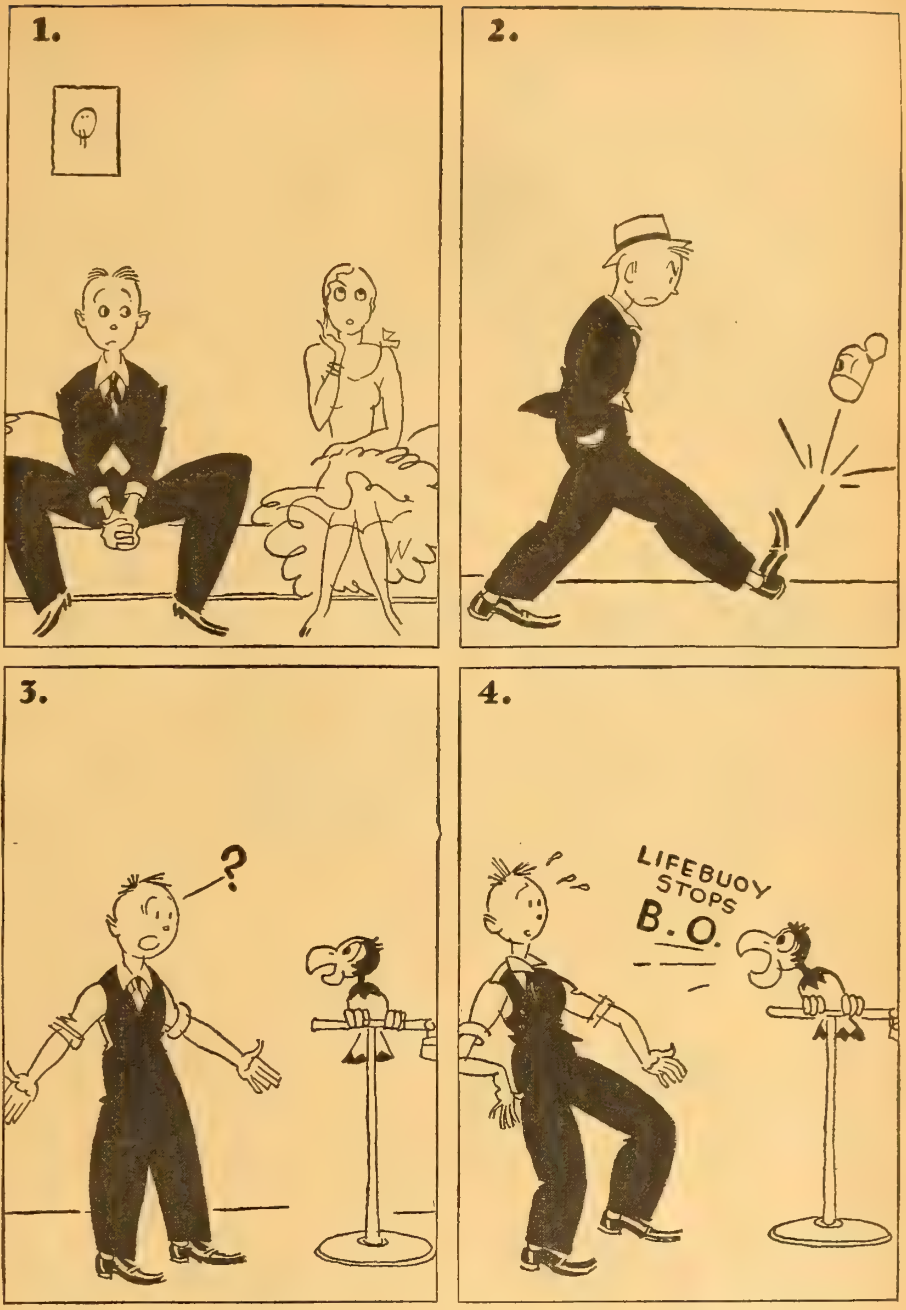
In Chicago, "the Wieck" learned to say "nerts," a tasty addition to the German, French, Swedish and English with which she is credited. She also learned, to her amazement, that all Americans hate dogs and that any motorist will go out of his way to run down and kill one. "Is zis true?" she asks, large-eyed.

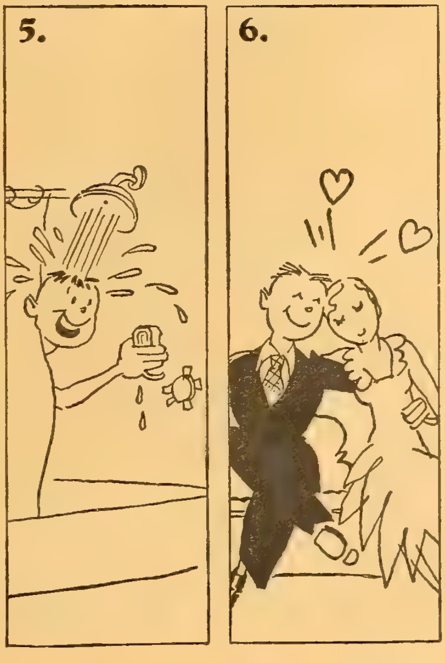
Shooed Away Photographers

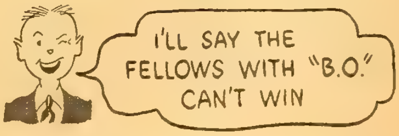
AS a newcomer, she is not particularly impressed by the immensity of the country, and brushed aside the New York ship photographers who clambered onto the *S. S. Hamburg*, not because she refused to lift her skirts and show her legs for a picture, but because they interfered with the view. She wanted to see the famed skyline. As a matter of fact, she does think pictures of that sort, with teeth unveiled in a grin, and legs showing, are not so good. "'Go away!' I tell them," she says with a grin, showing just how she waved them away with a sweep of rosy-nailed hand.

On her right wrist she wears a slim, linked bracelet with the English words "good luck" on a small golden oval. "It is given to me by Charlotte. She is a good girl." On the third finger of her right hand, Continental fashion, she wears a carved gold wedding ring, inscribed 13-9-32. Her husband is one von der Decken, radio critic on a Berlin paper, and rated as a Baron. That makes "the Wieck" a Baroness,

(*Continued on page 85*)



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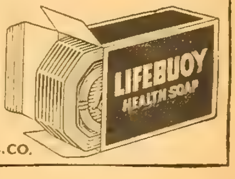

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Open Letters to Clark Gable from His Former Wife

(*Continued from page 27*)

blue overalls and red shirt and white old head? And so what? This—

Should five different actors—each accepted as important in Hollywood, because of the size of the type in which his name is featured—should five such men each give a performance of the same part, would we get five different portrayals, each correct, each colored by the creative artistry of the performer, while remaining, at the same time, true to the author's intention? Or would we more probably get five long photographs of the actors' own personal habits, mannerisms, and customs—their so-called "personalities," dressed so or so, with or without mustache, and the hair cut a bit longer or shorter, and the parting of it on the right, or the left, or in the center, or none at all? But always the actor, himself, always talking in the same voice—never the man in the story, talking in that man's voice?

Finds Sameness in His Voice

YOU, yourself, used different voices on the stage in "What Price Glory?" and in "Chicago" and as the sailor chap in "Lullaby." Why always that hard, brittle tone now?

In working for the placement of the voice that registers best in the microphone, actors may easily be misled into the use of a smooth, brittle tone that is usually identified in real life with smooth, brittle characters—callous and egocentric. But you have a quick ear for tone. Have you stopped listening to the voices around you—to their changes of quality during emotion?

Some actors tell me that monotonous voices are the fault of the sound crew; that the sound engineers manipulate the recording set so as to record an even tone, and that they disregard the actor's variations of quality. But I have worked with sound crews too often to believe that.

However, I do believe that the actors, in varying their tones, are not always careful enough to give the crew time to "catch" them. The recording engineer can "get" the most subtle shadings of the voice, if the changes do not come too abruptly.

But as to you, yourself—I am afraid that what the pretty lady said is true. I am afraid you have less variety of tone quality in your later pictures than you were using when the public discovered you and demanded you. And you are using a hard, brittle quality.

Do you remember a poem we worked on once—a translation from the French with a musical setting—about a poet who died to remain true to his vision of fine poetry? Do you remember the variety of voice you used as he chose death and discarded the temptations of money or love or glory? You did a fine job with it.

Says Voice Didn't Fit Rôle

OF course, in the picture that caused the remark, you were playing a gambler—a gentleman gambler, whatever that may be. He was a man able to fool other men of experience and high position into thinking he was a gentleman. I do not personally believe that any man, no matter how much of a "personality," could have got away with that man's deceptions among the class of people the story threw him with. A carnival "come-on-sucker" kind of gambling-game person could use that voice and fool a bunch of hicks.

So don't let the microphone and its demands fool you. Don't let that machine's need of a front resonance fool you into getting careless in your study of the characters you play. Don't forget what you learned so well about voice. Make that man you are playing talk the way that man would in real life. You can. You used to. You have a splendid vocal machine, and you are an actor—a good one.

There were places in "Strange Interlude," especially in the scenes with the son, that were very, very fine—that man really suffered over the boy's hatred of him. And in the scene with Lionel Barrymore at the bar in "A Free Soul," there was real voice quality; and in "Red Dust," that man's real under-fineness came out in your speech—but only in some scenes.

How I should like to hear you speak an entire picture as finely as you played these scenes!

Sincerely,
Josephine.

Writes About Clark's Acting

DEAR CLARK:

That letter I wrote you about voices—I might just as well have written about acting, too, while I "held my pen in hand." Because, after all, the two are so near together in your kind of job.

And I think they have the same dangers and faults—due to that everlasting pitfall of personality. Are you on that screen to make a show of yourself, merely letting the gals look you over, or are you there to make an entertaining show of the story?

When an actor is as popular as you are, people go to the theatre because they want to see you, of course—but after they've seen you, as you, for a reel or two, they want story. Even the most rabid of "fans" wants a story.

Great crowds go to the theatre the night of a grand opening, and stand hours to see the stars in person. But that is a show of a special kind, a "personality parade," and each of the actors is acting the part of the person the publicity departments have decided he shall be to the public. Some of that is just about the best acting some of them ever do—and some of it is pretty bad.

But when Mrs. Augusta A. Fann goes into a theatre to see your new picture, and the reason why she chose your picture, instead of Johnny Skoflaw's or Susie Sidlaw's, was that she liked the last one and the one before that and the one before that, and she thought it would be interesting to see the society gambler of "A Free Soul" play the part of a cynical engineer on a rubber plantation—that's something different again from just a personality parade.

Should Keep Her Guessing

SHE has to believe in both of those fellows, or she won't get that thrill she is after—she won't come out of the theatre full of dreams of her own delightful sufferings at the hands of that handsome he-man—and she won't continue to be mad about Gable, because she will become too familiar with all of your tricks.

And Mrs. Fann and Mary Smith, and Sally Maytime must all believe that a wisecracking, independent, ambitious, only-platinum-blondie of the little village would fall for a beautifully tailored chap who smirked a bit, and did amazing things with his lips (perhaps to make his dimples dimp?), while looking down upon the cute little thing from his great god heights with a slow, impressive sidewise shaking of his handsome head.

Those women know darn well that they, personally, "would slap his conceited face for him, and show him where to get off—that's what they'd do." And Mrs. Augusta A. Fann says at dinner that the picture wasn't so hot, but that Gable looked nice.

Now, that rubber plantation fellow! After seeing that picture, they would talk about that man and about his problems and about how he got like that and that, after all, he had to have some fun, 'way out there by himself among natives and everything. Then, after they got through talking about the story, they would surely say, "And Gable gave a swell show! Gosh, that guy gives me the jitters—I'm crazy about him!" You gave them a performance in that picture—you gave them a believably human man and his believably human reactions to his problems.

Must Make Audience Emote, Too

YOU remember, don't you, that fine old definition of acting?—"To act is to arouse in your audience the same emotions you are supposed to be feeling in the part you are playing." If people in the audience are not included in the varying emotions of the story, they don't get their money's worth, and they soon cool off. That's why practically all forms of religion let the congregations join in with singing—they've got to feel. Just sitting in silent admiration doesn't last.

I haven't seen "The White Sister" yet, but I've been told that although you have one or two very fine scenes, you are still doing those funny things with your mouth to make your dimples show, and that the audience is distracted away from the story in watching your mannerisms.

Aside from these growing mannerisms, your technique is excellent. You have never forgotten that technique, have you? You can still make a better entrance than anyone on the screen, and you make every move count, because your moves are right. What a blessing a fine, thorough foundation in the fundamentals of acting is! Nothing can undo it, and no one goes really far without it.

Recalls How Hard He Worked

AND how hard you worked for it! Will you ever forget all those thousands of times you went in and out, and in and out, and in and out, until the right habit was established? And the foot positions, and the walks, and the turns, and the sitting, and the standing, and kneeling, and rising, and the exercises in holding attention and in reproducing emotion? And the hand studies? Those were hard for you. But no one would guess it now. And don't you remember how we worked on timing and on pauses, and on landing comedy points and on problems of dominating groups, and all the rest of it? It all shows up now—and I'm glad.

Personally, I think you should go back to the simple, straightforward, fine acting of your earlier pictures. I think you should go back to a keen interest in presenting the man in the story, instead of presenting Gable. I think you should avoid acquiring facial mannerisms, and that you should "give a show," instead of "being the show."

I remember so well how furious you used to be when I criticized you. And you would slam out of the tiny house and go off in the old car (I never knew where)—and then come back and be so sweet and gentle and then finally ask me to explain again.

So if you should come across this letter, and should slam out of your lovely home and rage off in your beautiful car to wherever you go—perhaps later, you will really think carefully over your recent pictures and realize that perhaps you may be a bit on the wrong road, and will think deeply of your next rôles and of what sort of men they are, and will give us the truly fine work you are so well able to do. You have such a splendid talent.

Anyway, this is how I feel about what you are doing in your last pictures—and that's that.

Sincerely,
JOSEPHINE.

don't be an AIREDALE
X-BAZIN
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"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. *"Airedales"* have ruined many a movie close-up—because superfluous hair shows as plainly in the pictures as it does upon the beach. ***That's why all Hollywood uses*** X-BAZIN *Cream* to remove hair. It is essential for legs, arms and under-arms that expect to be seen!

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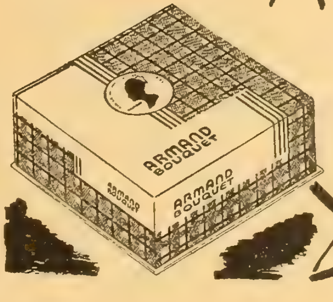

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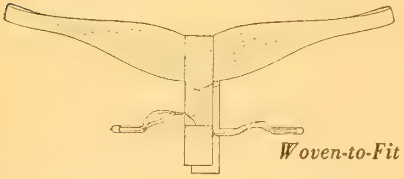

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 12*)

1. Come on out from behind those dark glasses, Marlene, the fans all know you. Your mannish attire and those eyebrows give you away. Seriously though, the picture on page twelve shows Marlene Dietrich entertaining Dorothea Wieck (pronounced Vheek) at luncheon in the studio cafeteria. Miss Wieck, star of "Maedchen in Uniform," has been signed to a Paramount contract. There's a swell story about this new star on page 53.

2. The three-year contract that Bette Davis recently signed with Warner Brothers contains a clause by which Bette agrees she will not sue her husband for divorce or legal separation during the run of her contract. Bette and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., are still classed as newlyweds, as they have been married less than a year and both have hopes of being happily married for life, contract or no contract.

3. Ginger Rogers, who affected a monocle in the picture "42nd Street," is the girl who is seen on Lew Ayres' arm these days. We don't know how serious it is, but they do make a sweet-looking couple. Lew was recently divorced from Lola Lane.

4. Sally Blane, movie actress and sister of Loretta Young, when questioned regarding the romance rumors about the Earl of Warwick and herself, blushingly said she found him "awfully sweet and grand company," but that there was no betrothal. However, Sally was in the sailing party when the handsome, 22-year-old seventh Earl of Warwick, Charles Guy Fulk Greville, sailed for England recently. So Sally may put one over on us while abroad and come back with a title anyway.

5. The wedded life of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, the young movie couple who have always seemed so gay and happy together since their marriage in 1929, seems to have hit the rocks before their baby, Carol Lee, has had a chance to celebrate her first birthday, the date of which is July 18. However, friends have hopes that their baby may bring them together again.

6. In defending himself during the trial of the suit brought against him by his ex-wife, Tom Mix testified that nine years ago, Victoria Forde, his wife at the time, shot him in the arm during a quarrel—at which time Mix, to shield her, said he accidentally shot himself. The suit his erstwhile wife brought against him was to collect $50,000 for five $10,000 promissory notes which the cowboy actor refused to pay, claiming they were signed by him because he had no alternative.

7. Hollywood has yet to get over the surprise that Ann Harding handed it when she made a flying trip to Havana, Cuba, accompanied by Alexander Kirkland, handsome movie actor. Naturally, the first thought in everybody's mind was an elopement, which was very emphatically denied by Ann. Furthermore, her secretary went along, too, and all three were rescued from sharks when a sailboat upset. Ann's former husband, Harry Bannister, recently left for China, where he expects to be a flying war correspondent and Ann bade him a tearful farewell.

8. When Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., first announced their marital break, they gave out the statement that they would only separate and that there would be no divorce. However, a little more than a month later, Joan sought a divorce from Doug, charging "mental cruelty, sulking and jealousy." Doug will not contest the suit.

9. On April 16, a seven-pound son was born to Louise Fazenda, popular comédienne of the screen, and her husband, Hal Wallis, film executive at Warners. The baby's name will be Hal Brent Wallis, Jr. The couple were married about five years ago and this is their first child.

10. A heart-balm suit to the tune of $25,000 has been filed against George Raft by Bonnie Poe, actress, whose real name is Mary Rothbart. The only comment Raft would make when he learned of the suit was that he had met the girl only once. The air of mystery connected with the case leads Hollywood to believe it will be an interesting one when the details are given out.

11. Whether you believe it or not, nevertheless it is true that Mae West is a perfect 36. It is doubtful whether any other motion picture star can claim that her figure is as near a duplicate of that of the Venus de Milo as can the swivel-hipped Mae West.

12. Wedding bells will soon be ringing for Merna Kennedy, screen player and Busby Berkeley, Hollywood dance director. Merna Kennedy made her first screen appearance with Charles Chaplin in "The Circus." Berkeley is the dance director who staged those spectacular dancing numbers in "42nd Street" and "Gold-Diggers of 1933."

13. Stan Laurel, of the Laurel and Hardy comedy team, and his wife, from whom he became estranged about seven months ago, have been reunited and have been vacationing (or honeymooning, if you prefer) to celebrate their reconciliation.

14. Buster Crabbe, lion-man of the movies and Olympic swimming champion, pulled a fast one on Hollywood when he eloped to Yuma, Arizona, and married Adah Virginia Held, Beverly Hills society girl, on April 15. Although Buster had been courting his bride for some time, no one suspected that the swim-champ was planning a secret wedding.

15. His wife, Constance Bennett, is the one who is backing the Marquis Henri de la Falaise in his motion picture undertaking. With the forming of a film producing company which he is calling Bennett Productions, Henri Falaise has realized one of his greatest ambitions. His first film is being made in the East Indies.

16. On March 31, Clarence Brown, motion picture director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, was wed at Las Vegas, Nevada, to Alice Joyce, the film star who has been absent from the screen for some time. This is the third marriage for both parties.

17. A different Garbo returned to the United States from a ten-months stay in her native Sweden. Different because she did not attempt to dodge newspapermen and cameramen, as was her custom before she went abroad. Instead, she willingly posed and smiled for the cameras and actually gave out statements to the press boys. Now that *is* a changed Garbo. Perhaps Garbo, the smart woman that she is, must have realized that the air of mystery and aloofness which she had affected in the past as a publicity stunt, while it had served its purpose, was beginning to annoy people and make enemies for her, instead of friends.

18. Both Jeanette MacDonald, who used to charm you in the Chevalier movie operettas before going to Paris to make public appearances as a singer, and Ramon Novarro, who also went to Paris for the purpose of making his début as a concert singer, will shortly return to appear together in "The Cat and the Fiddle" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

19. The highest honor the U. S. Navy can confer on any civilian was bestowed on Wallace Beery recently when he was made a Lieutenant Commander in the United States Naval Reserve Force. This unique honor means that Wally is classified as a specialist and is permitted to fly any navy plane. Aviation has been Beery's hobby for a number of years and he spends a great deal of his spare time in the air.

Hollywood Grabs the "Maedchen" Beauty!

(*Continued from page 81*)

but she doesn't bother about mentioning it.

The left wrist carries a diamond-studded platinum wrist-watch. She unstrapped it from her arm and handed it to me: "A woman in Paris sent me this after seeing 'Maedchen.' Of course, I returned it, saying that I do not accept gifts of such value, but she sent it back, saying it will bring me good luck."

Work and more work is the creed by which "the Wieck" has created success for herself. Her trip to Hollywood was her first vacation in seven years. She has a five-year contract with Paramount and her first picture, "Hangman's Whip"—a drama, of course—commences in June (perhaps with Charles Laughton opposite her). But she hasn't been spending the intervening time pedaling a Palm Springs. She has been adding to those thirty-five English lessons.

Hollywood pessimists, meanwhile, are wondering if Hollywood will pluck her brows in the Satanic line, bleach her hair, teach her how to stride before the camera, and make the delicate, spiritual *Fraulein* of "Maedchen" just a pleasant and beautiful memory.

What She's Like To-day

TO-DAY she sits in a long white woolen skirt, a royal blue fingertip jacket that forms a cape over her shoulders, her dark brown hair, a little too crinkly at the ends, peeping out from beneath a white crocheted hat that is worn as a hat and not as a glorified pen-wiper. You feel that here, at last, is a person pre-eminently fitted to handle drama, who knows what deep emotions mean. She talks, simply, of seeing "La Fontanne" in "Design for Living," and "the Cornell" in "Alien Corn." She says that Clive Brook—"you will be surprised"—is one of her favorite Hollywood actors. Wallace Beery is the other. "He takes his heart in his hand and shows it to you." Of the Hollywood screen actresses she has seen few: Garbo, Jeanette MacDonald, Dietrich.

Excitement breaks through her German stolidity at the mention of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." It is the one novel that she would like to bring to the screen. Years ago, we told her, we thought Pola Negri should play it. "The Wieck" considered for a moment. "Yes, she has the face," she said, but there was a rising inflection on the last word. And a smile on her lips. Without words she was challenging: Has she the spirit? Does she know *Bovary* as I know her?

She reads French novels: "The Red Lily," "Penguin Island" and others by Anatole France, Zola, Flaubert. Of the writers in English, or what passes for it, she prefers Edgar Wallace and Jack London. Despite a fondness for dogs, she owns none. Instead, she collects hand-carved *netzukes* from Japan—tiny reproductions of celebrated Nipponese works of art. She is a direct descendant of Klara Josephine Wieck-Schumann, celebrated Nineteenth Century pianist and wife of Robert Schumann.

She has been cautioned to accept all advice on how to get along in Hollywood, but to use her own discretion about following it. The caution is needless. This one's head is more than a hat rest. However, in six months' time I'd like to ask "the Wieck" what she thinks of this old town, anyway. Particularly, when so many people will insist on calling her "Miss Weeck," instead of "Miss Vheek."

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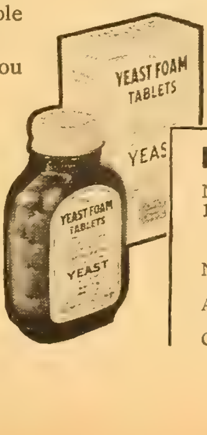

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You and George Raft Had Better Watch Jack La Rue!

(*Continued from page 49*)

make on the mortgage on our home in Brooklyn. I had not had work for weeks. I got a letter from my older sister Mary. 'Jack,' she wrote me, 'Mother and Father would be very angry if they knew I was worrying you, but I do not know what to do. We haven't the money for the payment, and they are foreclosing everybody these days.' That was ten days before the first.

"Forced" One Good Break

"I WENT to see Ruth Collier, my agent. 'I don't like to bother you,' I told her. 'I know you are doing everything you can for me, dear, but this time it is so necessary.' I told her of the mortgage. Two days later, Paramount sent for me for the part of the Italian priest in 'A Farewell to Arms.' A priest, after seventeen gangsters and killers! But I went. The casting director shouted when he saw me. 'That fellow with that face—a priest!' But the need was so very great. It was meant, you see. So I got the part. I sent my first week's salary check and promised the next, and we kept our house."

You saw him in that part. You said, probably, 'I've seen that fellow so many times—his face is so familiar!' But still you didn't know his name.

He has the strongly-marked, clean-cut features that the camera likes. In a crowd of "extras," his face catches the eye. Seventeen years ago, a boy of fifteen, he sidled into the old Talmadge Studios on Forty-Eighth Street in New York City. "No casting to-day!" the harassed director was shouting to the crowd in the office. "Get out, all of you! I tell you there's nothing doing to-day!" He saw a face and paused, staring. "Hey, you!" he indicated Jack La Rue. "Come tomorrow. I can use you." For several days the boy sat patiently in the anteroom, waiting. Then the director popped out of his office again. "You! I told you to come! I never forget faces. You're working tomorrow."

Jack La Rue has been working ever since. It takes a good many small Broadway parts, and large ones even, and a good many movie "bit" players' checks to provide for a family with five sisters.

His Feminine Inspirations

"THEY'RE all younger than I am," reveals Jack, proudly. "Would you like to know their names? I'll tell you in order of age: Mary, Rose, Lillian, Pauline, Emily. The last one is just a youngster—and so pretty. They are all pretty girls. I want to give them things, the things girls want—clothes and jewelry and good times. They never write to ask me for anything, except the little one once in a while writes: 'Jack, I saw such a pretty suit to-day. For thirty-five dollars I could buy it and a hat and gloves—'"

He smiles proudly, tenderly. At thirty-two Hollywood hardly knows Jack La Rue by sight. There has never been money enough for parties and Mayfair Clubs and sweethearts—and also Mary, Rose, Lillian, Pauline and Emily.

"I don't go around much," he says. "I go to the fights on Friday night, and sometimes I spend an evening at a night-club with a girl. A different girl every time. I can't think of marrying, you see. I've got a family already. People say that I have been married. There was a girl in New York I went with for years, but I was never married. I don't think I ever shall be, not until all my sisters are established. . . ."

He is looking for a house for his family. "I shall bring them out a few at a time, as I am sure I am going to have my options taken up," he explains. "They are thrilled with my contract. I didn't write them till it was actually signed. So many things can happen in this business. Then when I telegraphed them, I got a thick envelope back. There were fifty letters in it. When they got my news, they had invited all our relatives and friends and all the neighbors to a party to celebrate. The party lasted three days, and each guest wrote me a note! I have saved them all."

A Jekyll Off the Screen

AND this is the man you have seen as the degenerate killer in "The Story of Temple Drake," the man who has played gangsters and gunmen in twenty pictures! His lips snarl back over strong white teeth. His eyes flash menace. His voice is deadly. But he is thinking, "Mary has a knack at designing clothes. Lillian wants to take voice lessons. Emily would look so pretty in a fur coat . . ."

"I must succeed, dear," he tells you, "because there's so much I want to do for them. And even at best, one's salary goes up slowly. That recent temporary cut—that was a blow. But things are turning out well—I'm hunting for a house in my spare time. The family write me that they can't get my mother out of the theatres where my pictures are running. I'll play anything they ask me to, though I hope that sometime I'll get a chance at 'Blood and Sand' and other things I did on the stage.

"I was in 'Diamond Lil' with Mae West for a year and a half on Broadway. But when they came to cast the picture, they gave the part of the Italian lover to Gilbert Roland because they needed a 'name,' and I haven't one. I must get a name, honey. You see how it is. But I'm not worrying. If it's meant to be, it will be.

"I've wanted to play on a certain lot ever since I came to Hollywood and one day Ruth Collier sent for me to tell me that I had a week's work, and a nice little part in a big picture on that lot. I was so happy I went out to celebrate, and the car stopped short for a traffic light and my face struck the windshield. You should have seen me. I was a wreck. But I said, 'Well, that's that. I wasn't meant to be in that picture—'"

Jack La Rue played a vicious, heartless, soulless character in "The Story of Temple Drake," the first picture in which you have known him by name. But somehow, in spite of that, I think people are going to like him. I think it's *meant!*

Did You Know That--

Jack La Rue and George Raft are pals of long standing, having known one another in the old Broadway days?

Jack's "only hope" is that his rôle in "The Story of Temple Drake" won't type him as a gunman, because he wants to do "all sorts of parts"?

He played not only "heavies" on the stage, but lovers—and that movie producers are likely to hear about it?

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Lil *vs.* Hedda—What a "Battle!"

(*Continued from page 58*)

international aspect, whereupon MOTION PICTURE sent this old war correspondent to the front, notwithstanding his terrified admission that he did not know a pair of crepe indefinables from a lace unmentionable. "Look at Floyd Gibbons," the editors demanded. "He sacrificed an eye to report a battle—are you less brave than he?" My pride was roused, so, at great personal risk, I visited the enemy camps and interviewed the rival commandants.

"Understand," said Hedda, with the sweetest of smiles, "any remarks that I make about Lilyan's clothes are not a reflection on her, personally. I like Lil. I adore her. And I think her clothes are lovely. They ought to be—she *spends enough* on them, heaven knows!

"She wears very beautiful clothes. She dresses in the latest style—often far ahead of it, in fact! I wish I could afford clothes like hers. I wish I could have as many clothes as she has—but if I did, I certainly would not try *to wear them all at the same time!*"

Fix bayonets and over the top with yuh, ma hearties! After that barrage, the foe should cry "Kamerad." To make sure, let's rake their position with shrapnel. . . .

Claims Lil Spoils the Effect

"LIL has a flair for the spectacular. She dresses in exquisite taste—*for a screen rôle!* She pays simply appalling prices for very simple little tailored suits that are the last word in chic—and then spoils the effect with jewelry. I wish, my dear, that you could have seen Lil as she arrived from one of her New York trips. She wore a tailored suit and four diamond clips on the lapel of her jacket. *Four* clips, mind you. Imagine that, if you can! I have always been taught that it is—well—not the best of taste to wear jewelry with a traveling costume."

A venomous thrust, that attack on the jewelry flank. But Lil was alert.

"At least, *my* diamond clips are set with *real* diamonds," she countered, and, while your correspondent's eyes were dazzled by the inspection of one, she proceeded to hurl back the Hopper onset.

"I really do not care to discuss Miss Hopper," she said, proceeding to do just that. "I consider that I have been very kind and given her all the *publicity* that even *she* could want. Knowing how badly she needs publicity, I have been very tolerant, but of course, there is a limit.

"If she were an authority on clothes, I would pay some attention to her criticism. But—of course, it's really too absurd. One is either smart—or one simply isn't smart. One is chic—or one is not chic. Unfortunately, Miss Hopper is *not noted* for her chic.

"I am very fond of Hedda and I think she really looks quite nice in her things. One would place her as a very respectable aunt from the Middle West. But chic? No. She simply does not have an affinity for clothes. And, of course, I would be foolish to pay the slightest attention to her remarks on a subject of which she is so ignorant."

En avaunt, mes enfants! En guarde, Hedda! The enemy is on the rampart! Or should I say rampage?

"I'm really astonished," Hedda states, "that Lil should be hurt or angry at what I've said. In criticizing her dress, I certainly would not have her think that I am criticizing her personally. She is *very witty*—and so amusing! The fact that she overdresses is really not of terrific importance. What if she does wear such charming little suits and then drapes her neck with six or seven strands of pearls reaching down amidship . . . ?"

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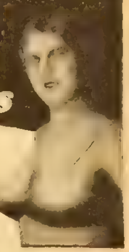

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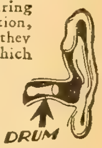

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There, Hedda has called the Navy into action. But Lil has a mine field already laid. . . .

Says Hedda Hasn't Heard All

"I UNDERSTAND," she says, "that Hedda credits Hollywood with the creation of mannish styles. Of course, since she is unfamiliar with such things, I can hardly expect her to know that Schiaparelli alone is responsible and that *I introduced* mannish shoulders to Hollywood nearly two years ago. I bought the first mannish-tailored suit shown in New York and I debated for hours before wearing it. 'Dare I or dare I not?' I asked myself.

"I have always flattered myself that I have a definite flair for *taking away* from a costume, rather than adding to it. I never over-dress. The badly-dressed woman has a feeling that she is wearing three or four dresses. I have always followed the French teaching that line and color are the really important things. I depend on line, rather than on trimming. I have never asked to be called well-dressed, yet a famous manufacturer is naming his line for me. I have not heard of anyone *naming clothes* for Miss Hopper!"

"Perhaps I should have made it plain," confesses Hedda, "that an actress who desires to be spectacular may be justified in wearing extremes. Of course, it does make one *stand out* to wear the theatre on her back. But I remember that Katharine Cornell and Maude Adams and many other really great actresses have dressed with most *tasteful simplicity*. Lil is called the 'best-dressed' woman in Hollywood. That is perfectly fair to Hollywood, but just a little unfair to the motion picture industry, which is now setting styles for the world—thanks to such designers as Adrian and Banton!"

Hold everything, ladies—now that you're calling in the entire industry, this feud is getting far too big for one correspondent. I must summon assistance.

Excuse, please, while I change to my bicycling shorts.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

was to eliminate the youthful spring. I read somewhere that Emil Jannings did it once. Young actresses playing old parts have a tendency to pull forward. The leads kept me down . . . I am anxious to disabuse people about my age. I feel they expect me to creak a little." Like Diana, Brian Aherne has gone back to London to play in "Wild Decembers."

HERE and there: George Arliss and his wife, who have been vegetarians for twenty years, were recently guests of the Imperial County Humane Society. . . . Sally Eilers sailed for Europe with Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. . . . Eleanor Holm, who has been garnering screen experience in "bit" parts, is about to get a featured rôle. . . . Anna Sten, famous Russian actress imported a year ago, by Samuel Goldwyn, hasn't yet made her first American picture, but her husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke, has been producing a silent picture called "Lost Love." . . . George Barnes photographed Joan Blondell (Mrs. Barnes) in "Goodbye Again." . . . That good actor Louis Calhern, who usually threatens heroes and heroines, has just wed Natalie Schafer. . . . Harry Bannister is reported heading for China to be a flying war correspondent.

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by a Blonde

"ONE day I discovered why other blondes were more popular than I—their hair was like brilliant, shimmering gold, while mine was faded and lifeless. *Blondex*, an amazing special shampoo, has now made my hair *young* again, gleaming with the golden sunshine color that fascinated the man I was to marry. My husband now says that had it not been for my beautiful hair he does not think he would have noticed me among so many attractive girls. How glad I am I discovered *Blondex* in time!" NOTE:—*Blondex* contains no dye, no harmful chemicals—it is amazingly beneficial, giving the hair a silky softness and lustrous sheen. *Blondex* comes in two sizes—the big economical $1.00 bottle and the new, inexpensive 25c size. NEW:—A wave set *made exclusively for blondes. Blondex-Wave Powder.* Only 35c—it makes beautiful soft waves without discoloring the hair like ordinary wave sets. Get these two *Blondex* products today at any good drug or department store.

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"Swim, If You Want Charm and Grace!" Retorts Eleanor Holm

(*Continued from page 41*)

times, and not merely in artificial lights and clinging gowns, is my particular idea of a real charmer. I can't help wondering if Johnny isn't mistaking the old 'vamp' type of lure for 'sex-appeal'?

"Remember, I was in the Olympic Games, sharing a dressing-room with girl athletes from all over the world. And if their figures were less beautiful, or if they were any less feminine than the girls I have met about the movie studios, I certainly didn't notice it!

"The 'lady champs' spent every bit as much time in beauty parlors, getting waves and manicures, as the average girl does. Every day at luncheon there was a veritable fashion parade of new clothes. For every practical, professional suit hanging in a wardrobe, there were four or five purely ornamental suits for not-going-near-the-water purposes, which Johnny seems to find so important. There were as much laughing and kidding about 'feminine' things, and as much gossip about beaux and romances in that athletic dressing-room, as I have ever heard at a Hollywood tea. There were *more* telegrams and telephone calls and baskets of flowers than I have ever noticed at one time in a studio dressing-room. In fact, I don't think the girls will feel at all hurt to read that Johnny considered them duds, as a class. There were too many other young men who apparently did *not*.

Too Much Muscle? Pooh-Pooh!

"SWIMMING is the one sport in the world that does not over-develop certain muscles—such as Johnny's complaint against 'a strong right arm.' Johnny should certainly know that. Unless one's muscles are flexible and relaxed, it is impossible to be a good swimmer. No muscle is ever overworked by swimming; it calls all muscles into equal play. Age has nothing to do with it. A girl can swim from seventeen to seventy, if she likes, without worrying about over-developing her body in any one place. If Johnny has had trouble dancing with girl swimmers because of their 'strong right arms,' as he states, all I can say is that he must have mistaken their field. Maybe he has been dancing with lady boxers and didn't realize it!

"As for Johnny's argument against 'sun-

(*Continued on page 90*)

Eleanor Holm is ready to dive right in and come to the defense of girl swimmers against Johnny Weissmuller's attack. Johnny says, "Swimming Robs Girls of Sex-Appeal"

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"Swimming Robs Girls of Sex-Appeal!" Says Johnny Weissmuller

(*Continued from page 40*)

unattractive than a large shoulder muscle bulging over a dainty dinner dress, I don't know it!

"Then, too, ladies who go in for swimming on a championship, or semi-championship basis are inclined to develop into boyish creatures. Her mere proficiency in a game of sport seems to give a girl too much assurance, which the average man resents and sets down as a cock-sure manner. It changes every feminine, alluring thing in her make-up.

"Take her haircut, for instance. Because it is more convenient and easier to wear, the average girl who over-emphasizes her athletic prowess will clip her hair as close to her head as her brother's. She seldom bothers to repair her make-up. Her 'stroke' or her 'serve' or her 'stance' is much more important in her mind than her complexion. Nine times out of ten, she will become very careless about her dress and go in for those comfortable, free-movement garments that are about as attractive as a gunny-sack.

"Even her walk changes into a stride. Her voice is usually husky—water-logged, I call it. It is true that she is healthy—and she has her moments of grace. For, instance when she makes a dive, or when she is draped over the edge of a swimming pool. But remove her from her specialized setting and she can't hold a candle to the girl who only *wears* her pretty bathing suit—without putting too much wear-and-tear on it.

Calls Them a Strong-Arm Squad

"IN my time," continued Johnny, in his blasphemous oration against Woman In The Great Outdoors, "I have been well acquainted with several lady swimming champions. I have danced with them—or, perhaps I should say, they have danced with me! There are few men who can resist that compelling right arm of a woman who has over-emphasized her outdoor talents. Usually, in the midst of the dreamiest waltz, I completely surrender to the lady's strong guiding arm and permit her to get *me* safely about the dance floor.

"Now, I can imagine myself saying to such a partner: 'Come on—let's clean up this joint!' But I can't imagine myself murmuring in her ear, 'You're Beautiful Tonight, My Dear.'

"On the other hand, there are the ladies who swim and play tennis and golf merely for fun. Mostly for the fun of wearing good-looking bathing suits or sports frocks, respectively. These gals are far more to my liking—as long as you have brought up the subject.

"Personally, I like soft, satiny materials on women—and pale colors. I have a particular yen for pale pinks and blues—neither color being particularly becoming to a sun-toughened neck. As for The Body Beautiful . . . well, to my way of thinking, there is not a single woman athlete I can think of whose Body Beautiful can compare with such cinema figures as Joan Crawford's, Lupe Velez' or Carole Lombard's. Something tells me these ladies could do more for the average bathing suit than any lady champion swimmer you would care to mention."

Suddenly, I thought of pretty little Eleanor Holm, whose pretty face, as much as her athletic reputation, helped earn her a Warner Brothers' contract for the movies. I had seen Eleanor dancing about the Cocoanut Grove, looking as dainty as any girl present. No shoulder muscles there and no guiding her partner, as far as could be noticed.

"What about Eleanor Holm?" I shot at Johnny. "She's pretty, she's dainty, and there are no shoulder muscles."

"Eleanor merely proves the rule," laughed Johnny. "Don't you believe that every true fact has its startling exception?"

He added, "What I said about athletic women, in general, *still* goes!"

"Swim, If You Want Charm and Grace!" Retorts Eleanor Holm

(*Continued from page 89*)

baked necks' and 'dried skins' being unbecoming to pastel colors, all I can say is: Why in the world does he suppose that non-athletic women go to such pains to get a tan in the summertime? It's because there is nothing more alluring with white or pale blue or pale pink than a good healthy coat of tan.

"And what does he mean—'dried skins'? Girls who go in for athletics know more about all the protective creams and lotions than a beauty parlor expert. They couldn't help it. Every manufacturer in the business is very kind about sending the lady athlete the latest lotion on the market to protect her skin. It's good advertising for the manufacturers, and it's good *skin protection* for the lady champions!

Good for the Disposition

"THERE is one little thing I would like to mention, myself, which seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Weissmuller—and that is, going into athletics to improve your disposition! No one will ever convince me that a girl who has nothing on her mind but her appearance, or gossip about her friends, or any form of petty-mindedness is attractive to a man for any length of time. I say this: it is impossible to be exercising the body, moving about in the sunlight for hours every day, and retain a petty, spiteful, catty disposition.

"And believe you me, a sunny disposition can be every bit as attractive to men as a seductive perfume; far more so, to the average man. I think men truly appreciate the qualities fostered by athletics, which include good sportsmanship, good health and good disposition, every bit as much as they do 'sex-appeal in soft silks' or whatever it is.

"I suppose Johnny meant it kindly when he made me an exception to his remarks about lady athletes in general. But I certainly do not consider myself an exception in any way. The biggest thrill of my life was winning my meet in the Olympic Games. No motion picture contract will ever mean as much to me. But, at least, the contract has proved this one thing—that we 'boyish' lady athletes can be of some use even when removed from our 'specialized setting.' When the studio re-opens after the summer shutdown, I shall be cast in a picture with Edward G. Robinson and there will not be a single swimming scene in the entire script.

"In the meantime, I have accepted a radio contract to *sing*. I'm not claiming I'm going to be *good*—but, at least, it proves that a swimming pool is not necessarily the entire background of my life, even if I am technically a 'lady champ'!"

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CENTER: The Cabana—Careful designing gives a beauty of cut and fit second to none in this Perl-Knit suit. The deeply rounded back points up to straps in contrasting color that tie jauntily on the shoulders.

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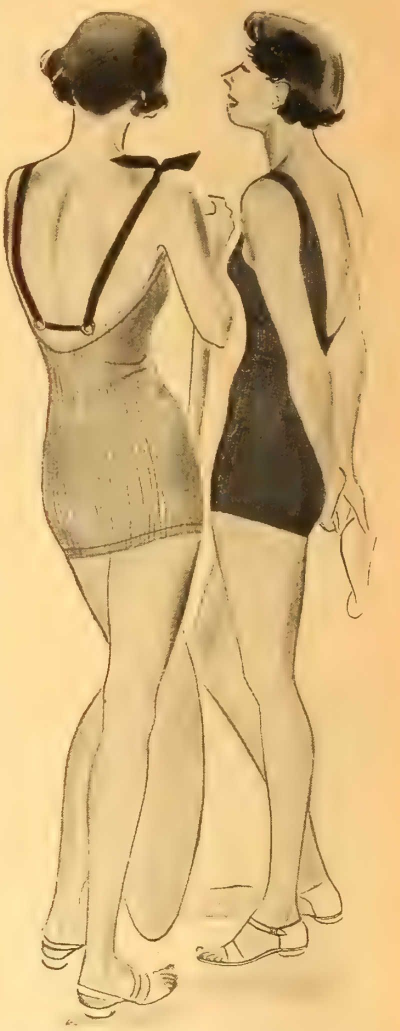
RIGHT: The Bolero—A triangle of brightly harmonizing stripes is inserted vestee-fashion in this becomingly backless suit. And its many smart colors—whether gay and daring or subdued—flatter sun-bronzed skin.



LEFT: The Sun Tan—A high, fitted waist, and supple Ripple-Knit with Lastex, give this suit its slender silhouette. The contrasting adjustable strap slips through metal rings in back and ties piquantly on one shoulder.

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RIGHT: The Sea Nymph—No wonder the simplest of unadorned lines are perennially smart in swim suits when B.V.D. does them so well. This low-back model comes in new and flattering colors.

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